This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

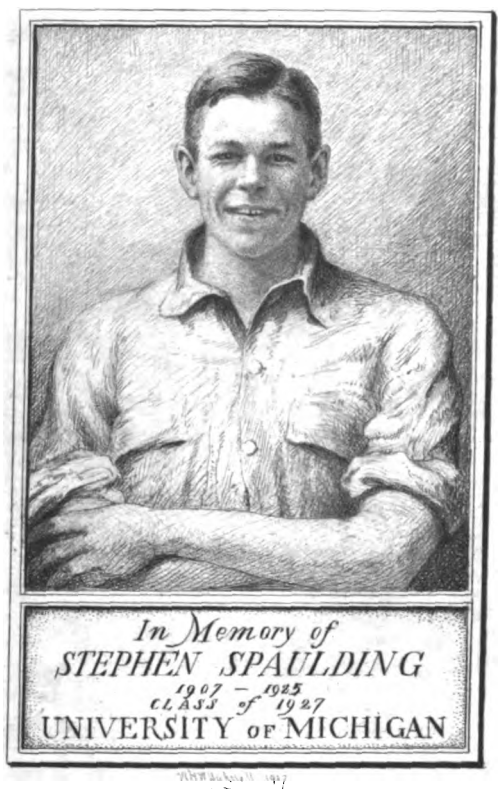
Google™ books

https://books.google.com

D 400766 DUPL

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED

Digitized by Google



In Memory of
STEPHEN SPAULDING
1907 – 1925
CLASS of 1927
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Navy & Army Illustrated

A Magazine

Descriptive and Illustrative of Everyday Life in the Defensive Services of the British Empire.

EDITED BY

Commander CHARLES N. ROBINSON, R.N.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Published by HUDSON & KEARNS,

83-87, SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.,

— AND BY —

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED,

11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

PRINTED BY HUDSON & KEARNS, LONDON, S.E.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

PAGE

"ACROSS THE SALT SEAS,' A Romance of War and Adventure, by John Bloundelle-Burton.
Chapter I., 32; Chap. II., Secret Service, 33A; Chap. III., "I Find a Ship," 74; Chap., IV., An Escape, 76; Chap. V., The English Ships of War, 99; Chap. VI., "Galleons About!" 122; Chap VII., Lagos Bay, 124; Chap. VIII., On Board H.M.S. "Pembroke,' 168; Chap. IX., The Taking of the Galleons, 210; Chap. X., Señor Juan Belmonte, 212; Chap. XI., Father Jaime, 236; Chap. XII., What did the Admiral discover? 279; Chap. XIII., "Dangers Worse than Shot or Steel—or Death!" 302; Chap. XIV., "It is War Time. If it must be it must," 304; Chap. XV., "Draw Swords!" . . . 327
ADMIRALTY, The, (Article by One Who Has Been There) . . . 276
"ÆOLUS," H.M. Cruiser 204
In Nagasaki Harbour 204
The Captain and Officers 204
Petty Officers, Seamen and Marines 204
"ALEXANDRA," H.M.S., The Arm Rack 24
ALTERING THE FORMATION OF THE FLEET . . . 224
ANNEAR, Charles, The Master-at-Arms of H.M.S. "Lion" . . . 89
"ARDENT," H.M.S. 181
ARMY SIGNALLING SCHOOL IN INDIA, An . . . . .
Transmitting Message by Heliograph . . . . .
Major T. E. O Leary and Staff . . . . .
Large Flag Signalling—A Class at Exercise at Kasauli .
ARTILLERY CAMP AT OKEHAMPTON, The—
General Markham Inspecting a Damaged Gun . . . 308
The Arrival of a Battery by Rail 308
A R.H.A. Battery in Action—Using Gunpowder . . . 309
" " Using Cordite 309
A Trial Shot for Range 309
"ASTRÆA," H.M.S 181
" " Captain and Officers of 64
AUSTRIAN FLEET, The 195
The Second Class Cruiser "Kaiser Franz Josef" . . . 195
The Armoured Cruiser "Kaiserin Maria Theresia" . . . 195
AVALON, Lord Hood of, G.C.B. 153
AWDRY, Richard D., Esq., C.B. 266

BAGOT, Lieut.-Col. Charles Hervey, R.E. 126
"BARFLEUR," H.M.S. 180
BATTLE HONOURS OF THE SERVICES, The, Special Number—
The "Prince George," (Article by Edward Fraser) . . . 41–50
Charged the boom . . . Crashing a way through and clearing a passage, Vigo Bay, October, 1702, 42; In the Downs, the Great Storm, November, 1703, 43; The Battle of Malaga, August, 1704, 44; The Vane of St. Thomas's Church, Portsmouth, 44; Prince George of Denmark, 45; George II., 45; George IV., 45; Prince George (Duke of York), 45; The Burning of the "Prince George," 13th April, 1758, 46; "Glorious St. Valentine," February 14th, 1797, 47; Sailors Carousing, 48; The Gun Crew, 48; The Sailor's Return, 48; Prince William Henry on board the "Prince George," January, 1780, 49; The Duchess of York Christening the "Prince George," 22nd August, 1896 50
The "Royal Scots Greys" (Article by G F. Bacon) . . . 51–60
The Regiment dismounts, and with a cheer the gallant Greys charge, 1704, 52; Attacked the famous Regiment du Roi, capturing its colours and Drums, 1706, 53; Christian Davies (Otherwise "Mother Ross") 54; Charged and overcame the pick of the French cavalry, Malplaquet, 1709, 54; The Troop Leader placing his Vedettes on the Morning of the Battle, Dettingen, June 16th, 1743, 55; Away plunged the Greys into the thickest of the fight, Waterloo, 1815, 56; The Fight for the Standard, 57; Lieut. Miller rallying the Greys, 58; The Scots Greys embarking for the Crimea, April, 1854, 59; "I should be proud to serve in your ranks!" 60; The Royal Scots Greys, Second to None 60
BATTLE HONOURS OF THE SERVICES, The, Special Number—
The "First Royal Scots" (Article by Chas. Lowe) . . . 133-142
Lothian Regiment from 1684–1896, 133; Landing of Dumbarton's Scots at Tangier, 1680, 134; Sir Robert Douglas saving the Colours, 1692, 135; Capture of the Moorish Standard, 135; "I think my own must be the best," 136; In the wood of Taisnière, 136; Capture of the Morro, 137; The Storming of Fort Niagara, 1813, 138; Battle of Salamanca, 139; March of French Prisoners into Salamanca, 139; The Centre-piece of the Royal Scots, 140; The Wreck of the Transport "Premier," 141; The Royal Scots in China, 142; Presentation of Colours by the Queen to the 1st Battalion Royal Scots, 142
The "Warspite" (Article by Edward Fraser) . . . 143-152
"The 'San Philip,' the great and famous Admiral of Spain, was the mark I shot at," 144; "Pushed inland to fight their way to Fayal," 145; Capture of a Spanish Carrack, 145; "The 'Warspite' was in thick of the fray," 146; The Battle at La Hogue, 147; England's Great Loss, 148; "All hands prepare for sea," Gibraltar Bay, October, 1759, 148; The "Warspite" in the Battle of Solebay, 1672, 149; The "Warspite," Training Ship in the Thames, Burnt in 1875, 150; "Delivered his sword in person to Captain Bentley," 151; The "Warspite" and "Formidable" at Quiberon, 1759, 151; Burning of the "Warspite" in the Thames, 1875, 152; The "Warspite" preparing against Torpedo attacks 152
BATTLE HONOURS OF THE SERVICES, The (Special Number)
The "Undaunted," (Article by Edward Fraser) . . . 337-346
"I have named her, sir, after yourself—The 'Undaunted,'" 338; The "Undaunted" suddenly ran herself hard and fast aground on Morant Keys, 339; "Seizing a rope, he leapt with it into the sea," 339; When suddenly the batteries ceased to fire, and the "Undaunted" carried off her prize," 340; Captain Ussher leading the storming party at the attack in Cassis Bay, 341; Then taking the arm of Captain Ussher, Napoleon bid farewell to his friends, 342; The death of Captain Faulknor, January 4th, 1795, 343; "The Sailor was overpowered, when the Marine flew to his assistance," 344; The "Undaunted" manning yards and saluting on Napoleon landing at Elba, 345; The "Undaunted" escorting the "Serapis," 1875, 346; The "Undaunted" hauling the French cruiser "Seignelay" off the shore 346
The "Inniskilling Dragoons" (Article by John Leyland) . 347-350
McCarmick exhorting the townsmen to resist, 347; Schomberg complimenting the Inniskilling men on the victory of their comrades, 348; "Gentlemen," cried the King, "I have heard much of your exploits, and now I shall witness them," 349; "Hurling their force upon the French lines the Inniskillings broke the enemy's strength," 350; The Inniskilling charge at Wetter, 1758, 351; General Elliot directing the burning of the ships at St. Servan, 351; The Inniskillings take Zierenberg by surprise before daybreak, on September 9th, 1760, 352; The Battle of the Boyne, 353; The Charge of the Inniskillings at Le Cateau, 354; The Charge of the Inniskillings at Waterloo, June, 1815, 355; "The impact was terrible" . . . 356
BESNARD, Admiral, French Navy 226
BILLOT, General, French Army 242
BOMBAY LANCERS, 1st—
The Right Wing 286
Sowars 286
The Left Wing 287
Camel Sowars 287
BOYNE, The Battle of the 353
BRITISH FLAG SHIPS, The, H.M. Ships "Ramillies" & "Revenge" 177
BRITISH FLEET, The—Watching for a Signal from the Flagship, 178; Shipping Ammunition and Stores, 178; Malta Dockyard—Preparing for Sea, 179; H.M. Ships "Barfleur," 180; "Nile," 180; "Hawke," 180; "Astræa," 181; "Sybille," 181; "Ardent," . . . 181
BROWNE, General Sir Samuel James, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.S.I. . . . 281
BUILDING OF A BATTLE SHIP, The—
The "Mars" at Messrs. Laird's, Birkenhead 65
One of the Engine Erecting Shops at Birkenhead . . . 65
H.M.S. "Mars" on the 16th June, 1894. Twelve working days from the laying of the Keel 66
H.M.S. "Mars" after 24 working days 67
" " " 49 " 67
" " Floated out March 30th, 1896 67
Engines of H.M.S. "Mars" 12,000 I.H.P. 68
BULLER, Vice.Adm. and the Capt. and Officers of H.M.S. "Centurion" 64

"CAMBRIDGE," H.M.S., The Captain of the. 313
The Gunnery Instructors, 314; The Officers, 314; The Gunnery School Ship, 315; The Gun Drill on Board, 316; Machine Gun Drill, 317; A Broadside of Heavy Guns, ready to be fired by Electricity, 317; A Group of Armourers, 317; Seamen Skirmishing, 318; Boys at Aiming Practice, 318; A 9-pr. Gun, 318; Battalion drawn up for drill, 319; A Square prepared to resist Cavalry, 319; Divers at Work, 320; Ammunition Room, 320; The Gunnery School . . . 324
CAMERON, General Sir William Gordon, K.C.B. 169
CANADIAN COUSINS IN ARMS, Our—
Trooper of King's Co. Canadian Hussars 240
Infantry Group from the Fredericton School 240
Colonel Irvine, D.A.G., and Staff 240
Scene in a Hospital Tent 241
CANTAN, Lieut. Henry Thomas 126
"CATCHING A SLAVER," A True Tale, by Com E. P. Statham, R.N. 94
CAVE, Col. and Officers, 1st V.B. Hants Regiment 256
"CENTURION" H.M.S., Vice-Adml. Buller & the Captain & Officers 64
CHAMBERLAIN, J. A., Esq., M.P. 266
CHITRAL RELIEF EXPEDITION, With the—
Maxim Guns on the March 36
Machine Gun Detachment, King's Own Scottish Borderers . 36
" " Devonshire Regiment . . . 36
Cantilever Bridge over the Niag River 37
Suspension Bridge over the Pang Kora River 37
CHRISTMAS DAY JOINT, The 3
" IS SPENT IN THE NAVY, How (Article by Commander E. P. Statham, R.N.) . . . 9
" WITH THE SUBMARINE MINERS—
Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . . 16
How infernally they played . . . 16
When it comes it brings good cheer . . . 16
" IN BURMAH 18
" IN THE HILLS 18
" WITH THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY . 19
CITIZEN ARMY, Our (Special Number and Article by Cullem Beg) 245–264
Battalion and Band, Honourable Artillery Company, 245; Field Battery, Honourable Artillery Company, 245; Colonel Noble Edwards, V.D., 246; Sergt.-Trumpeter—1st Sussex Vol. Artillery, 246; 40-pr. Gun, Armoured Train, 246; Sergeants, Battery of position, 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery, 247; Gun Drill, 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery, 247; The Long and Short of it, 248; Bed and Kit laid out for Inspection, 248; Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before, 248; Drum Major, London Scottish, 249; Signallers 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers, 250; Signallers Glasgow Highlanders, 250; Far from the Madding Crowd, 250; Non-Commissioned Officers—1st V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers, 251; Cyclists—1st V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers, 251; Colonel Weddell, V.D., 251; Captain and Adjt. Willmott, 251; Officers, 1st V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers, 251; Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, 252; 20th Middlesex (The Artists), 252; Cyclists, 3rd V.B. Hampshire Regiment, 253; 26th Middlesex (The Cyclists), 253; Spying out the Land, 254; A Volunteer Camp, 255; Col. Cave and Officers 1st V.B. Hants Regiment, 256; M.I. and N.C. Officers—1st V.B. Hants Regiment, 256; A Lead Pumper, 256; Playing the Music, 256; Double Lock Bridge, 256; 13-pr. Field Gun—3rd Middlesex Artillery, 257; Guard—3rd Middlesex Artillery, 257; All Ranks, London Rifle Brigade, 257; Colonel H. W. Gray, V.D., 258; All Ranks, 2nd (South) Middlesex Rifles, 258; Lt.-Col. Duncan Menzies, 259; 1st Sutherland Highlanders, R.V., 259; Pipers, 1st Sutherland Highland R.V., 259; 1st Aberdeen Volunteer Engineers, 260; Severn Division Volunteer Submarine Miners, 260; Sergeant Mounted Infantry—2nd V.B., M.R., 261; Officers 2nd V.B. Manchester Regiment, 261; Trooper, Hertfordshire Yeomanry, 262; Lieut.-Colonel W. K. Mitford, 263; Middlesex Yeomanry, 263; Middlesex Yeomanry on Parade, 263; Gloucestershire Hussars, 264; Officer—Yorkshire Hussars, 264; Trooper—Q.O. Royal Glasgow Yeomanry 264
COASTGUARDMEN AT SMALL ARM DRILL 24
COLOURS OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY, The (Article by Major R. Holden) 164
COMING EVENTS CASTS THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE . . . 14
"CONQUEROR," The Third-Class Battleship 315
" The Forecastle of the 316
CONSTRUCTION OF A CRUISER, The—
The Works of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company at Barrow 268
The Fitting-Out Dock, Cruisers at the 100-ton Crane . . 268
Electric Drills at Work in Building the "Niobe" . . . 269
Putting together the Frame of H.M.S. "Niobe" . . . 269
Stern View of H.M.S. "Niobe" just before Launching . . 269
The Engines of H.M.S. "Niobe" 270
View of Machine Shop 270
H.M.S. "Niobe" in the act of being Launched . . . 271
CRETAN CRISIS, The, Fleets in the Mediterranean—
The British Flag-Ships—H.M.S. "Ramillies," 177; H.M.S.

Digitized by Google

U
1
.N33

PAGE.

"Revenge," 177; The British Fleet—Watching for a Signal from the Flag-Ship, 178: Shipping Ammunition and Stores, 178; Malta Dockyard, Preparing for Sea, 179; H.M.S. "Barfleur," 180; H.M.S. "Nile," 180; H.M.S. "Hawke," 180; H.M.S. "Astræa," 181; H.M.S. "Sybille," 181; H.M.S. "Ardent," 181. The Italian Fleet, The Battleship "Sicilia," 182; Admiral Canevaro and the Officers of the "Italia," 182; The Cruiser "Marco Polo," 183; The Cruiser "Liguria," 183; The Cruiser "Stromboli," 183; The Battleship "Andrea Doria," 184; The Battleship "Re Umberto" in Dock at Spezia, 184; On the Upper Deck of the Battleship "Ruggiero Di Lauria," 185; Typical Italian Sailors, with a Lieut.-Commander and Torpedo-Boat Crew, 185. The Fleets of the Powers in the Mediterranean, 186. The Greek Fleet, The Battleship "Spetsai," 186. The Turkish Fleet, The Despatch Boat "Fuad," 187. The French Fleet, The Battleship "Jaureguiberry," 188; Seamen of the "Amiral Duperré," 188; The Armoured Cruiser "Amiral Charner," 189; The Battleship "Charles Martel," 190; The Battleship "Hoche," 190; The Torpedo Transport "Foudre," 190; The Third-class Cruiser "Linois," 191; The Second-class Cruiser "Bugeaud," 191; Torpedo Boats at Toulon, 192; The Third-class Cruiser "Wattignies," 192; The Armoured Cruiser "Dupuy De Lome," 192. The Russian Fleet, The Armoured Gun Vessel "Grosiastchy," 193; The Battleship "Georgi Pobiedonosetz," 193. The German Fleet, The Cruiser "Kaiserin Agusta," 194; Typical Naval Officers and Bluejackets, 194. The Austrian Fleet, The Second-class Cruiser "Kaiser Franz Josef," 195; The Amoured Cruiser "Kaiserin Maria Theresia," 195. The United States Fleet, The Cruiser "San Francisco," 196; The Cruiser "Minneapolis," 196

CYCLISTS AND SPRINTERS, NAVAL OFFICERS as—
- Ready for a Spin 198
- Are you Ready? 198
- In the Courtyard of the Naval College 198

DIVERS OF THE NAVY, The—
- A Diver Going Down 200
- Dressing for a Descent 200
- A Diver Coming Up 200
- An Artificer's Diving Pinnace 200

DORSETSHIRE REGIMENT, 2nd Battalion, On Parade 34
" " The Officers and Colours 34
DRAWING RATIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER 14
DRUMMOND, Rear-Admiral Edmund Charles 61

EDWARDS, Colonel Noble, V.D. 246
EWART, General Sir John Alexander, K.C.B. 125
"EXCELLENT," H.M.S., Cleared for a Ball 7
" " " Supper 7

FAIRTLOUGH, Lieut.-Col. F. H. and his Sergeant-Major 35
FAULKNOR, Captain, The death of, January 4th, 1795 343
FIELD, C. R., A Gallant Sailor Boy 291
FIELD AND MACHINE GUNS 130
- Observing Unobserved 130
- Battery in Action 130
- The Maxim at Work 130
- Limbers under Cover 131
- Guarding a Bridge 131
- Preparing to Fire 131

FOOTE, Captain Randolf F. O. 151
"FORTE," Captain Foote and Officers of H.M.S. 154
FRENCH ARMY, The—Medical Officer of the Chasseurs Alpins, 174; Infantry—89th De Ligne, 174; Algerian Spahis, 174; Infantry—5th De Ligne, 175; Chasseurs à Pied on Parade, 175; Officers of the 1st Cuirassiers, 176; Band of the 9th Dragoons at Lunéville, 176; General Billot, 242; Infantry—57th De Ligne, 242; The 1st Zouaves, 243; The 5th Chasseurs d'Afrique, 243; An Algerian Spahi, 243. Chasseurs à Pied Skirmishing, 244; Infantry in Square, 244; An Encampment 244
FRENCH NAVY, The—Bluejackets of the "Redoutable" at Drill, 158; On Board the "Amiral Duperre" 158; A Group in the Cruiser "Suchet" 159; Seamen of the "Amiral Duperré," 159. A Gun Crew on Board the "Devastation," 160; In the Redoubt of the "Dévastation," 227; On Board the "Suchet," 228; At Work in the "Couronne," 228; Admiral Besnard, 226; Battery Deck of the "Amiral Duperré," 226; The Battleship "Jaureguiberry," 188; Seamen of the "Amiral Duperré," 188; The Armoured Cruiser "Amiral Charner," 189; The Battleship "Charles Martel," 190; The Battleship "Hoche," 190; The Torpedo Transport "Foudre," 190; The Third-Class Cruiser "Linois," 191; The Second-Class Cruiser "Bugeaud," 191; Torpedo Boats at Toulon, 192; The Third-Class Cruiser "Wattignies," 192; The Armoured Cruiser "Dupuy De Lome" 192

GERMAN EMPEROR, The, His Imperial Majesty William II. 1
" FLEET, The—
- The Cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta" 194
- Typical Naval Officers and Bluejackets 194

GOODENOUGH, Lieut.-General William Howley, C.B. 33
GOODMAN, Drum-Major, London Scottish 249
GOSCHEN, G. J., First Lord of the Admiralty 265
GRAY, Colonel H. W., V.D. 258
GREEK ARMY, The—The Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, 310; Prince Nicholas, 310; A Type of the Evzones, 310; Greek Infantry Linesmen, 310; Types of Line Regiments, 311; An Evzone Light Infantry Man, 311; A Cretan Insurgent, 311; A Group of Evilpides or Young Greek Officers, 312
GREEK FLEET, The—The Battleship "Spetsai" 156
" NAVY, The—A Naval Cadet, 294. Seamen Equipped for Landing, 294; Typical Greek Bluejackets, 294; Officers and Men of the "Spetsai," 295, Prince George of Greece and Torpedo Officers, 295; The Arsenal and Roadstead at Salamis 296
GWYN, Tatham, Esq. 267

HAMILTON, Admiral Sir Richard Vesey, G.C.B. 221
HARRISON, Gen., Sir Richard, K.C.B., C.M.G. 101
HASLAR HOSPITAL (Article by Com. the Hon. Hy. N. Shore, R.N.) 120
HASLAR HOSPITAL—Inspector-General Hilston, 109. The Main Block from the Quadrangle, 110; The Main Block and North Wing, 110. Residences of the Senior Medical Officers, 110; Sisters of the Nursing Staff, 111; A Group of Officers, 111; Steam Laundry, 111; Mending Clothes, 112; The Kitchen, 112; The Storeroom, 112; The Laboratory, 112; A Pensioner's Ward, 113; The Entrance Gates, 114; Preparing for Christmas, 114; The Collingwood Ward, 114; In the Dispensary, 115; The Museum, 115; Convalescents in the Airing Grounds 116
"HAWKE," H.M.S. 180

PAGE.

"HIBERNIA," H.M.S., Boat Repairing at Malta 199
HILSTON, Inspector-General of Haslar Hospital 109
HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, Battalion and Band 245
" " Field Battery 245
HONG KONG AND ITS VOLUNTEERS—
- Reading Orders to a Relieving Sentry 334
- Officers of the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps 334
- The Guns of the Corps ready for Action 334
- The Main Guard turned out 335
- The Non-Commissioned Officers of the Corps 335

HOURS OF EASE ON BOARD SHIP—
- Jack discussing the last Mail 2
- Marines standing easy on the Forecastle 2
- After Dinner on Board a Cruiser 2

HUSSARS, 11th (P.A.O.) The Paymaster's Department 84
" " " The Officers 84

"IMPLACABLE," H.M.S. 25
INDIAN ARMY, The Heavy Batteries of the—
- On the Railway, Entraining one of the Elephants 104
- " An Elephant in his truck ready to start 104
- On Parade, At Close Interval 105
- " In Open Order by Sub-Divisions 105
- In Camp for Annual Range Practice 105
- Cavalry Camp at Betma 132

INDIAN FIELD DAY, An—Selecting Ground for Guns, 333; "Ready, aye, Ready," 333; A Handsome Team, 333; Off to Reconnoitre, 333; An Interval for Refreshment, 333; Carrying Orders, 333; Watering Horses, 333; Pitching Tents 333
INDIAN HARBOUR DEFENCE FORCE, The—
- The Gunner of the "Magdala" and his Pets 222
- Machine Gun Drill on the Superstructure 222
- Lascars at Firing Drill with Nordenfelt 222
- Bluejackets from the "Magdala" at Field Gun Drill on Shore 223
- Lascars at Musketry Drill 223
- " Marching off to Quarters after Drill 223
- The Mid-day Curry, Three Native Cooks 223

"INFLEXIBLE," H.M.S. 6
INNSKILLING DRAGOONS, The (Article by John Leyland) 347-356
IRVIN, Colonel, D.A.G., and Staff 240
ITALIAN FLEET, The—The Battleship "Sicilia," 182; Admiral Canevaro and the Officers of the "Italia," 182; The Cruiser "Marco Polo," 183; The Cruiser "Liguria," 183; The Cruiser "Stromboli" 183; The Battleship "Andrea Doria," 184; The Battleship "Re Umberto" in Dock at Spezia, 184; On the Upper Deck of the Battleship "Ruggiero di Lauria," 185; Typical Italian Sailors, with a Lieut.-Commander and Torpedo Boat Crew 185
" NAVAL CADETS (Article by Davy Jones) 232

JACK'S LIFE AT SEA—Scrubbing a Sick Bay Cot 293
" " Just finished Cleaning Up 293

KEEPING STATION IN A FLEET 224
KNOWLES, Major-General Charles Benjamin, C.B. 77

LAMBERT, George T., Esq. 267
LANCERS, 16th, Christmas Dinner Table 20
LANG, Captain W. M., R.N. 313
LAST HONOURS TO A SEAMAN, The—
- The Removal of the Body 292
- Placing the Body on the Gun Carriage 292
- The Firing Party Heading the Procession 292
- On the way to the Cemetery 292

"LION," H.M.S. 25
LIQUID PROVISIONS 15
LYON-FREMANTLE, General Sir Arthur James, K.C.M.G., C.B. 171

MACARTNEY, W. G. E., Esq., M.P. 266
MACGREGOR, Sir Evan, K.C.B. 266
MALTA, The Governor of, and his Staff 171
MARCH IN INDIA, On the, (Article by H. Lawrence Swinburne) 31
MARCHING OPERATIONS ROUND ALDERSHOT—
- Welsh Fusiliers at the End of a Long March 172
- Field Day Order, the Old and Bold 172
- Highlanders on the March 172
- Hussars returning to Camp 173
- The Scots Greys after a Mimic Battle 173
- Home-coming of the Royal Horse Artillery 173

MARINES AT BAYONET EXERCISE 24
"MARS," H.M.S., The Building of 65-68
MASTER AT ARMS OF H.M.S. "LION" C. Annear 89
"MARTIN," The Training Brig, under Sail 155
" " " The Old Style, Splicing a Hemp Rope 156
" " " The Modern Style, Serving a Wire Rope 156
" " " Dressed and with Yards Manned 157
McNEILL, Maj.-Gen., Sir John C., V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. 305
MENZIES, Lt.-Col. Duncan 259
MILITARY BICYCLE IN FRANCE, The (Article by Lieut., C. H. Elgee) 70
MILITARY IDIOSYNCRASIES, (Article by Drapeau) 118
" FUNERALS (Article by Armiger) 230
MILLER, Gordon W., Esq. 267
MITFORD, Lt.-Col. W. K. 263
MOLYNEUX, Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Henry More, K.C.B. 85
MURDOCK, Colonel John Francis Burn, D.S.O. 78
MUSKETRY IN THE ARMY—
- Winning Team Army v. Volunteers, Meerut, 1896 288
- Lancashire Fusilier Shield and its Winners, 1896 288
- Winners of the Duke of Connaught's Cup, 1895 288

NAMES OF SHIPS, Concerning the (Article by Francis H. Miller) 72
NASH, Surgeon-Maj.-General, W., M.D., A.M. Staff 213
NAVAL COLLEGE SPORTS, The—
- The Start for the Wheelbarrow Race 290
- Making the High Jump 290
- Awaiting the Starter's word in the half mile 290
- Mr. W. G. Heppell just home in the 100 yards 290

NAVAL POLICE, The—
- Master-at-Arms and Ship's Corporals, H.M.S. "Devastation" 88
- " " " " "Impregnable" 88
- " of the "London" " " "Repulse" 88

NETLEY HOSPITAL (Article by Lieut.-Colonel John Graham) 89
NETLEY HOSPITAL—The Hospital from Southampton Water, 214; The Officers' Quarters, 214; The Hospital from the Grounds, 214; The late P.M.O. and the Officers of the Staff, 215; The Nursing 208

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Sisters, 215; Battle Relics, 216; Skull Alley, 216; The Natural History Museum, 216; A Ward in the Medical Division, 217; The Kitchen, 218; At Dinner, 218; The Chapel, 218; In Charge of Stores, 219; To Maintain Discipline, 219; In the Lecture Hall, 219; Army Medical Staff and Medical Staff Corps at Drill 220
NICHOLAS II., His Imperial Majesty, Tsar of Russia 13
NICHOLAS, Prince 310
"NILE," H.M.S. 180
NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, The 1st V.B., Officers of . . 251
NOTES AND QUERIES OF SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE,—Which Strikes the Harder? The Gun or the Ram, 29; Advantages of Joining the Army, 29; Sailors who seldom Undress, 29; Institution of Volunteers! First War Correspondent, 29; Adoption of Water-tube Boilers, 29; Formation of the "Life Guards," 30; Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns since Waterloo, Review, 30; Commander-in-Chief of the Army, 69; Man-of-War Launched with Choral Service, 69; Advantages of Trans-Siberian Railway, 69; The Navigation Acts, 69; British Army "Quick Step," 69; Keel of a Battleship, 69; Intelligence Department of the Army, 69; Who would Command German Army in War time, 70; Who would Command French or Russian Armies, 70; Purchase of Rank in the Army, 93; Figure-heads of Men-of-War, 93; The "Queen's Shilling," 93; Height of Lord Nelson, 93; Regimental Tunes, 93; Bluejackets' Clothes, 93; Water-tube Boilers, 94; Conscription in England, 94; "History of the Liverpool Privateers," Preliminary Notice, 94; What our Big Guns can do, 117; Royal Military Tournament, 117; Water Supply of War Vessels, 117; "The Horse Guards, Whitehall," 117; The Pilot of years ago," 117; Corps to Join, 117; Uniform and Accoutrements of the Army, 118; Navy Records Society, 118; "Forty Years in India," Review, 118; National Military Colour, 161; Length of Service in the Navy, 161; Regimental Nicknames, 161; Naval Officers and Sea Sickness. 161; Inception of Regimental Bands, 161; Keel Hauling, 161; A Private in the R.M.L.I., 161; Traditions of different Corps, 162; "Medals of the British Navy and how they were Won," Review, 162; Naval Officers' Mess, 205; Army Recruiting Department, 205; Some Novel Ideas, 205; Naval Battles on Regimental Colours, 205; Fortifications and Ships, 205; "The Seven Seas," Review, 205; Highest Military Position, 229; "Floating Coffins," 229; Esprit de Corps, 229; "Black Book of the Admiralty," 229; Armoured Auto-Cars, 229; The Mutiny Act, 229; A Soldier's "Kit," 230; The Cinque Ports, 230; Why Officers only Wear Uniform on Duty, 230; Lean's "Royal Navy List," Review, 230; Speed of Warships, 273; Enlistment in a Cavalry Regiment, 273; Last Shot of the American Civil War, 273; Uniform of Officers of the 7th Hussars, 273; A Cruiser's Armoured Deck, 273; Coaling Stations, 273; Differences in Uniform of 1st and 2nd Life Guards, 273; Cause of many of our Great Wars, 274; Origin of the Naval Epaulette, 274; "The Navy and the Nation," Review, 274; Order of the Garter, 297; Regattas as a British Institution, 297; Organisation of a Regiment of Infantry, 297; Spanish Soldier's Kit, 297; Passing the Time at Sea, 297; How to obtain Commissions in the Army, 297; Military Nomenclature, 298; Collision Mats, 298; "Achievements of Cavalry," Review, 298; "Life of Sir George Tryon," Review, 298; Victoria Cross, 321; Regimental Facings, 321; Ship's Funnels, 321; Khaki Uniform, 321; Customs of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 321; Esprit de Corps, 321; Square Formation in Battle, 321; Army Rank, 322; "Life of Nelson," Review, 322; A. and R. M. Rifle Associations 322

OCEAN DEPTHS (Article by Captain Alfred Carpenter, R.N.) . . 206
OLD CONNOR (Article by Sophie Hart) 298
O'LEARY, Major T. E., and Staff 338
OTTOMAN ARMY, The Imperial—First Brigade of the Para Artillery Regiment, 38; Standard, 38; Standard of the 1st Lancer Regiment, 39; A Zouave Battalion, 40; A Nichandji Battalion, 40; Riza Pasha, 106; Imperial Guard of Honour at the Yildiz, 106; A Trooper of the 2nd Lancers, 107; The Fifth Cavalry, 108; The Ertogrul Regiment 108
OTTOMAN NAVY, The Imperial—A Gun Crew on Board the "Hamidieh," 26; Officers of the "Messoudieh," 26; On Board the "Osmanieh," 27; Gun Drill on Board the "Nedjim-i-Shevket," 28; Seamen of the "Assar-i-Tevfik" at Cutlass Drill, 28; Hassan Pasha, 90; Imperial Yacht "Stamboul," 90; Gun Drill on Board the "Mamhoudieh," 91; Marines Paraded at the Selamlik Festival, 92; Boat Hoisting on Board the "Hamidieh" 92

PASHA, Admiral Hassan 90
,, General Riza 106
PENINSULA RECORDS, With—
The Sergeants' Mess of the "Die Hards," Past and Present . 336
,, ,, 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment . 336
PHILIP, Drum-Major G. T., 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards . . 83
PIONEER AND HIS STORY, The—
Pioneers Rendell and Walters of the 1st Grenadier Guards . 330
,, Wood, Cook, and Booker of the 1st ,, . . 330
Pioneer-Sergeant Stotton of the ,, ,, . 331
PLUM PUDDING—By the Right—Quick March 14
POLO IN INDIA (Article by Major H. S. Dalbiac) 300
PORTSMOUTH DEPOT, The Commander-in-Chief's Inspection of the 272
"PRINCE GEORGE," The (Article by Edward Fraser) . . . 41-50
PUNISHMENTS—Service and otherwise (Article by Lieut. Stuart D. Gordon, R.N.) 162
P.W.O. WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT, A Barrack Room . . 17

QUARTERSTAFF, A Bout at—Just in Time 170
The End of the Bout 170
QUEENSLAND DEFENCE FORCE The—
A Sergeant of the Queensland Mounted Rifles . . . 128
Colonel Gunter and the Headquarters Staff 128
Section of Queensland Mounted Rifles 128
Field Gun Team, Queensland Permanent Artillery . . . 129
Main Guard, Victoria Barracks, Brisbane, Queensland Permanent Artillery 129

"RAMILLIES," H.M.S. 177
RANGING CABLE ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP 8
RAWSON, Rear-Admiral Harry Holdsworth, C.B. 21
RED TAPE DEMON, The (Article by Spex) 274
REGIMENTAL DEPOT, At a—
The Raw Material 306
The Finished Article 306
The Manufacturing Machinery 306
A Gathering of the Clans 307
Pets of the 43rd Regimental Depôt 307
RELIEVING A SENTRY 285
"REVENGE," H.M.S. 177

PAGE.

RIFLE, The Manufacture of a—A Forest of Belting, 282; At Work in the Smithy, 282; Rifle Barrels, Finished and Unfinished, 282; Boring a Barrel, 282; Rifling, 283; A Viewer at Work, 283; Browning a Rifle, 283; Testing the Straightness of a Barrel, 283; In the Proving House, 284; Assembling the Component Parts, 284; Testing Cavalry Swords, 284; Testing Bayonets by Bending . . 284
ROYAL ARTILLERY, A Gun Team of the 18th Field Battery . . 79
,, ,, Farriers' Shop at the Artillery Barracks, Exeter 79
,, ,, Sergeants of the 18th and 73rd Field Batteries . 79
,, CANADIAN ARTILLERY, Christmas with the 19
,, IRISH RIFLES, 1st, Printing Press of the 127
,, ,, 1st Battalion—
Colonel Knox and Officers 332
Colonel Knox and Non-Commissioned Officers 332
Regiment on Parade 332
,, MARINE ARTILLERYMEN, The Training of 86
,, ,, Squads of, At Physical Drill . 86
,, ,, At Drill with 12-pr. B.L. Field Gun 87
,, ,, At Naval Gun Drill with 9·2in. B.L. Gun 87
,, ,, The Boats' Crew of the . . 87
,, MARINES' BARRACKS, STONEHOUSE—Cleared for a Ball 7
,, ,, ,, Cleared for a Ball Supper 7
,, SCOTS, The First (Article by Chas. Lowe) 133-142
,, SCOTS GREYS (Article by G. F. Bacon) 51-60
RUNDLE, Maj.-General Hy. McLeod Leslie, D.S.O. 78
RUSSIAN FLEET, The—
The Armoured Gun Vessel "Grosiastchy" 193
The Battleship "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" 193

SEA AND SAILORS ON THE STAGE, The (Article by F. Hamilton-Knight) 30
SERGEANT-MAJOR'S STALK, The (Article by Spex) 322
SHOEMAKER'S SHOP, The Regimental 239
SMALL ARM AND CUTLASS EXERCISE, Some Regulation Attitudes 225
SPARTA, The Duke of, Crown Prince of Greece 310
STEVENSON, His Excellency Lieut.-General Nathaniel 237
STEWART, Admiral Sir W. Houston, G.C.B. 289
SUBMARINE MINERS AND THEIR WORK—
In Sea-Going Kit 80
A Class of Electricians 80
Testing a Cable by Electricity 80
Submarine Mining Pier 81
A Group of Officers 81
Laying a Mine 81
Vessels Laying Mines in Minefield 82
Explosion of Submarine Mine 82
"SURPRISE" The Captain's Cabin of the 203
SUSSEX VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, The 1st.—
Sergeant's Battery of Position 247
Gun Drill 247
SWORDS AND LANCES IN THE BRITISH ARMY (Article by Lieut.-Colonel John Graham) 96
"SYBILLE," H.M.S. 181

"TALBOT," H.M.S., Getting ready for Sea in Devonport Dockyard 201
"TERROR," H.M.S., at Bermuda 202
The Floating Dock at Bermuda 202
The Officers of H.M.S. "Terror" 202
Rear-Admiral J. W. Brackenbury's First Flag . . . 202
"THESEUS," Mids. of the, under Instruction 154
,, The Captain's Cabin of the 203
TOMMY ATKINS' CHRISTMAS (Article by Red Cross) . . . 11
TORPEDO AND MINING EXERCISES AT PLATÆ—
A 2nd Class Torpedo Boat of the "Hood" 22
A Launch prepared with Electro Mechanical Mines . . 22
A Launch ready to run a line of Observation Mines . . 22
Explosion of a 25-lb. Gun Cotton Charge 23
,, 50-lb. ,, ,, ... 23
A Class on the Forecastle 23
,, PRACTICE AT SEA, H.M.S. "BOOMERANG"—
The Starboard Double Tube Ready to Fire 62
Double Discharge from the Starboard Tube 62
Torpedo just leaving the Tube 62
,, PRACTICE AT ANCHOR, H.M.S. "HERMIONE"—
A Torpedo just Discharged 63
Hoisting in Torpedo after Exercise 63
Torpedo being sent below to Magazine. 63
TRAINING SQUADRON; In the—
Furling Sail 4
"Divisions" on Christmas Day 4
In Boats 4
H.M.S. "Volage" under Sail and Steam 4
Midshipmen after Coaling 5
A Gun Room Smoking Circle 5
The Captain Going on Shore 5
The Captain and Officers, H.M.S. "Volage" 5
TRENCH, Major Stewart John 126
TSAR OF RUSSIA, H.I.M., Nicholas II. 13
TURKISH FLEET, The—
The Despatch Boat "Fuad" 187
TYPES OF OUR ARMY—
Sergeant, 102; Pioneer-Corporal, 102; Private, 102; Bandsman, 103; Orderly, 103; Drummer 103

'UNDAUNTED," The (Article by Edward Fraser) 337-346
UNITED STATES' FLEET, The—
The Cruiser "San Francisco" 196
,, "Minneapolis" 196

VANDELEUR Lieut. C. Foster Seymour, D.S.O. 78
"VOLAGE," H.M.S., Under Sail and Steam 4
,, ,, Captain and Officers 5

"WARSPITE," The (Article by Edward Fraser) 143-152
WEDDELL, Colonel, V.D. 251
WHARTON, Rear-Admiral W. J. L., C.B. 197
WHITE, Sir W. H., K.C.B. 266
WILLIAM II., His Imperial Majesty 1
WILLIAMSON, J., Esq. 267
WILLMOTT, Captain and Adjutant 251
WILSON, Major-General Sir Charles, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. . . 329

YORKE, H. F. R., Esq. 267

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PAGE

254
77
73
73
19
127

332
331
334
90

97

97
87
7
7
144
74

193
193

30
322
239

235
210
237
209

86
86
80
81
81
82
82
93

47
47

86
91

1
2
3
4
5

Photo. by LAFAYETTE, Dublin.

Field Marshal Rt.-Hon. LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. III.—No. 27.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1896.

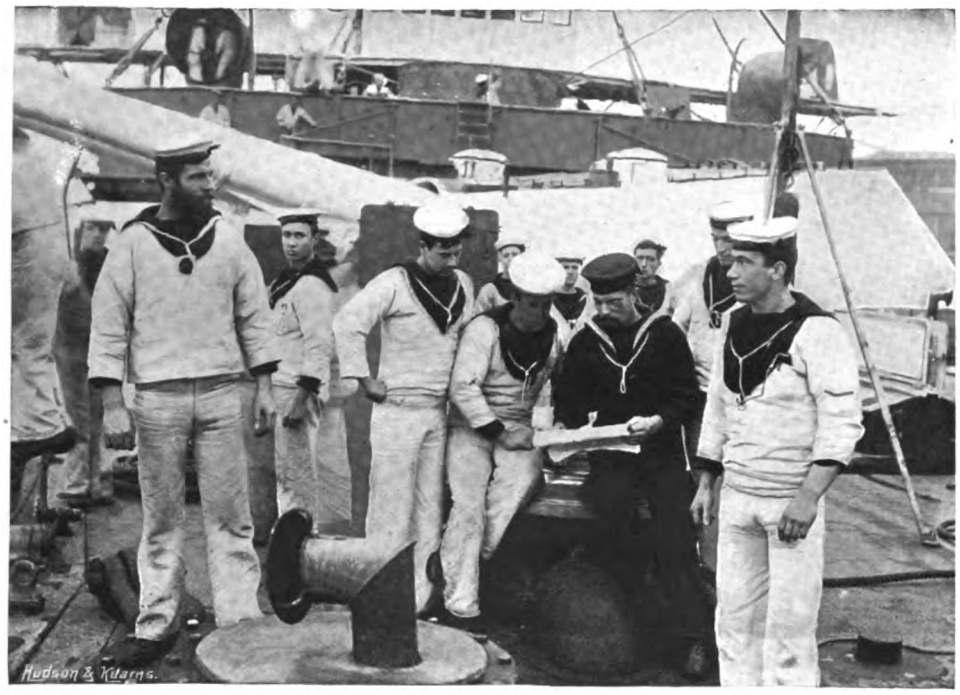
Photo. RUSSELL, Baker Street.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILLIAM II.:—THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

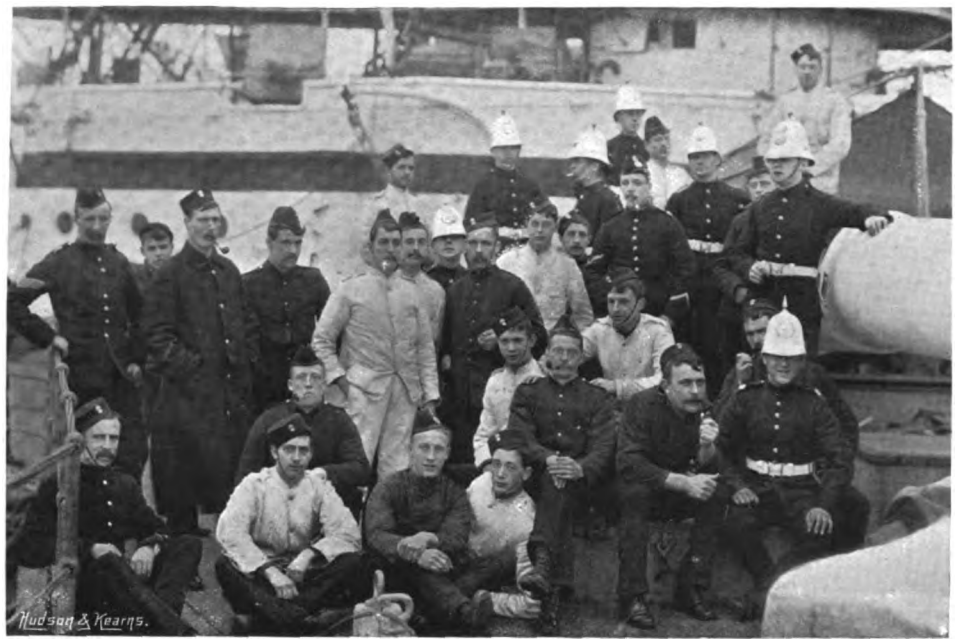
HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, K.G., has been an Honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the British Navy since August, 1889, when the QUEEN appointed him to that office as a special compliment. The distinction is, as it is well known, one that the German Emperor values most highly, and he has on many occasions given proof of his estimation of the high honour. There is, indeed, outside the British Navy, no person living perhaps who has a more thorough knowledge of the Service and so high an appreciation of its capabilities as the Emperor WILLIAM; and he also, on every possible occasion, whenever opportunity offered, has testified as on board the "Royal Sovereign," the flagship of the Channel Fleet, when he specially visited the British Admiral, on the occasion of the great Naval Review at Kiel in June, 1895—to the special regard in which he holds his appointment No person also outside Her Majesty's dominions—and certainly no other foreign potentate has seen so much of our fleet, many of the best ships of which, both in the Channel and the Mediterranean, have been several times visited and inspected by His Imperial Majesty.

Digitized by Google

HOURS OF EASE ON BOARD SHIP.



JACK DISCUSSING THE LAST MAIL.



MARINES STANDING EASY ON THE FORECASTLE.

THESE are scenes that one might witness on board a man-of-war at sea on Christmas Eve after the duties of the morning had been performed while the men are enjoying a spell-off after dinner. In harbour, at the Home ports, there would be at this season comparatively few of a ship's company left on board, it being the custom nowadays to allow as many men as possible to be away at Christmas time on ten days' leave The Christmas leave in such cases is generally given by watches:—in two watches, which between them divide the whole of the ship's company. At the same time, in practice, two-thirds of the men of the watch which happens to be remaining on board on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day are generally granted a "free gangway," as it is called, after the dinner-hour, when they may go on shore and visit friends and relations, only those whose presence is absolutely necessary for carrying on duty being kept back on board to look after the ship.

On board Her Majesty's ships at sea during the Christmas season every reasonable form of relaxation is favoured, and the lightening as much as possible of every sort of work beyond the necessary routine duties is allowed by the authorities. It will, by the way, be in some degree easier to do this in the present year than in most years, for Christmas Eve, 1896, happens to fall on a Thursday, Jack's day off at sea and in harbour; or, as it is called in the Navy, "Rope Yarn Sunday."

Every Thursday afternoon after dinner is, to a great extent, Jack's own time, when ship's companies on board all our men-of-war "make and mend clothes" in their quarters; while also, when ships are in port, men entitled to privileged-leave are allowed to go on shore. At sea on Christmas Eve the men would for the most part wile away part of the afternoon much as we see here in our photographs, in groups on the lower deck reading and spinning yarns of no doubt past experiences of Christmas time on various stations in other ships, or enjoying a quiet pipe among themselves on the upper deck, talking over the gossip of the ship, or odds and ends from the last delivery of mail news on board.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 21, Strand.

AFTER DINNER ON BOARD A CRUISER.

Digitized by Google

Photo. T. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand.

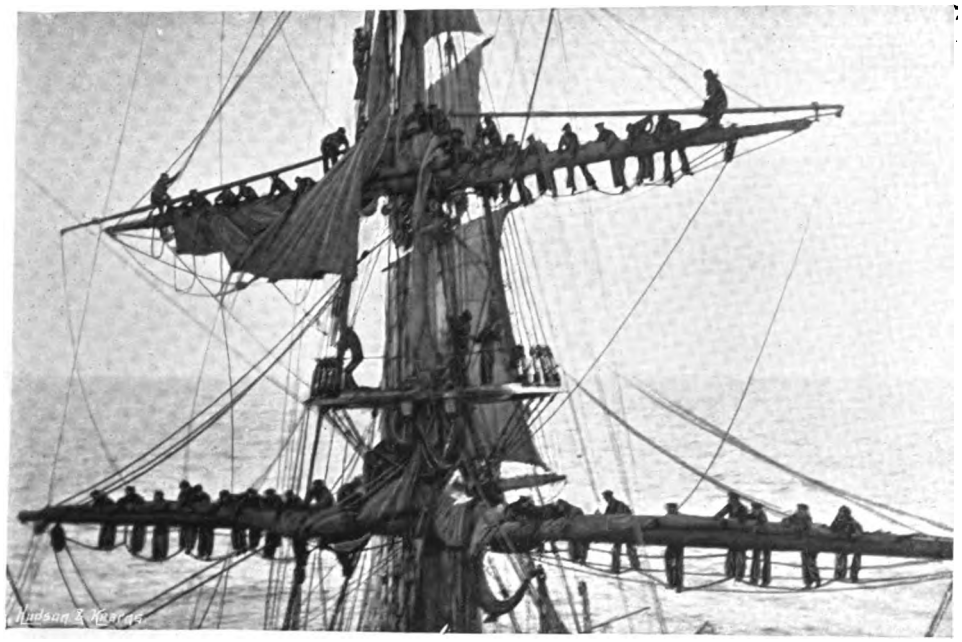
Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE CHRISTMAS DAY JOINT.

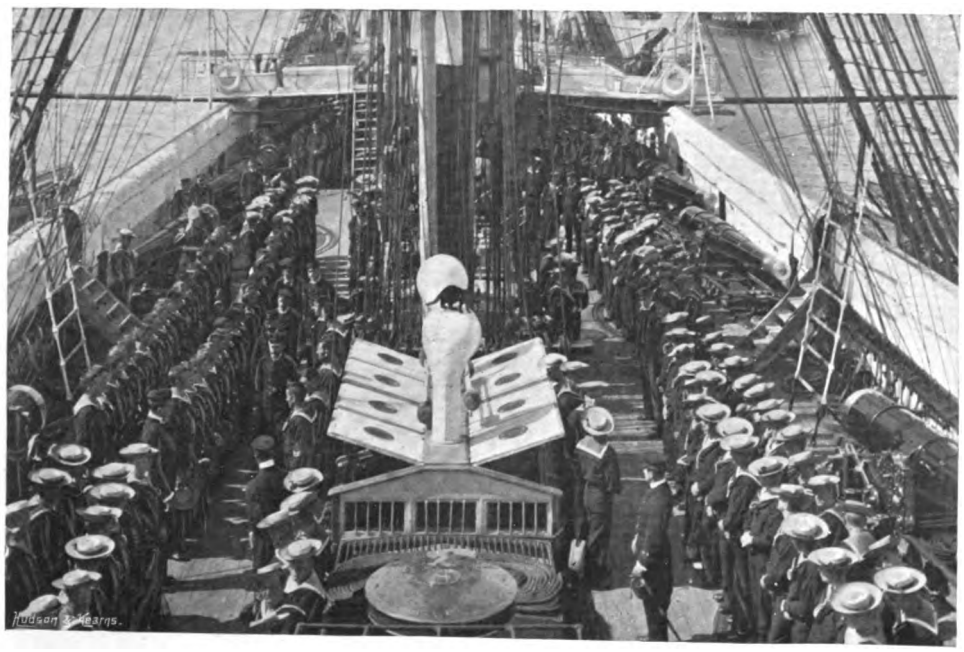
ON Christmas Day, as is only most right and proper, in every mess on board Her Majesty's men-of-war, wherever it is possible to obtain it, the Roast Beef of Old England forms the staple dish on the festive board, and the *pièce de resistance*. Of course, in addition, a bountiful supply is provided of other good things, including also a plentiful supply of plum pudding, and "one water" grog. But the joint of beef holds the place of honour amongst them all. Our photograph shows the preliminary stage in the proceedings, the joint as it leaves the ship's butcher's hands on board, on its way to the galley below, where it is to receive the attentions of the ship's cook and his satellites.

Digitized by Google

IN THE TRAINING SQUADRON.



FURLING SAIL.



"DIVISIONS" ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

"IN BOATS."

Photo. SYMONDS. *Portsmouth.*

H.M.S. "Volage" under Sail and Steam.

HIS term in the Training Squadron is to the bluejacket very much what his University Course is to the ordinary English gentleman. It comes to Jack midway between his school-ship and his rating as an able-bodied seaman in Her Majesty's Fleet, finishing off and enlarging the earlier lessons of his novitiate and fitting him for his life's work as a sailor of the Queen. Four of our older corvettes, the "Active," "Volage," "Champion," and "Calypso" comprise the Training Squadron under a Commodore, and their special duties are the taking to sea for extended cruises of six months or more duration, drafts of the lads as these are passed out of the school-ships at the various home ports.

The photograph that we show of the "Volage" will give our readers a good idea of the class of ship employed in the Training Squadron. All four are fully-masted and square-rigged vessels belonging to the older class of masted steamship common in the Navy in the seventies, special stress being laid by the Authorities on the advantages of training men early in work aloft, as the best possible means of instilling into the young bluejacket smartness, handiness, and the various qualities that go to make up "nerve." The "Volage," herself, is a corvette, launched as long ago as 1869, a single screw iron ship of 3,080 tons. To utilize the time spent by the lads on board there is regular exercise at the great gnns for which the "Volage," like all her consorts of the Training Squadron, is equipped with modern and up-to-date ordnance of the lighter types 6-inch breech-loading guns, quick-firers and torpedo tubes for instruction in running torpedoes. The "Volage" and the "Active" are sister ships, and the largest vessels in the Training Squadron—the other two corvettes being considerably smaller. They each carry also a company of 357 all told.

We see in our second photograph some of the lads in the "Volage" at drill aloft, engaged furling sail. Of course they all come on board well used to and trained in exercise aloft and sail drill of every kind, for—as our pictures of life in the "Impregnable," "St. Vincent," "Lion," and "Caledonia," published in previous numbers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have shown—special attention is paid to practising the lads during their training ship and training brig courses to sail and spar drill as in the style of the old Navy.

In our third photograph we see the whole ship's company of the "Volage" mustered for "Divisions" for the Captain's inspection, a parade of all ranks and ratings which takes place every Sunday morning and on Christmas Day, the lads falling in on the upper deck right round the ship, each Division or party of men separately under its own officers—certain of the Lieutenants and Midshipmen. The in-

Digitized by Google

IN THE TRAINING SQUADRON.

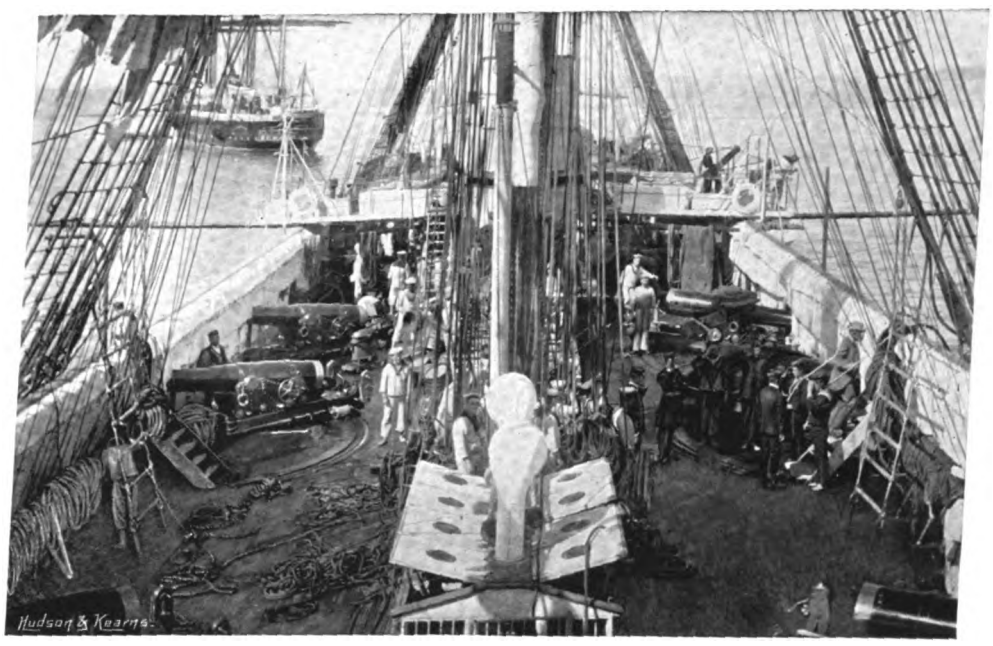
Midshipmen after Coaling.

spection takes place a little time after breakfast, the Captain going the round accompanied by various officers and receiving reports from the officers of each Division as he comes to it and also from the heads of departments on board, the Chief Engineer, the Paymaster, and the Doctor. As the Captain approaches each Division the men who compose it doff their hats and stand at attention, while the Captain for his part passes along the line, scrutinizing each man individually and drawing attention to the smallest irregularity of dress or appearance. When the Captain has passed to the next Division the men he has just inspected resume their hats and stand easy until the Captain has completed his round of the ship when all are piped to Divine Service. Our fourth photograph shows the larger boats of the ship in the act of being swung on board to be stowed amidships and made fast in the manner that the heavier boats in modern men-of-war are ordinarily kept when at sea.

The next photograph shows a group of the "Volage's" midshipmen after coaling, and in the circumstances the mothers of the "young gentlemen" in question would probably hardly recognise them. Grimy and unpleasant work as coaling ship is, it is a job in which everybody on board a man-of-war takes a hearty part, officers and men alike sparing themselves no fatigue. In all our fleets and squadrons, whether it be among the battleships of the Mediterranean Fleet, or in the Channel Fleet, or in the China Fleet, or as here in the Training Squadron, there is always the keenest rivalry among individual ships as to the smartness with which each ship can get its coaling done, a healthy sign of the spirit that animates the officers and men of the Sea Service; but a matter also of national interest, for the quicker a ship can take in her fuel, the readier for emergencies she will at all times be.

We come next to another scene, a gun-room smoking circle after the dinner hour, where the midshipmen of the "Volage" are seen taking it easy on deck, on a warm day under tropical skies, until the order is issued for the afternoon drills to begin. The captain of the ship in *mufti*, going over the side to spend a day on shore, which forms our next illustration, is of course a harbour subject on an off day. The captain of a man-of-war is, all the world knows, an absolute king on board his ship, a monarch of despotic power, and even so comparatively trivial an incident as his going out of the ship for his own pleasure in civilian attire, is in itself a semi-state ceremonial, the side being manned and everybody near standing at the salute. Finally we have a portrait group of the officers of the "Volage" in uniform, the captain in command of the ship being readily distinguishable as the officer with four rings of lace on his sleeve, and a telescope under his arm.

A GUN ROOM SMOKING CIRCLE.



THE CAPTAIN GOING ON SHORE.

THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS, H.M.S. "VOLAGE."

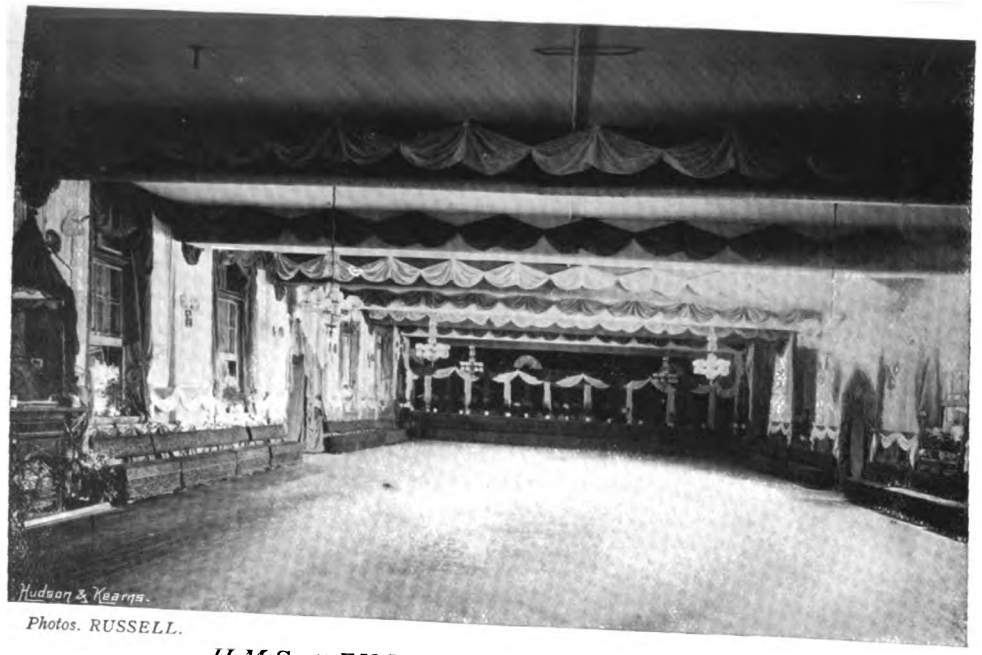
Digitized by Google

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

H.M.S. 'INFLEXIBLE":—A Bird's Eye Glance.

THE "Inflexible," the present port-guardship at Portsmouth, though to many of us she may seem of a discredited type, was in her time—in the early Eighties—quite a wonder of the world in her way. Of one of the chief peculiarities of her design we get a good idea here, the diagonal arrangement of the "Inflexible's" turrets, which are so placed in the ship as to allow of the four 81-ton guns in the two turrets firing all together on the same object, directly ahead and astern, or on either beam. Our special object in presenting our readers with the photograph of the "Inflexible," is to show through it, by way of contrast with the other views of modern battleships that we have given in previous numbers, at one glance as it were the immense advance that has been made during the past twenty years. Turrets have been done away with in favour of barbettes; the short barrelled muzzle-loaders to use quick-burning powder has been replaced by long barrelled breechloaders using slow combustion powders; while the peculiar diagonal arrangement of the turrets followed in the "Ajax," "Agamemnon," "Colossus" and "Edinburgh" has become quite obsolete.

Digitized by Google



Photos. RUSSELL.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT":—Cleared for a Ball.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT":—Cleared for a Ball Supper. Southsea.

Photos. H. YEO.

R.M. BARRACKS, STONEHOUSE:—Cleared for a Ball.

R.M. BARRACKS, STONEHOUSE:—Cleared for a Ball Supper. Plymouth.

THAT the festive season of Christmas should be always right royally observed in Her Majesty's Sea Service is of course only in the fitness of things, and it is universally acknowledged that on such occasions none make better hosts than the officers of the Queen's Fleet—whether naval men or marines. Of the provision made for the fortunate guests our readers have here a means of seeing for themselves in our pictures of the ball and supper rooms at Whale Island, Portsmouth Harbour, showing how the selected places for dancing and recuperation are "rigged" for an evening when the officers of the Naval Gunnery School are "At Home" to their fair friends; and of the ball room and supper room decorations and arrangements at Stonehouse Barracks when the officers of the Royal Marines of the Devonport Division hold their revels.

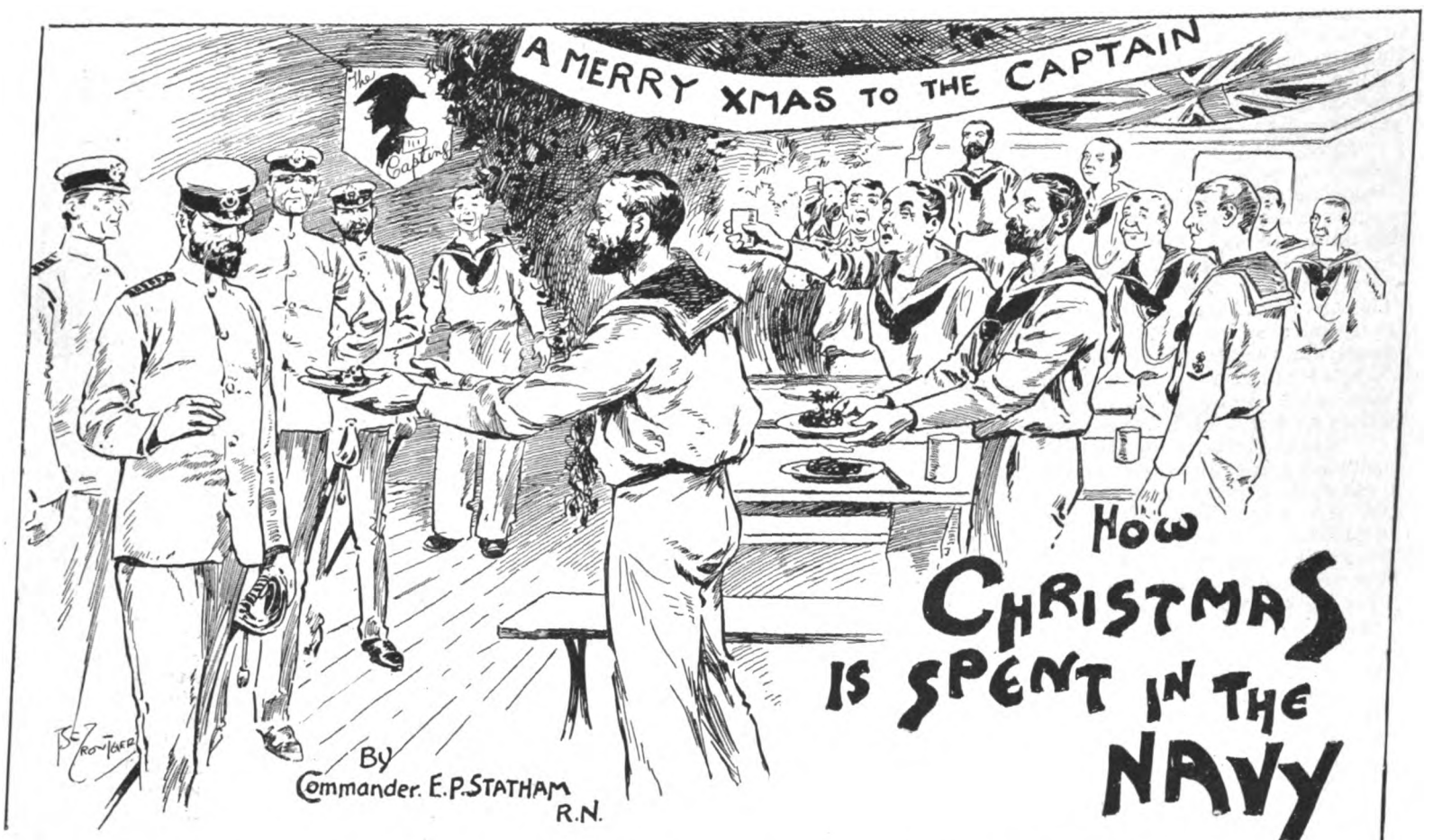
Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright. HUDSON & KEARNS.*

RANGING CABLE ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP.

BY ranging the cable is meant the operation of leaving slack a sufficient quantity of cable to allow the anchor to reach the ground before the cable is checked by the double turns round the bitts, the object being to let the anchor hook the bottom quickly, and to prevent the heavy shock which would be caused if its weight were suddenly brought upon the bitts. In the old days of course everything connected with the cables and capstans and the letting go and getting in of the anchors had to be done entirely by manual labour, and was one of the most toilsome and most disagreeable of the many hard tasks that Jack had to perform. Nowadays, while the anchor and cable gear has become enormously more weighty, steam power is available to assist the man-of-war's man. A special steam-engine is employed for working the capstan, by means of which the operation of mooring and unmooring and getting up the anchors, and "catting" and stowing them in their proper position when hoisted, are performed.

Digitized by Google



HOW CHRISTMAS IS SPENT IN THE NAVY

WHATEVER may be the circumstances under which Jack is called upon to celebrate the festivities of Christmas, we may rest assured that, with characteristic energy and good humour, he makes the most of the occasion. He is, indeed, occasionally very heavilyhandicapped: the exigencies of the Service may require that his ship has to sail a day or two before Christmas; or it may be deemed necessary—though Jack has his own ideas sometimes as to the necessity—that, though on the "Home" Station, the squadron may be relegated to the wilds of a comparatively unknown and cheerless bay on the coast of Spain, where, with the land close aboard, he is as effectually isolated from the means of adequately providing for the occasion as though he were in "blue water."

In attempting to give an idea of the manner in which Christmas Day is passed on board a man-of-war, it will be better to ignore the case of a ship stationed, either temporarily or otherwise, in a home port, as not affording a typical example; every man who can be spared, and whose conduct entitles him to the privilege, being granted leave, and the ship's company being reduced in consequence to something less than half the usual complement.

Let us, therefore, imagine ourselves on board a British man-of-war on a foreign station, on Christmas Eve. Already the crowds of native boatmen have supplied forests of greenery for the decoration of the messes; and should it happen to be a tropical station, this will naturally be of a delightful profusion and variety. Rather a trial, of course, to the stern and methodical commanding officer, whose joy and pride it is to contemplate the spotless cleanliness and order of the mess deck, with an uninterrupted view from end to end. If he is as wise as he is smart, however, he will not begrudge Jack the unwonted enjoyment of a little relaxation from routine, especially in view of the pride which he takes as a rule in keeping his mess clean and tidy, and which finds a different outlet to-day in the effort to outshine his shipmates in the matter of decorations. The decks have all been cleaned early in the day, and the brass-work, etc., polished up to the last perfection of lustre, and the men are left as free as possible in the afternoon and evening to complete their festive preparations, of which the evergreens form by no means the most important part. Boats are arriving hourly loaded with all the local luxuries which are within the means subscribed by each mess; and not unfrequently these may be supplemented by a present of a few sheep, or a quarter or two of prime beef, from some English resident or colonist, with whom the Navy is ever in favour, as officers and men could testify through generations.

The Mess Deck presents a busy and cheerful aspect, and much lively and often very humorous chaff is being exchanged between adjacent Messes, striving each to out-do the latest effort of its neighbour. Here are some few hands, representing the artistic element in the Mess, constructing a veritable bower of greenery to go over the table, relieved by sundry devices cut out in coloured paper, and sometimes including very cleverly executed silhouette portraits of favourite Petty Officers, or even of their superiors, with appropriate and complimentary mottoes attached. There are usually to be found in every ship a few men who are wonderfully skilful in this respect, while others, who have a knack with the pencil, will exhibit their skill and give expression to their feelings through this medium. The Mess in which is included the painter or his "mate" is usually distinguished by some bold and highly-coloured illuminations, on pieces of board, with humorous or laudatory mottoes emblazoned among the elaborate scrolls; while glittering tinsel ornaments, ships and landscapes worked in wool, festoons of many-coloured paper roses, and a hundred other odds and ends, are utilized to complete the show, with a very pretty and pleasing effect. Others, less skilled in such delicate matters, are occupied with the more commonplace but not less important task of preparing to-morrow's dinner; and very well it promises, if only there does not turn out to be a dangerous surfeit of good things. The ship's cook, though usually ready, with his assistants, to slave on such an occasion for the benefit of all to an unlimited extent, and with the prospect of an "all night sitting" before him, obviously cannot be expected to undertake the mixing of "plum-duffs," the "stoning" of raisins, the peeling of potatoes, and the thousand other minor details involved, for the whole ship's company; and consequently these necessary and interesting operations are in various stages all over the deck, and executed with varying degrees of skill, to be tested in the practical result on the morrow: for the proof of a "plum-duff" on board ship is most emphatically "in the eating"! When it is understood that the large Mess Deck may contain some sixteen or eighteen Messes, numbering from eighteen to two or three and twenty men in each, the life and bustle of the scene may be imagined; and a great pleasure it is, to one who is in sympathy with the men, to contemplate the busy hands and jolly countenances of the gallant fellows, who, ready at any moment to face battle or possible shipwreck with unflinching courage, take such a simple and child-like interest in their Christmas decorations.

The inexorable voice of the boatswain's mate causes a very sudden transformation scene at half-past eight: brooms are produced, litter swept up, and all put as straight as possible for the Commander's "rounds"; and by half-past nine everyone is in his hammock, with the exception of the cook and his mates; the galley fire is allowed to be kept alight on this occasion, and they are busy there until past midnight, and have to be up again at four o'clock.

At half-past six in the morning the "hands" are "turned up" and hammocks stowed; and at seven o'clock comes breakfast; not the ordinary one of cocoa and biscuits or bread, however: coffee is in many instances substituted for cocoa, "canned" milk is to the fore; "soused" fish, fruit, sardines, and other unaccustomed luxuries grace the board;

Digitized by Google

and all is good humour and glee. After breakfast the decks undergo a short supplementary "scrub up," and then the men are mustered at the guns, to polish them up, if possible, to a still higher state of perfection; every bit of metal about them flashes again, and the huge weapons themselves are rubbed up to a mirror-like surface with some cunning composition of boiled oil, turpentine, and whatnot, until you can very literally "see your face in them."

Every man is soon arrayed in spotless duck, with blue collar, and paraded for the morning inspection, followed by Divine Service, for the religious observance of the day is by no means neglected; and a fine thing it is to hear "Hark the herald angels sing," or "Christians awake," sung in unison by some three or four hundred manly voices, sustained by the harmonium, or a selection of instruments from the band. The chaplain, however, wisely tempers religion with discretion, and abstains from the infliction of a sermon, being well aware that the thoughts of most of his congregation would be directed rather to the finishing touches of their decorations than to the admirable words of advice and admonition with which no doubt his discourse would abound.

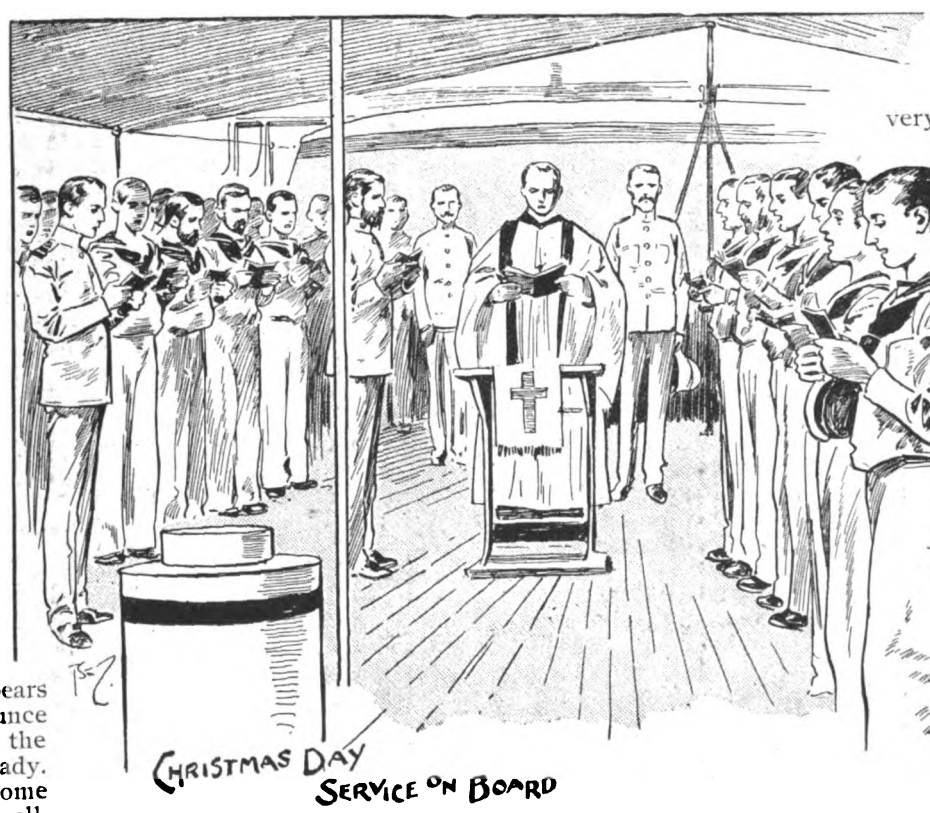
Service being over, the whole energies of the ship's company are devoted to the completion of their preparations, both as regards the pleasure of the eye and of the inner man, for the great event of the day: dinner, preceded by the captain's inspection of the messes. As regards the pleasure which his visit will produce, much of course depends upon the personality of the captain. It is safe to assert, however, that in the great majority of instances it will be hailed with immense satisfaction, and that any minor causes of complaint, imaginary or otherwise, entertained by individuals, will be forgotten in the goodwill and friendly feeling so heartily evoked on the occasion; while, if he is a prime favourite, manly and seamanlike, just and capable, the kind word as ready on his lips as the stern reprimand, he will be received with a perfect ovation, as gratifying as it is spontaneous.

While the busy scene of final embellishment is proceeding on the mess deck, a comical little farce is being enacted on the upper deck, the places of the petty officers—the quartermaster, boatswain's mate, and other officials who keep their regular watch at the gangway—being taken for the time, according to immemorial custom, by some of the smallest and most chubby-faced boys in the ship, and very amusing it is to watch these little fellows strutting about in their borrowed plumes, petty officers' badges, boatswain's whistle and all, and gravely responding to the orders of the lieutenant of the watch; the miniature boatswain's mate blowing a very amateur call on his pipe, and communicating instructions in his almost equally shrill treble down the hatchway, which, however, receive a prompt response, which he certainly would not evoke on any other occasion.

At noon the band assembles, and a comical figure, got up in some fantastic fashion, as a clown, or an elaborately-dressed flunkey, appears on deck to announce to the officer of the watch that is all ready. Very frequently some young ne'er-do-well, blessed with a handsome face and much assurance of manner, is selected for this rôle, and executes it with imperturbable gravity and importance. The officer of the watch goes down to report twelve o'clock to the captain, while a midshipman informs the commander and officers, most of whom will elect to accompany their chief round the deck.

As the stroke of "eight bells" resounds through the ship, the band strikes up the cheering strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England"; the captain, accompanied by a little crowd of officers, appears at the after end of the mess deck, and every man springs to his feet and faces in towards the centre of the deck; a couple of men in each mess stand at the end of the mess table with samples of their Christmas cheer. What a wonderful transformation the deck has undergone since yesterday afternoon! The captain, as he walks slowly along, has to peer at each mess through a curtain of green leaves and glittering knick-knacks; he is greeted on all hands with smiling and deferential glances, and invited by each plate-bearer in turn to put the excellence of the "duff" to a practical test, which he and the officers frequently do, exercising their good nature at the expense of their good digestions. Our captain is a deservedly popular man, and his progress is a pleasing sight, enlivened by jokes, words of commendation for some ingenious device, and an occasional hearty laugh at a grotesque representation of the peculiarities of a shipmate or an officer; nor are there wanting such mottoes as "God bless our Captain," "The old 'Tartar' is a happy ship," and so on. When the round of inspection is completed, the captain takes his stand in the centre of the deck, and in a few hearty sailor-like words wishes them a Merry Christmas. His greeting is responded to by a roar of "Same to you, Sir," followed by a shout from the Senior Petty Officer: "Three cheers for the Captain." The thundering response seems to lift the very deck overhead; and, unless we are greatly mistaken in our captain, affords him a thrill of satisfaction which is in itself a rich reward for his strict and considerate discharge of his difficult duties, for there is no mistaking the spontaneous ring in those voices: it is no "duty" cheer, but one which will ensure in future a yet more cordial understanding between the captain and his crew, even though he may have to be down on some of them to-morrow for undue excess in their festive zeal; for there are sure to be some who have contrived to smuggle off forbidden liquor, in spite of the precautions of the ship's police and the strong disapproval of many of their shipmates.

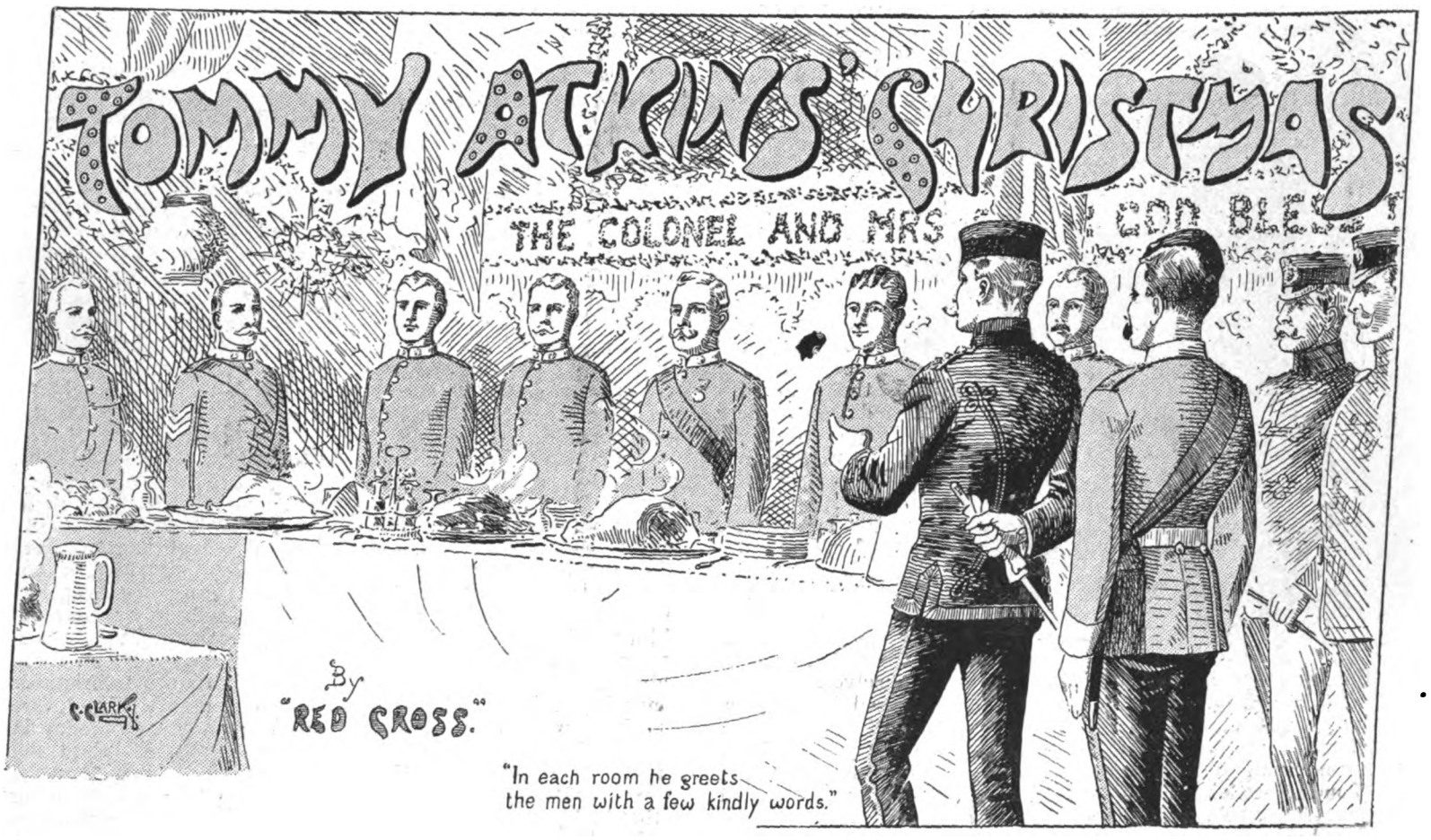
The afternoon and evening are spent in singing, dancing, and such impromptu entertainments as can be managed, all the available talent, vocal and instrumental, being enlisted for the occasion. Sometimes the practice is permitted, or winked at, of "carrying round" favoured individuals among the officers and crew. A party of some half-dozen stalwart blue-jackets will present themselves at the door of one of the officer's messes, and request that Mr. so-and-so will consent to be "chaired" round the mess-deck. It is usually a mark of high favour, and he is received with vociferous cheers; but in some not very strictly disciplined ships it has occasionally been used as a means of displaying a very different feeling, and the officer who has been unfortunate enough to "get himself disliked," will find that his head comes occasionally into "accidental" contact with the beams, while he will be assailed with hoots and hisses, and pelted with orange peel, etc.; but as this kind of demonstration is of course very subversive of discipline, it is not permitted in any well-regulated ship. The captain, too, may come in for a hostile demonstration, if he deserves it, but not otherwise, for Jack is very discriminating. An instance occurred a good many years ago, where the ship's company gently conveyed to the captain that if he appeared on the mess-deck they would turn the mess tables upside down. Such cases are happily most rare, and when they occur, as has already been remarked, the captain has only himself to thank for it.



CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE ON BOARD

In the officers' messes there is, of course, a corresponding amount of conviviality, and the captain is frequently a guest in the ward-room. A certain latitude is permitted as regards the smoking hours, both for officers and men, so that Christmas Day, which commenced early, terminates late, and with a certain sense, perhaps, of a surfeit of festivity, which, however, is not unknown under similar circumstances on shore; and when on the following morning the uncompromising voices of the boatswain and his mates are heard at an early hour, bawling: "All hands lash up and stow hammocks," though some may experience an unusual reluctance to respond to the summons, they do so, nevertheless, with a satisfying conviction that they have made the most of their opportunities, and have thoroughly enjoyed another Merry Christmas.

Digitized by Google



WITHIN the last year or two it has become the practice at home stations, especially in the larger garrisons, to permit as many men as can be spared, after providing for the necessary duties, to spend their Christmas with their friends; leave for this purpose being given practically to any man who cares to avail himself of the privilege. Although at first sight this seems an excellent arrangement, it is not without its drawbacks. It is a privilege which for obvious reasons can only be taken advantage of by men whose friends reside within reasonably easy distance of the station in which they are serving, and it tends, at least in a certain degree, to upset the idea which in the opinion of the writer no effort should be spared in inculcating—that the regiment is the soldiers' *home*.

It is, however, with those who, either from choice or necessity, remain to spend their Christmas with their regiment, that the present article purposes dealing.

In many, indeed most regiments, the preparations for the Christmas festivities commence weeks beforehand. In every squadron and company there are two or three men whose artistic proclivities single them out as specially fitted for carrying out the important duties of the decoration of the barrack-rooms. These when appointed to the task assume at once an autocratic air that at any other time would result in disastrous consequences, but at this season their magisterial commands are carried out with the utmost good humour and alacrity, for is it not every one's ambition that his particular room shall carry off the palm as being the best decorated when the colonel visits the barrack rooms on Christmas day?

Every man, therefore, constitutes himself a willing labourer for the decorators, and the result, when on Christmas Eve the last finishing touches have been given, fully justifies the pains that have been taken.

Although all the rooms as a rule are decorated, the grand triumph of art is usually the room in which the dinner is to be served. Flags borrowed from the Ordnance Stores are gracefully draped about the room. Not infrequently, should there be a scarcity of these articles and the garrison be also a Naval port, the bluejackets, as in other instances, throw themselves in the breach and generously come to the assistance of their comrades of the Sister Service. Any available arms are taken advantage of for decorative purposes; lances, swords, bayonets, and cleaning rods being formed into beautiful designs of stars, crosses, and trophies, with the happiest result. Tastefully devised mottoes occupy every available space, and to those who can read between the lines the manner of their wording throws a good deal of light on the estimation in which the officers and non-commissioned officers are held by the men.

When such sentiments as "The Colonel and Mrs.——— God bless them," "Good luck and prosperity to our Company Officers," "Health, long life and success to our N.C.O.'s," are displayed, it may be taken for granted that there is that sympathy between officers and men which is the most valuable element in discipline.

"Sweethearts and Wives" and "Absent Comrades" always find a prominent place, and it is notable as indicating the affection borne by a mounted man for his four-footed chum that a reference to him should be found among the other mottoes. "In our own pleasures don't let us forget our friends in the stable" the writer has seen occupying quite the place of honour in a room of the Army Service Corps.

The work of carrying out the arrangements for the Christmas festivities is usually entrusted to a committee elected at a meeting of the Company. As there is a good deal of work attached to the position of a committee-man, and his labours are apt to be brought into invidious comparison with those of his comrades who filled the position in former years, no one is, as a rule, very eager at first to take its responsibilities on his shoulders.

The tact of the Colour-Sergeant who usually presides at the meeting, is needed to settle many a difficult point.

"Now, my lads," the chairman will say, "what about the Dinner Committee?"

"I propose Corporal Smith as President," says a man in a corner with a half-jocular, half-vindictive light in his eye.

"Not if I know it after last year," growls Smith to himself; and then aloud, "I'm athinkin' of goin' on pass, Colour-Sergeant."

The Colour-Sergeant pretends not to hear. "Any one second Corporal Smith for President?"

"I second it, Colour-Sergeant."

"Ho! yus, of course I know'd they would run me in fur it." This from the corporal, whose dissatisfaction is a good deal more affected than real, for is it not evident that he is the only man who can carry out the work as it should be carried out? Smith then having been duly elected is invited to nominate his coadjutors.

The question of ways and means is next brought on the *tapis*, and the Colour-Sergeant, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is prepared with his budget. There are three sources of revenue: the gifts from the Company Officers (frequently taking the shape of providing the dinner), donations from the canteen funds, which may be anything from two to five shillings a man, and presents from the contractors who supply beer, groceries, etc., to the regiment.

Although there is a festive feeling in the air, and everybody seems in the best of good spirits—the compliments of the season passing on every side—the usual barrack routine is for the English and Irish soldier very similar to that of Sunday. Church parade takes place at the usual hour, but Tommy as a rule goes to church on Christmas day in a very much more contented frame of mind than is frequently the case on the ordinary Sunday parade. He has had a sumptuous breakfast, for he by no means likes to crowd all the good things into one meal, and he knows that on his return he will be able to enjoy himself to the full.

"Come to the cook-house door boys, come to the cook-house door," ring out the clear notes of the bugle, and with a rousing shout, the Christmas dinner is on the table. Roast turkey, geese, legs of pork, plum-puddings crowd each other

Digitized by Google

for room. A barrel of beer occupies a place of honour in a highly-decorated niche, from which the jugs on the table are replenished as required. For the abstainers of course there is plenty of lemonade and similar drinks.

After the lapse of a few minutes the second dinner bugle goes, and we know that the colonel has commenced to go round. In each room he greets the men with a few kindly words, and expresses the hope that they will thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The Christmas dinner, as may be supposed, is rather a long function, but it comes to an end at last. The tables are cleared, long pipes and tobacco, and the necessary drinkables, intoxicating and otherwise, are arranged along the tables, and Tommy settles down to what he thoroughly enjoys—a good sing-song. To this the company officers are expected to put in an appearance. If they are able and willing to oblige with a song, so much the better, but at any rate, they must have a glass of wine or spirits from a bottle specially obtained and jealously guarded for that purpose, and the captain must make a speech. "Three cheers for the captain?" someone calls out. "Hip-'ip-'ip-Hurrah! Hip-'ip-'ip-Hurrah! Hip-'ip-'ip-Hurrah! Another for Mrs.———." HURRAH! "And one for the little ones!" HURRAH!

While the cheering has been going on, four men have stealthily placed themselves behind the unsuspecting officer, and at the last hurrah he is hoisted upon their shoulders and carried round the room, to the good old crusted chorus—"For he's a jolly good fellow."

On Christmas day it is almost universally the practice for the sergeants to dine with the men instead of in their mess-room, their own particular jollification being reserved for Boxing day or some future occasion. The married men of course enjoy themselves in the bosom of their families, every woman and child, in addition to the usual presents from the officers, receiving a donation from the canteen. Sometimes this amounts to a good round sum. The writer has known twenty-five shillings given to one family.

When there happens to be a Scotch regiment in garrison, they relieve their English and Irish comrades of the garrison duty, they in their turn being relieved on New Year's Day, or the "Jock's Christmas" as the English soldiers call it.

In this connection funny incidents sometimes occur. The writer recollects, a good many years ago in a Mediterranean station, a Scotch regiment "finding" a rather isolated Corporal's Guard—isolated, I should say, except that a detached Company of an Irish regiment were quartered immediately opposite the guard-room. The natural generosity of the Irishmen impelled them to share the Christmas dinner with the Scotties who had none. Across the road the guard accordingly went one by one, which might not have mattered very much, but unfortunately the Irishmen's beer was plentiful and potent, and Scotch virtue could not withstand the temptation. The corporal of the guard succumbed. What was to be done? The night was wearing on, and the Field Officer would be round soon after ten.

A good-hearted Paddy saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Sure! O'ill be Corpril av the Gyuard to-night. Oi may niver have the chance agin."

He accordingly donned the Scotsman's great coat and forage cap, hoping that in the dark the officer would not be able to distinguish blue trousers from tartan ones. But one thing he forgot. The Scotsmen wore white gaiters.

Sure enough, soon after ten the sound of the Field Officer's horse was heard rattling along the road.

"Halt! who comes there?" shouted the sentry.

"Grand rounds."

"Advance, grand rounds, all's well; Guard turn out!"

"Guard all present and correct, Corporal?"

"All prisent an' correct, Sor."

The officer looked rather suspicious for a moment, was moving off, and then looked again.

"Where are your spats, Corporal?"

Paddy was dumfounded.

"Me phwat, sor?"

"Your spats, sir, you haven't got them on."

"Now howly mother! phwat does he be manin'?" ejaculated Pat to himself, as he saw a court martial staring him in the face. Suddenly he looked down, saw what was absent, and his mother-wit saved him, "Oi'm afther spillin' a bottle of ink on thim, sor,"

"Humph!" growled the officer, and rode off.

Nothing was said about it. Possibly the gallant major was himself keeping up Christmas and forgot; but Paddy swore a mighty oath "he'd niver do duty for a Scotsman agin," for as he said in narrating his experiences to a select few, "they don't be afther dressing loike Christian sogers."

Boxing day is of course a holiday, advantage of which is taken by our friend Atkins to visit his chums of the other regiments in garrison. Almost for a certainty each company will have a dance in the evening, when, with wives and sweethearts, the worship of terpsichore is kept up till a late hour.

Wherever the English soldier goes he carries English customs with him. Hence it is that his manner of keeping Christmas abroad differs in no very marked degree from that which obtains at home. In India and other tropical countries where he finds himself a sojourner, the heat it might be thought would to a great extent prevent his enjoyment of the festivities of the season. This, however, is not the case, for though the bright eyes of his sweetheart no longer encourage him to join the mazy dance, smoking concerts and theatricals prevent his mind dwelling with too great sadness on their absence, especially if the mail has brought him this Christmas morning tender assurances of her constancy. In India, perhaps more than in any other country where Tommy is required to act as the representative of Britain's might, the approach of Christmas-time brings thoughts of home and the faces round the fireside; and he is none the worse soldier that he hastily rubs the cuff of his karki jacket across his eyes when he thinks of the old folks, muttering to himself, though no one be near, "Blarst that bloomin' sand."

It is a far cry from India to Nova Scotia, and here with the temperature twelve or fifteen degrees below zero we have at least one of the elements of a good old-fashioned Christmas. With doors and windows carefully closed against the winter blast, Tommy enjoys his Christmas provender and his Christmas fun with a zest to be expected from the circumstances of the case. When tired of staying indoors, warmly protected against the cold, with fur cap firmly tied down over his ears, fur mittens and long warm boots, sleighing, tobogganing, and similar Canadian sports find vent for the exuberance of his holiday spirits.

Even on a campaign, the circumstances must be very bad indeed, when Tommy cannot manage to extract some enjoyment out of the Christmas season.

It will be seen from the foregoing that life in the Army—always happy to the man who is worth his salt—is at Christmastime jollity itself, and as the festive season has now come round again the writer cannot better conclude this article than by wishing every Tommy Atkins, at home and abroad, a very merry Christmas.

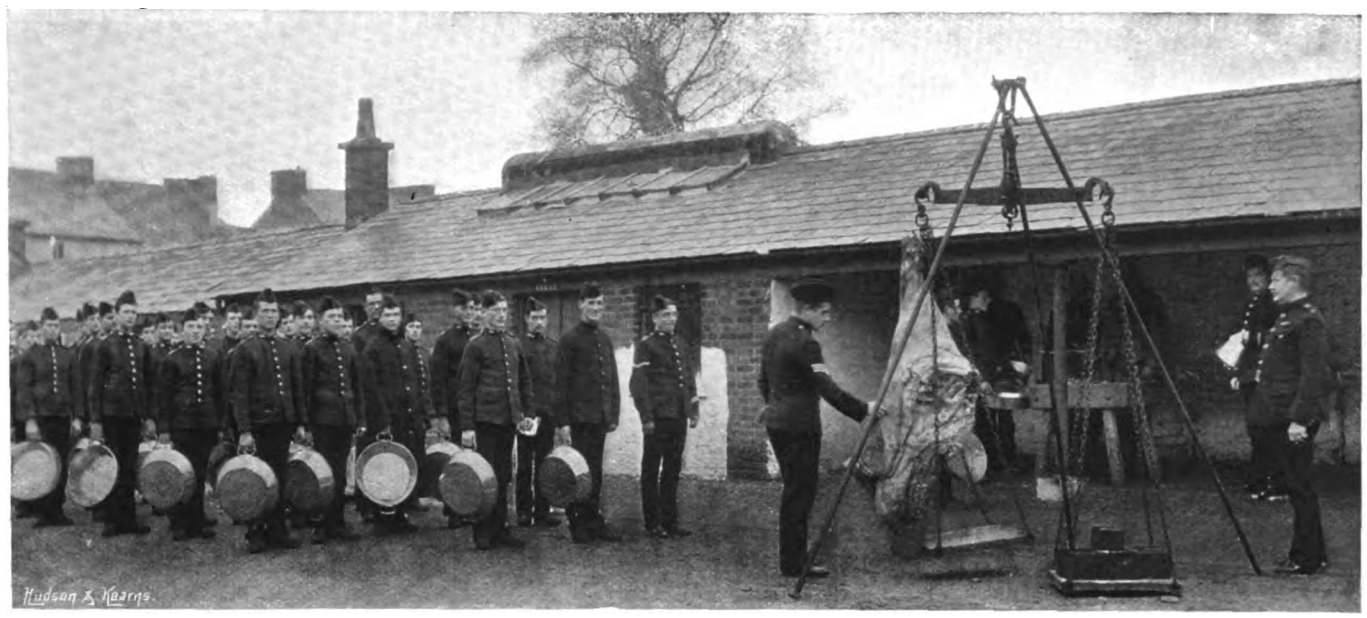
Digitized by Google

Photo. MILNE, Ballater.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS II., TSAR OF RUSSIA.

THE Honorary Colonelcy of one of our crack cavalry corps was, in December, 1894, conferred on the TSAR OF RUSSIA when he was gazetted Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots Greys. Shortly after this event, a deputation, consisting of the commanding and two other officers of "the Greys," with the regimental sergeant-major, went to Russia, taking with them a portrait of the Tsar in the uniform of the regiment, which they presented to His Majesty. As a mark of appreciation the Tsar conferred on Lieutenant-Colonel WELBY and Major H. A. SCOBELL the Order of St. Anne, and on Major W. H. HIPPISLEY the Order of St. Stanislas. It will be remembered that Lieutenant-Colonel WELBY, then commanding the regiment, was specially invited to the Tsar's coronation. Since his first appointment he has shown the keenest interest in the welfare of the regiment, a detachment of which escorted him to Balmoral on his recent visit to the QUEEN. In 1893, he was created a Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

Digitized by Google



DRAWING RATIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"PLUM PUDDING—BY THE RIGHT—QUICK MARCH."

Photos. J. THOMSON, *"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."* *Fermoy.*

THOUGH the ground is not covered with the proverbial snow, which, as children, we loved to associate with plum pudding and Christmastide, one may gather from the expectant look on the faces of those composing the ration party in the first photograph, that something unusual is about to take place. It is Christmas morning, and the orderly men have fallen in to carry the rations to the cook-house, where the "Roast Beef of Old England" is destined to frizzle in a friendly spirit with turkeys, chickens, hams, and —— but here we pause, for dinner is not yet served. All is activity in the cook-house during the morning. The master-cook's patience (not to say vocabulary) is sorely tried, but at last the bugle rings out, "Come to the cook-house door, boys." No second invitation is required to-day, not even the most sleepy of orderly men is late. The dinners are speedily removed, for the etiquette on such occasions is "first come, first served." Last but not least, the plum pudding, decorated with holly in the orthodox style, is marched out under escort of three cooks. No wonder the "Funny man" thinks it necessary to salute when he considers the treat in store. The third picture represents the drawing of groceries and "extras" on Christmas Eve. As "an omelet cannot be made without breaking eggs," neither can we hope to prepare a satisfactory Christmas dinner without lemon-peel, allspice, and various other ingredients.

Digitized by Google

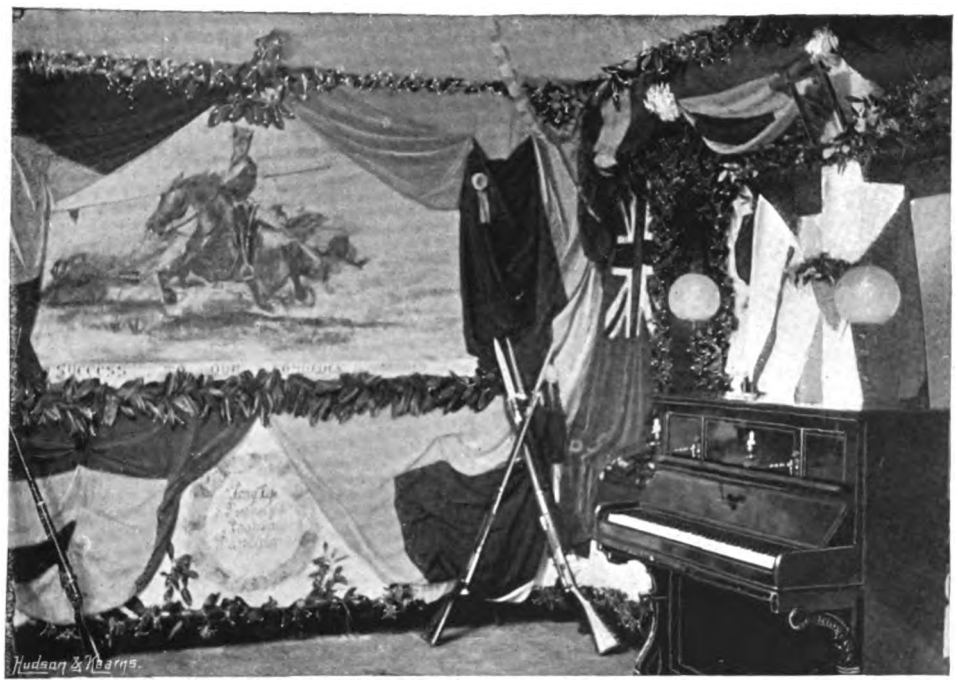
Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

LIQUID PROVISIONS.

THIS is a scene often witnessed in barracks, especially at Christmas time when Tommy Atkins takes the opportunity, after the good old English fashion, of making merry with his friends (and to make merry, Tommy must have beer, and plenty of it). The canteen authorities know that at such an universally festive season they must cater to the wishes of the rank and file, and accordingly an extra supply of beer and stout is ordered to the joy, not only of the contractor, but of those who patronise the canteen. That the load, on this occasion, is a heavy one, may be inferred from the size of the dray and the powerful horses The duty of supplying malt liquors by contract to a regiment is one greatly sought after, for notwithstanding the work of "The Army Temperance" and other kindred associations, all soldiers are not teetotalers, and, especially at the present season of the year, many are staunch supporters of "Mr. Bung," provided the latter supplies them with desirable liquor.

Digitized by Google

CHRISTMAS WITH THE SUB-MARINE MINERS.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

"HOW INFERNALLY THEY PLAYED!"

"WHEN IT COMES IT BRINGS GOOD CHEER."

CUT off from home comforts and the joys of family intercourse, the soldier is placed at no small disadvantage in celebrating appropriately the greatest of all festivals. At this joyous season the thoughts of the "rookie" who is about to spend his first Christmas in barracks wander back involuntarily to "the old folks at home," and the days of his childhood. He remembers with what eagerness he used to examine his stocking on Christmas morning, admiring one after another the munificent gifts of Santa Claus.

He recalls perhaps how tenderly his mother was wont to greet him with kind wishes, and longs for the return of those boyish days; but they are gone beyond recall. How merry everything went then, with never a cloud to darken the sky! Christmas Day was one unbroken round of mirth and happiness, suggestive of mistletoe and holly, skating and sliding, mince pies and plum pudding. For the first time in his life the young soldier is compelled to spend the festival away from home, and is tempted to imagine that the day will be less happy on that account; but he need have no anxiety on this subject while he serves with the Submarine Miners. The preparations for the feast will go far towards ensuring a happy Christmas of the old-fashioned type.

Older men, too, are thinking of home and how they spent Christmas last year on furlough, surrounded by jovial friends; but the thoughts of past rejoicing in the midst of their family circle does not deter them from enjoying themselves genuinely in company with their comrades.

Every company can boast of at least one artist, and his services are greatly in demand at Christmas time. He must contribute to the general artistic effect of the room, embellishing it with wall paintings worthy of the occasion, recalling absent scenes and friends. In these mural decorations, comrades abroad are especially honoured, for many have brothers or "chums" in Egypt, India, or South Africa.

The accompanying photographs represent the general appearance of the barrack-room of the 4th Company Submarine Miners (Royal Engineers) on Christmas morning. The wall paintings were executed by Sapper CRESPINEL. Over a scroll of kind words are depicted, in the first illustration, a mounted warrior dashing on to death or glory. It calls forth in the veteran scenes in which he has taken part, and inspires the younger man with martial ardour.

As seen in the second picture, there is a comic side to this barrack-room gallery. What a look of earnestness on the faces of the itinerant musicians, practising for the Yule-tide serenade! What traces of pain and disgust on the countenances of their fellow lodgers!

"Oh, Allah, be obeyed,
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the Quaits."

From these we pass to more peaceful scenes. The snow-covered church, with its Norman tower, or the old pensioner embuing his little grandson with a desire to follow the drum.

The pleasure of the day, however, is not entirely passive; it does not consist in looking at the praiseworthy pictures of the soldier artist. A banquet has been prepared worthy of the gods. And we may infer from the presence of the piano that a "sing-song" or dance is to follow.

On such occasions the soldier appears at his best, for he is given an opportunity of returning the hospitality of his civilian friends by inviting them to an entertainment of a social character. There is always an abundance of vocal and musical talent among our soldiers, to whatever branch of the Service they belong, nor can they be excelled in the ease and grace with which they "trip the light fantastic toe." Our photographs were taken by Quartermaster-Sergeant BROWN, R.E.

Digitized by Google

Photo. J. THOMSON. Brompton Road.

A BARRACK-ROOM—(P.W.O.) WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

THIS picture shows what a pride soldiers take in decorating their barrack-rooms for Christmas Day. One room per Company is usually selected to receive special attention. If it be very large, it is divided into two parts by a partition, or screen of blankets. A few days before the 25th of December the part to be decorated is thoroughly cleaned, and everything is done to give it a bright appearance. The ornaments used are too numerous to mention. Extra pictures, in fancy frames, adorn the walls; and the artist of the Company is employed to emblazon the regimental honours and good wishes to his officers in every convenient place. Designs are made from bayonets, swords, rifles, and other warlike implements. Japanese lanterns are hung profusely about the room, and holly and evergreens everywhere reign supreme. Trophies won in tug-of-war competitions or musketry add to the good effect, which the jester of the Company has not forgotten to complete by enlisting the services of two superannuated veterans, posted "on sentry" over the barrels on the right of the fire-place. The arrangement of the table, too, leaves nothing to be desired, and though the Government does not supply Tommy with a cushion, he contrives to make an excellent substitute by folding an Army blanket over the barrack-room form.

Digitized by Google

CHRISTMAS IN BURMAH.

Phot. H. HANDS, Jubbulpore.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HILLS.

ABSENCE from our native land makes all the old Christmas customs doubly dear to us, and the day is on that account more royally kept in India than at home. There is, in addition, all the pleasures of looking forward to the incoming mail, bringing with it presents and cards from friends in England. In fact, the arrival, by post, of a plum pudding, is not an unheard of event. Such has often been the welcome "Christmas-box" of some fond mother's son wearing Her Majesty's uniform in the East. On one occasion at least, the recipient had the satisfaction of beholding it carried in solemn procession, shoulder high, before being placed for consumption on his barrack-room table. As well as the orthodox modes of spending Christmas, the climate in most parts of India admits of further enjoyment, rendered impracticable in England by frost, snow, or cold. In the first photograph we see British officers and their friends in Burmah, listening to the band in the cool of the evening. The second represents one of those picnic gatherings in the neighbourhood of a Hill Station—a social function, which is the outcome of hospitality, almost unknown at home. It forms a pleasant prelude to a sumptuous Christmas dinner, at which those at home are heartily toasted.

Digitized by Google

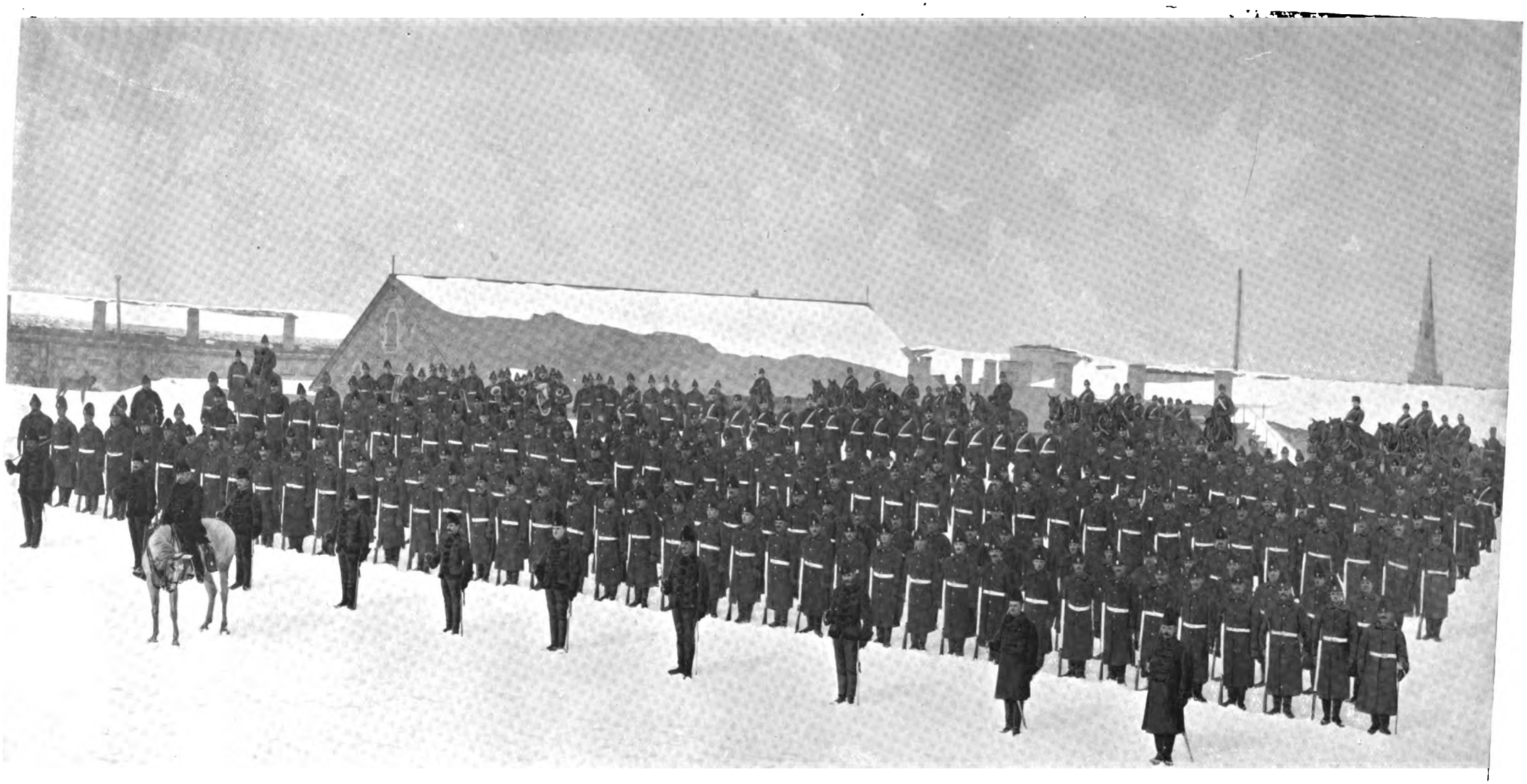


Photo. LIVERNOIS, Quebec.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

THIS Corps belongs to the Permanent Forces of the Dominion, which (with the Royal Canadian Dragoons), and the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, forms a minature standing army. In the above photograph a part of the Corps is shown drawn up on parade at Christmas time, the officers having "taken post" in review order at the head of the column. The mounted troops in rear are "B" Field Battery, those in front to Nos. 1 and 2 Garrison Companies. These portions of the Corps act as the garrison of Quebec, and form one of the eight Schools of Instruction for the training of the Active Militia. The officers and men of the regiment (which is a model of cleanliness and efficiency), are chiefly English and French Canadians. The Royal Canadian Artillery was represented (in winter dress carrying snow shoes), in the "Sons of the Empire Pageant" at the late Royal Militarv Tournament.

Digitized by Google

A TROOP STABLE:—16th Lancers.

CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE:—16th Lancers.

IN a cavalry regiment Christmas is not so free from work—at least in the morning—as in the infantry. Soon after Reveillé the trooper must be at "stables," where he spends an hour or more attending to his horse and accoutrements, nor is he at liberty to sit down to breakfast until his horse has been fed. After breakfast he is occupied in preparing for Church Parade, which usually takes place about ten o'clock, and considering the extra equipment carried by the average horse soldier in the way of cross-belt, gauntlets, and sword, the task is not to be completed in a few minutes. At no time in the year is Church Parade witnessed by such a vast concourse of the civilian population, who prefer attending the Garrison Church, where they can hear the time-honoured "Adeste Fideles" and other Christmas hymns effectively accompanied by the band. After church the feast of the day takes place, laid out in a most lavish way, as we see it in the second photograph. In decorating the barrack-rooms, cavalry have the advantage of being able to use curb-chains, swords, hoof-picks, sheep-skins, and various pieces of horse furniture and equipment. The lances, especially with pennon attached, standing out from the walls, greatly add to the general appearance of the rooms.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 28.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1897.

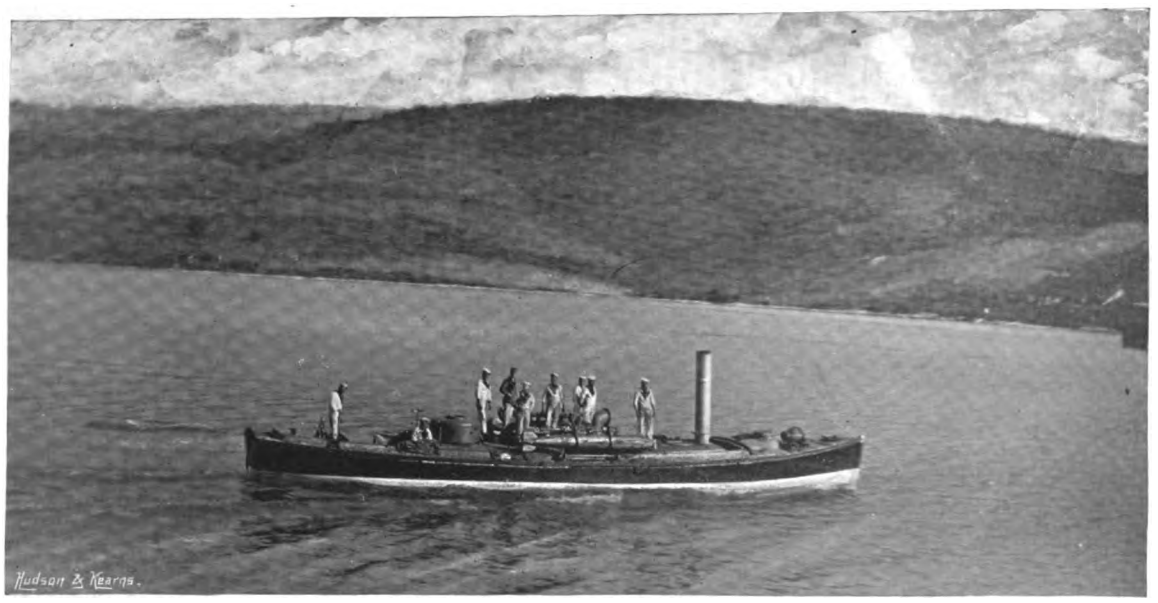
Photo. J. THOMSON, Grosvenor Street.

Rear-Admiral HARRY HOLDSWORTH RAWSON, C.B.

THE gallant and popular officer, who is at present the Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Station, has had a distinguished career in Her Majesty's Service. Entering the Royal Navy in 1857 as a Naval cadet, he saw active service in the China War, being specially mentioned in despatches on two occasions, and being severely wounded in action. As a captain he served as flag-captain in the Mediterranean, was specially charged to report on the best methods of defence of the Suez Canal in 1878 at the time when war with Russia was expected (he was specially thanked by the Admiralty for his report), and served as principal transport officer during the Egyptian War of 1882. During his tenure of the command at the Cape, Admiral RAWSON has on two occasions successfully carried out operations against an enemy: the attack and capture of the rebellious Arab Chief MBURUK'S stronghold at M'Weli, and the recent bombardment of Zanzibar.

Digitized by Google

TORPEDO AND MINING EXERCISES AT PLATÆA.



A 2nd CLASS TORPEDO BOAT OF THE "HOOD."

A LAUNCH PREPARED WITH ELECTRO MECHANICAL MINES.

A LAUNCH READY TO RUN A LINE OF OBSERVATION MINES.

EVERY spring nearly all the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron, two or three at a time, join the "Vulcan," the torpedo depôt ship of the Mediterranean at some suitable port on the Grecian coast for a fortnight's course of torpedo and mining exercise.

The places generally visited are Volo and Platæa, and it was at the latter place, a secluded bay some twenty miles north of the entrance to the Gulf of Patras in the Ægean Sea, that our photographs were taken by 1st Class Petty Officer DONNING.

The upper illustration shows one of the 'Hood's' 56 ft. wooden torpedo boats, with Lieut. JOHN S. DUMARESQ instructing a class in the method of firing torpedoes by means of the "Dropping Gear," which is used in all 2nd class or wooden boats.

The torpedo is suspended over the side of the boat, tightly gripped by metal tongs; when the boat is "dead on" for the enemy or target, the order "fire" is given, the firing lanyard is smartly pulled, the tongs open, the engines are started, and simultaneously the torpedo drops into the water.

The centre illustration shows the "Hood's" launch prepared (under the supervision of Lieutenant EDWARD CHARLTON, who can be seen standing in the bow), with six electro mechanical mines each of which contains 72 lbs. of gun cotton.

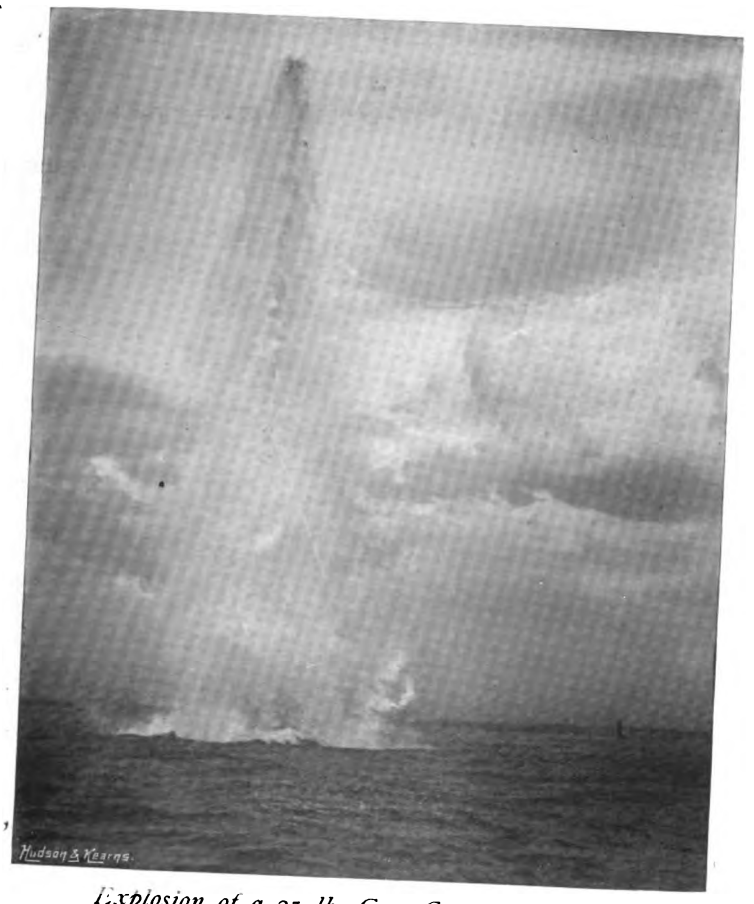
Underneath the mines is an arrangement which ensures each picking up its proper depth below the surface. The Electro Mechanical Mine is complete in itself, not being connected with another mine or a shore station, as is the case with the Electro Contact Mines referred to on the opposite page, and soon after being dropped becomes dangerous, exploding immediately upon being struck.

The lower illustration shows the launch ready to run a line of six Observation mines, each of which contains 500 lbs. of gun cotton, all being electrically connected to the main armoured cable by a branch forked into it. This cable is connected with the firing station, and when the enemy is observed to be within the destructive radius of the mines, the line is fired by pressing the firing key of the battery, which makes electrical connection with all of them and causes the explosion.

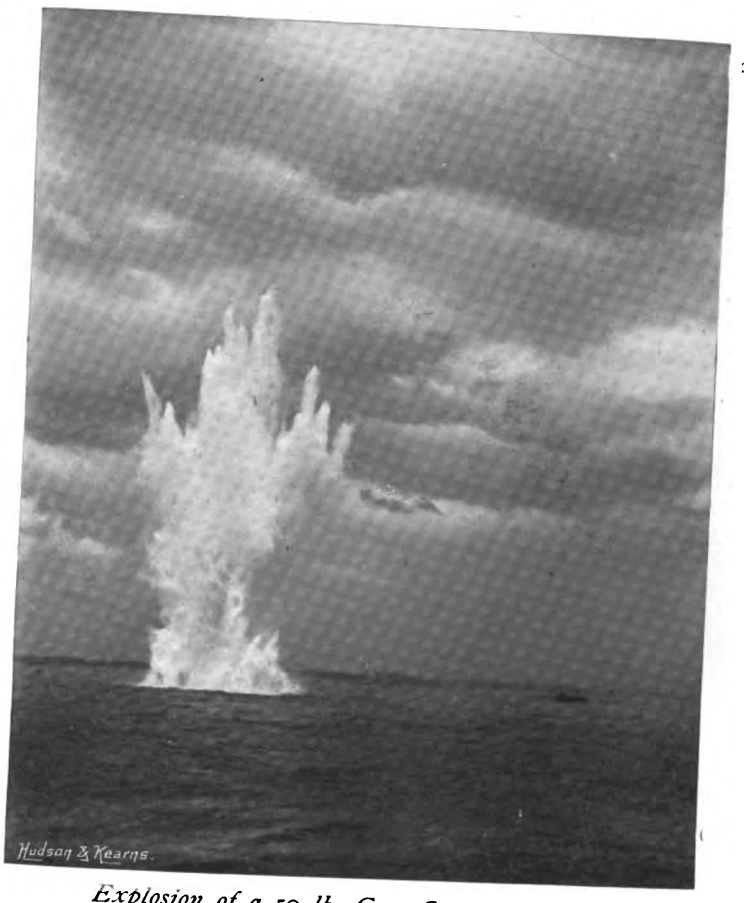
As may be imagined, running the line of mines is very exciting work, the whizzing of the cable, the trippers, the branches and the mooring ropes as they fly over the side being added to at intervals by the splash of a mine and sinker as they plunge into the water.

The work, naturally, requires the greatest of care;

Digitized by Google



Explosion of a 25 lb. Gun Cotton Charge.



Explosion of a 50 lb. Gun Cotton Charge.

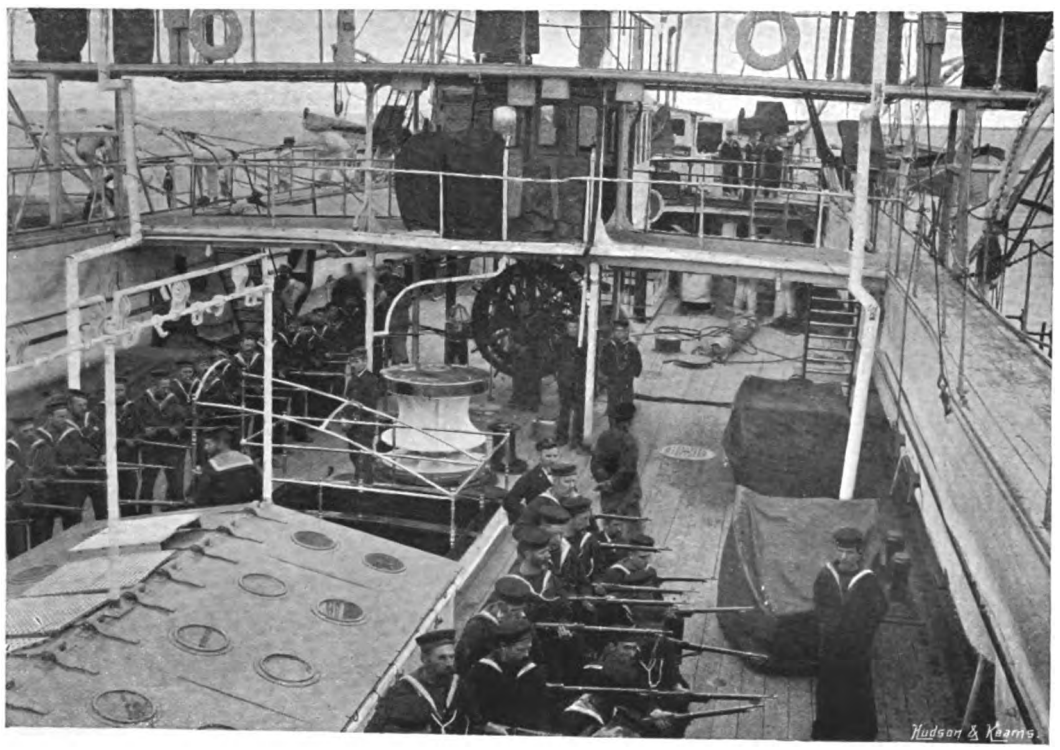
A CLASS ON THE FORECASTLE.

it would be fatal to the luckless man who got foul of one of the mines as it was being dropped, as he would be dragged with it to the bottom. In the illustration, "A class on the forecastle," the men can be seen fitting 72 lb. Electro Contact Mines preparatory to placing them in the launch as seen in another picture. These mines are connected with a shore station, and are not dangerous until the firing battery, which is on shore, is put into circuit, when they then become so, and explode on being struck. Some idea of the effect caused by the explosion of sub-marine mines can be gained from the two illustrations of the 25 lb. and 50 lb. gun cotton charges shown above. The two photographs were taken by Mr. PAUL LANGE, at the annual training of the Mersey Sub-Marine Miners off New Brighton. These charges, as will be seen produce a very imposing spectacle, columns of water being sent up to a height of 50 to 60 feet; what the effect is of an explosion of a 500 lb. charge can be imagined.

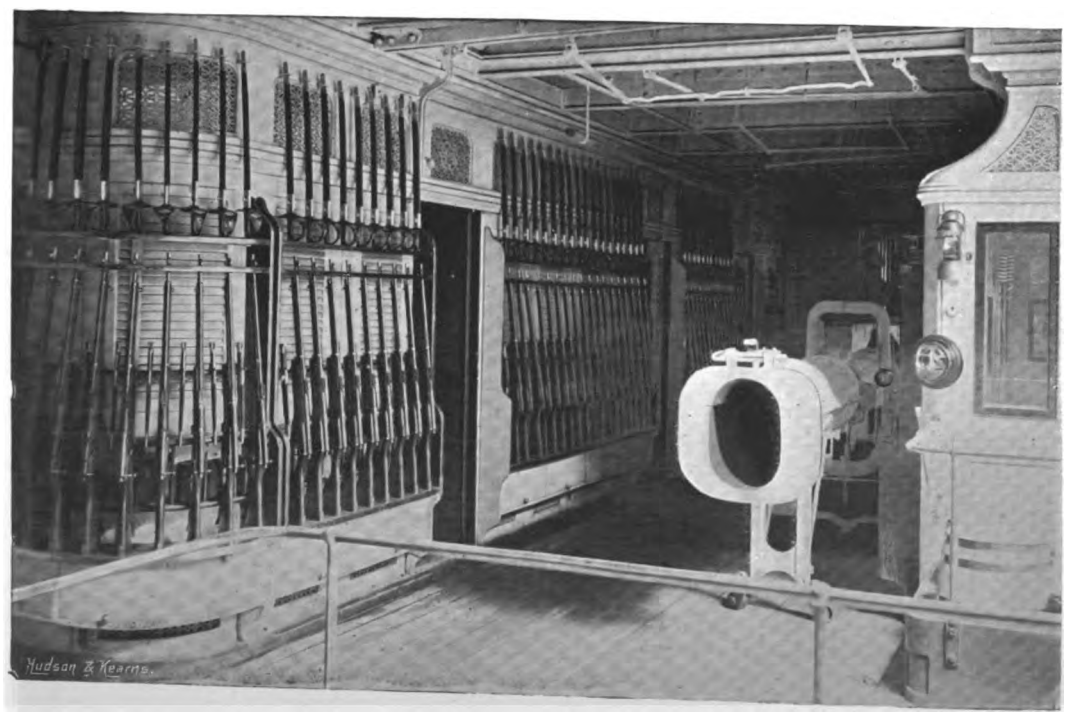
Digitized by Google

BLUEJACKET AND REDCOAT: The Rifle.

Photo. LAFAYETTE. *MARINES AT BAYONET EXERCISE.* Dublin.



COASTGUARDMEN AT SMALL ARM DRILL.



Photos. GREGORY. *THE ARM RACK:—H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA."* Copyright.—H. & K.

THE accompanying illustrations refer to the coastguard ships, "Melampus" and "Alexandra," showing marines and coastguard men at drill.

In the upper illustration a party of Light Infantry, or Red Marines, as they are generally called on board ship, is shown at bayonet drill on the upper deck of the second-class cruiser "Melampus," coastguard ship at Kingstown, Ireland, the drill-sergeant being on the left and the bugler by him. This is a drill which requires a fair amount of space for thrusting, advancing, and retiring. The decks of modern men-of-war are so crowded up with obstructions of all sorts—ventilators, small guns, training gear for big ones, etc.,—that it is difficult in some to find sufficient space for drilling squads of men properly; in this case the two men on the right are probably waiting, there not being room for them with the rest of the squad; these men are using the magazine rifle and short sword bayonet used with it. This is a drill that the Marines, as a corps, are particularly good at, and usually come out well in competitions.

The Marines are recruited on the old long-service system, and have three depôts, at Plymouth, Gosport, and Chatham for the Red Marines, and Eastney for the Marine Artillery, or Blue Marines, from which they are drafted to the sea-going ships as required, returning to their own depôt at the end of the ship's commission, being absent from the depôt usually about three years. Thus the married Marine has the advantage of a settled home for his wife and children at or near his own depôt.

In the next illustration parties of Coastguardmen are shown at rifle drill on the upper deck of the "Alexandra," coastguard ship at Portland. The squad on the right are preparing for volley firing in two ranks, those on the left the same, in single ranks; these men also have the magazine rifle.

The drill of the Marines and Coastguardmen is almost identical with the rifle, but, in addition, the sailor has to be trained in cutlass, pistol, and torpedo work, besides his many sailoring duties. The seaman is not taught that stiffness and absolute steadiness at drill that the Marine is, and as may be seen in the illustration, the men are standing more irregularly. Steadiness at drill, as the soldier understands it, is to be found in the gunnery establishments, where the men drill together a great deal and great care is taken with them.

The Coastguardmen have, with very few exceptions, all been in the Royal Navy. They must have served eight years at sea as men, with a good character, before they are allowed to enter the Coastguard, which, whatever their rank in the Royal Navy, they enter at the lowest grade as boatmen; from that they can rise, by selection, through the different ratings to chief officer.

The other illustration shows the arm racks on board the "Alexandra," each rifle is seen with its sword bayonet beside it, and overhead are the Naval cutlasses. Arm racks are always beautifully kept on board ship, great care being taken with them; they are generally placed in the after part of the ship under a sentry's charge. On the right is a torpedo tube in the position it is kept when not in use.

Digitized by Google

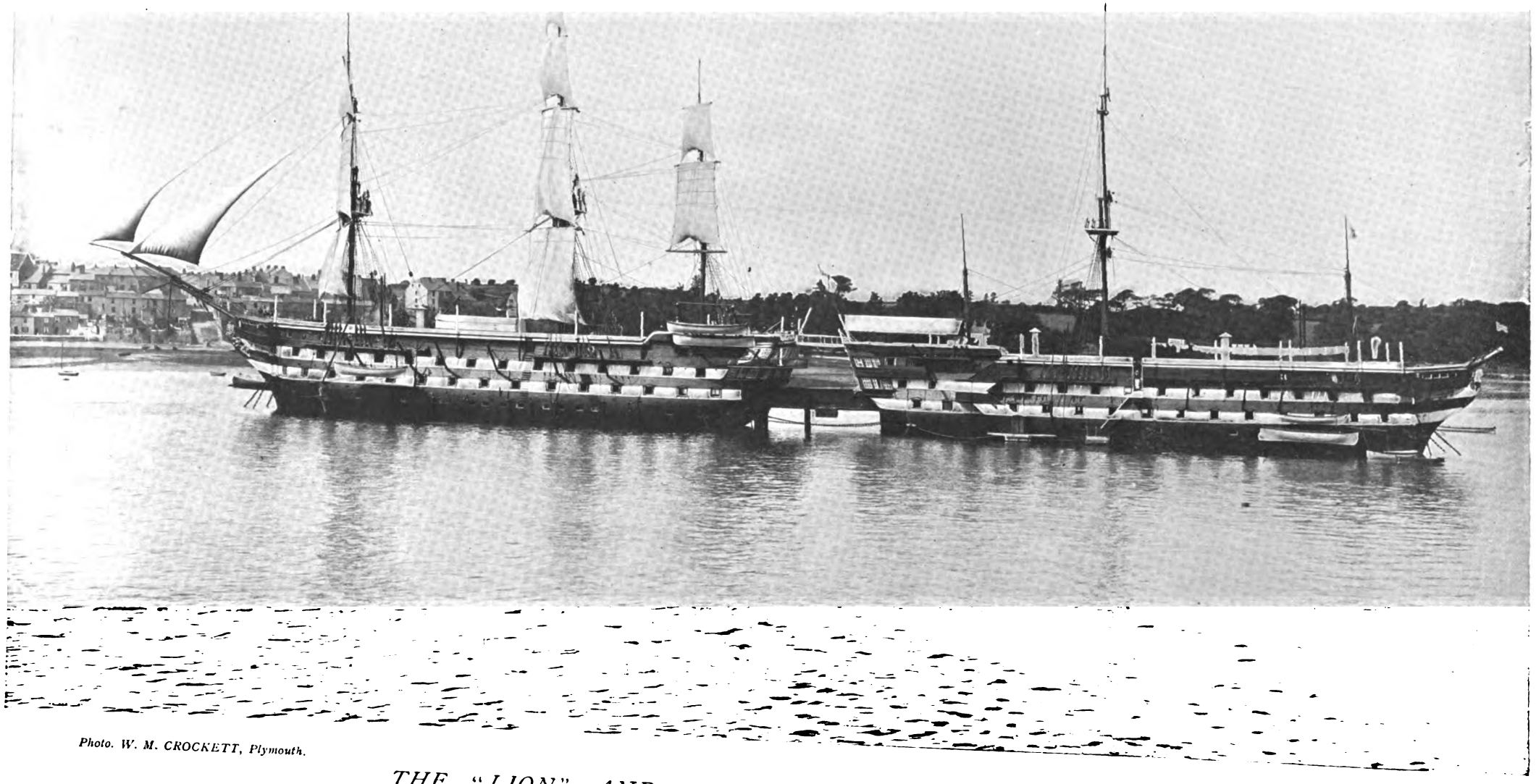


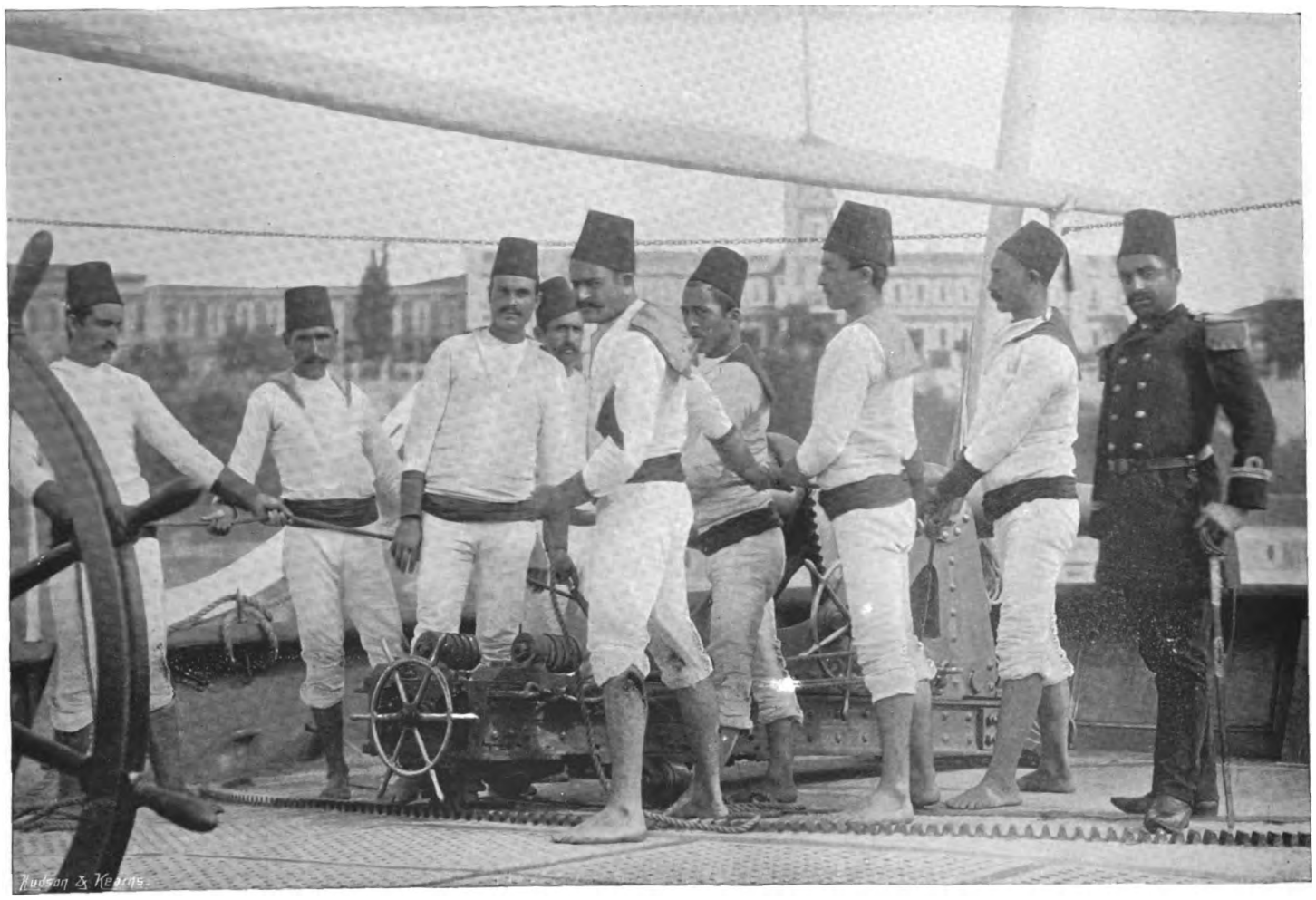
Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS

THE "LION" AND "IMPLACABLE" AT DEVONPORT.

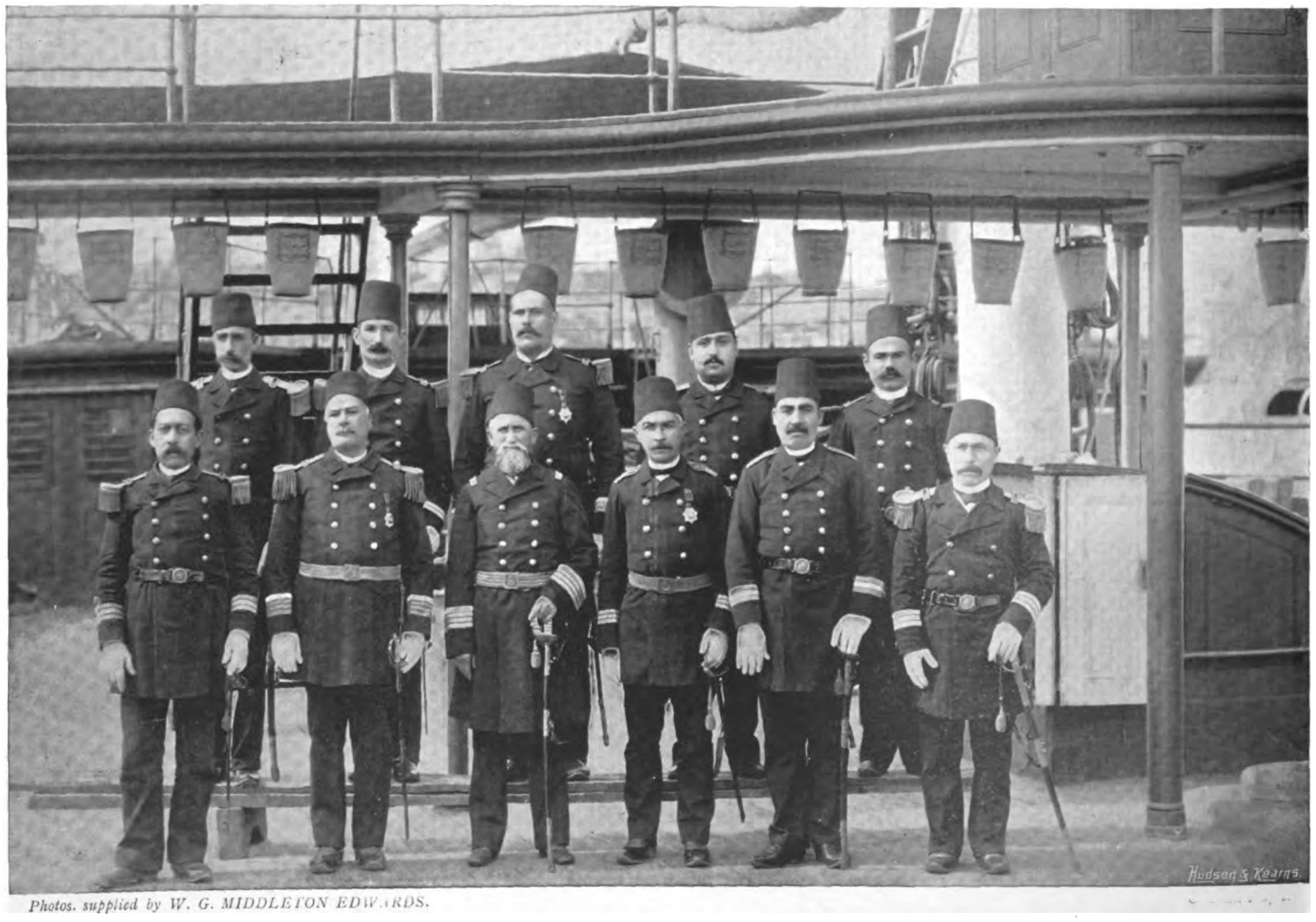
THE "Lion" and "Implacable" belong to the Devonport training establishment for the conversion of naval recruits into bluejackets. They lie moored together in the Hamoze off Torpoint, half-way between the entrance to the waterway and Saltash Bridge, stern to stern and connected by light gangways, which make the whole one big floating establishment. The "Lion" is the ship shown in our photograph, with all her masts and spars, which have been left in her for use in drill aloft. She belongs to the later era of wooden ships, having been built in the Forties, when our naval architects of the old school had reached their best efforts, with the result that few finer men-of-war were ever afloat than the majestic vessel which bears the essentially British name of "Lion." She has filled her present *rôle* as a boys' training-ship for a quarter of a century, since 1871, when she was added to the establishment in the Hamoze, then carried on in the "Implacable." Of the "Lion's" mate, the "Implacable," there is yet more to tell. She is a vessel with a history of her own, being, as a fact, the only existing man-of-war, except the "Victory," that fought at Trafalgar. She was originally a French ship, known as the "Duguay Trouin," launched at Rochefort in 1800. After various adventures, including several running fights with various British men-of-war at sea, in which the "Duguay Trouin" escaped capture, she joined the French fleet before Trafalgar, and took part in the great battle. She was one of the few French ships that escaped after it, only, however, to be taken a few days after the battle by a British squadron. Re-named the "Implacable," and added to the British fleet, she did good service for many years, (among other things, capturing a Russian man-of-war, the "Sewolod," in 1808), down to some time after Queen Victoria came to the throne. The "Implacable" has been a training ship since 1855.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.



A GUN CREW ON BOARD THE "HAMIDIEH."



Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS.

OFFICERS OF THE "MESSOUDIEH."

THE "Hamidieh" and "Messoudieh" are two most notable armoured Turkish war ships, the former the most recent but launched as long ago as 1885, and the latter, the largest, 9,120 tons. Still larger, it is true, is the "Abd-el Kader," but she has been long in hand, and is not yet completed.———On board the 'Hamidieh" a party of men under a sub-lieutenant, are engaged in the most essential duty in a ship, after the safe navigation of her, viz., the handling of her guns—in this case a 6 in. Krupp. The captain of the gun's crew, a petty officer, may be recognised by the badge on his arm.———The commander of the "Messoudieh" is Captain MEHEMET BEY, formerly Naval attaché in England. The officer depicted on the left is the first lieutenant of the vessel, and next in succession are her first engineer and doctor, with other engineers. The officer behind are mostly lieutenants. It is probably in the engineering branch that the Turkish Service is weakest. The men, as these pictures show, are stalwart, handsome fellows, capable of excellent things under good leadership.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.

Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS.

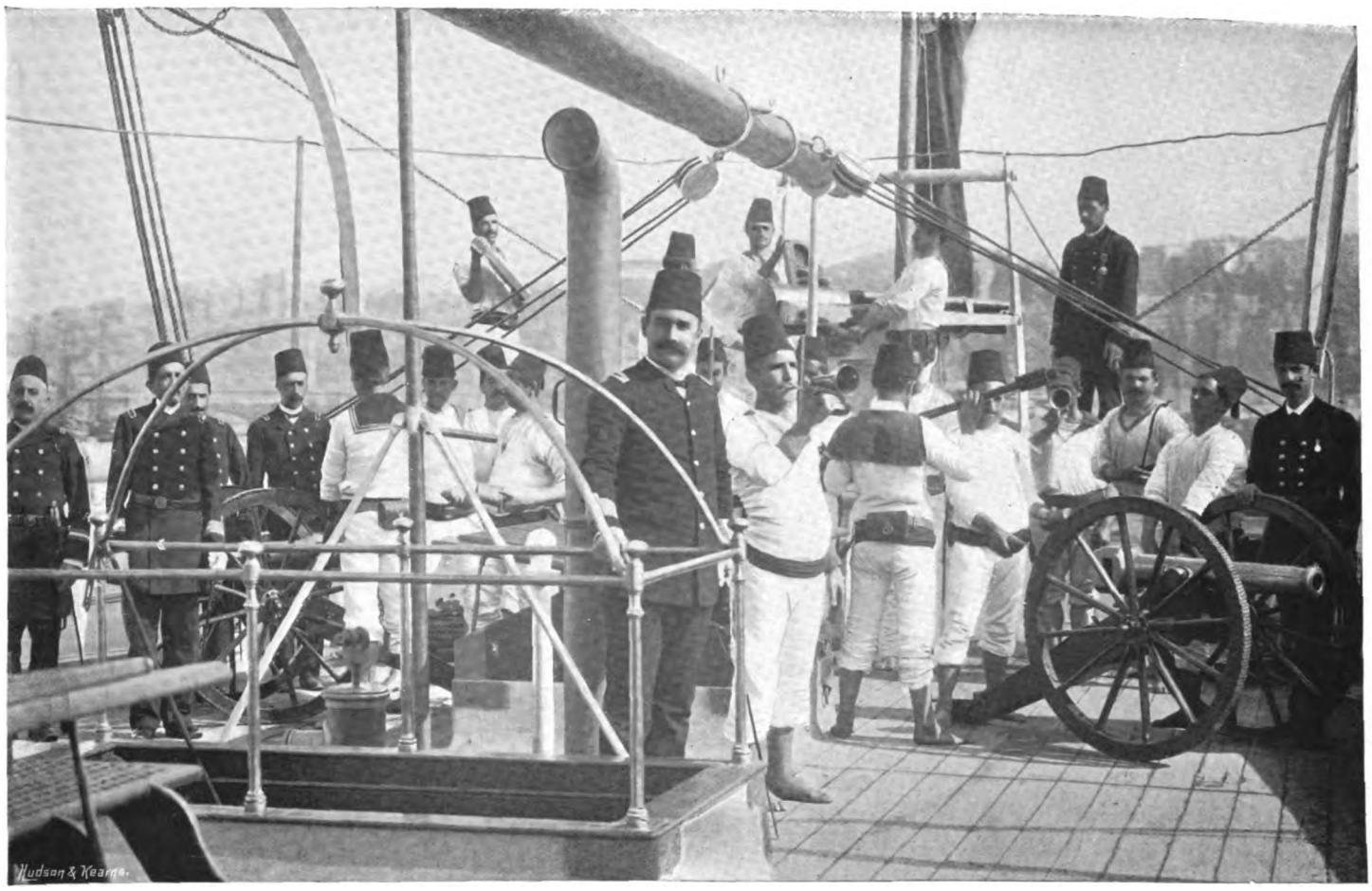
ON BOARD THE "OSMANIEH."

Constantinople.

NEXT after the "Hamidieh" and "Messoudieh," come the "Osmanieh" and three sisters—"Azizieh," "Mahmoudieh," and "Orkanieh,"—all of 6,400 tons, and all built on the Clyde and the Thames in the "Sixties." A busy scene is shown on board the "Osmanieh." Captain FAIK BEY is standing by the companion, and the second-in-command is a little to the rear, while the men are at their quarters, under the orders of the lieutenants, working the machine and other guns, manning the after-barbette, and running up the shrouds to their work aloft. From this scene of activity the impression will be gained that, if the ship be sound of hull and have engines in proper condition—she is credited with a speed of twelve knots, but cannot be counted on for more than ten—good work could be got out of her. She has not been left uncared for Her upper works have been cut down fore and aft, thus making a citadel amidships for the secondary armament, while barbettes have been built at either end—the after one is shown—each for a 9·4 in. Krupp breech-loader.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.



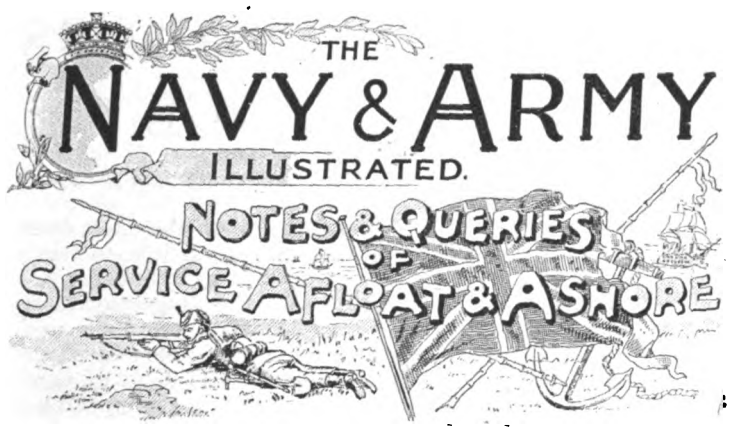
GUN DRILL ON BOARD THE "NEDJIM-I-SHEVKET."

Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS.

SEAMEN OF THE "ASSAR-I-TEVFIK" AT CUTLASS DRILL.

THESE scenes depict Turkish seamen at drill on board two of the smaller ships of the ironclad fleet. As in the other pictures, the men seem of the best material. They are stalwart, strong, and handsome, evidently quite equal to their work. The "Nedjim-i-Shevket" is a "central battery" ship of 2,080 tons, carrying one 9 in. and four 7 in. Armstrongs, besides lighter pieces. The scene is at the stern of the ship, and the Turkish ensign floats from the staff. The men are being exercised, while the commander stands in the foreground, his bugler blowing the "sti ," at which all cease work and stand by in readiness for the next command. The "Assar-i-Tevfik" is a larger vessel (4,687 tons) of the same character, more heavily armed, with ten Krupp guns of 9·4 and 8·2 in. calibre. She is the flagship of Vice-Admiral ARIF HIKMET PASHA, whose brother, Captain GHALIB BEY, is naval attaché in England. Physical drill and drill with side arms form a considerable part of the practical training in all warships. The Turks are not behind hand in this matter, and we here see a number of excellent fellows drawn up for cutlass drill.

Digitized by Google



DURING the past twelve months I have been inundated with questions on Naval and Military matters, and have been obliged to reply to my correspondents by letter; now, however, that the size of the paper has been increased, I have determined to devote a certain portion to Notes and Queries respecting the land and sea Services, and in this column will answer my correspondents whenever the information requested seems likely to be generally interesting to readers of the "NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED." This is not the only new feature that our readers will find in this Number. Commencing with the new year we have the opening chapters of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's novel dealing with adventures o'er sea and land in the reign of Queen Anne Mr. Bloundelle Burton's work must be already known to many of our readers. They may not know, however, that he has acted on many occasions as special correspondent of the *Standard*, and is one of that little band of intrepid journalists who, with portmanteau always packed, are ready to start at a moment's notice to the far ends of the earth and brave every sort of danger to paint vivid word pictures for newspaper readers at home. We are also introducing pictures of life in the Armies and Navies of the great foreign Powers. Those who, during the past twelve months, have made a study of their own Navy and Army cannot fail to be interested in learning something of those forces with which our soldiers and sailors may possibly become engaged either as allies or enemies. We commence with some pictures of the Turkish Naval and Military Services, and during the year intend to illustrate those of all the principal Powers. At the same time, the series of foreign pictures will not exclude those of our own forces; and from our agents, at home and abroad, we have received many interesting and novel photographs, taken on board British men-of-war, or where British regiments are quartered, which we shall reproduce during the year. Moreover, either in the Supplements or ordinary Numbers, such important institutions as Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, Netley and Haslar, the Army Clothing Department, Shoeburyness, Sandhurst, and the "Britannia," with the principal private shipbuilding and gun-manufacturing establishments, will also be described and illustrated.

* * * *

"WHICH strikes the harder, the gun or the ram?" writes P.S.C. In modern naval warfare the ship must frequently be converted into a projectile by ramming her opponent. Which strikes the harder blow, the ship herself in this capacity, or the shot which she discharges from her heavy guns? The force or energy of the blow depends far more upon the velocity than the weight; hence, though the ship is so many times heavier than the shot, she does not necessarily strike a heavier blow. A vessel of 14,000 tons weight, for instance, is more than twenty-six thousand times as heavy as a 1,200 lb. projectile: yet the latter, with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, will deliver as hard a blow as the ship would at a speed of six-and-a half knots, though the velocity of the shot is only 161 times as great as the speed of the ship. This appears paradoxical at first sight; by when it is considered that the energy varies as the square of the velocity the discrepancy vanishes. The square of 1,800, for instance, runs into a very long string of figures compared with that of 11·13 (which is the velocity in feet per second of a ship steaming about six-and-a-half knots) it is, in fact, as 3,240,000 is to 124, or rather over twenty-six thousand times.

* * * *

IT has often struck me as a curious circumstance that in these days of keen competition for employment of every description, when fairly-educated youths are actually found working for nothing in the hope that by so doing they will eventually attain a problematical livelihood, that the solid advantages pertaining to the Army as a career in life are not more fully realized. I am not going to dilate here on the prospect of obtaining a commission, an idea which is only too common in the minds of middle-class youngsters when presenting themselves to the recruiting sergeant. Combatant commissions from the ranks are not numerous; and, except in the case of men with private means, are more or less in the nature of a white elephant. To obtain the position of sergeant, however, is well within the power of any young man of regular habits and decent education, and it is a position well worth trying for. I don't think it is quite understood that a sergeant in the Army is treated in every respect as a gentleman. He never, under any circumstances, does any menial work. He is provided with a soldier-servant known as a bâtman to clean his boots, arms, etc.; he has his mess-room, where neatly dressed waiters serve him as deftly and respectfully as in any well-conducted club. When not on duty, he can remain out of barracks till midnight; and—which distinguishes the British sergeant from his continental confrere—while a sergeant he cannot be punished.

* * * *

"SEMPER PARATUS" was the motto, and the rule too with a vengeance, in the early days of maritime affairs no less than now. In order that the sailor might always be available for duty he was strictly forbidden to undress unless he was in port for wintering, and the penalty of disobedience was that for each offence he was to be plunged into the sea with a rope from the yard arm three times, and at the third offence was to forfeit his pay and any share he might have in the venture. For sleeping on watch, if at anchor in a friendly port, the offender was let off with the forfeiture of his ration of wine and the "savoury" usually served out with the bread, but if in a hostile place he was to be beat naked by the crew and plunged into the sea three times with a rope from the yard arm, if a mariner of the forecastle, or, if stationed on the poop, he was to lose his wine and have a pail of water thrown over his head downwards.

* * * *

THE institution of Volunteers as organized troops dates—with the exception of the Honourable Artillery Company, a unique corps, with a charter delivered by Henry VIII.— a bare century back. In 1794 the terror of invasion brought them into being, and they increased with rapidity. In 1804 they numbered 410,000. In 1805 Nelson finally settled the invasion question and from that date the numbers dwindled. In 1809 they had sunk to under 200,000, in 1812 to 68,000, and after Waterloo they practically ceased to exist. The present organization dates from 1859, and the force owes its resurrection to two causes. The scarcely veiled threats of boastful French militarians, and the intemperate vapourings of French journalists, had again roused the invasion scare; and the stirring events of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny had galvanized into life the military patriotism inherent in all free peoples. In ten years the numbers enrolled had doubled, and to-day the force numbers roughly a quarter of million and includes horse, foot, artillery, and engineers. The affiliation of the force to the regular army and militia took place some ten years back, and now the volunteers are a constituent part of the territorial system on which the organization of our Army is based.

* * * *

THE first journalist who, as War Correspondent, actually accompanied an armed expedition on active service, was Mr. C. L. Grüneisen. He went to Spain in the interests of the *Morning Post* with Colonel de Lacy Evans and his Spanish Legion in 1835, when 10,000 men recruited in Great Britain went across the sea to fight for Queen Christina against the Carlists. No newspaper was represented in the field, even in Afghanistan in 1838-42 or during the Punjab Wars, until the Schleswig-Holstein insurrection, when the battle of Idstedt on 25th July, 1850, was witnessed and described in the *Times* by Dr.—now Sir—W. H. Russell. During the campaign in Turkey and Crimea in 1854 most of the leading London journals were represented, Dr. Russell of the *Times* accompanying the first batch of troops sent from England. The *Illustrated London News* was the first illustrated paper to utilise the services of a war artist, and Mr. Simpson's drawings of events in the Crimea attracted a considerable amount of attention at the time. The first War Correspondent to meet his death while in the execution of his duties was Mr. Bowlby, of the *Times*, who was taken prisoner by the Chinese in the war of 1860, and was tortured with horrible brutality before being murdered. Lord Wolseley it was, who described war correspondents as "curses to armies," and declared that they are a "race of drones," who "eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all." Although these words were written five-and-twenty years ago it is unlikely that Lord Wolseley will ever be allowed to forget that he wrote them.

* * * *

PROBABLY since the invention of the screw propeller no more important change has been made in the steam department of the Royal Navy than the adoption of water-tube boilers which have been so brilliantly successful during the

Digitized by Google

trials of the "Powerful." To the uninitiated it may be explained that while in all ordinary boilers the flame from the fires is inside the tubes and the water outside, in the water-tube boilers this condition of affairs is reversed. To explain how this alteration has brought about great effects would not be profitable to the general reader, but it may be stated that the pressure of the steam, which fifty years ago was at a maximum of 12 lb. per square inch, has now naturally and safely increased to 300 lb. on the same area. There is no occasion to describe the various types of water-tube boilers, as the Belleville has been definitely selected by the Admiralty for extensive use in the Navy. With one or two insignificant exceptions all the new battleships and cruisers now building are ordered to be fitted with the Belleville boiler. It had been in use in the steamers of the French Messageries Maritimes for some years, when Mr. E. Gaudin, a Naval Engineer born in Guernsey, and therefore with two tongues in his mouth, was instructed by the Admiralty to proceed to Australia in one steamer and return by another, reporting what he saw of the behaviour of the boilers. His report has never been made public, but its result was the ordering Belleville boilers to be supplied to the "Terrible" and her sister ship the "Powerful."

* * * *

PREVIOUS to the Restoration in 1660, many who supported the Stewart dynasty attached themselves to Charles II. in Holland. Numbers of those were noble by birth, but of indifferent fortune, whose staunch loyalty the Merry Monarch could not disregard. To make use of such gallant cavaliers to the best possible advantage, Charles conceived the idea of forming them into two regiments of Life Guards. One (now the 1st Life Guards) he styled "His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards," the other (now the 2nd Life Guards) was known as "The Duke of Albemarle's Troop of Life Guards." For more than a hundred years after their formation the ranks of both regiments were filled by men of birth; but in 1788 an order was issued for their formation on a new basis. Consequent on this regulation, men of inferior social status began to pour into the ranks to the disgust of the "gentlemen." Many of the latter refused to remain serving, declaring that the Life Guards were no longer composed of gentlemen but of "Cheesemongers." Henceforth the two senior regiments of Household Cavalry were known as "The Cheeses," and it is related that, at Waterloo the officer in command addressed them as "Cheesemongers" when ordering "the charge." In 1810 the Life Guards were engaged in quelling the riot in Piccadilly, which took place after the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett. The mob offered considerable resistance, and something of a struggle ensued. After this incident the sobriquet of "Cheeses" gave way to that of "Piccadilly Butchers."

* * * *

BOOKS upon grand strategy are very few. Those which stand out like beacons above the flood can be counted upon the fingers of both hands. Major C. E. Callwell, R.A., author of that admirable little volume, "Small Wars," has just added another. It is entitled "The Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns since Waterloo,"* and will certainly rank with the truly "epoch-making" volumes of Captain Mahan. The facts are marshalled with convincing force, and no one can rise from the perusal of it without feeling that the operations of contending armies may be, and, indeed, generally are, governed by maritime conditions. We lose sight too often of the strategic influence in the clang of arms on the final battlefield of the war, or when the capital surrenders to an enemy. There is especial value in the book, because Major Callwell writes from the military point of view. His "maritime command" relates to movements of troops at sea, and has nothing to do with commerce-protection or other related matters. None the less he shows beyond possibility of doubt what is the flexible, enveloping character of sea-power, how it supports the land forces at every step, confers liberty of action upon them, and often ensures victory upon distant fields. The Peninsular War was a crowning example; our struggle with Russia another. Even in the Franco-German War, swift disaster would have overtaken the French but for their command of the Mediterranean. Major Callwell elucidates with masterly skill the effect of maritime command upon all the wars since Waterloo. At a time when the relations of the two Services are being so much discussed his volume appears very opportunely.

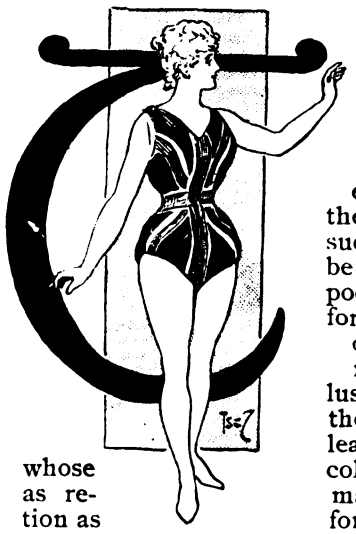
* * * *

I SHALL always be glad to see the work of amateur photographers or that of professionals which our readers may desire to see reproduced. Photographs should be sent packed flat, with full particulars of the subject and the name and address of the sender written on or attached to the prints.

THE EDITOR.

* William Blackwood and Sons.

THE SEA AND SAILORS ON THE STAGE.



By F. HAMILTON-KNIGHT.

TO endeavour, in the short space of a two-page article, to tackle such a topic as "The Sea and Sailors on the Stage," or to try ever so slightly to touch upon the immense amount of research that such a subject lends itself to, would be very like a futile attempt to harpoon a whale with a quill pen; therefore I place myself in the position of the look-out man in the "crow's nest," and am contented to shout lustily "There she blows," leaving the grappling and struggling to those learned and laborious explorers, whose colossal volumes are in most cases as remarkable for their wonderful erudition as for their undoubted dulness.

We have long ago ceased to do anything but smile at the foreigners' sneers at our "insularity." We are nothing if not insular, for from that it follows that we are nautical, and it is in consequence of our supremacy on the sea, that—but there, this is not intended as a diatribe against little Englanders, and there is no necessity to boast. "Facts is facts."

To write concerning the Stage without mentioning the name of the immortal William would possibly be a novelty, but it would certainly be difficult, and a more than probable source of weakness, so it may be as well to take the Bard by the beard and begin at the beginning. He insists that the purpose of the Stage is to show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Let us see how he proceeds to carry into practice his own preaching. He is an Englishman, an islander, and it must surely follow more or less of a sailor, for are we not all of us sailors at heart, from the little gutter snipe who floats his walnut shell craft in the kennel, to the Lord High Admiral on his quarter-deck? Well, then, what do we find? Turn, please, to your Shakespeare and open it at page one. Here we have it:—

"*The Tempest.*" Act 1. Scene 1.—*On a Ship at Sea.* Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain. To reason thus is perhaps frivolous, but we see that from the very Alpha of the Drama to the present time we are never long without the sea and the sailor on the Stage, indeed it is only of very late years that the sway of the nautical drama has in a measure subsided.

The reason of this is not far to seek. Between the nautical drama and the naval drama there is a vast difference, as vast as the difference between the rattling, roaring "hitch up yer slacks" Jack Tar of the past and the science crammed machinist, electrician, theorist bluejacket of to-day. "The fighting 'Téméraire'" has been towed to her last berth, whilst the "Snapping Turtle" ploughs the sea at thirty knots an hour. Save by tradition, we know not the breezy mariner of Dibdin's day who rolled along chewing an enormous quid of tobacco, and whose every other speech was punctuated with a "Shiver my timbers." Is it possible to imagine a modern man-o'war's man using an up-to-date equivalent such as "Bust my plates," or "Smash my fighting top?" No it is not.

No longer can the dramatist, with the aid of "the Baby's Primer of nautical terms," make his captain roar up to the flies, orders to "lower away your foretop gallant studding sail," or "handsomely there with your mizzen spanker" or other (to the uninitiated) astounding orders, the modern officer presses the buttons and Captain Electricity does the rest. "Belays," "Avasts," and "Land lubbers" are shelved for the time being, and the only local colour of the old nautical drama left to us is perhaps the piping of the bos'uns' whistle, or the harmonious striking of the time telling bell.

Quite recently a laudable effort was made to present to us a real modern naval drama, true to nature and to fact; experts were called in, naval, dramatic, and otherwise, yet although the authors induced the commander of the good ship to allow the heroine to wander at her own sweet will, wherever she, or the exigencies of the case wanted her to, even to hiding in the vessel's boilers with the evident desire of being stewed, still the public were not to be thrilled, and the play "faded away like a beautiful dream."

It is now two centuries ago since Doggett made the success of Congreve's "Love for Love" as "Ben the Bos'un," and although it seems hard to realize the fact, it is nearly three quarters of a century since T. P. Cooke at the old Surrey Theatre delighted all the London of that day with his

Digitized by Google

performance of William in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan;" or, "All in the Downs" (apropos, Douglas Jerrold himself had been in the Navy and T. P. Cooke had been a sailor). "Black-Eyed Susan" is reported to have brought its author the magnificent sum of five pounds, so that as regards financial results, at all events, he runs in double harness with Milton, whose everlasting fiver for his immortal epic bobs up serenely when and wherever the hack scribe scribbleth. Poor Doggett's memory used to be kept green in the eyes of the public by the appearance of the winners of his coat and badge, dressed in their quaint and ludicrous combination uniform of prize fighter, beefeater, and huntsman, in the Lords Mayors' yearly folly, but now how many people are there who know even when, and where, and why the race for the coat and badge takes place? Doggett and Baddeley, the memories of your coat and of your cake are fading away, and we muchly fear the good old-fashioned nautical melo-drama of our early childhood (who among us has not revelled in Skelts's immortal impossibilities of Pirates and Buccaneers in all their glory of paint and tinsel?) is following in your wake.

The mention of the name of T. P. Cooke reminds me that he left by his will a sum of money to be applied in giving prizes for the best nautical drama submitted in competition. Only one, if my memory serves me, was ever produced. Would it be to enquire too curiously if one were to ask "Where is that money now?" but I expect it is one of those mysterious disappearances which "no fellah can understand."

Some years ago the lamented Mr. Wills diluted Jerrold's drama to suit the tastes of St. James's but even the fact that the perennially young and beautiful Madge Robertson played Susan to her husband's William, failed to excite the enthusiasm of the public as T. P. Cooke had done in 1829. Of Stage sailors we have had, and doubtless shall have, no end; my own memory only recalls in recent years the performance of "Breezy Bill" (if Mr. Terriss will pardon the expression *qua* nautical parts), in "The Harbour Lights" and "The Union Jack," and of course to change from grave to gay, the captain and the crew of H.M.S. "Pinafore."

Sir Augustus Harris some few years back produced at Drury Lane a nautical drama of the good old-fashioned sort, entitled "A Sailor's Knot," by Henry Pettitt, but I had not the good fortune to see it. Of another Drury Lane piece, "A Sailor and his Lass," all that lives in my memory was a very horrible scene in which the hero was pinioned by the hangman in the condemned cell at Newgate, and that bears not upon the subject.

Turning for a moment from the man himself to his *raison d'être;* that is from the sailor to the sea, it is not difficult to understand how comparatively seldom we see an endeavour to realise on the stage a vessel in motion. It is impossible to seriously attempt to convey the idea of the sea itself behind the foot-lights. We hear so often of "the scent of the new-mown hay" being wafted across to an entranced audience, but we have never seen a reference even from the wildest enthusiast to "a sniff of the briny" from over the floats. "The sea, the sea, the open sea" is so stupendous, so changeable, so uncontrollable, and above all so very wet. Yes, that's it. So very wet. No wonder this damps the ardour of the most realistic of stage managers. No amount of heaven-kissing spray squirted from the wings, or handfuls of salt thrown to glitter in the lime lights rays, no pulling backwards and forwards of yards of painted canvas can convey anything to the imagination save that it is a "fake"—it isn't *wet*, and it isn't the sea. The scenic artist can produce marvels of picturesque illusion, his rugged mountains may beetle o'er the scene, his landscapes may softly fade away into the distant horizon, his chambers may appear as solid as Buckingham Palace, but give him the sea to produce on the boards and you give him a sieve to scoop it up with.

Let us take the Lyceum as an example of this statement. Only once during a quarter of a century have we had a sea scape given to us there, and that was before "The Chief," as he is so worthily and affectionately dubbed by his entourage, had taken the reins of management into his own hands. What a wonderful performance was that weird Vanderdecken, that terrible Flying Dutchman who all properly-constituted sailors still believe in (and "what for no") but even the terrific climax, when, after the deadly knife duel with Olaf, the sea refused to receive its dead, and cast up the body of the undying scoffer on the strand, even all the dramatic action was discounted by the delightfully funny mechanical waves which were for ever and ever rolling over and over, but alas never breaking upon the green-baized floor.

Not long ago Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Tempter" determined, if not perhaps exactly like Xerxes to flog the ocean with chains, at all events to make it serve his Devilship's purpose in a was-to-be most startling and impressive opening scene. Workmen grovelled into the bowels of the earth that the ship might sink therein, machinists laboured day and night so that the ship might go down to the bottom decently and in order, and above all a real live Commander R.N. was appointed as her captain. In spite of all this, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Tree most gracefully entered into competition with Mdlle. Ænea, the flying dancer, on the very first night the scene nearly ended in a fiasco, and ever after was the least effective act of Mr. Jones's play. It wasn't wet.

Nothing daunted, a little later Mr. Tree again went to sea; this time it was "John a Dreams" taking his lady love a yachting aboard the good ship "Moonbeam," but in spite of masts and spars, and hatches and binnacles, and striking bells and musical sailors, she lay a veritable "painted ship upon a painted ocean," and if only the Channel boats would assume the calm solidity of the Haymarket stage on that occasion, the terrors of a voyage to "La Belle France" would no longer cause sufferers from "*mal de mer*" to tremble at the mere mention of Dover or Dieppe.

In the bygone days the fury and the tempest of the storm was wont to be produced by a number of small boys, who being placed at regular intervals on the stage, upon their hands and knees, were covered by a canvas cloth painted green, and were instructed to heave their small backs into the nearest possible approach to billows. On one occasion some of these said boys had had their nightly remuneration cut down from the magnificent sum of sixpence to fourpence, in consequence of which the waves "struck." The night of reduced honorariums arrived, the curtain rose showing a good ship battling with the—should have been—furious elements, the wind barrels screamed their loudest, the peas in the rain boxes hailed furiously, backwards and forwards, the thunder sheets shook appallingly, and the cannon balls bumped terrificly, the lycopodium flashed its lurid light over the terrific scene, but the sea was as calm as the Serpentine on a soft June morning. The stage manager foamed with rage in vain; at last, crawling on his hands and knees under the canvas, he demanded of the nearest boy "What the —— they were playing at? to which the innocent answered "These are fourpenny waves, sir." The baffled manager had no alternative but to reply "Then make them sixpenny ones." The word was passed round under that canvas ocean "All right, boys, its sixpenny waves, get along," and the Bay of Biscay in its most aggressive mood was a baby compared to the sea of triumphant sixpenny waves that brought down the plaudits of the gods themselves that night. Yet even those waves weren't wet.

On another occasion—I think the story is related of Fechter—the hero and heroine were in a perilous position in an open boat upon the stormy main, the stage elements were warring together splendidly, when suddenly the ocean opened, that is, the canvas cracked, and a shriek of laughter arose from all parts of the house, as a small, and very grimy small boy in his shirt sleeves was seen blinking in amazement at the footlights. Nothing dismayed, the hero was prompt to rise to the occasion, and shouting "Ha! Ha! A man overboard, throw him a life-buoy!" saved the situation and the boy's life amidst the cheers of the onlookers.

I should merit the scorn of all good sailormen were I to conclude without giving the good old toast of "Sweethearts and Wives," and there is one stage sweetheart that we all love, and she shall say Good-bye for me. "Now ladies of the ballet take your places, please; stage clear." Now Mr. Conductor, "thank you, that's it." "Tiddle-um-tum-tum," and here she is, with her laughing face, her curly hair, her jaunty straw hat, her bright blue satin unmentionables, her pretty little twinkling feet, and she's going to dance you a hornpipe.

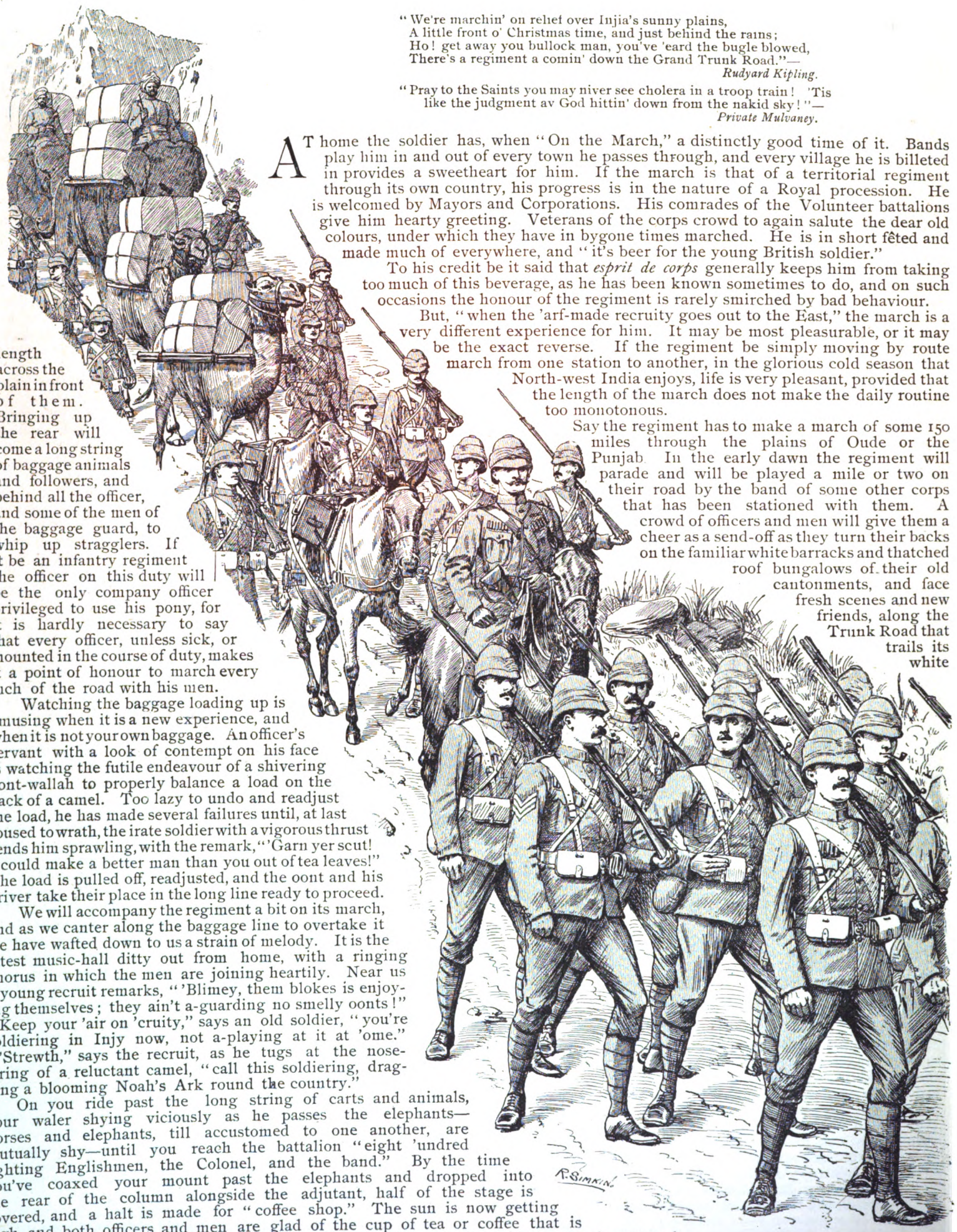
Digitized by Google

ON THE MARCH IN INDIA.

BY H. LAWRENCE SWINBURNE.

"We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas time, and just behind the rains;
Ho! get away you bullock man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a comin' down the Grand Trunk Road."—
Rudyard Kipling.

"Pray to the Saints you may niver see cholera in a troop train! 'Tis like the judgment av God hittin' down from the nakid sky!"—
Private Mulvaney.



AT home the soldier has, when "On the March," a distinctly good time of it. Bands play him in and out of every town he passes through, and every village he is billeted in provides a sweetheart for him. If the march is that of a territorial regiment through its own country, his progress is in the nature of a Royal procession. He is welcomed by Mayors and Corporations. His comrades of the Volunteer battalions give him hearty greeting. Veterans of the corps crowd to again salute the dear old colours, under which they have in bygone times marched. He is in short fêted and made much of everywhere, and "it's beer for the young British soldier."

To his credit be it said that *esprit de corps* generally keeps him from taking too much of this beverage, as he has been known sometimes to do, and on such occasions the honour of the regiment is rarely smirched by bad behaviour.

But, "when the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East," the march is a very different experience for him. It may be most pleasurable, or it may be the exact reverse. If the regiment be simply moving by route march from one station to another, in the glorious cold season that North-west India enjoys, life is very pleasant, provided that the length of the march does not make the daily routine too monotonous.

Say the regiment has to make a march of some 150 miles through the plains of Oude or the Punjab. In the early dawn the regiment will parade and will be played a mile or two on their road by the band of some other corps that has been stationed with them. A crowd of officers and men will give them a cheer as a send-off as they turn their backs on the familiar white barracks and thatched roof bungalows of their old cantonments, and face fresh scenes and new friends, along the Trunk Road that trails its white length across the plain in front of them. Bringing up the rear will come a long string of baggage animals and followers, and behind all the officer, and some of the men of the baggage guard, to whip up stragglers. If it be an infantry regiment the officer on this duty will be the only company officer privileged to use his pony, for it is hardly necessary to say that every officer, unless sick, or mounted in the course of duty, makes it a point of honour to march every inch of the road with his men.

Watching the baggage loading up is amusing when it is a new experience, and when it is not your own baggage. An officer's servant with a look of contempt on his face is watching the futile endeavour of a shivering oont-wallah to properly balance a load on the back of a camel. Too lazy to undo and readjust the load, he has made several failures until, at last roused to wrath, the irate soldier with a vigorous thrust sends him sprawling, with the remark, "'Garn yer scut! I could make a better man than you out of tea leaves!" The load is pulled off, readjusted, and the oont and his driver take their place in the long line ready to proceed.

We will accompany the regiment a bit on its march, and as we canter along the baggage line to overtake it we have wafted down to us a strain of melody. It is the latest music-hall ditty out from home, with a ringing chorus in which the men are joining heartily. Near us a young recruit remarks, "'Blimey, them blokes is enjoying themselves; they ain't a-guarding no smelly oonts!" "Keep your 'air on 'cruity," says an old soldier, "you're soldiering in Injy now, not a-playing at it at 'ome." "'Strewth," says the recruit, as he tugs at the nose-string of a reluctant camel, "call this soldiering, dragging a blooming Noah's Ark round the country."

On you ride past the long string of carts and animals, your waler shying viciously as he passes the elephants—horses and elephants, till accustomed to one another, are mutually shy—until you reach the battalion "eight 'undred fighting Englishmen, the Colonel, and the band." By the time you've coaxed your mount past the elephants and dropped into the rear of the column alongside the adjutant, half of the stage is covered, and a halt is made for "coffee shop." The sun is now getting high, and both officers and men are glad of the cup of tea or coffee that is ready for them by the roadside. A half-hour's halt, pipes are lit, and the march resumed. There is plenty to interest on the road. Mayhap, a startled herd of black buck will cross at a gallop in front of the column, each one in the herd taking the road in a deer's leap as they cross it.

The 50th B.C. will remember a boar breaking cover as the regiment passed its lair, and being ridden down and killed with a sword by their long adjutant from the back of a 15.3 waler. He lost his horse though, for a rip from the boar's tusk across the fetlock, nearly took the poor brute's near fore-foot off.

At intervals a long string of country carts will be met, each with its sleepy driver, wrapped from head to foot in brown horse blanket to shield him from the chill morning air, and nodding drowsily to the tinkle of the bells on the bullocks' necks. Then we pass a camel dak, a big two-storied caravan, with its crowded inmates peering out to see the "soldier-log"

Digitized by Google

go by. Again an ecka, or pony cart, filled with women as you know by the pretty black eyes which peep out through the chinks of the closely drawn curtains. Next through a sleepy village, picturesque but vile smelling, the inhabitants just rousing out for the labours of the day, and then a little beyond a green tope of mango trees, surrounding a small temple, which marks the site of the camp where the remainder of the day and night are to be spent.

Standing a little apart will be pitched the big white marquee that is to act as the officers' messhouse. Behind the long row of officers' tents are the lines of big square tents where the men will shake down. The little white town is soon a scene of busy life. Arms are being cleaned, baggage unloaded, and the camp generally put shipshape and in order. On the air there is a savoury smell of cooking, and all will do justice to the meal that awaits them, when the labours of the day are completed. Hunger satisfied, men and officers will amuse themselves in various fashions. The latter will at once question the villagers, whom curiosity has drawn to the spot, as to what game there is in the neighbourhood, and the more youthful and energetic will—in spite of the sun now strong—be on the quest for what gun, or rod, can provide for them. Some of the men, if trustworthy, may be allowed also to go a gunning.

Tommy, like Jack, dearly loves animals, and not a few of the men will stroll to where the baggage animals are picketed. Here are the elephants ever ceaselessly swaying from side to side, while they crunch the succulent sugar cane, or the huge brown *chupatties* that their mahouts have baked for them. Each is surrounded by a group discussing its points in language free but enthusiastic. Most attention centres on that big one away there on the left, which, heavily shackled and chained to a stout tree, every now and then trumpets shrilly. When he does so his brethren turn their little pig eyes towards him and fidget uneasily. His lordship is evidently in an excessive fit of bad temper, or *must* perhaps, and if he were loose and the fit came on him, he would soon make hay of that pretty white camp that shines beyond the trees under which he is tethered. The camel also has for the men the attraction of disgust, if not of liking, and they watch him gurgle out of his mouth and suck in again, his paunch distended with a nauseous mass of half-digested green stuff. They comment forcibly on the cussedness of the beast as an animal of burden, and all concur when one of the morning's baggage guard declares, "Them brutes stink worse when they're dead than when they're alive—'an that's saying a lot—and he'd chew the 'ead off 'is own blooming oontwallah as soon as he would off you or me." Another group are petting and tickling the ears of the soft-eyed bullocks, which lie tethered near their carts quietly chewing their ration of *bhoosa*, or chopped chaff.

A Halt for Coffee.

In the *tope* those whose tastes are more attracted by the wild than the domesticated animal will find plenty to amuse them. Up in the boughs the grey monkeys play their human-like antics to the amusement of the men lying around, smoking on the greensward below. Flitting amongst the trees are a group of paroquets—green, with a bright scarlet neck ring—shrieking in that ear-splitting way that would harrow the soul of you if you were down with fever. In the village curious Tommies are investigating native ways and habits, and instructing themselves in the native tongue, while away beyond the village some have strolled down to the reedy *jheel* to watch the cranes and water birds that there disport themselves. And so the time passes until the bugles sound, the men are mustered, and the camp settles down into repose for the night.

This is one side of the picture,—but there is another. We are now in a small up-country station, some sixty or eighty miles from the railway, and our nearest station twenty-four hours' rail from the frontier terminus. It is the hot season. The brown parched earth appeals mutely to Heaven for rain. Through the day we lie behind wetted cuscus tatties, through which the hot air comes in a little cool on us. In the evening we ride on the Mall and chat to the pale-faced ladies who have not been able to get away to the hills. At night we spread our bed on the house-top, and as we gaze up at the soft star-spangled sky, pray Heaven to send the cool breeze that will give us an hour or two's refreshing sleep.

Tommy does much the same—in his own way. After the early morning parade he spends the day in his barrack-room, curses the punkah coolie who *will* fall asleep, and longs for the evening. It comes, and he gets his walk and lounge in the reading-room or canteen. Then he gets back to quarters and bed, and wishes to God that the hot weather was over, or that the tribes on the frontier would, to use his own vernacular, "play hell till they wanted schooling."

His wish is granted, for one extra sultry day the regiment is galvanized into life by the news that they are to form portion of a force mobilized to punish the Ghilwarries, who at last have passed the bounds of Government forbearance. Then all is excitement and wild delirious joy. After a strict medical examination, the few who are declared unfit for active service, sit on their cots and curse till the hot air is sulphurous, while the remainder of the battalion chortle Our battalion, be it remembered, is an exceptionally fine one, and numbers on its teetotal list the largest number of men off the canteen of any regiment in India. But the evening before the regiment marches, it has, alas, fallen from its high estate, and the canteen has done the biggest trade it has seen for many a long day.

The march to the rail starts early—very early, so that the day's work may be fully over before the sun can use its destructive power. A trying time is now before the soldier. The death that he can meet and fight with bullet, and bayonet, and butt, has no terror for him, but the death that he has to face from the day that he leaves cantonments until he forms up with the enemy in front of him is more insidious and harder to tackle. Cholera there is always a chance of. Fever and sun he must encounter.

To the rail as far as is possible things are made easy for him. His march in the deadly heat is trying, but his camps are well appointed, his water is good, there are plenty of medical comforts—in fact, he is as well protected against climatic influences as is possible. The regiment reach the rail and are entrained for their twenty-four hours' journey. There has as yet been no signs of serious epidemic, but the long rail trip is still before them.

Will the 25th Hussars ever forget that twelve hours' night trip on the Great Northern, when they laid out a dozen of their troopers stark and stiff on the Moolabad railway platform where they detrained in the grey dawn?

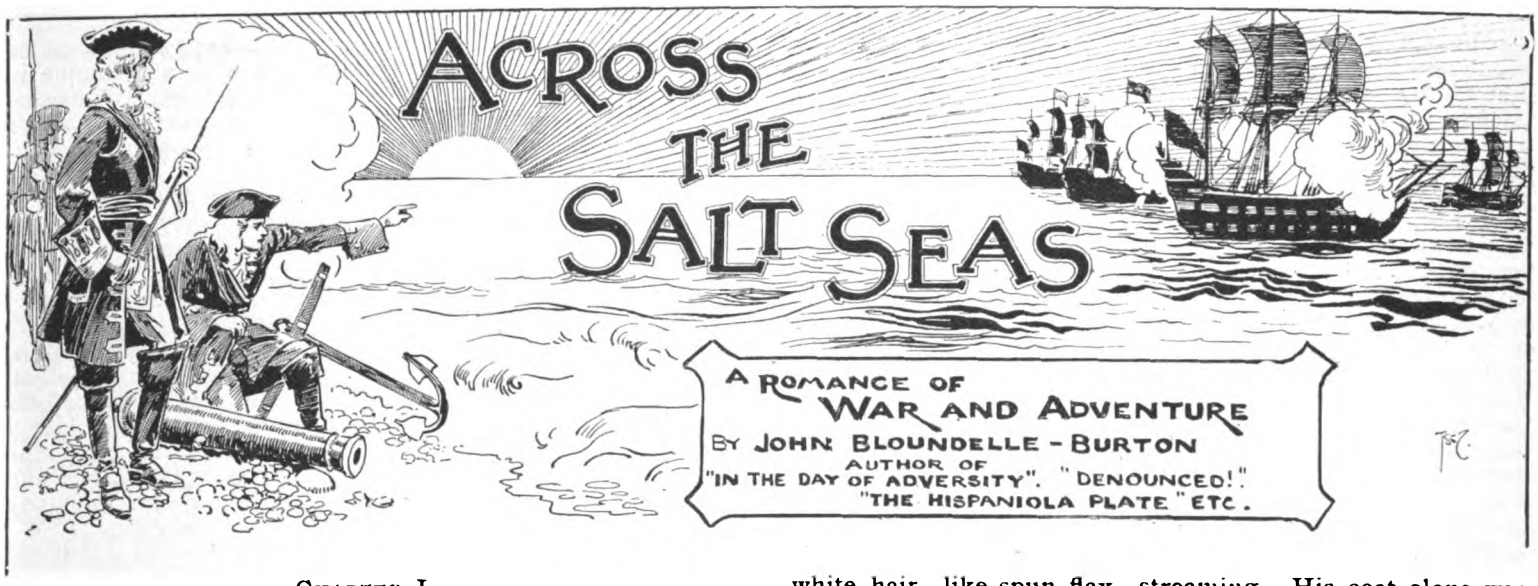
The railway journey over, the march is, however, by no means finished. The regiment has yet a hundred or so miles to do, before it arrives at the scene of active operations. The march to the fighting is the hardest time of all. How men can keep up under climatic conditions totally adverse to health, *when there is fighting to be done*, was well demonstrated in the mutiny. It is the marching without the fighting that is deadly. Out there in the hills there is coolness and men to meet in fair fight, but as we struggle onwards to meet them, every day some drop from heat apoplexy, others go down with fever and dysentery, and curiously enough it is generally the big and the strong who go under, at least that is my experience.

In our small force we have some thirty officers, and three are gone in three days. At every halting place some ten or a dozen of the men have been left to answer the roll-call of eternity. Poor Bogey was blithe at breakfast this morning, and to-night we are firing the last salute over his grave. The Boy was at dinner last night, and this morning the stillness of the dawn is broken by the hammering of the mistry nailing together the boards that will make his rude coffin. Does the mother at home hear the rattle of the Martinis over his grave, and start from her sleep to wonder if ill has befallen the lad that is the idol of her heart? This it is that tries men, and that we all funk far more than a Ghazi rush, or the Sniders and knives of the big dirty Ghilwarries.

And now the worst is over, the air grows blessedly cool, and the longed-for day comes when the foe is actually before us, and the fun is at last about to begin. We have—thank God—had no cholera, the men are bucking up, there's scarcely any fever left in camp, and the Ghilwarries are going to get a lesson that will keep them quiet till the sun grows cold.

"We broke a King, and we built a road,
A Court-house stands where the regiment goe'd,
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed,
When the Widow gave the party."

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!", "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Dreams he of cutting foreign throats, of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades; of healths five fathoms deep."—*Shakespeare.*

"PHEW!" said the Captain of "La Mouche Noire," as he came up to me where I paced the deck by the after bittacle. "Phew! It is a devil in its death agonies. What has the man seen and known? Fore Gad! he makes me shudder!"

Then he looked to windward—because he was a sailor; also, because he was a sailor, he squinted into the compass box—then took off his leather cap and wiped the warm drops from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Death agonies!" I said, in reply, "So! it is coming to that. From what—drinking, old age, or———?"

"Both, and more. Yet when I shipped him at Rotterdam who would have thought it! Old and reverend looking, eh, Mr. Crespin?—whitehaired—silvery. I deemed him some kind of minister—yet, now, hearken to him!"

And as he spoke, he went to the hatchway, bent his head and shoulders over it, and beckoned me to come and do likewise. Which gesture I obeyed.

Then I heard the old man's voice coming forth from the cabin where they had got him, the door of it being open for sake of air because, in this tossing sea, the ports and scuttles were shut fast:—heard him screaming, muttering, chuckling and laughing. Calling of healths and toasts. Dying hard!

"The balustrades" he screamed. "Look to them. See! Three men, their hands stretched out, peering down into the hall. Fingers touching. God!"—he whispered this, yet still we heard, "how can dead men stand thus together, gazing over, glancing into dark corners, eyes rolling—see how yellow the mustees' eyes are!—but—still—all dead. Dead! Dead! Dead! Yet—there they stand. Waiting for us to come in from the garden. Ha! quick—the passado—one—two—in—out—good!—through his midriff. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and he laughed hideously, then went on, "The worms will have a full meal. Or—" after a pause and hissing this—"was he dead before? Has't run a dead man through?"

"Like this all day long," the captain muttered in my ear, "from the dawn. And now the sun is setting,—see how its gleams light up the hills inland. Heaven's mercy! I hope he dies ere long. I want not his howlings through my ship all night. Mr. Crespin—" and he laid his hand on my arm—"Will you go down to him? To service me. You are a gentleman—maybe can soothe him. He is one, too. Will you?"

I shrugged my shoulders and hitched my sea-cloak tighter round me; then I said:—

"To do you a service—yes. Yet I like not the job. Still, I will go," and I put my hand on the brass rail to descend. Then, as I did so—we heard him again. A-singing of a song this time. But what a song—and to come from the dying lips of that old, white-haired, reverend-looking man! A song about drinkings and carousings, of girls' eyes and lips and other charms—which he should have thought no more of for the past score years!—and killing of men, and thievings, and plunder. Then another change, orders bellowed loudly as though he trod a deck—commands given to run out guns—cutlashes to be ready. Shrieks, whoopings, and huzzas! "He has followed the sea some time in his life," the captain whispered, as I descended the companion steps. "One can tell that. And I thought him—a minister!"

I nodded, looking up at him as I went below; then reached the open door of the cabin where the man lay.

He was stretched out upon his berth—the bedding all dishevelled and tossed beneath him, with, over it, his long white hair—like spun flax—streaming. His coat alone was off of all his garments, so that one saw the massive gold buttons to his satin waistcoat; could observe, too, the richness of his cravat, the fineness of his shirt. His breeches, also, were of satin, black like his waistcoat—the stuff of the very best!—his buckles to them silver; his shoes fastened with silver latches. That he was old, other things than his hair showed—the white face was drawn and pinched with age, the body lean and attenuated, the fingers almost fleshless, the backs of his hands nought but sinews and shrivelled skin. And they were strange hands, too, for one to gaze upon; white as the driven snow, yet with a thickness at the tips of the fingers and with ill-shapen, coarse-looking nails; all seeming to say that—once—in some far off time—those hands had done hard, rough work.

By the side of the berth, upon one of the drawers beneath it—pulled out to make a seat—there squatted a mulatto—his servant whom he had brought with him when we took him on board in the Maas. A mulatto whose brown, muddy-looking eyeballs rolled about in terror, as I thought, of his master's coming death, and made me wonder if they had given the distempered brain that idea of the "mustees' yellow eyes" about which he had been lately shrieking. Yet, somehow, I guessed that 'twas not so.

"How is it with him now?" I asked the blackamoor, seeing that his master lay quiet for the time being; "is this like to be the end?"

"May be, may be not," the creature said in reply, "I have seen him as far gone before—yet he is alive."

"How old is he?"

"I know not. He says he has seventy years."

"I should say more," I answered. Then I asked, "Who is he?"

"The captain has his name."

"That tells nothing. When he is dead he will be committed to the sea, unless we reach Cadiz first. And he has goods," casting my eye on two chests, one above the other, standing by the cabin bulkhead, "they will have to be consigned somewhere. Where is he going?"

"To Cadiz."

"Ha! Well, so am I. He is English?"

"Yes—he is English."

'Twas evident that this black creature meant to tell nothing of his master's business—for which there was no need to blame him—and I desisted from my enquiries. For, in truth, this old man's affairs were not my concern; if he died he would be tossed into the sea and that would be the end of him. And if he did not die—why, still 'twas no affair of mine. I was but a passenger, as he was.

Therefore, I turned me on my heel to quit the cabin when, to my astonishment, nay, almost my awe-struck wonderment, I heard the old man speaking behind me as calmly as though there was no delirium in his brain nor any fever whatever. Perhaps, after all, I thought, 'twas but the French brandy and the Geneva he had been drinking freely of since we took him on board—and which he had brought with him in case bottles—that had given him his delirium, and that the effect was gone now with his last shriekings and ravings.

But that which caused most my wonderment was that he was speaking in the French, which I had very well myself.

"What brings you here, Grandmont?" he asked, his eyes, of a cold grey, fixed on me.

"So," thinks I, "you are not out of your fever yet to call me by a name I never heard of." But, aloud, I answered.

"I have taken passage the same as you, yourself. And we travel the same road—towards Cadiz." Meanwhile the negro was a-hushing of him—or trying to—saying, "Master, master, you wander. Grandmont is not here. This gentle-

Digitized by Google

man is not he," and angered me, too, even as he said it, by a scornful kind of laugh he gave, as though to signify, "Nor anything like him, indeed!" But the old man took no heed of him—pushing the black aside with a strength in the white coarse hand which you would not have looked to see in one so spent—and leaned a little over the side of the berth, and went on:

"Have you heard of it yet, Grandmont?"

Not knowing what to do, nor what answer to make, I shook my head—whereon he continued: "Nineteen years of age now—if a day. Four years old then—two hundred thousand crowns worth of good wood burnt—all burnt—a mort o' money!—but we have enough left and to serve, 'tis true. A plenty o' money—though 'tis soaked in blood. Nineteen years old, and like to be a devil—like yourself, Grandmont."

"Grandmont is dead," the negro muttered. "Drownded dead, master. You know."

This sent the old man off on another tack, doubtless the words "drownded dead" recalling something to him; and once more he began his chantings—going back to the English—which were awful to hear, and brought to my mind the idea of a corpse singing:—

"Fishes' teeth have eat his eyes,
His limbs by fishes torn——"

Then broke off and said "Where am I? Give me to drink."

This the negro did, taking from out the drawer he sat upon a bottle of Hungary water and pouring a draught into a glass, which, when the old man had tasted it, set him off shrieking curses "Brandy!" he cried. "Brandy! French brandy, not this filth. Brandy, dog!" and as he spoke he raised his hand and clutched at the other's wool. "If I had you in Martinique——" then exhausted fell back on his pillow and said no more, forgetting all about the desired drink.

Now, that night, when I sat with the captain after supper—he being a man who had roamed the world far and wide, and had not always been as he was now, a carrier of goods only—with sometimes a passenger or two—from London to the ports of France, Spain, and Portugal—we talked upon that hoary-headed old sinner lying below in the after-starboard cabin; I telling him all that had passed in my hearing.

And he, smoking his great pipe, listened attentively, nodding his head every now and again, and muttering much to himself; then said:

"Spoke about two hundred thousand crowns worth of good wood being burnt, eh? That would be at Campeachy. Humph! So! So! We have heard about that. Told the black, too, that he wished he had him in Martinique, did he? Also knew Grandmont. Ha! 'tis very plain."

Then he rose and went to his desk, lifted up the sloping lid and took out a book and read from it—I seeing very well that it was his log.

"Observe," he said, pushing it over to me, "that's what he calls himself now. Yet 'tis no more his name than 'tis mine—or yours."

Glancing my eye down the columns I came to my own name—after a list of things by way of cargo which he had on board, such as a hundred and seventy barrels of potash, sixty bales of hemp, a hundred bales of Russia leather, twenty barrels of salted meat, twenty-eight barrels of whale oil, and many other things. Came to my own name, "Mervyn Crespin, officer, passenger to Cadiz."

Then to the old man's.

"John Carstairs, gentleman, with servant, passenger to Cadiz."

"No more his name than 'tis mine—or yours," the captain repeated.

"What then?" I asked.

"It might be—anything," and again he mused. "Martinique," he went on, "Campeachy. A friend of Grandmont. Let me reflect. It might be John Cuddiford—he was a friend of Grandmont's—it might be Alderly—but, no! he was killed, I think, by Captain Nicholas Crafer, of Brentford, who helped to find the Hispaniola Plate. Dampier now—nay—this one is too old; also William Dampier sailed from the Downs three years ago. I do believe 'tis Cuddiford."

"And who, then, is Grandmont, captain? and this Cuddiford—or Carstairs?"

"Ho," said he, "'tis all a history, and, had you been sailor, or worn that sword by your side for King William as you wear it now for Queen Anne, you would have known Grandmont's name. Of a surety you would have done so, had you been a sailor."

"Who are they then?"

"Well now, see, Grandmont was—for he is dead—drowned coming back from the Indies in '86—that's sixteen years agone!—with a hundred and eighty men, all devils like himself."

As he said this I started—for his words were much the same as those which the old man had used an hour or so before, when he had spoken of something—a child, as I guessed—that had been four years old, and was now nineteen, and "like to be a devil, like himself—Grandmont." It seemed certain, therefore, that this man Grandmont was a fiend in life, and that now there was roaming about somewhere a son who had all the instincts of his father, and who was known to Carstairs, or Cuddiford.

This made the story of interest to me, and caused me to listen earnestly enough to the captain's words.

"Coming back from the Indies, and not so very long either after the French King had made him a Lieutenant of his Navy—perhaps because he was a villain. He does that now and again. 'Tis his way. Look at Bart, to wit. There's a sweet vagabond for you. Has plagued us honest merchants and carriers more than all Tourville's navy. Yet—now—he is officer too."

"But Grandmont, captain, Grandmont?"

"Oh! Grandmont. Well—he was a filibuster—privateer—buccaneer—pirate. What you will! Burnt up all their woods at Campeachy—the old man spake true—because the commandant wouldn't pay the ransom he and his crew demanded—also because the commandant said that when he had slaughtered them all, if he did so, he would never find out where their buried wealth was. Then he took a Pink one day, with four hundred thousand francs worth of goods and money on board, and slew every soul in the ship. Tied dead and living together, back to back, and flung them into the sea. Oh! he was a villain," he concluded. "A wicked villain. My word! If only some of our ships of war could have caught him."

"A mulatto whose brown, muddy-looking eyeballs rolled about in terror."

"Yet he is dead!"

"Dead enough, the Lord be praised."

"And if this is a friend of his—this Cuddiford or Carstairs—he must needs be a villain, too."

"Needs be! Nay, is. For a surety, And, Mr. Crespin," he said, speaking slowly, "you have heard his shrieks and singings—could you doubt what he has been?"

"Doubt. No," I answered. "Who could? Yet I wonder who were the dead men looking down the stairs—as they came in from the garden."

"Who? Only a few of their victims. If he and Grandmont worked together they could not count 'em. Well, one is dead; good luck when the other goes too. And when he does, what a meeting they will have there;" and he pointed downwards.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

SECRET SERVICE.

It seemed not, however, as though this meeting was very like to take place yet, since, by the time we were off Cape St. Vincent—which was at early dawn of the second morning following the old man's delirium—that person seemed to have become much restored. 'Tis true he was still very weak and kept his berth, but, otherwise, seemed well enough. Also all his fever and wanderings were gone, and as he now lay in his bunk reading of many papers which the negro handed out to him from the open uppermost chest, he might, indeed, have passed for that same reverend minister which the captain had, at the beginning, imagined him to be.

Both of us—the captain because he was the captain, and I because I was the only other passenger—had been in and out to see him now and again, and to ask him how he did? Yet, I fear, 'twas not charity nor pity that induced either of us to these Christian tasks. For the skipper was prompted by, I think, but one desire, namely, to get the man ashore alive out of his ship and, thereby, to have done with him. "He liked not pirates," he said, "neither when met on the high seas, nor when retired from business;" while, for myself, well! the man fascinated me. He seemed to be, indeed, so scheming an old villain and to have such a strange past behind him, that I could not help but be attracted.

Now, in these visits which I had paid him at intervals, he had told me that he was on his way to Cadiz, where he had much business to attend to—sometimes, he said, in purchasing of goods that the galleons had brought in from the Indies, sometimes in sending out other goods, and so forth. Also he said—which was true enough, as I knew very well—the galleons were now due; it was for this reason he was on his way to the south of Spain.

"So," said the captain, when I reported this, "the devil can speak truth sure enough, when he needs. To wit, it is the truth that the galleons are on their way home. What else has he said to you, Mr. Crespin?"

"He has asked me what my business is?"

"And you have told him!"

"Nay. I tell no one that," I replied. "It is of some consequence, and I talk not of it."

Yet, here, and with a view to making clear this narrative which I am setting down, 'tis necessary that I should state who and what I am, and also the reason why I, Mervyn Crespin, am on my road to Cadiz on board a coasting vessel "La Mouche Noire"—once a French ship of merchandize, now an English one. She was taken from that nation by some of our own vessels of war, sold by public auction, and bought by her present captain, who now is using her in his trade between England and Holland, and Holland and Spain. A risky trade, too, seeing that war has broken out again, that England, Holland, and Austria are fighting the French and Spanish, and that the sea swarms with privateers. Yet, because of the risk, a profitable trade also, for those who can make their journeys uncaught by the enemy.

However, to myself.

I am, let me say, therefore, an officer of the Cuirassiers, or Fourth Horse, which, since a short time before the late King William's death, has been serving in the Netherlands under the partial command of Ginkell, Earl of Athlone. The rank I hold is that of Lieutenant—aspiring, naturally, to far greater things—and already I have had the honour of taking part in several sieges—among others, Kaiserswerth—with which the war commenced, as well as in many skirmishes. Now 'twas at this place where my lord, the Earl of Athlone, assisted that I had the extreme good fortune, as I shall ever deem it, of being wounded and thereby brought under his lordship's notice. As for the wound, 'twas nothing, one of M. Bouffler's lancers having run me through the fleshy part of my arm, and it was soon healed; but the earl happened to see the occurrence, as also the manner in which I cut the man down a second later, and from that moment he took notice of me. Sent for me to his quarters a month or so later, spoke with commendation of my riding and my sword play, and asked me of my family—he being one who—although a Dutchman who came only into England with his late master—knew much of our gentry and noble houses.

"Of the Crespin's of Kent, eh?" he said. "The Crespin's. A fair, good family. I knew Sir Nicholas who fell at the Boyne. What was he to you?"

"My uncle, my lord. The late King gave me my commission in the Cuirassiers because of his service."

"Good! He could do no less. Your uncle was a solid man. Trustworthy. If he said he would do a thing he did it—or died. 'Twas thus in Ireland. You remember?"

"I remember. He said he would take prisoner Tyrconnel with his own hands, and would have done it had not a bullet found his brain."

"I do believe he would. Are you as trustworthy as he?"

"Try me," and I looked him straight in the face.

"May be I will. A little later," and even as he spoke fell a-musing, while he drank schnapps—his native drink, on which, they say, these Hollanders are weaned—from a little glass. Then soon spake again.

"What languages have you? Any besides your own?"

"I have the French; also some Spanish. My grandmother was Spanish, and dwelt with us in Kent. She taught me."

"Humph." And again he mused, then again went on, though now—doubtless to see if my French was any good, and to try me—he spoke in that tongue.

"Could you pass for a Frenchman, think you, amongst those who are not French—say, in Spain itself?"

"Yes, amongst those who are not French I am sure I could. Even amongst those who are French if I gave out that I was, say—a Dutchman, speaking with an accent;" and I laughed, for I could not help it. The Earl had a bottle nose, and eyes like a lobster's, and made a queer grimace when I said this boldly. Then he, too, laughed.

"So I've an accent, sir, when I speak French? You mean that?"

"I mean, sir, that, however well one speaks a language not their own, there is some accent that betrays them to those whose native tongue they are so speaking. A Dutchman, a Swiss, most Englishmen and many Germans can all speak French, and 'twould pass outside France for French. But a native of Touraine, or a Parisian, or any subject of King Louis could not be deceived."

"True. Yet you—or I—could pass, say in—Spain—for Frenchmen."

"I am sure."

"Humph! Well, we will see. And perhaps I will, as you say, try you. Only, if I do, 'twill be a risky service for you. A colonelcy, or—a gibbet. A regiment or a bullet. How would you like that?"

"I risk the bullet every moment that the Cuirassiers are in action—and there is no colonelcy in the other scale if I escape. I prefer the 'risky service' where there is one. As for the gibbet; well! one death is as good as another pretty much, and the gibbet will do as well as any other, so long as 'tis not at Tyburn, which would be discreditable."

"You are a man of metal!" the Dutchman exclaimed, "and I like you, although you don't approve of my accent. You will do. I want a man of action, not a courtier——"

"I meant no rudeness," I interposed.

"Nor offered any. Tush! man, we Dutch are not courtiers either. But we are staunch. And I will give you a chance of being so. Come here again to-morrow night. You shall have a throw for that colonelcy—or that gibbet."

"My lord, I am most grateful to you——"

"Good day. Come to-morrow night. Now, I must sleep," and he began to divest himself of his wig and clothes, upon which I bowed and withdrew.

Be sure I was there the next night at the same time—exchanging my guard with Bertram Saxby, who, alas! was killed shortly afterwards at Venloo. The day I had passed in sleeping much, for I had a suspicion that it was like enough Ginkell would send me that very night on the service he had spoken of; might, indeed, order me to take horse within the next hour, and I was desirous of starting fresh, of beginning well. He was a rough creature, this Dutch general—or English, rather, now!—and would be as apt as not to give me my instructions as I entered the room, and bid me be miles away ere midnight struck. Therefore I went prepared. Also my horse was ready in its stall.

He was not alone when I entered his room—instead, he was seated at a table covered with papers and charts, on the other side of which there sat another gentleman—a man of about fifty, of strikingly handsome features, a man who, in his day, I guessed, must have played havoc with women's hearts—might, indeed, I should think, have done so now had he been inclined that way. Those soft, rounded features, and those eyes, themselves soft and liquid—I saw them clearly when he lifted them to scan my face—would, I guessed, make him irresistible to the fair sex.

He spoke first after I had saluted the Earl of Athlone—and I observed that, intuitively, he also returned my salute by a bend of his head, so that I felt sure he was used to receiving such, wherever he might be and in whatever company—then he said to the Dutchman in a voice that, though somewhat high, was as musical as a chime of bells.

"This is the gentleman, Ginkell?"

"This is the gentleman. A lieutenant of the Fourth Horse."

"Sir," said the other, "be seated," and he pointed with a beautifully white hand to a chair by the table. "I desire some little conversation with you. I am the Earl of Marlborough."

(To be continued).

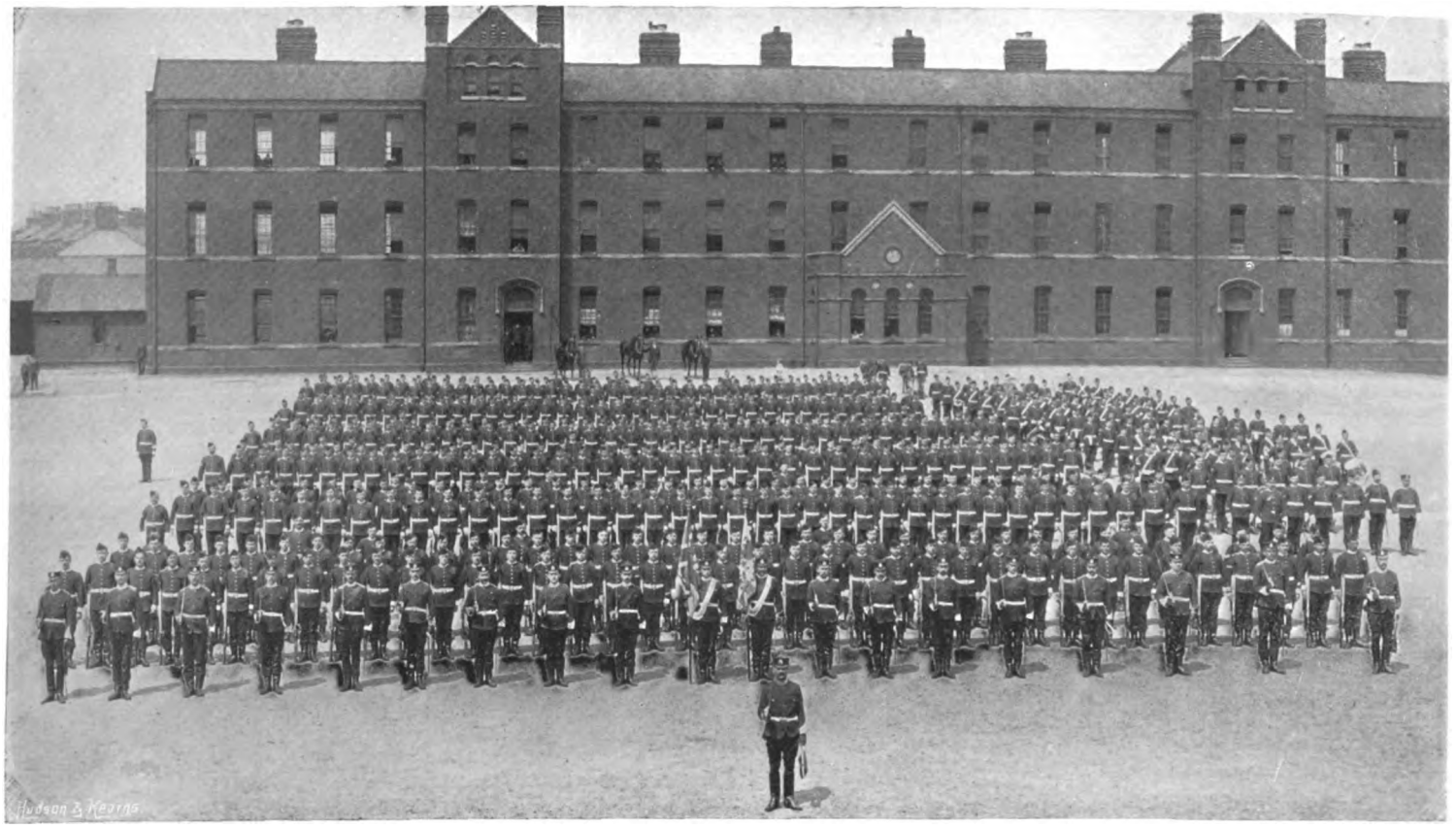
Digitized by Google

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

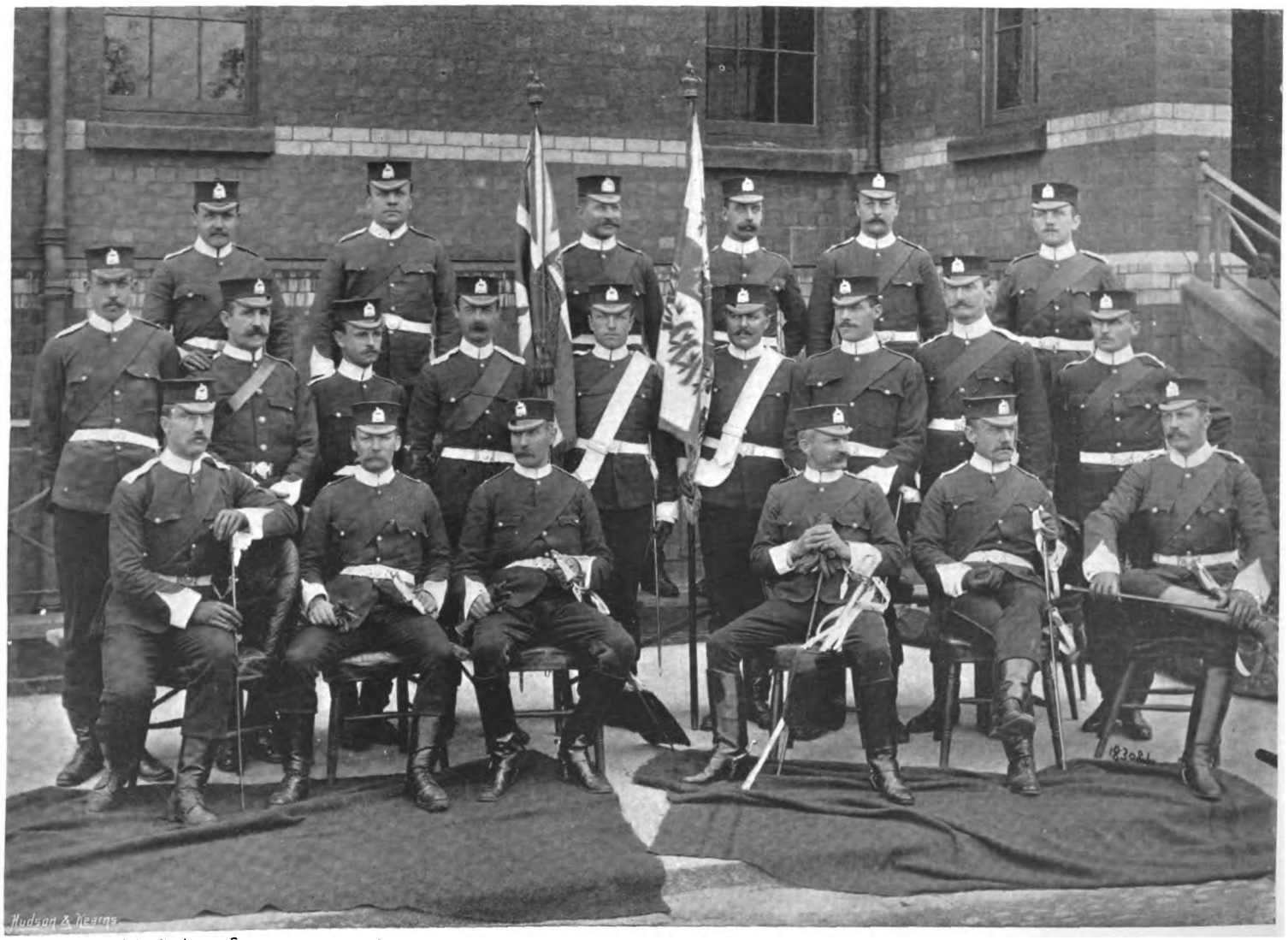
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILLIAM HOWLEY GOODENOUGH, C.B.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GOODENOUGH, commanding the Forces in South Africa, entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant December, 1849, became lieutenant April, 1851, and captain February, 1856. He served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8, was present at Pandoo Nuddee, the siege and capture of Lucknow, and attack and capture of Fort Birwah. He was severely wounded, mentioned in despatches, and obtained a brevet majority. He became lieutenant-colonel, Royal Artillery, January, 1875, and colonel, Royal Artillery, 1881; was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 1882, in command of the Royal Artillery, and was mentioned again in despatches, being made Companion of the Bath and receiving the 2nd Class Medjidie. He was promoted major-general April, 1886, and lieutenant-general May, 1891. From May, 1871, to March, 1874, he acted as Military Attaché at Vienna, from August, 1886, to June, 1889, as Inspector-General of Artillery at headquarters, and has held various other staff appointments. As major-general he commanded both the North-Western and the Thames District, and was appointed to his present command December, 1894.

Digitized by Google



THE 2nd BATTALION DORSETSHIRE REGIMENT.—*On Parade.*



Photos. J. DAVID, Paris.

OFFICERS AND COLOURS, THE 2nd BATT. DORSETSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE 2nd Battalion of the Dorsetshire regiment, which has just left England for Malta, has, as the old 54th foot, a distinguished record covering a period of nearly a century and a half. It was raised originally in the time of George the Second at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, and has done good service for England in times past all the world over. It fought in America during the War of Independence; with the Duke of York as part of the Army in Flanders during the War with the French Revolution; with Abercrombie in Egypt, at Aboukir and Alexandria; with Wellington's pursuing army after Waterloo; and in the first Burmese War. During the Russian War the old 54th were in garrison at Gibraltar, where also, just a hundred years before, they had done their first tour of foreign service immediately after they were first raised. The special badge of the Battalion is the Sphynx, borne over the label "Marabout," a distinction granted in recognition of the distinguished conduct of the 54th at Alexandria where the regiment captured an important fortified post of the enemy, the Castle of Marabout, together with a French field piece, still preserved as a trophy. The old grass-green facings of the 54th were replaced by white facings in 1881, on the regiment being given its present designation under the Territorial system.

Digitized by Google

QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.

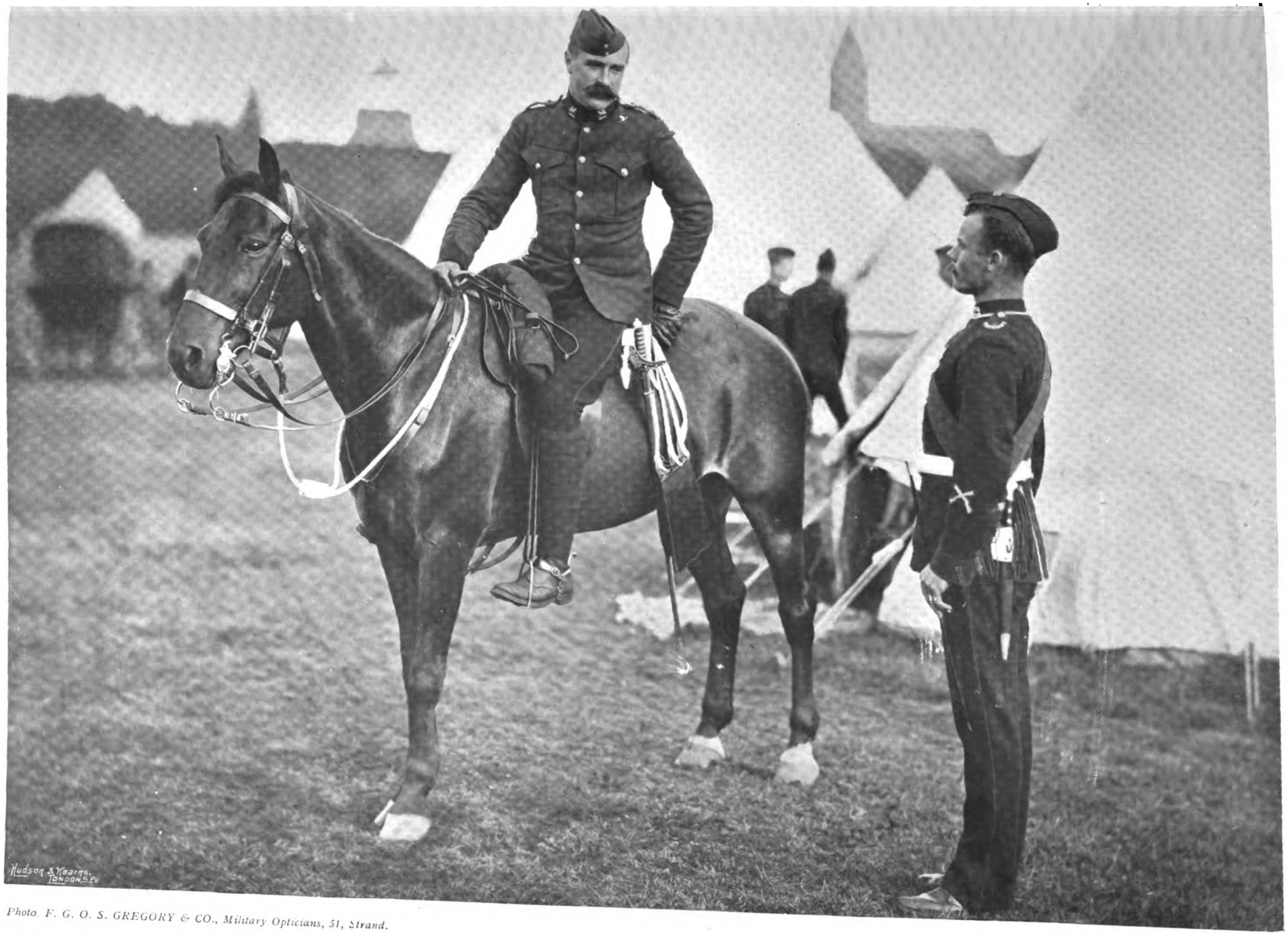


Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

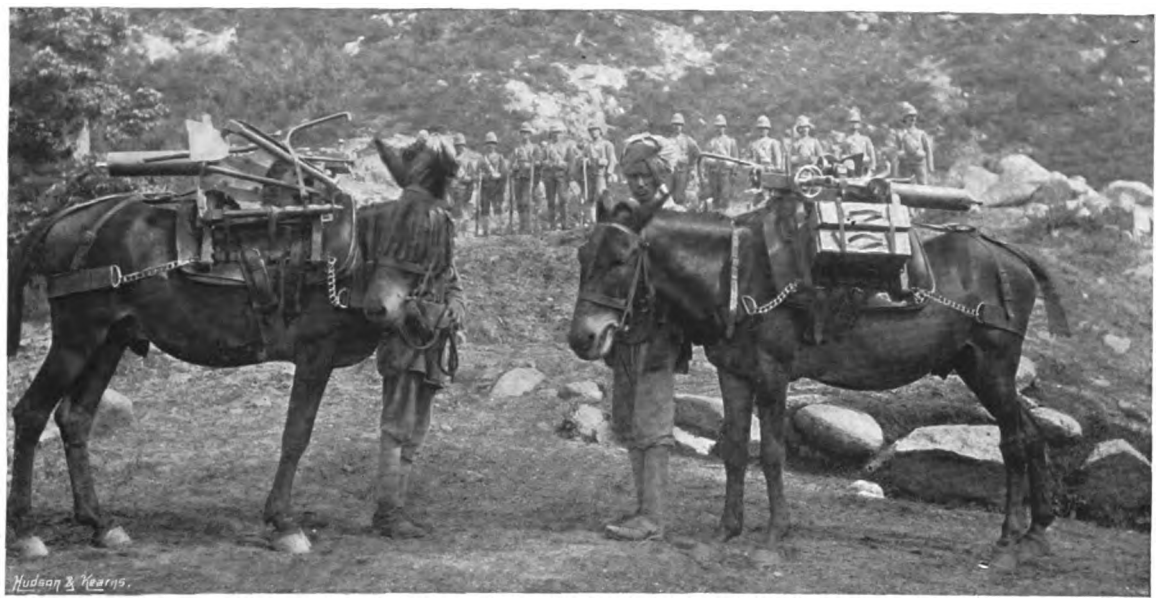
Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. H. FAIRTLOUGH OF THE 3rd QUEEN'S AND HIS SERGEANT-MAJOR.

THE two officers here shown are Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. FAIRTLOUGH, the present commanding officer of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, and the Sergeant-Major of the Battalion. Colonel FAIRTLOUGH—who comes of a family of soldiers, his father, Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. FAIRTLOUGH, his grandfather and several of his ancestors having done distinguished service, both in war and peace, for upwards of a century in the old 63rd West Suffolk Regiment—commands one of the most efficient militia battalions in Her Majesty's Army, as the smart work the 3rd Queen's did at the Aldershot field operations this year, in the Fifth Division under Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, gave ample evidence. The second of our officers is the man who under the Adjutant has perhaps more than anyone else to do with the "licking into shape" of the rank and file of the regiment, the Sergeant-Major, the senior Warrant Officer, and the mainspring of the whole regimental mechanism as a working engine of war.

Digitized by Google

WITH THE CHITRAL RELIEF EXPEDITION.



Maxim Guns on the March.

Machine Gun Detachment, King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Machine Gun Detachment, Devonshire Regiment.

THE importance and military merit of a campaign are too often estimated by the magnitude of the operations rather than by the dash and rapidity with which the objective is reached.

While bestowing praise on wars demanding the competent handling of brigades and divisions, we are prone to overlook those smaller expeditions which may be, and indeed not infrequently are, veritable masterpieces of the "art of war." The Chitral Relief Expedition furnishes a noticeable example of this. The campaign was a hard one, admirably planned and carried into execution. The privations experienced, though of the most trying nature, were borne with a soldierly spirit which does credit to the British Army. Obstacles apparently insurmountable were daily encountered and overcome, and, at length, the relief of Chitral was effected. Despite the gallantry with which this fine expeditionary force acquitted itself, comparatively little praise or reward was bestowed on the troops when compared with the panegyric which the recent Dongola Expedition evoked from every section of the community. This, no doubt, arose from a failure to appreciate fully the enormous difficulties accompanying the movement of an organized body of troops among the mountain passes of Northern India.

In warfare such as this, the effective employment of artillery, if not entirely impracticable, is considerably restricted, and its rôle is undertaken to no small extent by machine guns. The "Maxim" is, certainly, the most effective weapon of its kind yet invented, combining as it does, mobility, accuracy, and alarming destructive power. The ease with which this deadly engine of war is conveyed from place to place is apparent from a survey of the first picture. It can be taken to pieces and packed on the back of a mule in a few minutes, and is as quickly put together again when required to come into action.

The second illustration shows the machine-gun detachment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers ready for action. The mules are kept under cover in rear. The firer sits on a small seat attached to the gun. The third picture represents a detachment of the Devonshire Regiment in a similar position. The cartridges are placed in a canvas belt sewn in such a way as to retain them, and before firing the belt is arranged so that the first cartridge is in line with the barrel. The recoil is used to extract the cartridge and reload the gun. One shot may be fired at a time by

Digitized by Google

WITH THE CHITRAL RELIEF EXPEDITION.

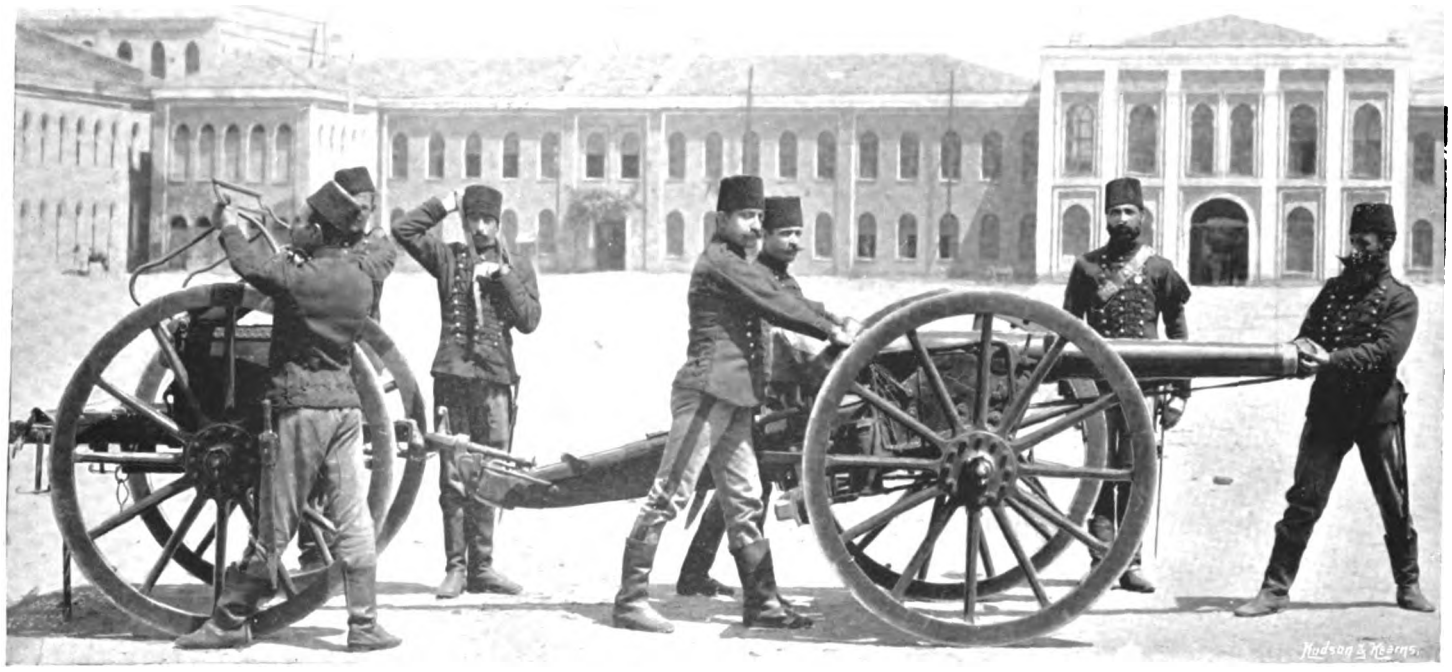
CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE NIAG RIVER.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PANG KORA RIVER.

working a lever, or a continuous fire may be kept up by retaining the pressure of the thumbs on a stop in rear. When on active service, especially in uncivilized or semi-civilized countries, it is frequently necessary for troops to construct a bridge across a river or stream with whatever material may be, at the time, available, not only within a limited period, but often under a heavy hostile fire. A Military bridge must have sufficient strength and stability to withstand the strain of the heaviest load that may be brought to bear on it, but, being as a rule a temporary structure, must be capable of easy removal when no longer required. The broad principles governing the construction of a bridge are similar whether it be built of iron or wood. It is merely in detail that any difference exists. Thus the upper illustration depicts a small bridge over the Niag River, Chitral, constructed on precisely the same lines as that colossal structure which spans the river Forth. The lower represents a company of the Bengal Sappers and Miners under Major F. AYLMER, V.C., R.E., engaged in building over the Pang Kora river a wooden bridge, completed in forty-eight hours after the pattern of the well-known Clifton Suspension Bridge.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.



FIRST BRIGADE OF THE PERA ARTILLERY REGIMENT.

Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS *Constantinople.*

STANDARD OF THE PERA ARTILLERY REGIMENT.

THE Ottoman military forces are at present under frequent discussion. The best regiments are of fine quality, composed of men inured to hardships, and inspired with almost fanatical courage. The intrepid valour and long endurance shown by the troops at Widdin, and in the famous defence of Plevna, will not be forgotten. If well led they cannot be lightly reckoned with, and we must remember that they were our faithful allies in the Crimea. The Artillery are set down at considerably over 50,000, and probably have 1,500 guns. The Pera Regiment of Horse Artillery is a "crack" corps, and the photographs of it here given were taken on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to the Sultan. The word "brigade" is used, as in our own artillery, to indicate a grouping of batteries, and not, in the ordinary sense, of regiments. In the first scene, which is in the great barrack square, we see a number of officers and men engaged in the act of unlimbering a gun for action. In the second the standard of the regiment is shown, borne by a sub-lieutenant, with an escort of four non-commissioned officers, whose stripes will be noticed to be worn in an unusual fashion.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.

Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. *Constantinople.*

STANDARD OF THE 1st LANCER REGIMENT.

THE Ottoman Cavalry is a fine force, variously mounted, but mostly with horses of serviceable character. There are several special branches of the mounted arm. The Ertogrul Cavalry takes its name from the Sultan of that name who made a great mark on Turkish history. The Hamidieh regiments are an irregular force recruited largely among the Kurds. The 1st Lancers are one of the smartest regiments in the Ottoman Service. They are well mounted, drilled, and equipped, and in their general character rank with the average cavalry regiments of the great military powers. The Standard is regarded by Turkish troops as the symbol of imperial authority, and is borne and saluted with special honours. Here we see that of the 1st Regiment of Lancers carried by a subaltern officer, who, as in the case of the Artillery Standard, has an escort of sergeants. The uniform worn presents few distinctive features.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.

A ZOUAVE BATTALION.

Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. *Constantinople.*

A NICHANDJI BATTALION.

THE two infantry regiments, of which companies are here represented on their drill grounds, are typical of the best class of Turkish soldiery. The zouaves in particular, are an especially fine lot of men, well set up, and in a state of great efficiency. There is something very alert and vigorous in their character, and they wear a most workmanlike rig, with a turban distinctive of their branch of the Turkish Service. The Nichandji battalion is composed of chasseurs or riflemen. These have not the same physique as the zouaves, but they are a sturdy set, well developed and lightly armed. As chasseurs they should be trained for rapid movements, and to seize swiftly the accidents of ground both in attack and defence. They are designed for lighter work than the regular marching battalions. It will be seen that here the colours are carried on the company's right by a non-commissioned officer.

Digitized by Google

The Battle Honours of the British Fleet.

The "Prince George"

By Edward Fraser

THE name borne by the newest battleship in Her Majesty's Fleet is one not only of very distinguished tradition and old descent, but a name also that in the case of this particular ship, the "Prince George" of to-day, was specially given as a compliment to the present Heir Presumptive to the British Throne. Hardly another man-of-war in all the Royal Navy of our time bears a name so intimately associated in its origin with our Royal House. Our first "Prince George" received that name, very nearly two hundred years ago, in honour of Queen Anne's consort Prince George of Denmark, on his appointment as Lord High Admiral of England. Our second was so named in honour of the Prince who eventually became King George the Second. Our third was given the name in honour of the Prince who eventually became King George the Fourth. Our present "Prince George," the fourth battleship of the name, bears that name in honour of our present Duke of York, whose service afloat was passed almost entirely under his earlier title of Prince George.

The story, indeed, goes that the name in the case of our present battleship was specially fixed on by the Duke of York himself, improving on a suggestion of Lord Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty under whose Administration the "Prince George" was laid down. Lord Spencer, it is told, proposed to name after the Duke of York one of the new ships that the Admiralty early in 1894 were about to build, and had the matter brought to the notice of His Royal Highness with the Admiralty's suggestion of "Royal George" for the vessel's name. But the Duke of York had previously had before him a comparative statement of the battle records of the names of "Prince George" and "Royal George." Struck by the balance of advantage shown in favour of the older name, the Duke communicated to Lord Spencer that he would prefer "Prince George" to "Royal George," and so it comes about that the name Prince George is now borne by England's newest first-class battleship.

Even then the full story of the "Prince George's" name is not quite told. Our original "Prince George" of Queen Anne's Navy was an older man-of-war re-named, after being modernized and re-fitted in dock, the old "Duke" of Charles the Second's time, whose name again—and here is the coincidence—had been given to that particular ship in honour of the then Duke of York, the Sailor Prince of the Restoration, the Prince who was afterwards King James the Second.

The year of the outbreak of the Great War of Queen Anne's reign, the War of the Spanish Succession, as historians call it—1702—saw the "Prince George" named and at sea for the first time. She received her baptism of fire in October of the same year, in Rooke's brilliant attack on the Spanish treasure fleet in Vigo Bay, the successful issue of which is commemorated to the present day in the name of a well-known London thoroughfare—Vigo Street. Rooke's second in command had his flag in the "Prince George," Vice-Admiral Thomas Hopsonn, the famous fellow who made his entry into the Navy as a boy of ten—so an old tradition tells us—by swimming out to an English man-of-war from the shore during

Digitized by Google

a battle off the Isle of Wight (Blake's three days' fight with Tromp in February, 1652). On being told on board that they were fighting until the man-of-war opposed to them hauled her colours down, young Hopsonn took to the water a second time and swam across to the Dutch ship, clambered up her side, and made his way unobserved in the smoke and excitement of the battle up the shrouds and to the mast-head, where he cut away the Dutch flag, and with it rolled under his cloak let himself down and overboard, and so back to the British ship, where he produced the flag, with "Here is what you want"—bringing about, it is further told, the surrender of the Dutch man-of-war in the confusion at discovering their colours gone. So at any rate the tale runs. Vice-Admiral Hopsonn in the attack on Vigo (it was the forty-second action in which he had taken part) had for the time to transfer his flag into a ship of lighter draught than a three-decker such as the "Prince George" (the "Torbay," a seventy-four), leaving the "Prince George" with Rooke's heavier men-of-war to cover the attack and assist in cannonading the forts near the harbour entrance. Some of the officers of the "Prince George," however, accompanied him, and shared in the splendid exploit that Hopsonn achieved that day. Ahead of the Squadron told off to make the attack the Vice-Admiral led the British onset, and charged the boom defending the entrance to Vigo harbour under every inch of canvas that the ship he was in could set, crashing a way through, and clearing a passage for the ships astern to follow, in the face of a tremendous fire from the forts and batteries on shore, and from a powerful line of men-of-war anchored broadside on across the harbour mouth to support the boom. After that he returned on board the "Prince George" and went home with the fleet to be knighted and granted a special pension by Queen Anne, and to become the hero of all England as "the man who broke the boom at Vigo." Such was the fine officer who was the first to hoist his flag on board the British Navy's first "Prince George."

Sir John Leake, the celebrated admiral of the later years of Queen Anne's reign—

> " . . . . Brave Sir John Leake
> Who with mortar and cannon Mahon did take,"

as the old song went—whose ruddy sea-tanned visage may yet be seen depicted on the sign-boards of some of the old "Port Mahon" inns and wayside taverns to be met with up and down the country, hoisted his flag at the "Prince George's" mast-head in succession to Admiral Sir Thomas Hopsonn. There Sir John kept it flying for many a year, preferring to serve his country on board the "Prince George" rather than in any other ship of Queen Anne's Fleet. "I do not apprehend why he continued so long in her," says Captain Stephen Martin, who was Sir John Leake's Flag Captain, son-in-law, heir, and biographer, "unless it were for her name's sake."

How the "Prince George," with Vice-Admiral Leake on board, experienced the narrowest of narrow escapes from destruction in the great storm of November, 1703, is a stirring incident in the first "Prince George's" story, and a tale of the sea of tragic interest. The "Prince George" was was lying in the Downs with the greater part of Sir Cloudesley Shovell's fleet just come home from watching the French in Toulon, when, in the night between the 26th and 27th of November, "the most violent storm came upon them ever known in this kingdom." On that fearful night the "Prince George" was the only ship of all the great fleet in the Downs that was able to ride the storm out, thanks to no small extent to the foresight of her captain, who, foreseeing the storm from the threatening and squally weather of the day before, had taken every possible precaution. Topmasts and upper yards had been struck, boats housed and lashed fast inboard, and the whole ship battened down and made snug, and two cables veered out and secured by three long services. On these cables, indeed, finally depended the safety of the "Prince George" and of every man on board the ship. After riding out the bursting of the storm for some hours, just after midnight, when the storm was at its height, a big two-decker, the "Restoration," of seventy guns, driven from her anchors, suddenly loomed up out of the darkness close alongside, sheering down on the "Prince George." Apparently the "Restoration" was about to run her flagship down and entangle herself with the "Prince George," broadside on, a terrible prospect with both ships rolling bulwarks under. The immediate peril was only averted by the "Prince George" managing to brace her yards as the "Restoration" surged close by, which enabled the two-decker to grind past without interlocking. To add to their difficulties on board, rendering it no light matter to carry on duty, the greater part of the "Prince George's" crew were down with fever and sickness contracted in the Mediterranean, all of those more fit being weakly and hardly enough in number to manage the ship in ordinary weather. The "Restoration" just cleared the "Prince George," and then her dragging anchors fouled the flagship's cable, causing the "Restoration" to bring up and swing right under the bows of the "Prince George." Every effort was at once made to cut the two ships clear—for it was plain that one must go, or both were doomed—but in vain. Then speedily, the "Restoration's" fouled anchor, straining on the best bower anchor of the "Prince George," broke it out of the ground. The two ships were now left to hold together by a single anchor, the "Prince George's" small bower. That alone was left to save both from driving helplessly on the dreaded Goodwins, close at hand under their lee. It was a time of fearful anxiety, a half hour of fearful suspense,

"Charged the boom . . . . Crashing a way through and clearing a passage."—Vigo Bay, October, 1702.

Digitized by Google

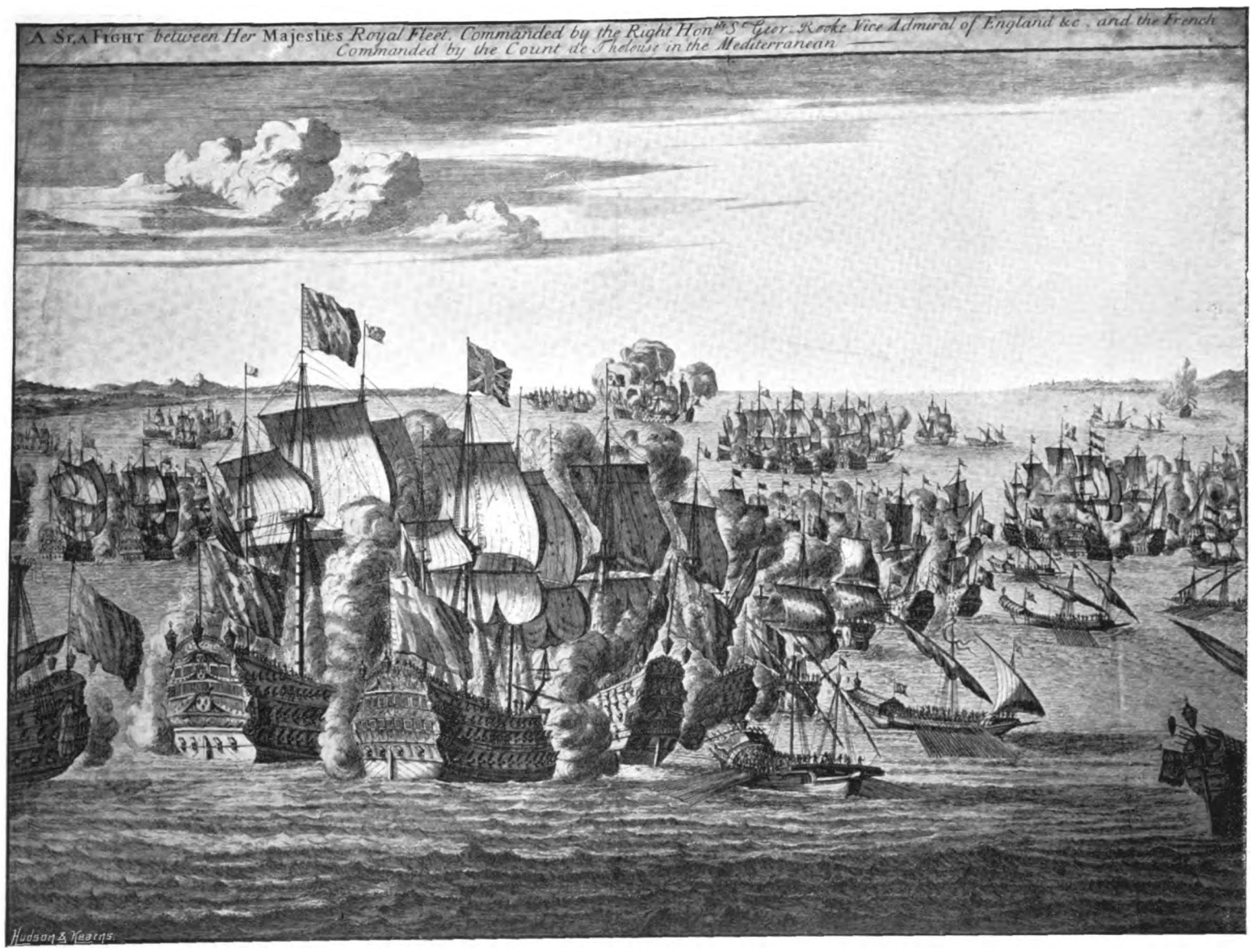
IN THE DOWNS—THE GREAT STORM, NOVEMBER, 1703.

when the next moment might be the last to all. Human aid could do nothing. Nothing more could be done to save either ship, if the small bower cable gave or the anchor dragged. Suddenly, when things were at their very worst, came unexpected relief. "When," as an officer of the "Prince George" relates, "hope was nearly gone and every moment seemed certain to see both ships drift away to destruction, the 'Restoration' suddenly got clear and disappeared in the gloom." "Whether the 'Restoration's' cable broke or she slipt, by what means, Providence only knows," says Captain Martin. "Their anchor disappeared and they drove away, and we knew no more of the 'Restoration.'" Alas! no more did any one else ever know of that ill-fated ship. The "Restoration" swept away to leeward and went to pieces on the Goodwins, everybody on board, from captain to cabin boy—391 people in all—perishing before daybreak. The more fortunate "Prince George" was able to last out the night, holding to her single anchor until morning came and with it the successful weathering of the storm.

Next to be recorded in the annals of the "Prince George" is her presence at the taking of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke. The attack on the sea front defences of the famous stronghold was entrusted to a squadron of the lighter draught men-of-war of Rooke's fleet, while the "Prince George," with the larger ships lying further out in the Bay in deeper water as an off-shore squadron, covered the bombardment, in case the French Toulon fleet, known to have put to sea to meet Rooke, should come on the scene prematurely. The "Prince George's" men, though, were not forgotten. They had their share on the occasion in making history. The boats of Vice-Admiral Leake's flagship took part with the boats of the rest of the fleet in seconding and pushing home the dashing attack on the South Mole Head, which more than anything else brought down the Spanish colours on the fortress. "The enemy," relates Flag-Captain Martin of the "Prince George," "sprung a mine and blew 100 of the sailors into the air, whereof forty were killed and the rest wounded, notwithstanding which they took the platform and a redoubt, whereupon the governor, having but a small garrison, surrendered." At the same time the marines of the "Prince George," who had been put ashore with the marines of the other ships on the sandy isthmus connecting Gibraltar with the mainland (now known as the "Neutral Ground"), as a brigade two thousand strong, were assaulting the Spanish works on the North Front, breaking through the Spanish defences and carrying Fort Leandro, the key of the fortifications commanding the Mole, at the bayonet point, thus rendering sure the work that the sailors had in hand. In this way the "Prince George" had a double interest in the momentous event of the 23rd of July, 1704.

After the capture of Gibraltar followed the expected battle with the French Toulon Fleet, who arrived to rescue their allies, the Spanish garrison, just twelve days too late. Rooke advised of the coming of the French was ready for them, and sailing to fall in with them met the enemy on the 4th of August off Malaga, whence the battle takes its name. There were about the same number of ships on either side, but the French had the advantage that theirs were fresh out of port and with full magazines. Rooke's ships had not seen a dock for months—since the preceding February in the case of the best off among them—were foul below water with barnacles and weeds, and what was a more vital matter still, had, most of them, fired away great part of their powder and shot in the attack on Gibraltar, with no immediate prospect of replenishing their magazines. In addition to this, twelve of Rooke's fleet of fifty-three were Dutch men-of-war—Holland being our ally against France for the war—and had been sent out but poorly equipped and totally unfitted to render efficient help against the remarkably fine fleet that the French had at sea. As a British admiral before an enemy, however, it was not for Rooke to be wanting in his duty because of any shortcomings of his fleet. Nor was it in the nature of the man to let a hostile force that he could reasonably attack give him the go-by. On the French being sighted, despite the fact that they had the all important weather gage, the windward position, every effort was made at once to get to as close quarters as possible, the two fleets nearing one another in two regular lines, van, centre, and rear squadrons. The "Prince George" led the advanced squadron of the British van, heading to close with the leader of the French van, a vice-admiral's flagship flying a white and blue admiral's flag at the mast-head. With this ship, the "St. Philippe," and some thirteen others, the "Prince George" and six consorts fought within half gun-shot—as near as they could get—for upwards of two hours and a half from first to last, until the French ships, badly knocked about were forced out of line and had to bear away half a mile to leeward. At once the Vice-Admiral lowered a boat, put Captain Martin in it, and sent to his immediate chief in command of the whole van, Sir Cloudesley Shovell, for leave to break the British order of battle and brush past the head of the French centre after the retreating French van. But Sir Cloudesley demurred. During the two hours and a half that the "Prince George" and her squadron had been engaged, several of our ships in other parts of the fleet had been obliged to drop out of action altogether, having run short of ammunition for reasons stated, while others, who had no shot left, were firing powder only, "to amuse the enemy." In the "Prince George" herself in fact they had left, as Captain Martin tells us, "but three rounds of shot for their upper and quarter-deck guns, and none at all for the middle and lower tier." In addition, eight of the "Prince George's" guns had been disabled. It was then, perhaps, just as well that Shovell declined to give

Digitized by Google


A Sea Fight between Her Majesties Royal Fleet, Commanded by the Right Hon^ble S^r Geo^r Rooke Vice Admiral of England &c. and the French Commanded by the Count de Thelouse in the Mediterranean
Hudson & Kearns

THE BATTLE OF MALAGA, AUGUST, 1704.

After SAILMAKER.

his Vice-Admiral leave to attempt what must have been in the circumstances a risky venture. This ended the "Prince George's" share at Malaga, although the British centre and rear squadrons continued the fight some time longer, until the French main body, following the example of their van, moved off to leeward, ending the battle as a "draw," or, as the British Fleet claimed it, a "moral victory." At any rate, no further attempt was made to recover Gibraltar, which the French had proposed to effect, while, in addition, they declined a second battle next day, and bore off to return to Toulon, with Rooke following them, his captains "rummaging for shot," and "resolved," if they caught up with the enemy, "to board and fight it out hand to hand."

Fifteen men were killed on board the "Prince George" at Malaga, and fifty-seven wounded, among these last being Admiral Leake himself and Captain Martin, who both received splinter wounds. The Captain, indeed, had two narrow escapes. "As he was taking orders from the Admiral on the poop to go to Sir Cloudesley a shot passed between him and the Admiral and equally surprised both, neither immediately perceiving whether himself or his friend was hurt." The shot smashed into the bulwarks close by, wounding both officers by the splinters that flew around. Again, a young gentleman, a volunteer in the "Prince George," had his head shot off by a cannon ball while receiving orders from Captain Martin, who was covered with blood and brains. A yet more remarkable adventure befell the Captain's steward, "whose name was Daniel Milker, by birth a German, a very faithful, honest servant, by trade a tailor. This man having no proper business on deck, was ordered below with the chaplain and doctor. Nevertheless, just before the battle began, he would come upon the quarter-deck to attend his master, which, when Captain Martin perceived, he called to him, 'Go down below, Daniel,' said he, 'you have no business to be shot.' 'Sir,' says he, 'do you think I will stay below while my master is on deck? Do you think I will leave my master? No, sir, I'm a German, I scorn it, live or die, what pleases God!' So Daniel continued upon deck by his master, but he had not been long there before a cannon ball took him full upon the breast and down he fell. Though an eighteen-pound shot, it had only knocked him backwards and taken away his breath. His master thinking him shot, ordered him to be taken away, but he, recovering his breath a little, got upon his knees; 'Oh Lord, sir,' says he, 'Oh Lord, here's the shot that hit me, but I believe I a'nt killed,' at the same time pointing to the shot that lay between his legs. 'Zounds!' cries the Captain, 'get up and fight, ye dog, if you are proof against a cannon ball nothing will hurt you.' 'Oh Lord, sir,' says Daniel, 'I have a great pain at my stomach, if you please I'll go down,' and taking up the shot he carried it along with him below."

The Vane of St. Thomas's Church, Portsmouth.

After Malaga, the "Prince George" took part in the two naval bombardments of the Spanish fortresses of Barcelona and Alicante, where parties of her men landed with some of the ship's guns, threw up breeching batteries and took their full part in the trenches, particularly at Alicante, which last place was "invested, bombarded, cannonaded, stormed, and taken by the bravery of our seamen, who mounted a breech that was thought impracticable." The "Prince George" then led a squadron to enforce the surrender of Majorca and the other Balearic islands, finally returning to England at the end of the year 1706 to pay off.

There is a grim other side to the story of this, the last sea going commission of the "Prince George." In the commission, not counting those who fell in fight, she lost within the last six months on board, from scurvy and other sickness, over three hundred men out of a crew of six hundred. "Thrown Overboard," was the grim official explanation why barely half the ship's company did not return to England—a side light

Digitized by Google

mournful in its suggestiveness of what those who went down to the sea in ships of war under the insanitary conditions of service afloat on foreign stations in the days of good Queen Anne had to expect:—

"Aye, stand to your glasses, steady!
The reckless here are the wise:
One cup—to the dead already!—
And one—to the next who dies!"

Thirteen years later, after lying rotting at her moorings in the Medway meanwhile, our first "Prince George" was sent into dock at Deptford to be taken to pieces and rebuilt.

An interesting memorial of our first "Prince George" is in existence in the ancient copper vane, formed as the model of a man-of-war, which surmounts the tower and lantern of Portsmouth Parish Church. The model, which is 6 ft. 10 ins. from bowsprit end to ensign staff and 4 ft. 2 ins. from keel to maintopgallant masthead, was specially presented by Prince George of Denmark when Lord High Admiral, and purports to represent the man-of-war then existing that was named after him—our first "Prince George."

There are two events of special note in the story of our second "Prince George." The first is her presence as flagship in Anson's battle with a French squadron off Cape Finisterre on the 3rd of May, 1747. For an incident of the fight that took place on the quarter-deck of Anson's flagship that day the "Prince George" has acquired a place of her own in Naval story. It was in the war with Spain and France at the end of Walpole's long career in office—"the War of Jenkins' Ear." The "Prince George" had for some time been filling the post that the "Victory" does to-day, that of flagship at Portsmouth, when the Admiralty, acting on certain information, ordered the Channel Fleet to be specially reinforced, and appointed the "Prince George" to be flagship, with Vice-Admiral Anson on board her as Commander-in-Chief. The news that had reached Whitehall, through a secret channel, was to the effect that a specially important convoy of storeships and transports for the French Army in Canada and the French forces in the East Indies was about to sail from Aix Roads powerfully escorted. As the safe arrival of the convoy at its destination would probably have vital effect on the fortunes of the war abroad, it was necessary to waylay and stop the French at all hazards—and with orders to that effect Anson, in the "Prince George," was placed in charge of the Channel Fleet. Sailing from Plymouth Sound on the 9th of April, Anson took up his station in the south-western quarter of the Bay of Biscay, a few leagues off Cape Finisterre, directly in the track that the French expedition would, in ordinary circumstances, bebound to take. The British Admiral spent nearly all the month off Finisterre, "licking" his command into shape as the weeks went by—"exercising his fleet in forming line and in manœuvres of battle, till then absolutely unknown." Apparently the presence of the reinforced British Channel Fleet directly across his path was unknown to the French Commander, for, just three weeks after Anson had set out to intercept it, the expedition set sail, taking the usual route to pass out of European waters—exactly on a course to bring them under Anson's guns. They sailed from their rendezvous in Aix Roads, and at daybreak on the 3rd of May were sighted by the English look-outs attached to Anson's fleet. The French appeared at first as thirty-six sail in all, but as a nearer view began to show them up more clearly to Anson's scouts, it was seen that not more than a fourth of the whole were ships of war. Storeships and transports comprised the bulk of the thirty-six French ships. Vice-Admiral Anson, who, on the enemy being first reported to him had made signal from the "Prince George" for his fleet to get as quickly order of battle, on being assured as to the as possible into men-of-war, that signal and numbers of the stead the hauled down "General hoisted in- course, signal, The larger held their to escape groups. gardless pushed on altogether, speed, re- up to form nine sail war escort- time drew sixty-six the ships of The French of a big transports and pennant. British between chase, the line of the sacrifice them- apparently to what any naval was, of course, just but, equally of the circumstances; were concerned, con- rearguard men-of-war could have but one result.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

GEORGE II.

GEORGE IV.

The story of French fleet and the chase is told in a written by an officer in the "Prince Sunday, the third of May, at eight o'clock in the morning," says the writer, "we saw thirty-six sail of ships, whom we supposed to be French, and found them to be so. At two o'clock we took in two reefs in our topsails, unslung the yards, knocked down the cabins and all the bulk-heads, and cleared the ship for fighting. The wind was N.E., our course south. At half-past two the Admiral made the signal for 'Line of battle abreast,' observing that nine of the French brought to and formed line of battle on the starboard tack to engage. But at three o'clock, observing our superior force, they wore and seemed to go away at large, with their larboard tacks at the cat-heads. Upon this the Admiral made the General Signal to chase and form line of battle without regard to seniority, and soon after that the signal to engage." Anson's flyers, first of all his own old ship of immortal renown, the "Centurion"—in which Anson had made his voyage to the South Seas and round the world—then Boscawen's big "Namur," the "Defiance," and the "Windsor," with guns run out and matches burning, speedily drew upon the self-sacrificing French squadron. The French managed to shoot away the "Centurion's" main topmast and fore-topsail yard as she came on, and made that ship drop astern for a breathing space; but two fresh British ships, the "Bristol" and the "Devonshire," promptly joined the British leading group. As well as they could the French ships defended themselves; but their defence, situated as they were, could not save them. About an hour and a quarter after the firing of the first shot, the "Sérieux," of sixty-six guns, the French Commodore's ship, surrendered, and was followed soon afterwards by the "Ruby" and the "Jason," ships of fifty-two guns each, and the "Gloire," of forty-four. The powerful "Invincible," a ship of seventy-four guns, was all the time defending herself nobly, fighting first with one British ship and then with another, with two together part of the time, until at length, on the approach of the "Prince George,' the

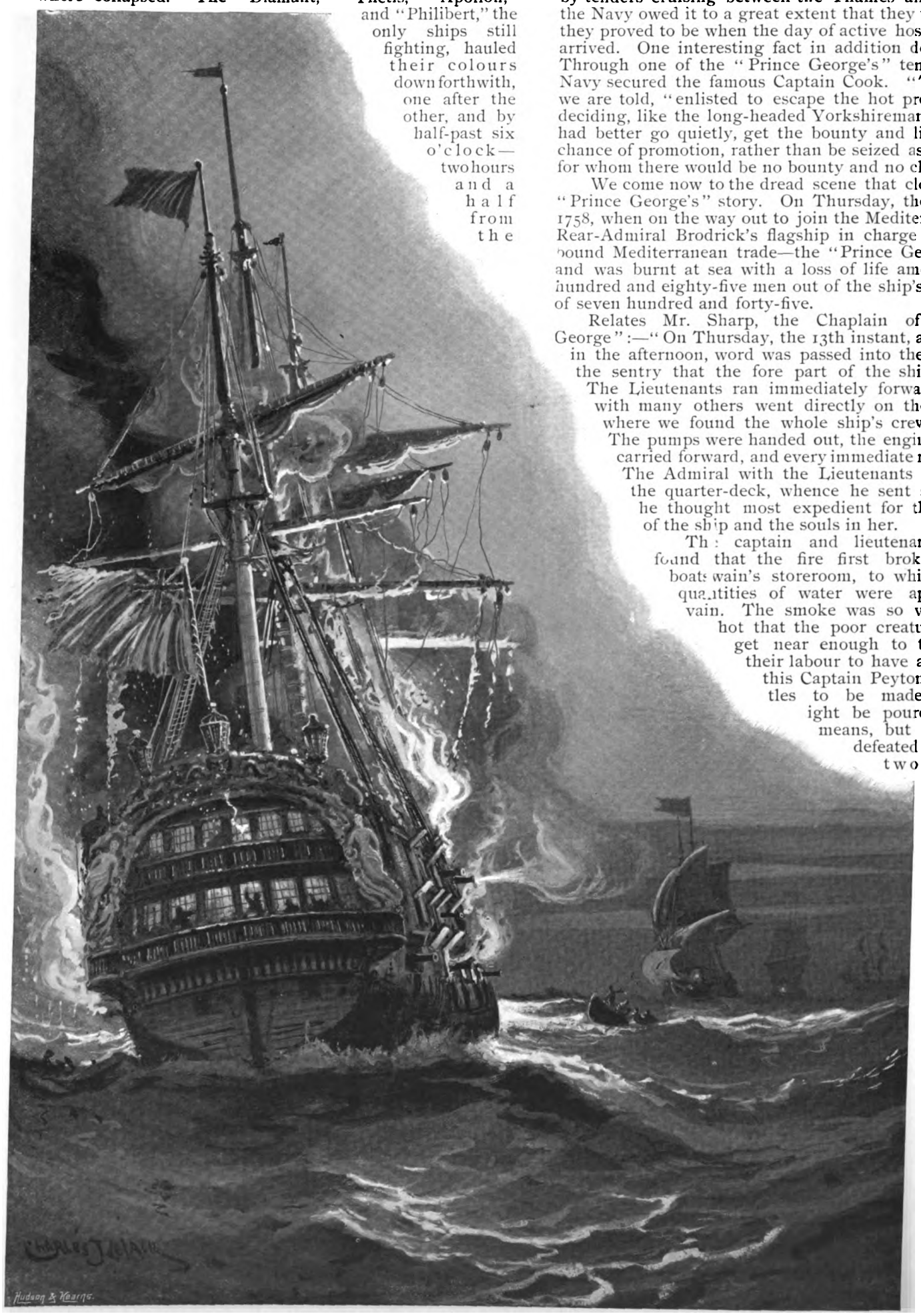
Photo, Thomson, Grosvenor St.

PRINCE GEORGE (DUKE OF YORK).

THE FOUR PRINCES AFTER WHOM THESE MEN OF WAR WERE NAMED.

Digitized by Google

"Invincible" surrendered. Her captain, the Chevalier de St. George, the historic tale goes, when he yielded up his sword on the "Prince George's" quarter-deck, gave utterance to a memorable *mot*. Said he to Anson, with a courtly bow: "*Monsieur, vous avez vaincu 'L'Invincible' et*"—pointing over the "Prince George's" taffrail towards the surrendered forty-four gun ship—"*La Gloire vous suit.*" In the French navy the tale goes to this day that the gallant captain of the "Invincible" used up every cannon ball in his magazines before surrendering, and fired a last broadside from his quarter-deck guns into the "Prince George," with handfuls of *louis d'or* brought up from his private treasure-chest for bullets. With the "Invincible's" surrender, the French resistance everywhere collapsed. The "Diamant," "Thétis," "Apollon," and "Philibert," the only ships still fighting, hauled their colours down forthwith, one after the other, and by half-past six o'clock—two hours and a half from the "Centurion" beginning the action—all was over. It only remained to chase the convoy with part of the fleet and return to England with the rest, Vice-Admiral Anson being received with acclamation on all sides, and the special reward of a peerage from the King.



THE BURNING OF THE "PRINCE GEORGE," 13th APRIL, 1758.

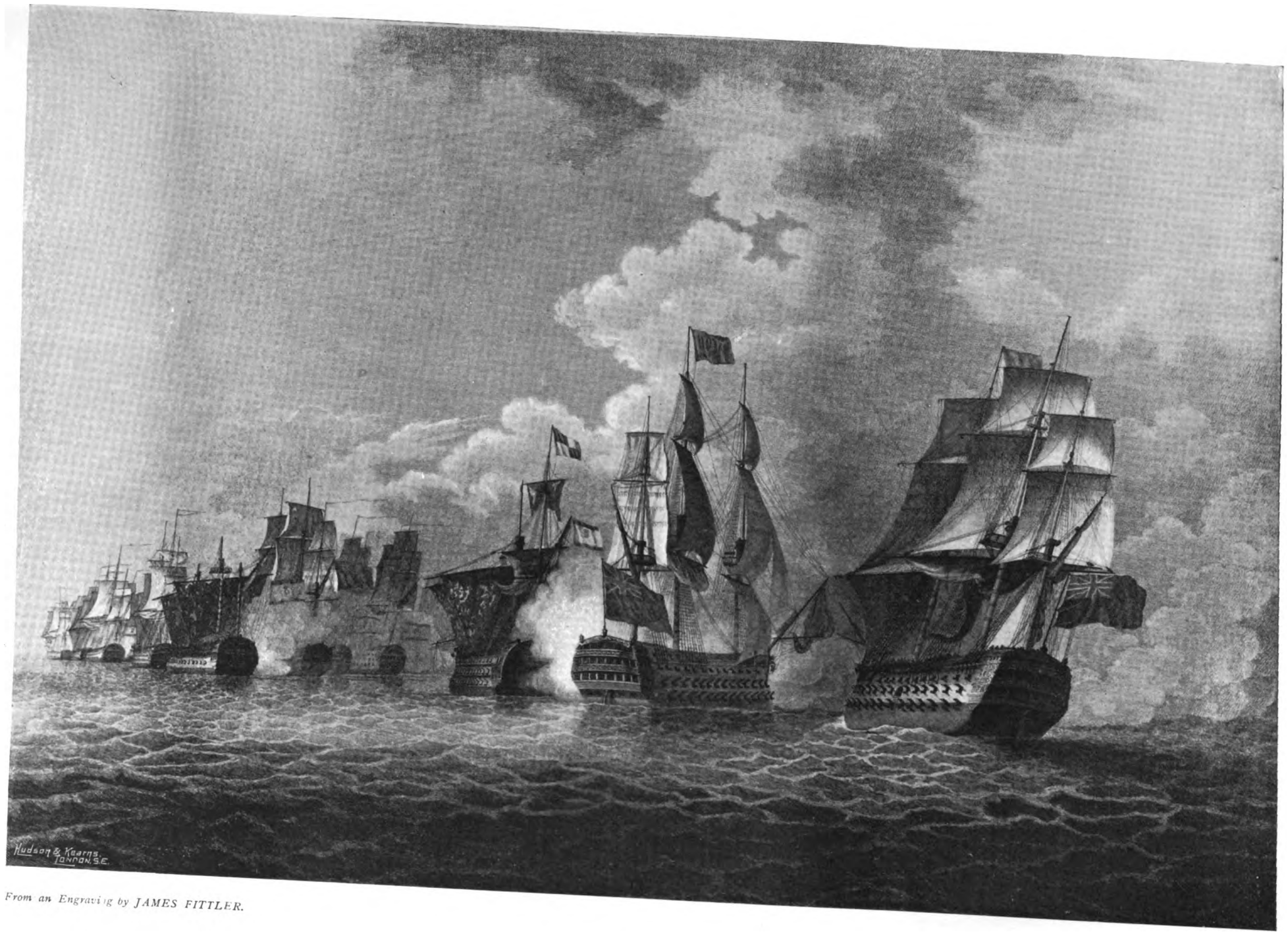
Intermediate between the "Prince George's" battle service as Anson's flagship and the tragic event that forms the second closing scene of the ship's story, mention must be made of an officer who was one of her captains; the famous Rodney was Captain of the "Prince George," then a Guardship at Spithead, in the year 1755, just when we were arming in order to be ready for the outbreak of the war known as the Seven Years' War. To his exertions in beating up for men, by tenders cruising between the Thames and Portland Bill, the Navy owed it to a great extent that they were as ready as they proved to be when the day of active hostilities at length arrived. One interesting fact in addition deserves mention. Through one of the "Prince George's" tenders, the Royal Navy secured the famous Captain Cook. "The Navigator" we are told, "enlisted to escape the hot press in the river, deciding, like the long-headed Yorkshireman he was, that he had better go quietly, get the bounty and likewise secure a chance of promotion, rather than be seized as a pressed man for whom there would be no bounty and no chance."

We come now to the dread scene that closes our second "Prince George's" story. On Thursday, the 13th of April, 1758, when on the way out to join the Mediterranean Fleet as Rear-Admiral Brodrick's flagship in charge of the outward bound Mediterranean trade—the "Prince George" took fire, and was burnt at sea with a loss of life amounting to four hundred and eighty-five men out of the ship's total company of seven hundred and forty-five.

Relates Mr. Sharp, the Chaplain of the "Prince George":—"On Thursday, the 13th instant, at half-past one in the afternoon, word was passed into the ward-room by the sentry that the fore part of the ship was on fire. The Lieutenants ran immediately forward, and myself with many others went directly on the quarter-deck, where we found the whole ship's crew was alarmed. The pumps were handed out, the engine and buckets carried forward, and every immediate remedy applied. The Admiral with the Lieutenants on watch kept the quarter-deck, whence he sent such orders as he thought most expedient for the preservation of the ship and the souls in her.

The captain and lieutenants on search found that the fire first broke out in the boatswain's storeroom, to which place large quantities of water were applied, but in vain. The smoke was so very great and hot that the poor creatures could not get near enough to the flames for their labour to have any effect. On this Captain Peyton ordered scuttles to be made, that water might be poured in by that means, but there he was defeated likewise. Only two carpenters could be found, and they had nothing to work with for a long time but a hammer and chisel each. The lower gun decks were then opened, but the water that flowed in was not sufficient to stop the violence of the flames. The captain then ordered the powder room to be wetted, lest the ship should immediately be blown up and every soul perish in an instant. This had the desired effect,

Digitized by Google



From an Engraving by JAMES FITTLER.

"GLORIOUS ST. VALENTINE," FEBRUARY 14*th*, 1797. *After Lieut.* BRENTON, *R.N.*

Digitized by Google

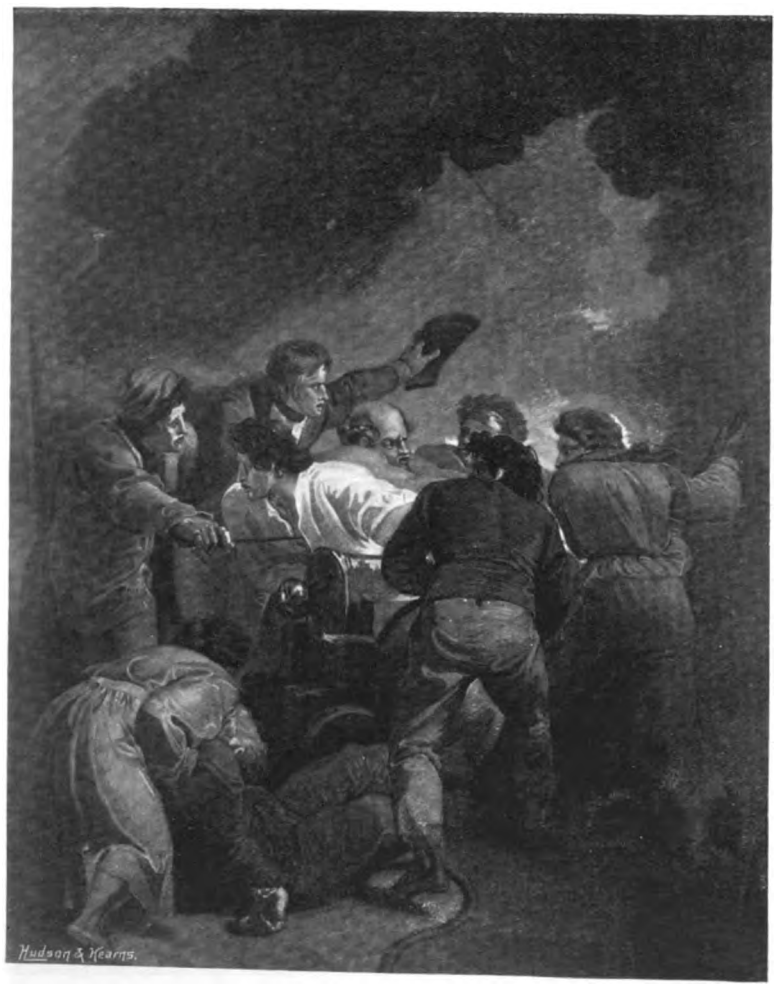
"SAILORS CAROUSING."

and for some minutes we had glimmering hopes. I mention the above particulars, as I was below myself, working with the men as long as I could stand it. Then I went up for air and returned again instantly; consequently as an eye-witness, I can declare these facts. The fire soon increased, and raged violently aft on the larboard side, when as the destruction of the ship was now found inevitable, the preservation of the Admiral was consulted. Captain Peyton came on the quarter-deck and ordered the barge to be manned, into which the Admiral entered, with near forty men. There was no distinction, every man's life was equally precious. The Admiral finding the barge would overset, stripped himself naked and committed himself to the mercy of the waves, and after toiling an hour he was at length taken up by a merchantman's boat. Captain Peyton kept the quarter-deck an hour after the Admiral had left, when he happily got into a boat from the stern ladder, and was put safe on board the "Alderney" sloop.

To conclude with a few lines from notes of the master of the merchantman who was nearest the burning flagship:—"I was within a hundred yards of her stern," the skipper relates, "but durst not venture alongside, the sea running high, it being a dense fog all round, besides the going off of 'Prince George's' guns and the general danger from her blowing up suddenly. At four in the afternoon the Admiral was taken up by a merchantman's boat while swimming. By this time the ships that had boats sent them out, though a good many of them were lost, the weather proving bad. Towards night I was within pistol-shot, and remained there some time and picked up four of the crew. At six, what a dismal sight! The masts and sails all in a blaze, hundreds of souls hanging by ropes towing alongside—I could count fifty of them hanging over by the stern ladder—others in the sea on oars and pieces of wood:—a melancholy spectacle, besides the dismal cries from the ship which still ring in my ear."

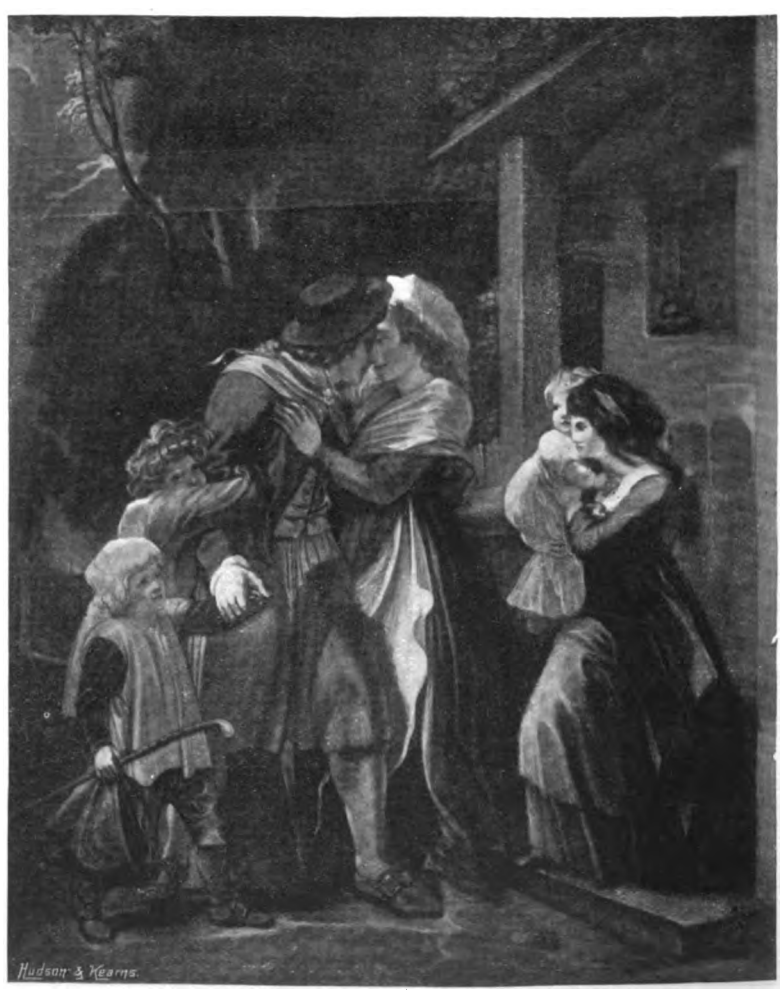
Thus did our second "Prince George" man-of-war pass away, in circumstances hardly less terrible than the better known catastrophe to the "Royal George" at Spithead, a quarter of a century later.

Two years after the "Victory," destined to be Nelson's Trafalgar flagship, was first launched at Chatham dockyard, they laid down in the very same dock that the "Victory"



From Engravings by W. WARD.

"THE GUN CREW."



After STOTHARD.

"THE SAILOR'S RETURN."

These pictures were painted by STOTHARD from sketches he had made on board the "Prince George" at Portsmouth—June, 1779.

Digitized by Google

had been built in, a three-decker 90-gun ship, to which was given the name "Prince George." This was in the summer of 1767. The "Prince George" was completed and sent afloat in 1772.

Her first war service came when she sailed with Admiral Keppel in July 1778, to meet the French Brest fleet at sea. The two fleets—numbering thirty English of the line and thirty-two French—sighted one another some leagues westward of Ushant on the afternoon of the 23rd of July, and manœuvred in presence until, on the morning of the 27th, a shift of the wind in a squall gave Keppel his chance and brought the "Prince George" and her consorts within fighting range of the enemy. It was a sharp encounter, fought broadside to broadside for two hours, each fleet in close line ahead passing on opposite tacks and cannonading fiercely ship to ship. The "Prince George" was nearly in the centre of the British Fleet, two ships astern of the "Victory" herself, with for her immediate leader, Jervis in the famous "Foudroyant." On these three the brunt of the battle fell more heavily than on any other ships in the British line, no fewer than eight French ships together, headed by the big flagship, the 110-gun three-decker "Bretagne," engaging them at one point in the fight. In addition as the two lines forged past each other, the "Prince George," engaged in turn, as each came abreast of her, every ship in the French fleet. After our line had cleared the enemy, Keppel went about to follow in the French wake, intending to overtake them and attack them again, when, unexpectedly his Vice-Admiral, from an unfortunate misunderstanding, failed to support the manœuvre, and brought the action to a premature close.

Eighteen months later we meet the third "Prince George" in her second action—the half-forgotten first battle of St. Vincent, Rodney's attack on Don Juan de Langara off Cape St. Vincent, on the 16th of January, 1780. The "Prince George" was one of Rodney's ships on the occasion (the same Rodney who had been captain of the second "Prince George,") as flagship to the second in command, Rear-Admiral Digby.

Rodney, who was escorting a large store and provision convoy for the relief of Gibraltar, then closely besieged by sea and land sailed from England knowing that the Spaniards would probably have a squadron at sea to intercept reliefs for the besieged fortress, and when he sighted the enemy at one in the afternoon, on the 16th of January, four leagues south of Cape St. Vincent, was quite prepared for them. Before four o'clock the British Admiral was near enough to see that the hostile squadron only numbered eleven ships of the line to twenty-one that he had with him, and on that Rodney hauled promptly down the signal for line abreast, and ordered a general chase. The course Rodney had to take led him close inshore on a rocky and extremely dangerous coast, but the Admiral did not hesitate. He ordered his squadron to risk the rocks and the lee-shore and the fast blowing up storm and push in between the Spaniards and the land, to cut the enemy off from Cadiz, the haven they were making for. The Admiral's orders were obeyed with dashing alacrity.

Ranging up on the eastern side of the rear ships of the enemy, the leading ships of the British opened fire, our broadsides being answered with spirit, but, judging from the small losses in Rodney's fleet, with very bad aim. There was, though, no tarrying to fight it out with the rearmost Spaniards as these were caught up, the captains of the British van relying that the British rear ships would answer for those of the enemy they themselves passed.

Within half-an-hour one of the biggest of the Spaniards —the "San Domingo," of seventy guns—blew up, with all her crew except one mangled survivor, who was picked up out of the sea, and died a day or two later. At six o'clock another Spanish ship struck. The wind rose steadily, and the night came, but not darkness. There was a brilliant moon, and by its light the English could follow the Spaniards. These during the early hours of the night, surrendered one after another. By two in the morning the "Sandwich," Rodney's flagship, was ranging alongside the leading Spanish ship, the "Monarca"—and she in turn after a few broadsides lowered her lights and the battle was won.

A noteworthy event is to be chronicled of the "Prince George" in this cruise. Ever since the 15th of June she had had on board as one of her midshipmen, Prince William Henry, King George the Third's third son, our future King William the Fourth. The boy prince in the battle of Cape St. Vincent received his baptism of fire. His presence in the ship after the relief of Gibraltar, gives point to an interesting little story that has, in its way, become historical. While the "Prince George" was lying in Gibraltar harbour, the captured Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, it is told paid a visit to Admiral Digby, and was introduced to the royal midshipman. During the conference between the Admirals the youngster left the "Prince George's" cabin and did not re-appear until it was intimated that the visitor wished to leave the ship. Then His Royal Highness returned, and in his capacity of midshipman of the watch reported the admiral's barge ready alongside. The Spanish officer seemed immensely astonished at seeing the son of a King performing the duties of a petty officer. "Well does Great Britain merit the sovereignty of the seas," he exclaimed, "when Princes of the Royal Blood are content to learn their duty in the humbler stations of her navy." Prince William himself, at a later day, when Duke of Clarence and heir presumptive to the throne, is related to have spoken of his own experiences of life on board the "Prince George" in the following terms:—"There is no place in the world for the making of an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war."

Prince William Henry on board the "Prince George," Jan. 1780.

It is as one of Rodney's fleet in the West Indies, and in Rodney's magnificent victory off Dominica on the "Glorious 12th of April," 1782, that we next meet the "Prince George." With Sir Samuel Hood's squadron the "Prince George" joined Rodney on his return to the station from England early in 1782. The two admirals met off Antigua, Rodney of course to assume the chief command; and then, with a fleet made up to thirty-six of the line and fourteen frigates with sloops and fire-ships, they proceeded to Gros Islet Bay, St. Lucia. There in the Careenage the British Fleet lay at anchor, filling up with water and watching De Grasse's fleet lying at Fort Royal, Martinique, forty miles off, almost within long telescope sight from our look-

Digitized by Google

out post on Pigeon Island at the entrance to Gros Islet Bay. To this day in St. Lucia they point out the place where Rodney sat early and late, with his telescope at his eye, as the local legend goes, to watch for the signal that the French had put to sea, as it should pass from masthead to masthead along his chain of look-out frigates. Rodney waited and watched there, until at daybreak on the 8th of April the signal came that the French had begun to move out, and were heading to the north-west. So well in hand were the "Prince George" and her consorts that by noon every ship of the British Fleet was clear of Gros Islet Bay, and standing after the enemy under press of sail. They were in sight of the French by sunset.

Next day, the 9th of April, there was a prolonged skirmish, in which the van division of Rodney's fleet had a severe engagement with the French rear. It being practically a calm, the other ships of Rodney's fleet, among whom, in the British rear division, was the "Prince George," were able to take no part in the fighting. All the next day calms kept the two fleets out of range, but within sight of one another, busy repairing damages on both sides. On the 11th of April what wind there was favoured the French, and gave Rodney no chance of forcing on an action. It was only next morning that the wind shifted and the situation altered. De Grasse and his fleet were now to leeward, and the weather gage was on Rodney's side. The "Prince George," as Rodney formed his line for the battle, took her post in the van, where the action opened between eight and nine in the morning.

With her consorts of the van squadron the "Prince George" passed along the whole length of the French line at close range, and giving and receiving broadside after broadside as the two fleets passed. The wind was light, a four-knot breeze at most, so that there was ample opportunity for heavy punishment on both sides. By the time, after midday, that the "Prince George" had passed the last French ship in the line she had been badly cut up aloft, had had her foremast shot down, and had lost some nine men killed and twenty-four men wounded.

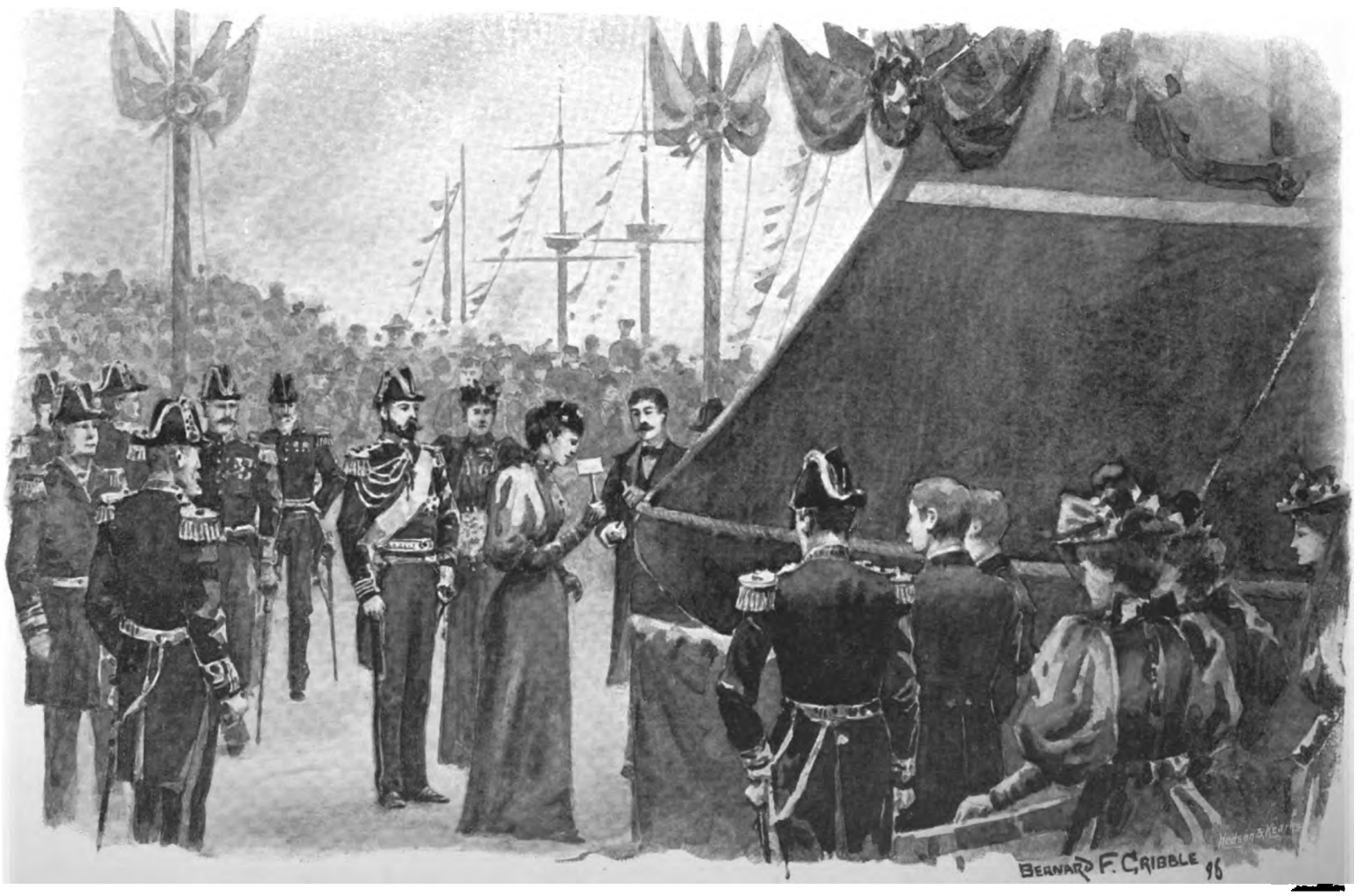
Just at this time it was that the decisive movement happened, the breaking of the French line by Rodney himself, which separated the French fleet into groups of irregular clusters of ships, with one of the headmost of which the "Prince George" and her consorts of the British van had a second encounter. They were, however, hampered by the way their rigging and spars had been cut up in the earlier part of the day, and after their second fight, when the wind died entirely away, had great difficulty in getting round to again join the main battle, even though all their boats were out towing hard. The fight lasted, with intermissions here and there, until evening, when, as the sun was setting, after ten hours of continuous battle, De Grasse himself hauled down his flag from the masthead of his flagship, the "Ville de Paris," the finest ship in the world, and surrendered.

Now the story comes to the Great War with the French of just a hundred years ago, in the course of which the "Prince George" was present in two battles. She took part in Lord Bridport's battle with the French Brest fleet off Belleisle in June, 1795, but did not get much opportunity of showing what she could do. Indeed, very few of the British ships present in that "half-begotten battle" did get any chance at all, those engaged being only the three or four at the extreme van, owing mainly to the admiral's sudden fit of nervousness about running on unknown shoals as he followed the enemy inshore.

After this, temporarily attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, the "Prince George" took part as flagship to Rear-Admiral William Parker, in one of the most celebrated battles of the war, the battle of glorious St. Valentine, on the 14th February, 1797:—"the most timely naval victory, if not the most glorious we ever won." To the "Prince George," with her tremendous broadsides, on that day no small part of the successful result of the battle of St. Vincent is due. First she had a principal part in helping to cripple the "San Nicolas," and in silencing and smashing up the big "San Josef," both of which Nelson completed the capture of by boarding—as all the world knows. Then she reduced the "Salvador del Mundo," another 112-gun three-decker, to the verge of actual surrender. Finally she lent a very powerful hand in reducing to an almost sinking state the celebrated Spanish flagship, the 130-gun four-decker "Santisima Trinidada." The "Prince George" can rest on her laurels for St. Vincent. That she did her full share and more in the work of the day there is further evidence in the "Prince George's" return of powder barrels expended in the battle:—one hundred and ninety-seven, or just thirty-seven more than any other ship expended.

St. Vincent is the "Prince George's" last recorded battle. She continued with the Mediterranean Fleet off Cadiz, blockading the Spanish fleet for other two years, and then in July, 1718, she rejoined the Channel Fleet, where the remaining years of the "Prince George's" service were spent. In 1807 the "Prince George" ceased to go to sea, and was finally put out of commission to serve until 1815 as floating military depôt. We last hear of the old veteran of the days of Keppel and Hood and Rodney and St. Vincent, ending her days at Portsmouth—where for twenty years she had been a sheer hulk—in the year after Queen Victoria came to the throne, by being battered to pieces as target ship for the gunners of the "Excellent."

So, finally we come to our present magnificent battleship, "Prince George," named, in honour of the Duke of York, launched at Portsmouth Dockyard with all ceremonial by the Duchess of York, on Thursday, the 22nd of August last year, and now just completed for sea as a first-class ship of war of the most modern type.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK CHRISTENING THE "PRINCE GEORGE," 22nd AUGUST, 1896

Digitized by Google

The Glories & Traditions of the British Army

The Second Dragoons—Royal Scots Greys

By G. F. BACON.

THE origin of the word Dragoon has been much in dispute. It was the opinion of more than one ancient military writer that these troops received their name from a supposed resemblance to that fabulous monster the dragon, because, says one "they fought in air or on the ground, mounted or on foot." While another likens a Dragoon to the same beast because of his riding at a gallop on horseback with his burning match in his hand. But there is no doubt really that this class of troop derived its title from the weapon with which it was armed, and which was known as "a faire dragon." It was a wheel-lock fire-arm with a barrel sixteen inches long, the muzzle being cast in the form of a monster's head.

In olden days the names of serpents, birds of prey, rapacious animals, etc., were generally used for firearms, which usually had a representation of a reptile, bird or animal either carved or cast upon some part of the weapon. Thus: "Culverin" (a cannon which carried an 18-pound round shot) was derived from the old French *couleuvrine* (Latin colubrinus), meaning snake-like, serpents being formed upon it to constitute handles; "falcon" and "falconet" (also cannons carrying a shot weighing about 2 pounds), the derivation of these terms is obvious; "musket"—the male of the sparrow-hawk; "basilisk," so called from the supposed fear caused by its 160-pound ball; "saker," from *Sagr*, Arabic for sparrow-hawk.

Dragoons originally were simply what we call mounted infantry. They were foot soldiers who used horses only as a means of rapid locomotion. There were at one time, previous to and in 1632, two kinds of Dragoons, pikemen and musketeers. These troops are of French origin, and were introduced by Marèchal de Brissac in 1554, when they were mounted arquebusiers.

The particular regiment which is the subject of the present article has a long and distinguished record. It owed its origin to the opposition offered by the people of Scotland to the establishment of prelacy, which was sought to be imposed upon them by Charles II. The subversion of the Presbyterian religion was enforced by the presence in Scotland of strong military contingents. The intolerable persecution of the Scottish people culminated at last in open rebellion on their part, which was promptly dealt with by the King's forces. Still discontent smouldered, and occasionally broke into open flame. In consequence of continued resistance against the law, three troops of Dragoons were raised and added to the regular army. In 1678, then, the nucleus of the corps which bears as its motto the proud boast of "Second to None," was formed together with a regiment of Foot, the 21st, now known as the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

It was not until 1681 that Charles II. placed the regular forces in Scotland upon a proper and more efficient establishment. Three more troops were raised, and the six troops were then embodied into a regiment under the title of the Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons, by no means to be confused, as it generally has been, with the Royal Regiment of Scots Horse, whose colonel was Graham of Claverhouse. This was not, however, the first regiment of Dragoons which was raised. In 1672, on the breaking out of the war with Holland, a regiment was raised and armed in a similar manner to the Infantry, except that some of the men carried halberds instead of pikes, and a few in each troop were armed with pistols. These troops were placed under the command of that dashing leader of cavalry, Prince Rupert, but were disbanded after the peace two years later. The earliest mention made of this description of soldier in England occurs in a letter written by Charles I. in 1642, in which he complained of the want of "dragooners" to oppose the rebels, whose strength laid in their horsemen.

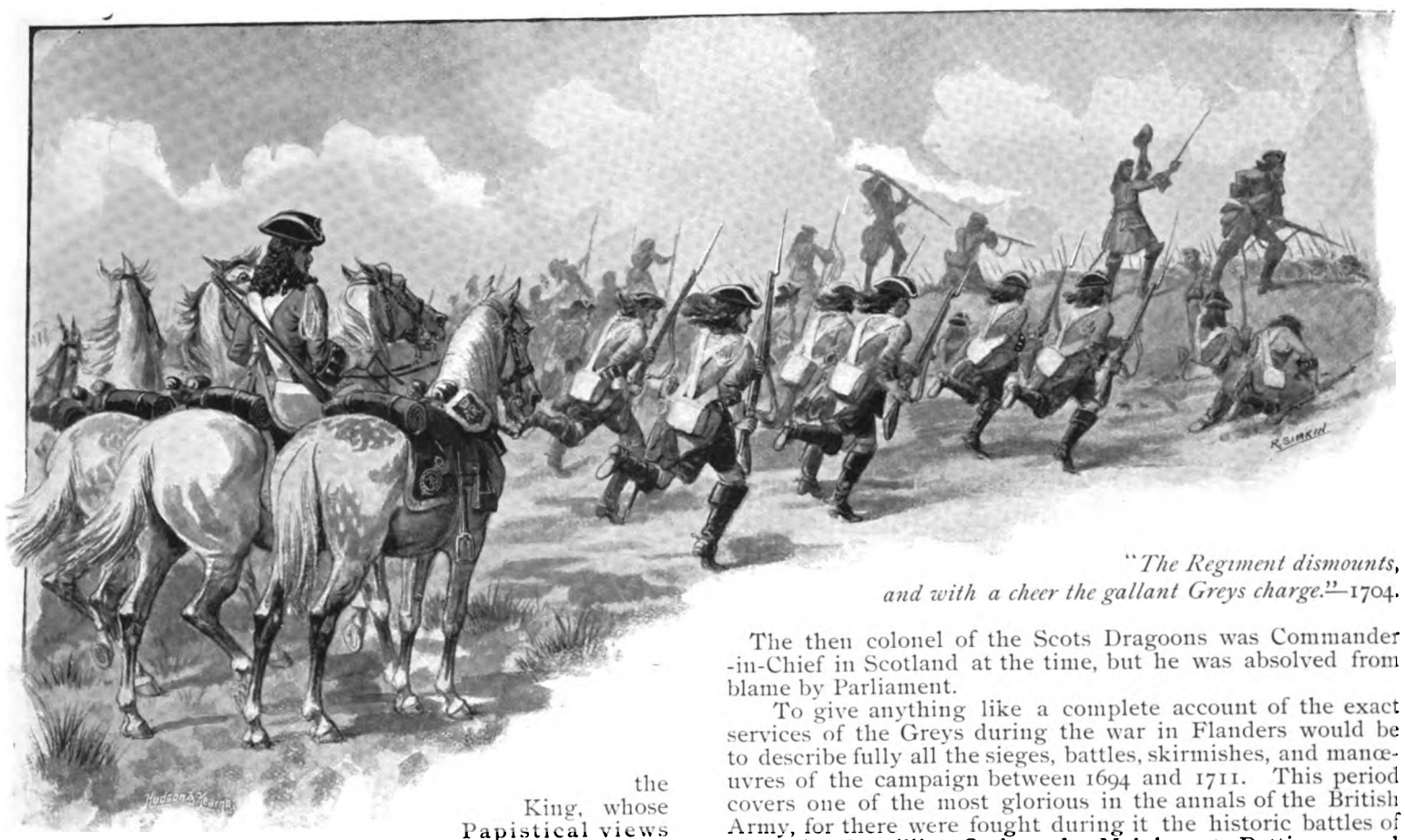
The first Colonel of the Greys was Lieut.-General Dalziel, the then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, whose grim, fierce, relentless nature had not suffered any repression by his early training in the Russian service. He was originally in the Scots forces, and was taken prisoner at Worcester and confined in the Tower, from which, however, he escaped. He fled to Moscow, and like so many of his countrymen have done in later times, obtained a commission in the Russian army and served in many a fierce hand-to-hand fight against the Tartars.

At the Restoration Dalziel returned to Scotland, and in the prosecution of his duties was so harsh that his very name was execrated. He caused to be performed such horrible cruelties on the unfortunate Presbyterians as had never before been heard of in Scotland, even in those rough times. He was an extraordinary looking man. He never wore boots, it is said, and his body was clothed in only one coat, winter and summer alike. He refused to wear a peruke, as did everybody else at the time, nor would he shave his beard after what he called the "murder" of Charles I. In consequence of his severities towards the wretched non-conformists, he was in high favour with the King, and at his death in 1685, was accorded a public funeral conducted with great pomp and solemnity.

For a number of years after the regiment was raised, it was employed in what must have been, and must always be, a most distasteful task to officers and men alike—civil war. This particular series of conflicts was carried on with much needless severity on both sides, and it was, therefore, a most welcome change when the regiment went on active service abroad for the first time in 1694.

As soon as Charles II. died and James II. ascended the throne, the Earl of Argyle landed with about 300 men from Holland with the view of raising a rebellion and of dethroning

Digitized by Google



"The Regiment dismounts, and with a cheer the gallant Greys charge."—1704.

the King, whose Papistical views were much disliked. The Royal Scots Dragoons were among the troops ordered to oppose the rebels. A fight ensued at Stone-dyke Park, where the Dragoons were dismounted, formed up as infantry, and stormed the rebels' position.

The Monmouth rising was meanwhile rapidly gaining headway in England, and the Scots Dragoons were ordered to cross the Tweed; but hardly had they done so when news of the decisive battle of Sedgemoor was brought, and so they returned to Scotland. Again they had to harry the non-conformists, when the sturdy Scots refused to subscribe to the oath that would make them disown their beloved religion. But better times were in store for them, for in 1687 the King removed many of the restrictions put upon them, and the Dragoons were therefore relieved of their distasteful duty of man-hunting. They took part, however, in an expedition into the Highlands, the object of which was to punish the Macdonalds, who belonged to the Laird of Keppoch, and to burn his houses and corn. This drastic proceeding was called called forth by a dispute, followed, naturally, by a fight, over an estate between the Macdonalds and the Mackintoshes.

When James II. abdicated and fled to France, the Scots Dragoons were well disposed to serve under a Protestant monarch, and soon after the accession of William and Mary they became part and parcel of the Army, and occupied the same establishment as the English Dragoons. But when the regiment resumed its quarters in Edinburgh, great dissatisfaction was manifested by a number of the officers, who found that all their friends were removed from power, and that men whom they had formerly known as rebels, were now given commissions in the Army and posts under Government. These officers then began a treasonable intercourse with Viscount Dundee, John Graham, of Claverhouse, who earned his nickname of "Bloody Clavers" by his merciless severity against the Presbyterians, whom he slew and spared not, old men, women and children alike. He was enraged against the Prince of Orange, because the latter once gave the command of a Scots regiment serving under the Dutch flag to another officer over Claverhouse's head. He refused to serve under him, left the Service and took to the mountains and induced, by specious arguments and promises, several of the Dragoon officers to join him, in many instances against their better judgment. He managed to get together quite a formidable force of deserters from his old regiment, the Scots Horse, and several of the clans, including the Macdonalds of Keppoch, burning for revenge for the outrage before alluded to, rallied round him. There then ensued a sort of guerilla warfare all among the hills and Highland passes between a part of the Scots Dragoons who were loyal, and a large force of royalist troops, and Dundee and his rebels of '89.

On June 27th, 1689, the hostile forces met and engaged in the Pass of Killiecrankie, when the King's troops were badly beaten. Dundee was, however, killed in the action. The rebellion lingered on for another two years, when the Jacobites tendered their submission to King William. In 1692 there occurred the shameful massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

The then colonel of the Scots Dragoons was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland at the time, but he was absolved from blame by Parliament.

To give anything like a complete account of the exact services of the Greys during the war in Flanders would be to describe fully all the sieges, battles, skirmishes, and manœuvres of the campaign between 1694 and 1711. This period covers one of the most glorious in the annals of the British Army, for there were fought during it the historic battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Dettingen, and Fontenoy, besides other and minor operations.

At the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century the regiment was known as the Grey Dragoons and the Scots Regiment of White Horses. It has long been supposed that the regiment took its name from the fact that it has always been mounted on grey horses. It was, without doubt, a custom in foreign armies, as well as in our own, to mount cavalry *corps d'élite* upon horses of one colour exclusively. The Life Guards, for instance, have always had black horses. But the Scots Greys were not always mounted on grey chargers. The Dutch troop of Life Guards which William brought with him from Holland, had grey horses, and when they were sent home because of their unpopularity in England, their mounts were taken over by the 2nd Dragoons. It may safely be accepted, however, as the true reason for its name, that before it possessed horses of a distinctive colour the regiment was uniformed in stone-grey cloth. In 1683 General Dalziel obtained a licence from the Privy Council to import material of that colour from England to enable him to clothe his regiment of Dragoons, the Scottish mills not being able to supply him with enough for the purpose. Whenever the regiment obtained its grey horses, they are only first referred to in 1702.

There is no description nor drawing of the uniform when the regiment was first formed, but it was practically the same as that of the English Dragoons of that period, except that it was made of the famous grey cloth, presumably a tweed. The head was covered by an iron helmet, furnished with a nose-piece, and kept on the head by a wide metal-mounted chin-strap; a white linen collar fell over the loose, ample-skirted coat, the boots came up to the middle of the thigh, with straight, large-rowelled spurs.

The arms were an immense pistol, cased in a cumbrous looking holster, and a musket; swords were not worn until much later. But when they went to war under Marlborough, the uniform was not unlike that of the general body of cavalry. Let us take a look at the regiment as on July 2nd, 1704, it was drawn up, awaiting the opening of the British infantry attack, on the heights of Schellenberg on the Danube. They are all stout, broad-shouldered fellows, each wearing a long square-skirted scarlet coat (the grey having by this time been discarded), fastened at the throat and falling away on either side, turned back with blue, over a blue undercoat or waistcoat, the cuffs being ornamented with buttons. Around each man's neck is a linen cravat tied in a neat bow, which has lace at the ends. The hair is worn long; and two broad brown leather belts cross the chest. The saddle cloths and the pistol holsters are blue, with Queen Anne's cipher embroidered in white upon the latter. The men carry their muskets with the butt or stock resting in a "bucket," the barrel projecting under the soldier's right arm.

The attack is delivered, the charge sounded, and away go the stormers, the cavalry moving up in support. The troopers, mounted on their strongly-built grey horses, swing slowly along. Orders are suddenly shouted. The regiment dismounts, musket in hand, and with a cheer the gallant Greys, led by their colonel,

Digitized by Google

Lord John Hay, charge the French entrenchments. They leap over, an irresistible living flood; the enemy's ranks waver and finally break; they fly in every direction. The Irish Dragoons, who have been brigaded with the Scots, gallop off in pursuit. The Greys hastily remount and dash away to participate in the general rout. The day is decided, and the heights of Schellenberg are won.

After this brilliant victory the army went through several manœuvres and marches which eventually brought on the decisive battle of Blenheim, when twenty-four battalions of French Infantry and twelve squadrons of Cavalry were captured. The village of Blenheim covered the right of the enemy's line, and the Greys were ordered to attack and drive out the enemy. Meanwhile the action became general along the whole line. The French and Bavarian allies were driven from their position and routed with immense slaughter. Marshal Tallard, the chief in command, was taken prisoner. The Greys and their comrades in arms dashed at the village, stormed position after position, charged and scattered its defenders. It was a glorious sight, one eminently calculated to stir the blood to madness and to nerve the arm of the weakest. 8,000 allied Cavalry, in two long lines, charged the opposing horsemen, 10,000 strong. The Artillery played so fiercely upon the advance that they were at first forced to to retire. Then the enemy's gun fire slackened. Marlborough put himself at the head of his Cavalry and with irresistible vehemence the line dashed forward. The French horsemen wavered and then fled, pell-mell. The action was long and arduous, but British pluck and dash prevailed. The enemy gave way, then rallied and attempted to force the cordon which was being drawn tightly round them. Each successive attempt was repulsed, until surrounded on every side they made one last desperate wild-cat rush to secure their retreat. They took advantage of one loophole. But in vain! The Greys were too quick for them. They charged out, swooped down upon them and headed them off. The French were caged like rats in a trap, and sullenly threw down their arms. It was estimated at the time that our loss was about 12,000 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was at least 40,000.

Although the regiment took a very prominent part in the struggle, they had wonderful luck, and lost not a single officer or man. By this great victory the French and Bavarian Forces were hopelessly shattered. The prestige of the former received such a tremendous shock that it never once recovered during the remainder of the war. The great English General very nearly met his death at Blenheim. A cannon ball smashed into the ground so near him that he was quite covered with earth and dust, greatly to the consternation of his staff. By this wonderfully narrow escape Marlborough became firmly convinced that it was an evident sign that a special Providence was taking care of him on that eventful day.

In consequence of his brilliant victory he was made a Prince of the Roman Empire, which caused him to assume quite a considerable amount of state. He used to eat his meals alone, and made his son-in-law, the Duke of Montague, stand in attendance upon him. But this exhibition of personal vanity occurred only when he was abroad, where he was invariably recognised and saluted by the title of Highness.

After the battle the regiment was marched into Holland to winter quarters. Before doing so, however, when the King of the Romans visited the English Camp, the Greys with Marlborough at their head, formed a guard of honour to receive him.

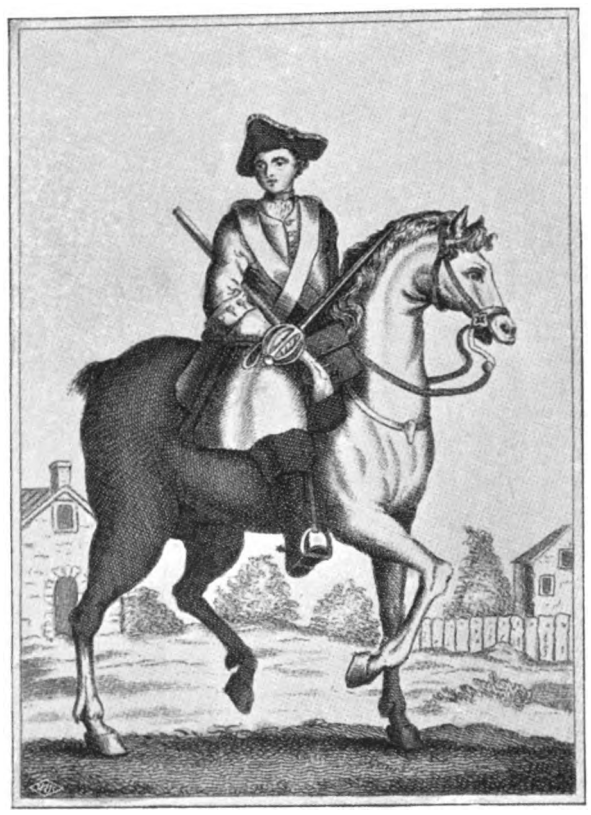
The next affair of any importance in which the regiment engaged was the battle which took place round and about a small village situated about twenty-four miles from Brussels. This village, the name of which has become historic, was destined to be the scene of a sanguinary encounter with the flower of the French Army. The Greys advanced through a thick fog, which, presently lifting, discovered the French Army in position at Ramillies. The success of the fight which ensued was largely influenced by the intrepid and glorious charges made by the Scots Greys. Seizing the exact moment, Marlborough advanced them against the enemy's left. Descending the heights of Foulz, they dashed through a difficult bit of marsh ground, put the French cavalry to flight, and cut up the infantry. Continuing their charge the Greys went clattering over the cobblestoned street of a little village called Autreglise, hacking right and left at the enemy in such dashing style that soon settled the fate of a quantity of infantry which had taken cover there, and still continuing their triumphal ride, they attacked the famous *Regiment du Roi*, surrounded it, and captured its colours and arms. The task of securing nearly an entire regiment proved very great, for, after putting a guard over the prisoners and preparing to set forth again in pursuit, the French made a wild dash for liberty and very nearly succeeded in their desperate attempt. But the commanding officer of the Greys seeing what was the matter, promptly wheeled his squadrons and shouting: "Cut down the treacherous rascals!" led his men against the escaping prisoners, sabred numbers of them, and re-took the remainder. It is in commemoration of this exploit that the Greys wear the bearskin caps, the French regiment being Grenadiers. Then the Greys, free to continue their victorious career, again joined in the general pursuit. About 6,000 prisoners were made, while 52 guns and all the French baggage and pontoons and 80 standards were captured.

No account of the regiment would be complete without a mention of the celebrated Mrs. Christian Davies, who served for some four years in the regiment without her sex being discovered, and who was wounded at Ramillies. This woman had a remarkable career. Born at Dublin in 1667, the daughter of a Dublin brewer, and being left an orphan and entirely destitute, she went to live with an aunt who kept a public house. After this relative's death, she inherited the property, managed it herself, and eventually married a man called Welch, who acted as waiter. Her husband one day disappeared, and after several fruitless attempts to discover his whereabouts, his wife found that he had enlisted in the army and gone abroad. Mrs. Welch thereupon conceived the extraordinary notion of assuming male attire and going in search of her husband. She enlisted in some regiment and went to Holland. At the battle of Lander she was wounded in the legs, and was shortly afterwards taken prisoner by the French, but eventually she was exchanged. She then fought a duel with a sergeant and severely wounded him. This fearless amazon, whose duel was the outcome of a quarrel in which another woman

"Attacked the famous REGIMENT DU ROI, *capturing its colours and drums."*—1706.

Digitized by Google

figured, got into trouble about the affair, but procured her discharge and immediately re-enlisted, this time in the Scots Greys. At Schellenberg she was again wounded, this time in the thigh, but she managed somehow to preserve the secret of her sex. After the battle of Hochstedt, she came across her husband in an unfortunate moment for him. He was a private in the 1st regiment of Foot, and at the time his wife recognised him, he was paying ardent attentions to a Dutch woman. Quite naturally the irate wife made herself known to her errant spouse, and no doubt gave him to understand what she thought of him, and absolutely refused to return to him so long as the war lasted. At Ramillies the indomitable woman had her skull fractured, and her sex was at last discovered by the surgeon who attended her. That of course ended her fighting career; and the colonel of the Greys sent for her husband and induced the couple to become reconciliated and to re-marry. Mrs. Welch then became a sort of vivandière in the regiment, and drove a thriving trade. Her husband was soon after killed, and she was befriended by a Captain Ross, who sympathised so greatly with her that she was nicknamed "Mother Ross." Nothing daunted by the loss of her husband, she married another soldier, who was killed at St. Venant during the siege. When she returned to England she received a bounty of £50 and a pension from Queen Anne of a 1/- a day. She subsequently married yet a third, another soldier named Davies, and followed his regiment until he was admitted as a pensioner into Chelsea Hospital. After a most adventurous life the woman died in 1739, and was accorded a military funeral with full honours in Chelsea Hospital Cemetery.



CHRISTIAN DAVIES
(Otherwise "Mother Ross").

In 1707 the Act of Union was passed, whereby the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united, and the regiment was thereupon renamed the Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons, but no change was made in the uniform. At Oudenarde the following year the Greys again greatly distinguished themselves; and at Malplaquet, in 1709, although unprovided with any sort of defensive armour, they three times charged and finally overcame and drove from the field the pick of the French cavalry, the King's Household mail-clad troops. The Greys, still brigaded with the Irish Dragoons, protected the artillery in the centre of the line, and for their splendid conduct were thanked in person by the Commander-in-Chief. The French were about this time thoroughly reduced to the sorest straits. Their armies were completely overawed, their revenue was decreased; their strong places were captured by the indomitable energy of Marlborough and his splendid troops; and their Provinces were occupied by a hostile enemy. All these were urgent reasons why they should sue for peace, and accordingly the campaign was concluded by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713.

On their return home in that year, the Greys obtained rank as the 2nd Dragoons; they had previously been known as the 4th. Shortly afterwards the regiment was reorganised. It consisted then of nine troops. Three of these and two of the Royal Dragoons were combined with a newly-raised troop to form a regiment, now known as 7th Hussars, "The Black Horse." The Greys took part in repressing the rebellion stirred up by the Earl of Mar on behalf of the Pretender in Scotland, and engaged the rebels in the pitched battle of Dunblain.

Their next tour of active service came in 1742, when they were ordered abroad. George II. was assisting Austria against Bavaria, France and Prussia. Lord Stair, upon whom the mantle of Marlborough had certainly not descended, managed to get himself shut up in a regular trap. The army was closed in on nearly every side in a narrow valley, a sort of gut between the river Maine and the hills, cut off from forage and supplies of all sorts by the French Marshal, Noailles. It was at this critical juncture that George himself, with his son, the Duke of Cumberland, who was soon to gain unenviable notoriety as the "Butcher of Culloden," joined his army. Nothing could be done except to retreat to Hanau, in order to join hands with the Hanoverians and Hessians

"Charged and overcame the pick of the French cavalry."—Malplaquet, 1709.

Digitized by Google

who were there. Accordingly the army moved away, silently and stealthily. But the French received notice of the movement, and a large force was drawn up directly in their path, with orders to engage the English until the main body of the French could cross the river and fall upon them. The French tactics were simple—tremendous volleys of musketry fire followed by cavalry charges. The Greys, now wearing the high-pointed grenadier caps, supported the infantry for a time, but chafing at their restraint, the Colonel, James Campbell, a splendid leader, let them loose at the enemy. Uttering a tremendous yell, the Greys charged like a whirlwind, and so admirably was the distance calculated, that they fell at just the right moment upon the French and Prussian armour-clad horsemen, whom they hurled back and chased to the very rear of their line. The blood of officers and men alike was at fever heat. Nothing could withstand their onslaught. With renewed impetus they dashed at the French Household mailed warriors, utterly swept them off the field, and captured their standard—a magnificent affair, made of white damask, richly embroidered with gold and silver—and the field of Dettingen was won. The most amazing circumstance in connection with the prominent part which the regiment took in the battle was the extremely slight casualty list. One officer and a few troopers were wounded, and only four horses were killed, and two wounded.

"The Greys have escaped best," wrote a field officer shortly after the battle, "though they took most pains to be demolished." This good luck was more than balanced later on. At Fontenoy their colonel, Sir James Campbell, and fifteen men were killed; while at the battle of Val they suffered much more severely. They charged the French, and in their enthusiasm continued the pursuit too far, and were shot down at close quarters by some French infantry concealed behind hedges. This so infuriated the cavalry that they turned from the flying horsemen of the enemy, and cleared the hedges effectually until the order to retire was given—an order but reluctantly obeyed by the Dragoons, smarting as they were under their losses. Over 100 were killed and about half that number disabled. Two officers were taken prisoners and 131 horses were killed.

The Troop Leader placing his Vedettes on the Morning of the Battle.—Dettingen, June 16, 1743.

In consequence of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle the regiment returned home in 1748, when George II. took stock, so to speak, of his army, and issued several warrants with respect to clothing, arms, and standards of the different regiments. Those with regard to the Greys may be briefly set down. The regiment still had its grey horses, and each man was picturesquely uniformed as follows: Scarlet double-breasted coats without lapels, lined with blue, cuffs turned back with blue, the button-holes ornamented with narrow white lace, flat white metal buttons, set two and two, and a white worsted aiguillette on the right shoulder. The breeches and waistcoat were blue. The high-pointed, sugar-loaf Grenadier caps were of blue cloth, with red flaps, and with the badges of the regiment on back and front. "Jack" boots, scarlet cloth cloaks lined with blue, and blue collar. Horse furniture was blue. The officers were distinguished by silver lace and crimson silk sashes across their left shoulders. Sergeants wore narrow silver lace, silver aiguillettes, and blue and yellow worsted sashes round the waist; and Corporals white silk aiguillettes.

It was at a review about this time, that George II. asked the French Ambassador who was present, what he thought of the Scots Greys. The Ambassador made a guarded and diplomatic reply. The King then added:—"I can only tell your Excellency that they are the best troops in the world."

"Has your Majesty ever seen the French Royal Guards?"

"No"; answered the King, drily, "but my Greys have!" He was referring to the splendid achievements of the regiment at Dettingen.

A few years after the dawn of the nineteenth century, came the culminating battle of the long series of hard-fought struggles with the once dominant power of France. In common with the rest of the troops, the Scots Greys suffered all the discomforts of mud, rain, soaked clothing, and sodden provisions, before the battle of Waterloo. They took up their position on that eventful day behind the left centre of the line, and they were obliged to wait for a long time in chafing inactivity. A multitude of glittering bayonets and streaming colours came sweeping along in solid phalanxes, preceded by clouds of skirmishers. A division of French Infantry, outstripping their fellows, charged up into the centre of Wellington's position, and forced the summit of the hill upon which was the Duke. The Greys were moved up to support the infantry who were opposing the French advance. Some of the troops composing the attacking force were Napoleon's Foot Guards, great, big, strapping fellows, hardy old campaigners most of them, who had been with their hitherto invincible leader in numberless battles. The troops that prepared to bar the way were also war-scarred veterans who had fought under the Iron Duke in Spain and Portugal, but who were weaker in numbers than the Frenchmen. To the left of the English regiments was a brigade of German cavalry and light horsemen. When the French Guards came up, they charged these, and made frightful havoc of them, men and horses alike. So shaken were the Prussians that they were broken up and forced to retire. The French then turned their attention to the sturdy English regiments who had formed from square into line in order to receive them.

On came the victorious Guards, flushed with their easy triumph over our allies. This was only one of the many critical moments of the day. Uttering fierce cries of "*A bas les Anglais!*" they swept along. Our brave fellows were not behind hand in their reply, and a fierce bayonet to bayonet, knee to knee struggle commenced. Sheer weight began to tell — the infantry were shaken — the fight broke up into a series of more or less isolated combats Suddenly the bugles rang out. Orders were shouted. Some semblance of a line was evolved out of the struggling mass. The pschological moment had arrived. The foot soldiers opened ranks, the squadrons, passing through the intervals.

Then their turn came. The gallant Uxbridge gave his orders, which were instantaneously repeated through the brazen throats of the cavalry trumpets—

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

Down they charged straight at the face of the opposing columns. The foremost ranks of the enemy were absolutely broken up. Away plunged the Greys into the thickest of the fight. Like a huge grey wave topped with crimson and white, the regiment pierced their way through rank after rank of the French. Loud above the roar and din of battle rose the battle-cry, "Scotland for ever!" Along they dashed, encountering masses of the enemy that wellnigh overlapped them. The French infantry broke. The firing ceased; and as the smoke slowly curled away on the damp air, the huge white plumes on the towering bearskins were seen like flashes of foam on a troubled sea of struggling, fighting ensanguined mobs of men. Numberless deeds of daring and valour during that wonderful ride went unnoticed and unrecorded. A man on foot, armed with rifle and bayonet, is generally accounted a match for any cavalry soldier. But at Waterloo, when the big heavy men, knee to knee, on the big heavy grey horses, came tearing down upon the French infantry, they carried all before them. Their opponents, stalwart, seasoned old soldiers, scattered, and were cut down, ridden over, decimated.

During the fight, Sergeant Charles Ewart performed a glorious feat. As the Greys attacked the 45th regiment of French infantry, Ewart singled out the officer who was carrying the Eagle and rode for him. The Frenchman fought hard. He thrust at Ewart's groin; but the Scotsman parried

Digitized by Google

"Away plunged the Greys into the thickest of the fight."—Waterloo. 1815.

and cut his opponent through the head. Then a French lancer rode up and attacked him by throwing his lance at him. This, too, Ewart parried, and then getting furious, he charged the man, and with a strong sweep of his arm and a dexterous turn of the wrist, cut the lancer from the chin upwards right through his teeth. Another Frenchman then came up, this time a foot soldier, and engaged him with his bayonet. But Ewart soon disposed of him, by nearly shearing off his head. After this, the gallant fellow went on, Eagle and all, to follow his comrades, but General Ponsonby stopped him.

"You brave fellow!" said the General. "Take that to the rear. You have done enough until you get quit of it."

Ewart obeyed orders, but with the greatest reluctance.

Following up their unprecedented success, the Greys went on, charging everything they came across: Lancers, Cuirassiers, artillery—little they cared—until they actually penetrated to the very rear of the French position. Their glorious valour cost them dear, and it was only by hard, desperate fighting that they regained the British lines and resumed their post only just in time to give their mighty support to their gallant comrades of the 92nd Highlanders. This reckless handful—for there were barely two hundred of the 92nd left—charged a column of French about two thousand strong. With the odds of ten to one against them, these brave fellows never hesitated for a moment. They pierced right into the centre of the French, and when the Greys charged up, the Highlanders broke ranks, and clinging to the horsemen's stirrup leathers, went surging into the mass to the wild skirling of the pipes and the yells of "Scotland for ever!" Infantry and cavalry together destroyed or captured nearly every single man of the opposing force.

Small wonder is it that Napoleon, who was greatly impressed by the excellent manœuvring and swordmanship of the Greys, exclaimed:

"*Ces terribles chevaux gris! Comme ils travaillent!*"

Unfortunately, during the big charge, the Union Brigade—the Scots Greys, the Royals, and the Inniskillings—encouraged and excited by the success which had attended their gallant efforts, followed up their advantage rather too far. They swept across the plain, making light of the ravine that lay across their path, and captured, but failed to bring off, several batteries. But when they had reached the rear of the enemy's position they were naturally much broken and disorganised. The French, smarting under the havoc caused by the passage of the serried ranks of the Heavy Dragoons, regained confidence and fell upon the regiments with a large force of Lancers and Cuirassiers. It was a case of fresh troops against spent ones. Yet our men, breathless and panting from their mighty exertions, with their horses covered with mud, fetlock-deep, proved equal to the occasion. They rallied, like the heroes they were, and though sadly cut up, they fought their way through, literally hacking their path back towards their own lines, but not without heavy losses.

The gallant commander of the Brigade, Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, was one of those who rode through the victorious charge, but who never returned. His horse was blown, and on the return hopelessly floundered about in the miry depths of a piece of ploughed land. Despite all the efforts of his men, he was set upon and killed by the French Lancers.

When what remained of the regiment came back by twos and threes in scattered groups, the men resumed their former position, exposed to a heavy fire from the French Artillery. Great as the British losses had been, those of Napoleon's splendid army were greater, and the French leader sought to force the issue. Well might Wellington sigh for "Night or Blucher"; for in very truth victory was hanging in the balance. Desperate attempts were continually being made by the enemy's infantry as well as by his cavalry to force the stubborn English foot regiments, stretching across the field in isolated squares, to yield their ground. But with bull-dog tenacity they held on with iron grip. The Greys, in common with the Household Cavalry and the other Heavy Dragoons, were condemned to a time of motionless inactivity, until at length the Duke of Wellington assumed the offensive. The whole army made a simultaneous advance. The Life Guards and the Blues charged, and then the whole line was ordered to move. The Greys, all that was left of them, with men and horses alike refreshed by the enforced bodily rest, joined in the pursuit. For Napoleon's army gave way; his troops were utterly and entirely broken up and pursued with dreadful effect by the English cavalry, were eventually driven from the field, and the glorious field of Waterloo was won!

For their conspicuous gallantry at Waterloo the Greys are allowed to display the Eagle on their guidons, and "Waterloo" on the plume-socket of their bearskin caps. Every officer and man who was present at Waterloo received a silver medal, and was entitled to reckon the action as representing two years towards his pension.

Digitized by Google

Photogravure Engraving by H. T. RYALL. After R. ANDSELL, A.R.I.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

Digitized by Google

"The tall, stalwart form of the Adjutant of the Greys, Lieut. MILLER, was seen standing in his stirrups, and yelling with all his strength—'Rally—the Greys!'"

Digitized by Google

In April, 1854, when war was declared against the Emperor of Russia, the Scots Greys were quartered at Nottingham, whence they marched to Liverpool and proceeded to the Crimea. They arrived on Russian soil a few days after the battle of the Alma, and were attached to the Heavy Cavalry Brigade under General Scarlett, the other cavalry regiments in the command with them being the Royals, Inniskillings, and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards.

They engaged the enemy several times during the advance on Sebastopol, but it was not until the 25th October, that ever memorable day in the annals of British cavalry, that their one and only chance came. That they were prompt to take advantage of it is a matter of history, for of all the many glories and traditions of the British Army, the brilliant and dashing charge of the Heavies takes a foremost position.

The uniform of 1854 was not unlike that of the present day, except that overalls were worn instead of breeches and boots, and the officers wore sashes round the waist.

It is said that there was a feeling in the Crimea that our cavalry had not been handled by their commanders with a proper amount of skill, and that advantage had not been taken of many chances of utilising their services in many cases. However this may be, there certainly was a feeling of irritation and exasperation extant which no doubt caused the cavalry to burn for some occasion to arise so that they could prove to all the world that the tales of their prowess at Waterloo, to go no further back, were not unwarranted. And so when their time came—when they flew at the throats of the stalwart horsemen of Holy Russia—the knowledge of the heroic deeds done by their forefathers in the long-ago, backed by their confidence in their long straight swords and strong right arms, caused the emptying of many Russian saddles, and the sound of lamentation to arise in many a far distant village away in the frozen north.

Across the valley of Balaclava there stretched a chain of hillocks four in number, upon which the Turks had constructed redoubts armed with a few heavy ship's guns. With the object of attacking our position, the Russians detached a strong body of horse, together with some guns and several battalions of infantry. These troops, at about seven in the morning, attacked the redoubts, and in spite of the efforts of some of our artillery and cavalry, succeeded in storming and carrying one after the other, the Turks bolting like hares towards the Highlanders' position. A little later a strong body of Russian infantry moved down to the valley, preparatory to an attack in force, their front covered by a line of artillery. The second redoubt fell; again was seen the spectacle of Cossack chasing Moslem; and then the third little fort was attacked.

The Highlanders, meanwhile, were drawn up at a distance of about half a mile from the Russians, who, halting to enable the rear squadrons to close up, prepared to charge and annihilate the gallant 93rd. Brave old Colin Campbell never altered their formation, but received that tremendous onslaught in line, to use the world-famous phrase, "with that thin red line tipped with steel." The Russians were simply mown down, and the survivors fled. Another body of Russian cavalry, pursuing the flying Turks, surged up to the ridge which concealed our cavalry. The Heavy Brigade was drawn up in two lines. The first consisted of the Scots Greys with the Inniskillings; the second was composed of the 4th Royal Irish, 5th Dragoon Guards, and 1st Dragoons. As the Heavies were moving from their position in order to cover the approaches, the enemy's cavalry came after them over the ridge. Lord Lucan saw the danger, galloped after his men, wheeled them round, and ordered them to advance. The first Russian line was composed evidently of some *corps d'élite*, clothed in a gorgeous light blue uniform glistening with silver. A large body of Lancers came up behind them, and the rear was brought up by a body of Dragoons in grey.

The trumpets of the Heavies rang out successively the advance, the trot, and the charge. Like a thunderbolt the Greys and Inniskillings went straight at the centre of the enemy. Wheeling slightly to the left the Greys swept on with a tremendous force and loud shouts. On they went, gathering force and pace at every stride. There came a terrific crash as the opposing forces met. Through and through their ranks the gallant Heavies charged. By sheer weight and strength and indomitable courage the stalwart troopers and their weighty grey horses pierced rank after rank, until they were again seen far among the rearmost squadrons of the Russians. The rest of the Heavies followed on in no less gallant a manner, until the whole mass was writhing beneath the irresistible onslaught of our men.

In the midst of the sanguinary struggle the tall, stalwart form of the adjutant of the Greys, Lieutenant Miller, was seen standing in his stirrups, and yelling, with all his strength—"Rally—the Greys!"

All those who were able fought their way towards him panting, wounded, and covered with dust and

THE SCOTS GREYS EMBARKING FOR THE CRIMEA—APRIL, 1854.

Digitized by Google

blood, and cleared a space round him. As many of the regiment as could be collected were formed up, and once more charged. Just then a squadron of the Inniskillings dashed in on the left of the Russians. The Charge of the Heavy Brigade was over. The encounter was won. Again the unflinching Dragoons were victorious, and more than ever entitled to the motto "*Nulli Secundus.*"

Fine old Sir Colin Campbell rode up later on, and uncovering cried:

"Greys! Gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old, and if I were young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks!"

The enthusiasm of the troops who witnessed this glorious charge of the Heavies was unbounded. Officers and men waved their caps and shouted and cheered as the effects of the charge was apparent in the rout of the Russians which ensued. Lord Raglan who, with his staff, occupied a commanding position on a ridge, overlooking the scene of the struggle, sent one of his aides-de-camp to General Scarlett who had led the charge with unfaltering courage.

"His Lordship bids me say, Sir," said that officer, "that the charge was admirably executed."

The Russian cavalry retired in much confusion after this heavy blow, while shot after shot from the batteries plunged through their disordered ranks. After the charge the Heavy Brigade moved up to the neck of the valley just about the time when the Light Cavalry had been ordered to charge the Russian guns. The Greys who, together with their old Waterloo comrades the Royals, were in the first line, where exposed to a tremendous cross-fire from guns and from the musketry of the Russian infantry who had by then occupied in force the captured redoubts, but they escaped fairly well.

Despite the tremendous fighting, the loss of the Greys was very slight. Their total casualties were two men and fourteen horses killed, and four officers, five sergeants and forty-eight men wounded. Sergeant-Major Grieve performed a gallant action when he rescued an officer who was in imminent danger of being killed in the *melée*. He was cut off and surrounded by the enemy, when Grieve caught sight of him. Charging up to the spot, the Sergeant-Major cut down one Russian, and disabled and dispersed the others. For this conspicuous bravery Grieve was one of the proud band of sixty-two sailors and soldiers who paraded before Her Majesty on June 26th, 1857, in Hyde Park, when the most highly-prized decoration in the British Army, the Victoria Cross, was pinned to his breast by the Queen's own hand. Another non-commissioned officer of the regiment also signally distinguished himself on that historic occasion, and for his bravery received the much-coveted Victoria Cross. Sergeant Ramage first of all saved the life of a wounded comrade; then he rescued another from no less than seven Russians, whom he dispersed; and wound up the day by dismounting in the valley and taking a Russian prisoner, whom he brought off in triumph.

The regiment remained in the Crimea until peace was made, and took their share of the terrible privations which fell to the lot of those brave fellows, so many of whom, after fighting gallantly and splendidly, died miserably for the want of proper food and clothing. One shudders to think of it even now, and if the mighty pen of the *Times* correspondent had not been invoked on behalf of the suffering British Army, no one can say what their lot would have been.

"I should be proud to serve in your ranks!"

The Greys embarked for the Crimea with eighteen officers and 299 men; while at the seat of war they received drafts amounting to ten officers and 272 men. Two officers and ninety-one men never returned, and eleven officers and seventy-five men were invalided home.

Since 1856, the regiment as a whole has seen no active service. But in 1884 a detachment of two officers and forty-four men formed part of the Camel Corps in Egypt, and went through the desert march and took part in the battle of Abu Klea. At that affair one officer and twelve men were killed, and three more men died of disease.

The Colonel-in-Chief of the Greys is the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia. When Her Majesty was pleased to appoint the Czar to the command, a deputation from the regiment, consisting of Colonel Welby, Major Hippisley, Captain Scobell and Sergeant-Major Duncan, went to St. Petersburg in order to wait upon their new Colonel, and while there they were treated as visitors of distinction. The Czar is very proud of the privilege of commanding one of the crack cavalry regiments of the English Army, and made a point of wearing its uniform when he was recently staying here. For 217 years the regiment has existed, and their successes have been almost unparalleled. In scarcely one instance has the regiment suffered defeat, and only once, at Val, did they lose a standard.

May success be with them in the future as glory has always been; with such a record of glorious traditions behind them may they ever exult in their proudest of all boasts—"Second to None!"

THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS—"SECOND TO NONE."

The next Special Number of this Series will contain the Histories of the 1st Royal Scots (Lothian) Regiment and the "Warspite."

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 29.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1897.

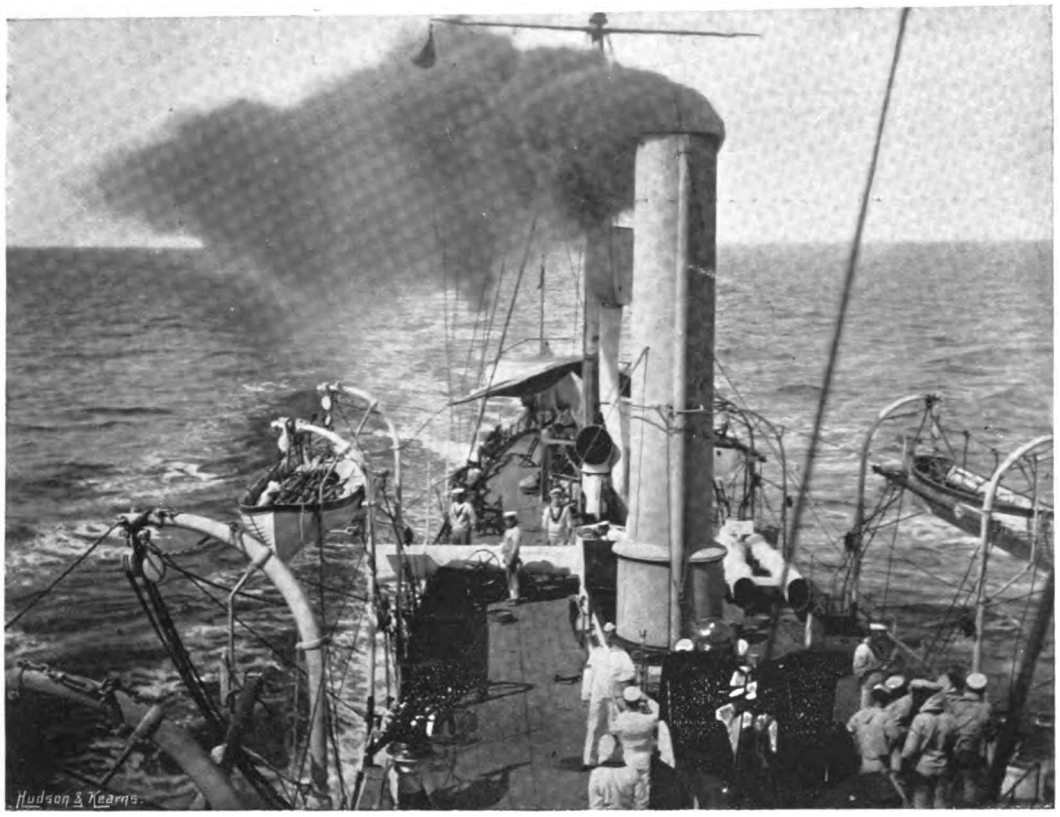
Photo. HEATH, Plymouth.

REAR-ADMIRAL EDMUND CHARLES DRUMMOND.

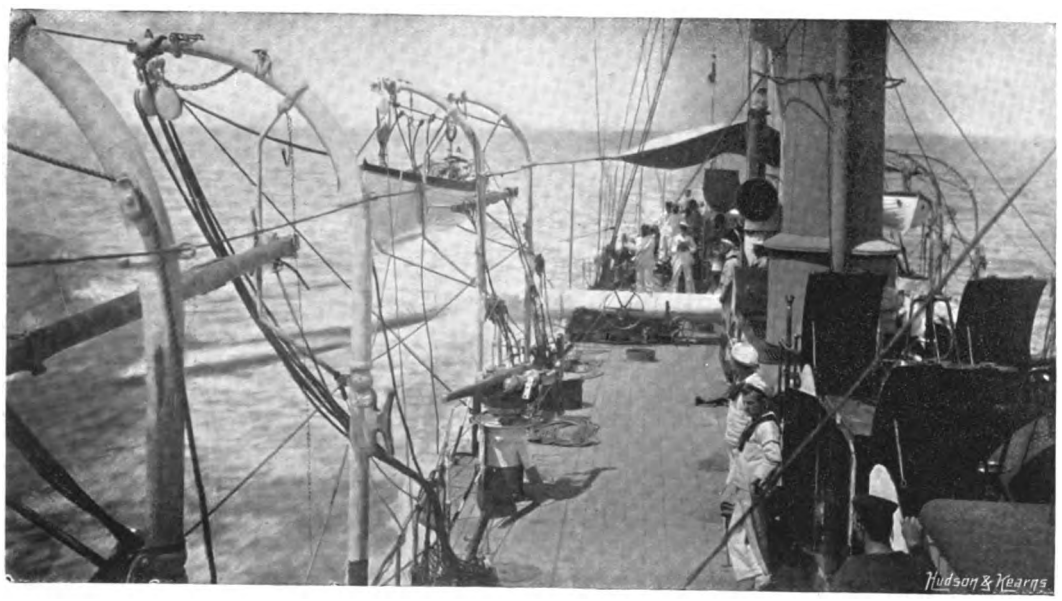
THE Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies Station, who at present has his flag in the cruiser "Bonaventure," entered the Service in 1855, at the time of the Russian War, in which he had a part in the Baltic. As a captain he served under the late Sir GEORGE TRYON as an Assistant to that gallant and lamented officer when Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves. Before going out to assume the command in the East Indies, Rear-Admiral DRUMMOND took part in the Naval Manœuvres of 1894, in charge of one of the fleets. He hoisted his flag in the "Bonaventure" to take up his present command in January, 1895, and will be relieved next April, when the "Bonaventure" returns home to be replaced by a larger ship.

Digitized by Google

TORPEDO PRACTICE at SEA: H.M.S. "Boomerang."



THE STARBOARD DOUBLE TUBE READY TO FIRE.



DOUBLE DISCHARGE FROM THE STARBOARD TUBE.

TORPEDO JUST LEAVING THE TUBE.

THE Whitehead Torpedo was originally designed to be discharged from a submerged position, but the great difficulty experienced in finding suitable arrangements for doing this from a vessel under way, or rather the greater facility for the above-water discharge and the large arc of training it allowed, caused the latter plan to be earlier and more readily adopted. Submerged torpedo tubes, as the apparatus for firing them from an under water position are called, are frequent now, but at one time the "Polyphemus" and the "Vesuvius" alone had them. An objection to them was the difficulty in arranging for much, if any, arc of training, but the principal difficulty was found in the arrangement to carry the torpedo clean out of its discharge-hole in the ship's side without being jammed or damaged by the passing current, due to the passage of the ship through the water. Most torpedoists were in favour of the submerged plan, if it could be perfected, as so many troubles occurred from the violent blow the torpedo received falling on the water from the above water position. The first patterns of torpedoes, especially those made by Mr. WHITEHEAD, simply would not stand it, but Woolwich Arsenal quickly came to the rescue and, together with the practical experience and suggestions of the "Vernon" Naval Torpedo School, they every year improved the strength and speed of the torpedoes manufactured by them. There has always been some little differences in make between those made at Woolwich and those made by Mr. WHITEHEAD, the latter being termed "Fiume" pattern.

Almost every English man-of-war now carries one or more above-water discharging apparatus, termed "torpedo tubes," placed about six or more feet above the water-line on each side of the ship, or on the "broadside," as it is termed, also generally one right ahead in the stem, and one in the stern. Those on the broadside can be trained through a considerable arc, but the bow and stern ones are fixed in direction straight ahead and astern.

The method of discharging was originally by means of a piston which, working in rear of the tube, ejected the torpedo. This plan had its drawbacks as being too rough a blow on the tail of the torpedo. The next method was an air-gun: this was a great improvement, distributing the pressure of discharge over the whole of the rear part of the torpedo instead of on the tail only. An improved plan was to utilise the air-guns, substituting a small charge of powder for the air-pressure: this plan has answered admirably.

The accompanying illustrations show different phases of the above-water discharge.

Two kinds of targets are used: a stationary one, consisting of two flag-buoys moored about 80 feet apart; the ship then steams past at a distance of 600 yards or more, and endeavours to shoot her torpedo so that it shall pass between the flag-buoys; two boats are kept lying near the target to watch for the torpedo and recover it at the end of its run. Its track is plainly visible from the ship firing by the bubbles of escaped air it leaves behind; it is sometimes difficult for the men in the boats to find it at the end of its run; lying low in the water, if there is a very little lop on, it is most difficult to distinguish, and many have been lost in this way. So a calcium light is placed on the head before firing for exercise, and this igniting, when the torpedo rises to the surface the cloud of smoke emitted is easily distinguished, indeed, so pungent is the odour of garlic these lights diffuse that the position of a sunken torpedo has been pretty accurately ascertained from a considerable depth by the odour of the bubbles

Digitized by Google

TORPEDO PRACTICE at ANCHOR: H.M.S. "Hermione."

rising from it, and if the light has not been removed by the men who pick it up before bringing the torpedo alongside, it receives a not too enthusiastic reception from those on board.

The other target used, a moveable one, is arranged by some fast steamboat towing a long line with two buoys attached to it 80 feet apart at the end. The ship firing can then attack this from any direction, using the target as if it were an enemy's vessel under way.

The illustrations on the left show views of the deck of the torpedo gunboat "Boomerang" when at torpedo practice in Moreton Bay, Queensland. The photographs were taken by Mr. HUME, of the Land's Office, Brisbane. The vessel is going full speed, something between 18 and 19 knots. She is one of a squadron of seven vessels which were built and sent out a few years ago to augment the Imperial Squadron in Australasian waters. An agreement was come to with those Colonies by which a certain subsidy was paid by them to the Imperial Government on the condition that the Squadron on the Australian Station was kept to a certain strength, and that these additional vessels should not be sent off the limits of the station without the sanction of the Colonial Governments. Before leaving England these additional vessels, called collectively the "Auxiliary Australian Squadron," were re-named, typical Australian names being given to them, of which the one shown in the illustration is certainly fairly appropriate.

The illustrations on the right are incidents in exercise with above water discharge from H.M.S. "Hermione," a second-class cruiser. In this case the torpedo used is of a later and more improved pattern than those used from the "Boomerang;" it is easily seen that the head is much bluffer.

The illustrations from the "Boomerang" show a double discharge; those from the "Hermione," a single one.

Taking the "Boomerang" first, the upper illustration shows the double tube ready for firing on the starboard side of the ship, whilst the port one is turned round showing the muzzle of the tubes. This system of double tubes allows two torpedoes to be fired simultaneously with slight divergence in their tracks, which gives greater chance of striking with one at least, even allowing for considerable inaccuracy of aim. The crew, consisting of four men, are seen standing by the tubes, the flag hoisted at the yardarm just seen through the smoke intimates to the outlying boats near the target that the torpedoes are about to be fired. It is seen lowered in the upper illustration, showing them that the torpedoes have just left the tubes.

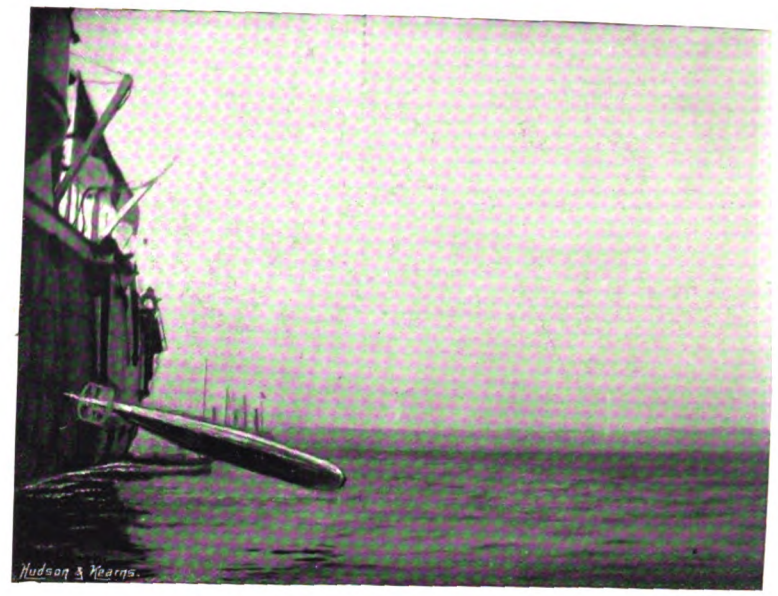
The centre illustration shows the two torpedoes just discharged but not yet entered the water.

The lower illustration is an instantaneous photograph of a torpedo leaving one of the tubes; as the centre of gravity of the torpedo passes out of the muzzle of the tube the outer end commences to drop, and this would cause a wrench to the tail, but the tubes are bellmouthed on the lower side to allow the tail to clear.

The illustrations from the cruiser "Hermione" show, in the upper one, the torpedo discharged from a tube above water and not yet entered the water. In the centre one it has been recovered after its run and brought back to the ship by the boat shown below; a large pair of tongs are then lowered by a tackle and clasp the body of the torpedo. It is then carefully hoisted up, when it is examined to see if any water has entered during its run, and the engines are blown through to expel any water collected in them.

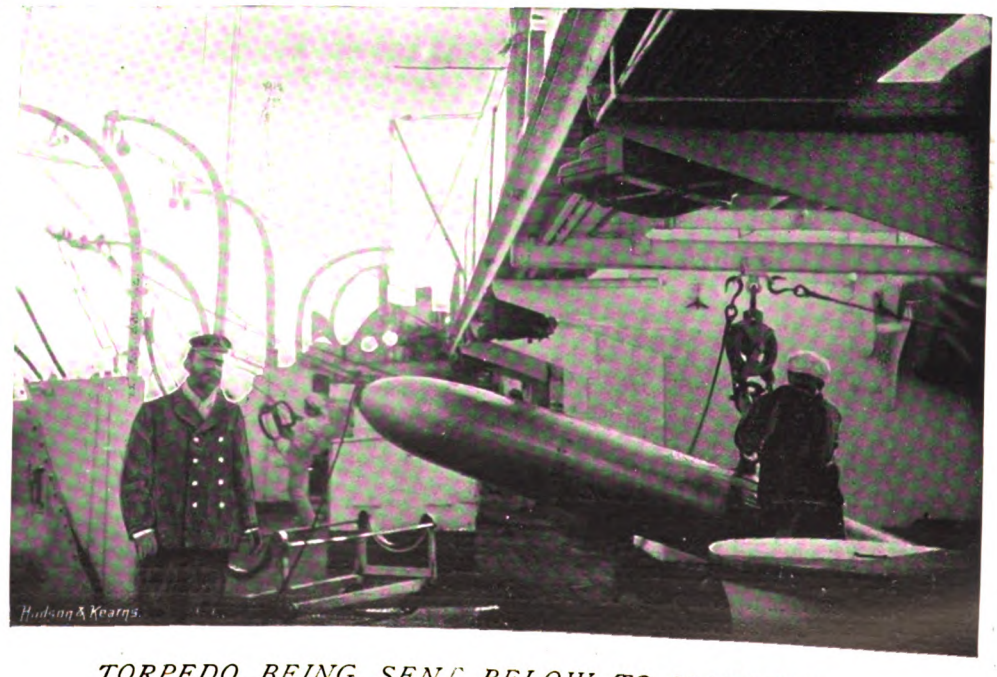
The third illustration shows the same torpedo transferred to another tackle and pair of tongs for lowering it down the hatchway to the deck from which it is discharged, or to the store-room; a man may be seen lifting the tongs and tackle, first used, over the side, ready for another hoist, whilst under the torpedo is the transporting trolly on which it is moved along the deck from one tackle to the other.

The men who work and attend to the torpedo are mostly those who have been specially trained in the torpedo school, and are termed "torpedo men."



A TORPEDO JUST DISCHARGED.

HOISTING IN TORPEDO AFTER EXERCISE.



TORPEDO BEING SENT BELOW TO MAGAZINE.

Digitized by Google

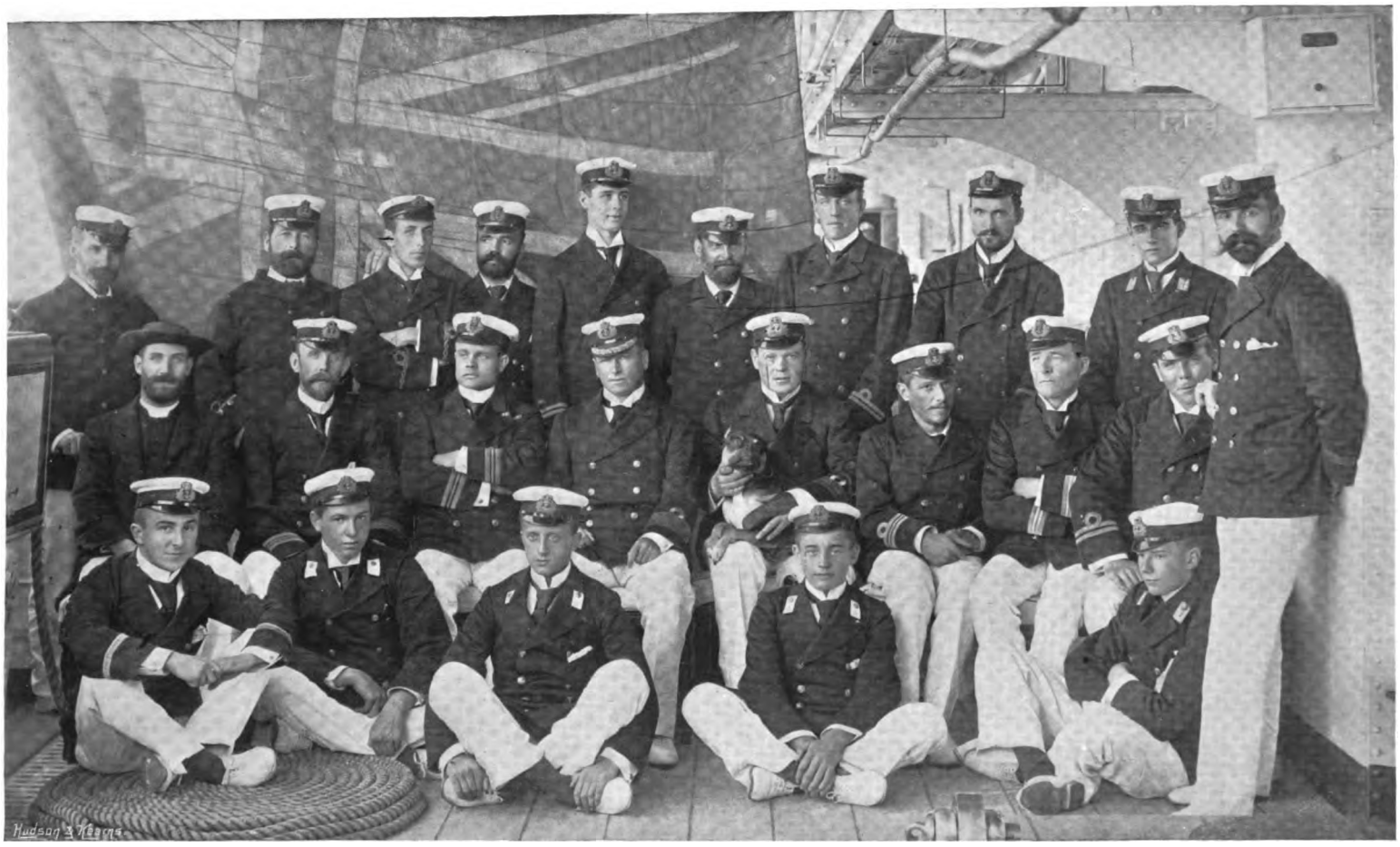
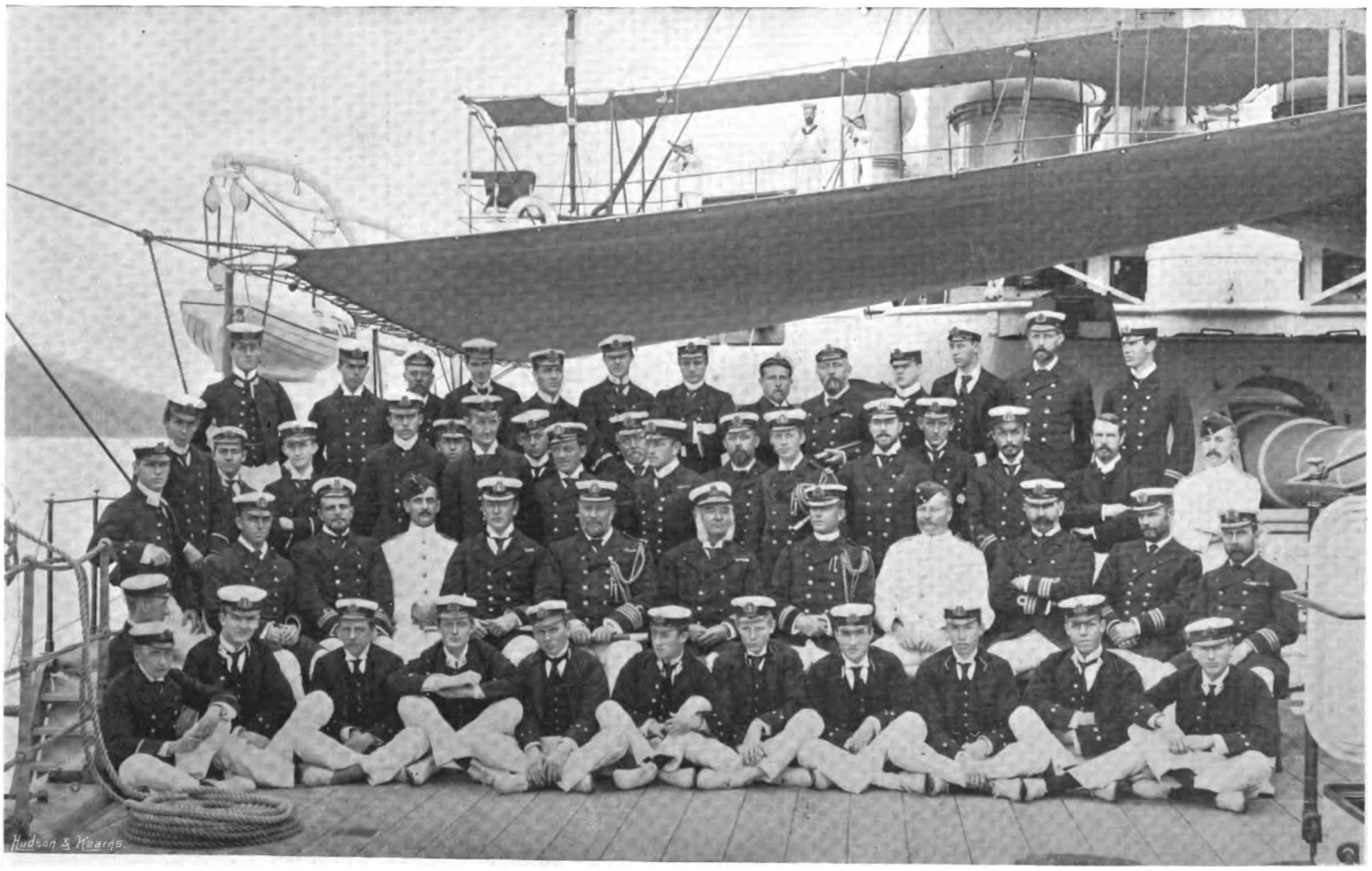


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS H.M.S. "ASTRÆA."



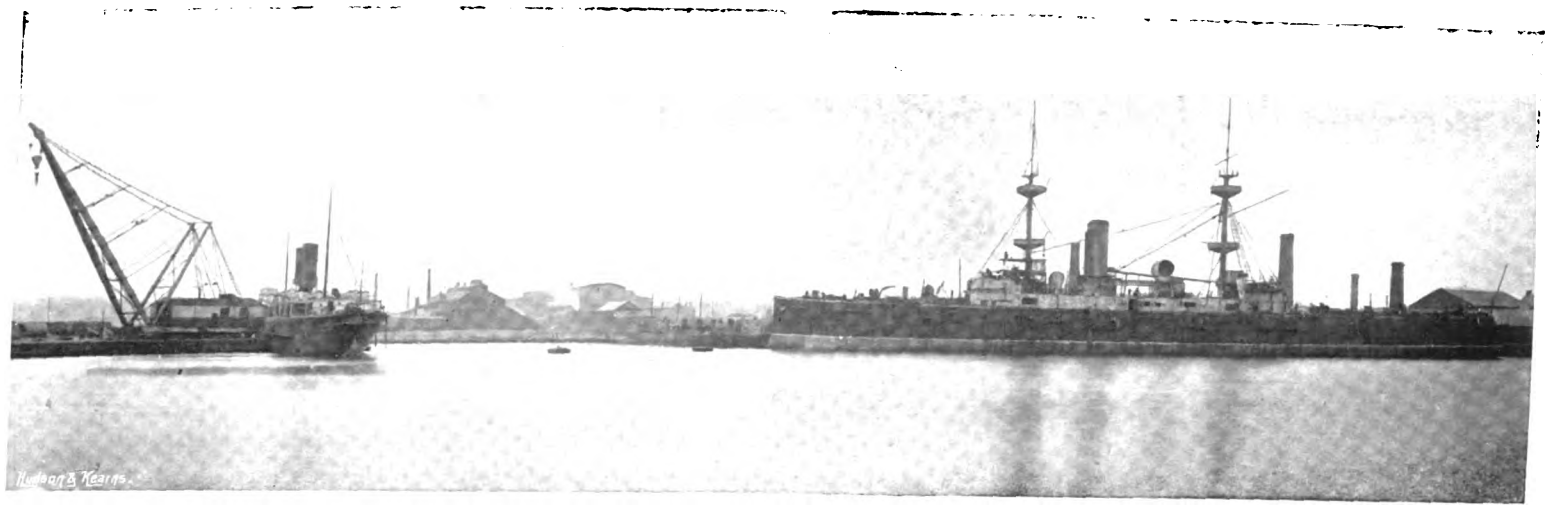
Vice-Admiral BULLER and the CAPTAIN and OFFICERS H.M.S. "CENTURION."

IN our upper photograph we have Captain HENRY D. BARRY, R.N., and the officers of the second-class cruiser "Astræa," serving on the Mediterranean Station. The "Astræa" is a cruiser of 4,630 tons, built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and carries a company of 318 officers and men. She was commissioned for her present station at Devonport, in November, 1895.——Our second photograph shows Vice-Admiral BULLER, K.C.B., the Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, on the quarter-deck of his flagship, the first-class battleship "Centurion," together with his Flag Lieutenant and suite, and Flag Captain SPENCER H. M. LOGIN, and the officers of the "Centurion." The "Centurion," which is our only battleship in the China seas, and the only British battleship permanently stationed outside the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets, was commissioned for her present service at Portsmouth, in February, 1894. Vice-Admiral BULLER'S predecessor on the station, Admiral FREMANTLE, flew his flag in her during the Chino-Japanese war, being relieved in the command in March last year. The "Centurion" is a battleship of 10,500 tons, built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889.

Digitized by Google

THE BUILDING OF A BATTLESHIP.

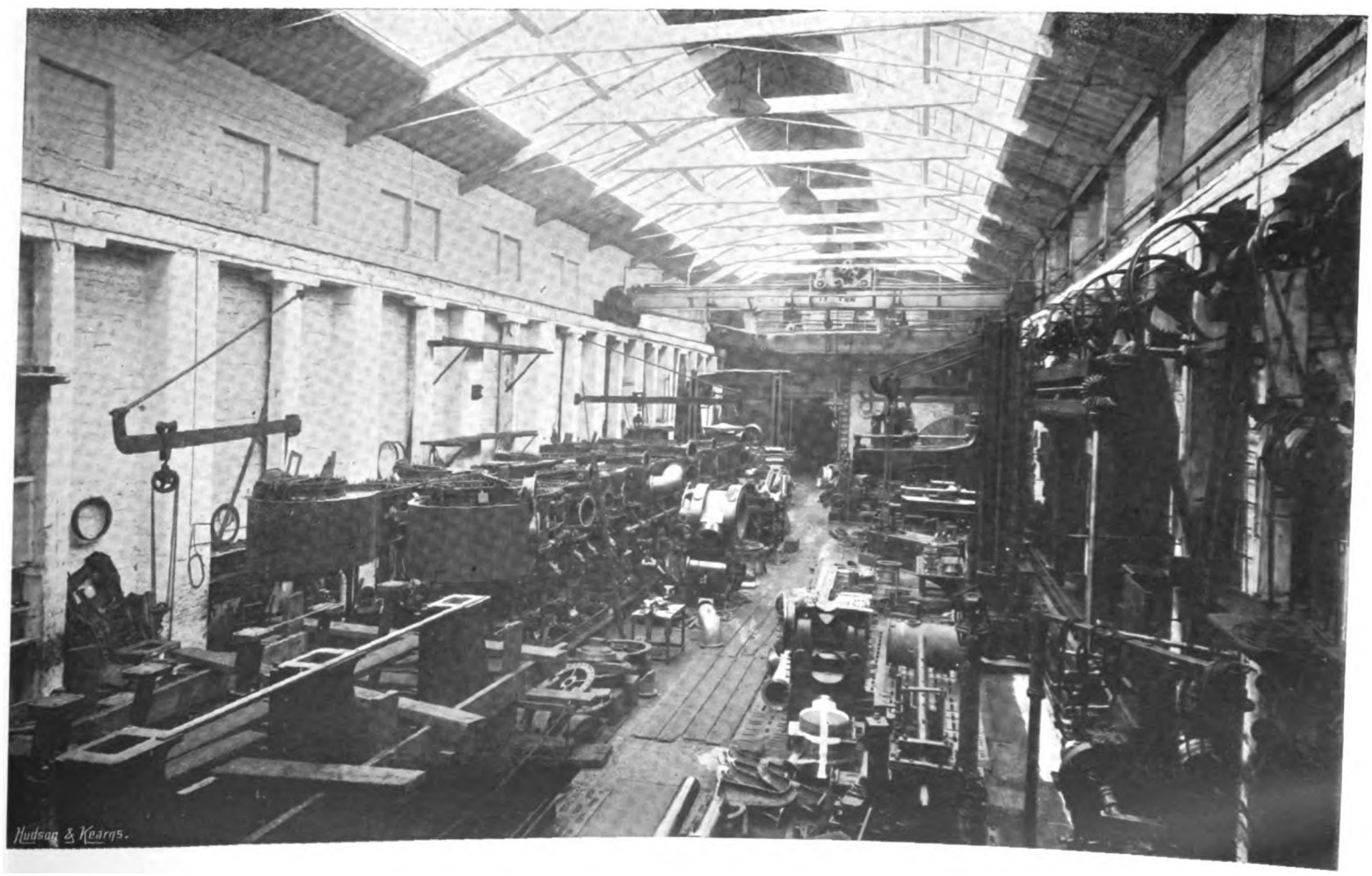
THE "MARS" AT MESSRS. LAIRD'S, BIRKENHEAD.



The Fitting-out Wharf at Messrs. Laird's, Birkenhead, showing the Boiler Shops and H.M.S. "Mars."

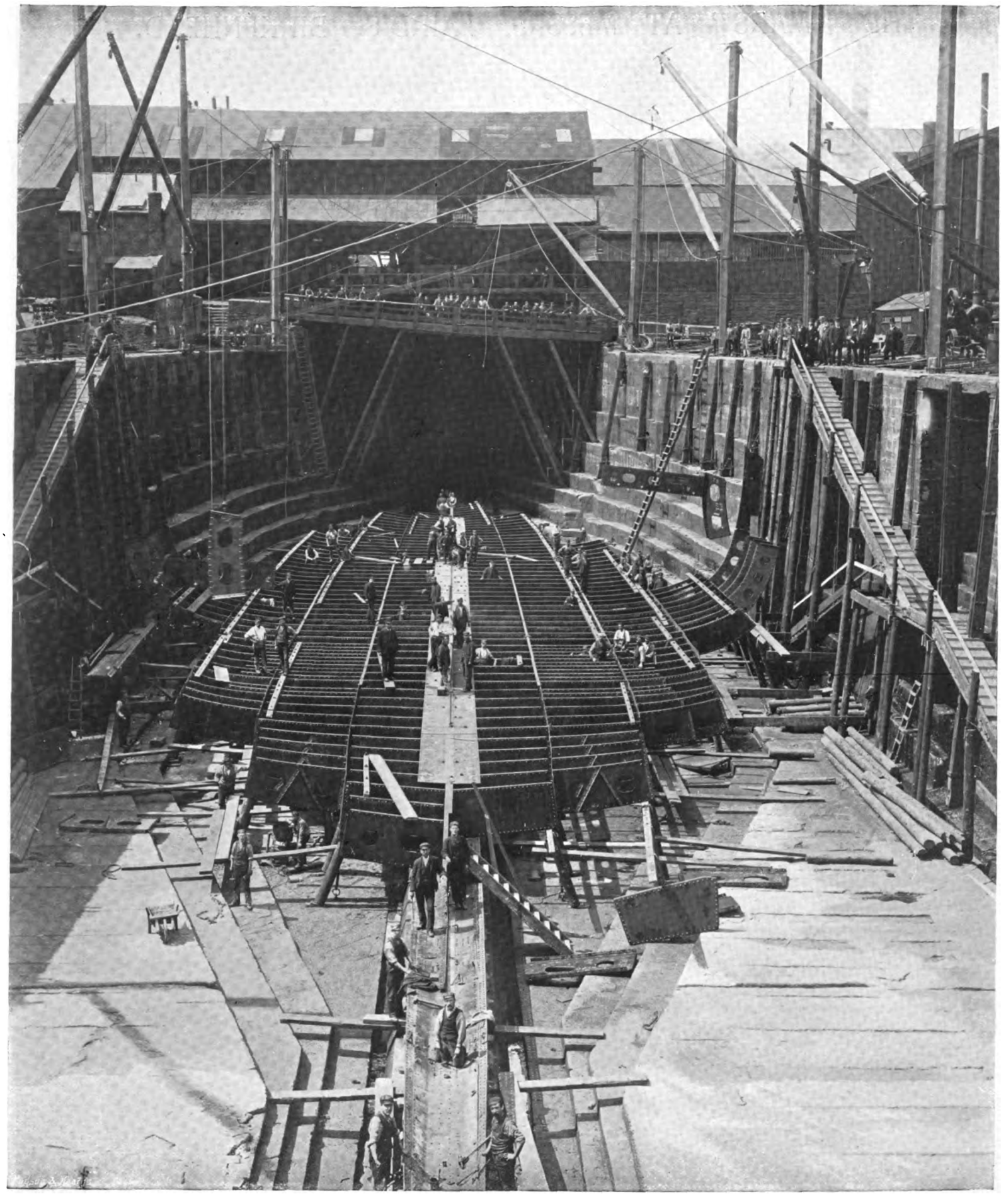
ONE of the strongest points in Great Britain's Naval position at the present time is her enormous reserve of strength in the possession of special facilities, for, in case of emergency, rapidly turning out a large number of additional ships of war of every class by means of the dockyards of the great ship-building firms of the country. It has been calculated that in the event of the nation being involved in a serious European war we possess the means of practically creating a new fleet within three years in the dockyards of the great private firms who, by virtue of constant work at all times, under Admiralty contracts, fully understand Naval ship construction and are as completely fitted in their various ways to cope with the needs of the fleet almost as the Public Yards of Portsmouth or Chatham. In this regard our private ship-building yards may be considered as national institutions, in which light we propose to deal with one of the most prominent of them, the works of Messrs. LAIRD BROS., of Birkenhead, a firm of the highest reputation for the vessels of war they have turned out. These include, among many others, the iron frigate "Birkenhead" of sad if honourable memory, the world-famous cruiser "Alabama," the old battleships "Agincourt" and "Vanguard," the historic armour-clad turret ship "Huascar," and so on down to the first-class battleship "Royal Oak" of 14,150 tons and 13,000 I.H.P. (lately of the Flying Squadron), the "Mars" of 14,900 tons and 12,000 I.H.P.—which we see in our first illustration, now practically completed—and the "Glory" of Mr. GOSCHEN'S last programme, a battleship of nearly the same dimensions, on which the work has recently been begun. Hardly another private firm has attained greater eminence, and the distinguished services it has rendered to Naval architecture have been recognised over and over again, not only by the British Government, but by foreign Governments.

The Birkenhead works cover an area of 22 acres, and their special feature is the series of fine graving docks for the repair and construction of vessels of every size, equipped with powerful steam cranes and every other convenience, while alongside the fitting-out wharf the largest British battleship can lie—as many during construction have lain—at all states of the tide. In addition, there are extensive modern engine shops and boiler works, to which additions have been and are being constantly



ONE of the ENGINE ERECTING SHOPS AT Messrs. LAIRD'S, BIRKENHEAD.

Digitized by Google

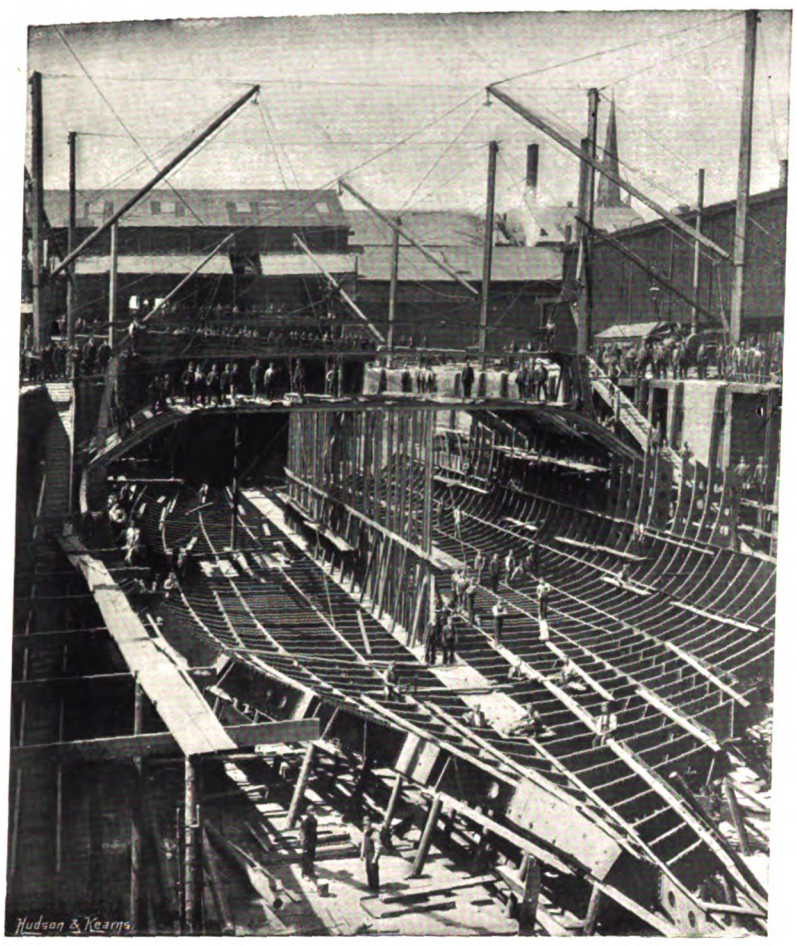


H.M.S. "MARS" on the 16th JUNE, 1894:—Twelve Working Days from the Laying of the Keel.

made, equipped with the most modern machinery for making and erecting engines and turning out boilers, both tubular and watertube.

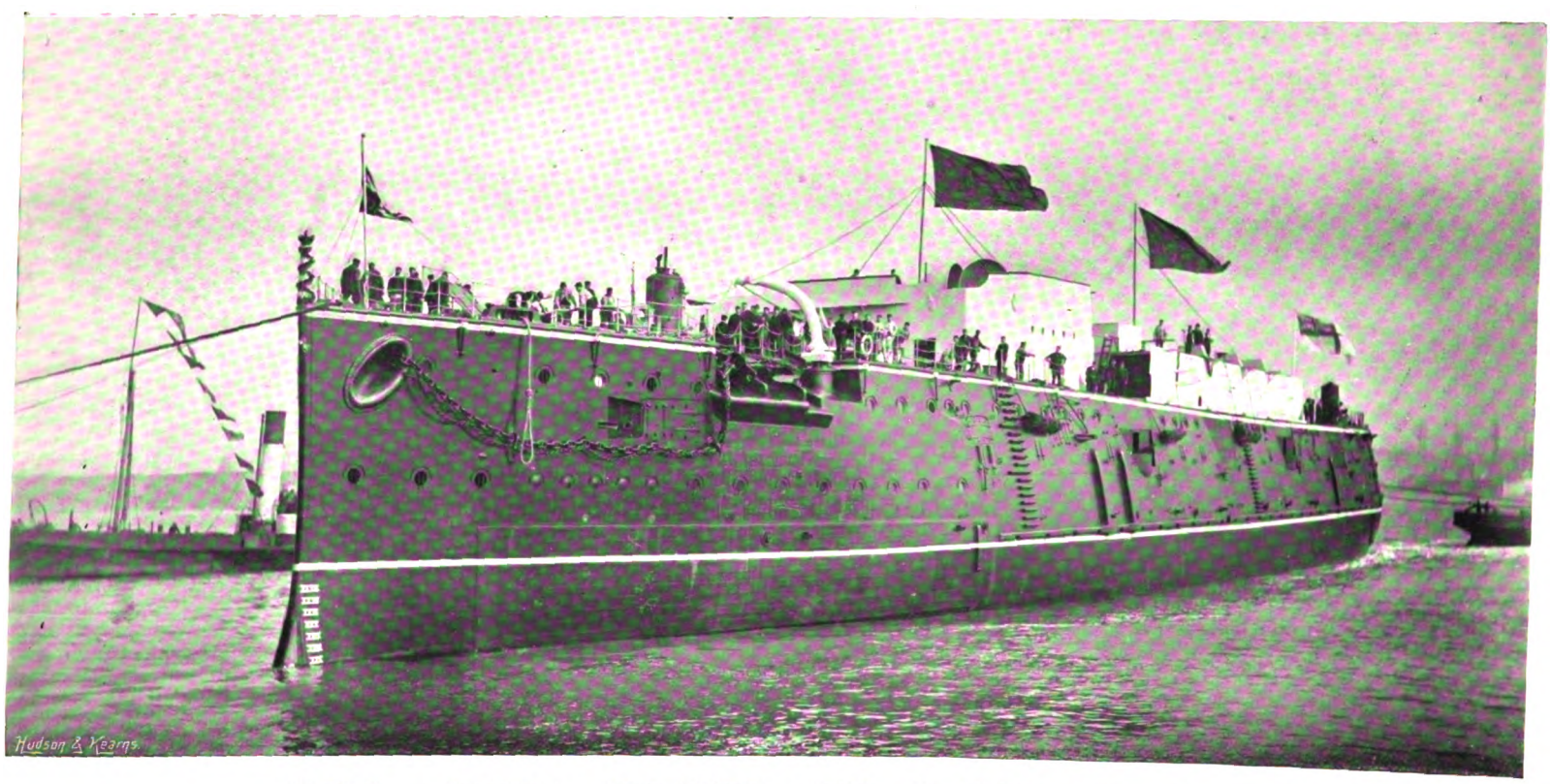
Of our illustrations showing the construction of a battleship during its earlier stages. The designing of a new ship as soon as Parliament has passed the estimates for its building is carried out at the Admiralty under the eye of the Director of Naval Construction, the most elaborate and detailed plans of every part of the vessel, called the "Constructional Drawings" being made on paper and sent to the building yard to be "laid off" in the Mould Lofts there in the exact size of the various parts. All the various parts required in the earlier stages of the building of the ship are next prepared in the workshops by forging them and bending them to the required shapes and drilling and rivetting together as many of the parts as can conveniently be dealt with in the workshop. This is done before the keel is laid and enables rapid progress to be made as soon as the actual construction of the ship in the open begins. The material used for the hulls of our battleships and cruisers is, of course, mild steel.

Digitized by Google



H.M.S. "MARS"—After Twenty-four Working Days.

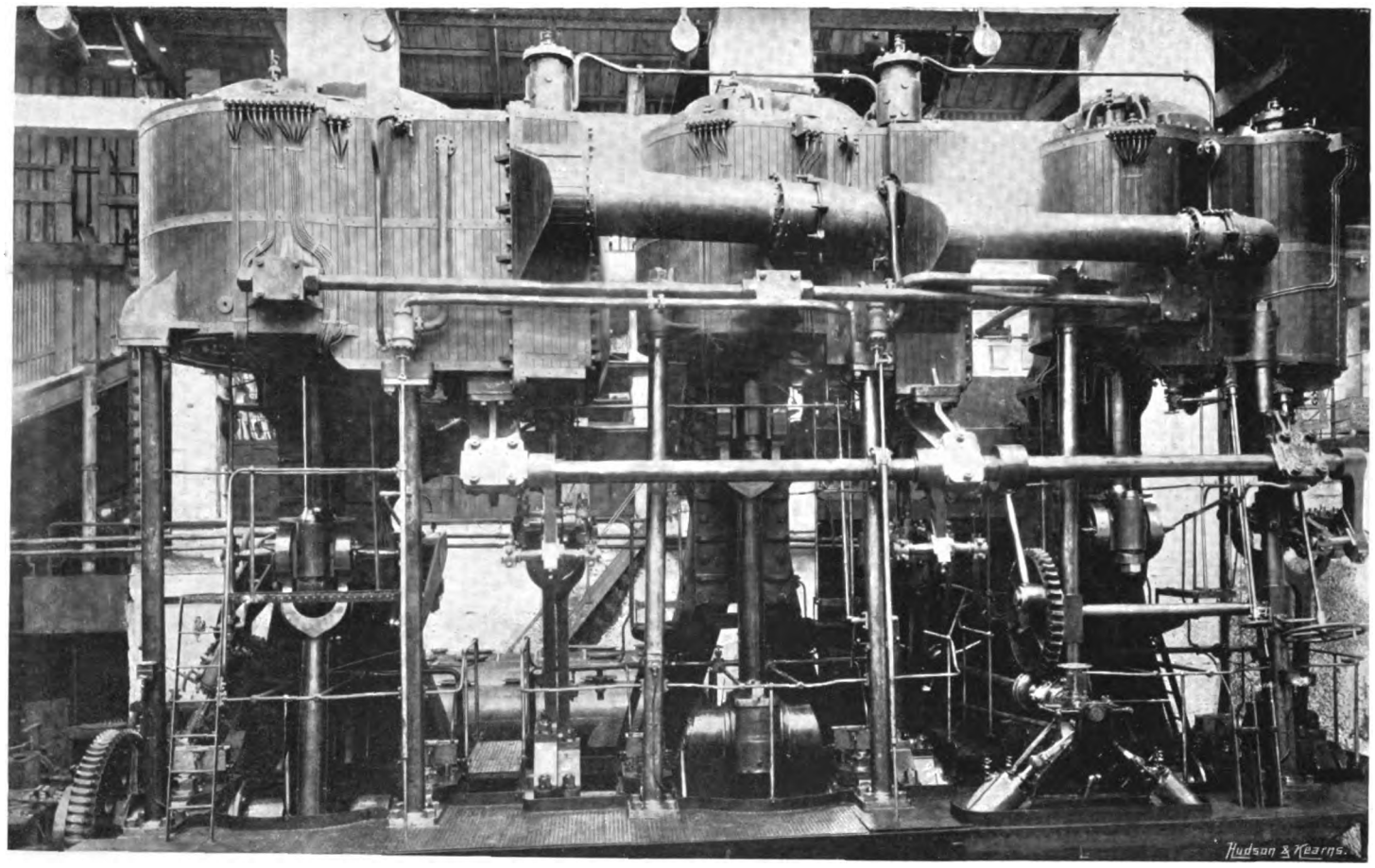
H.M.S. "MARS"—After Forty-nine Working Days.

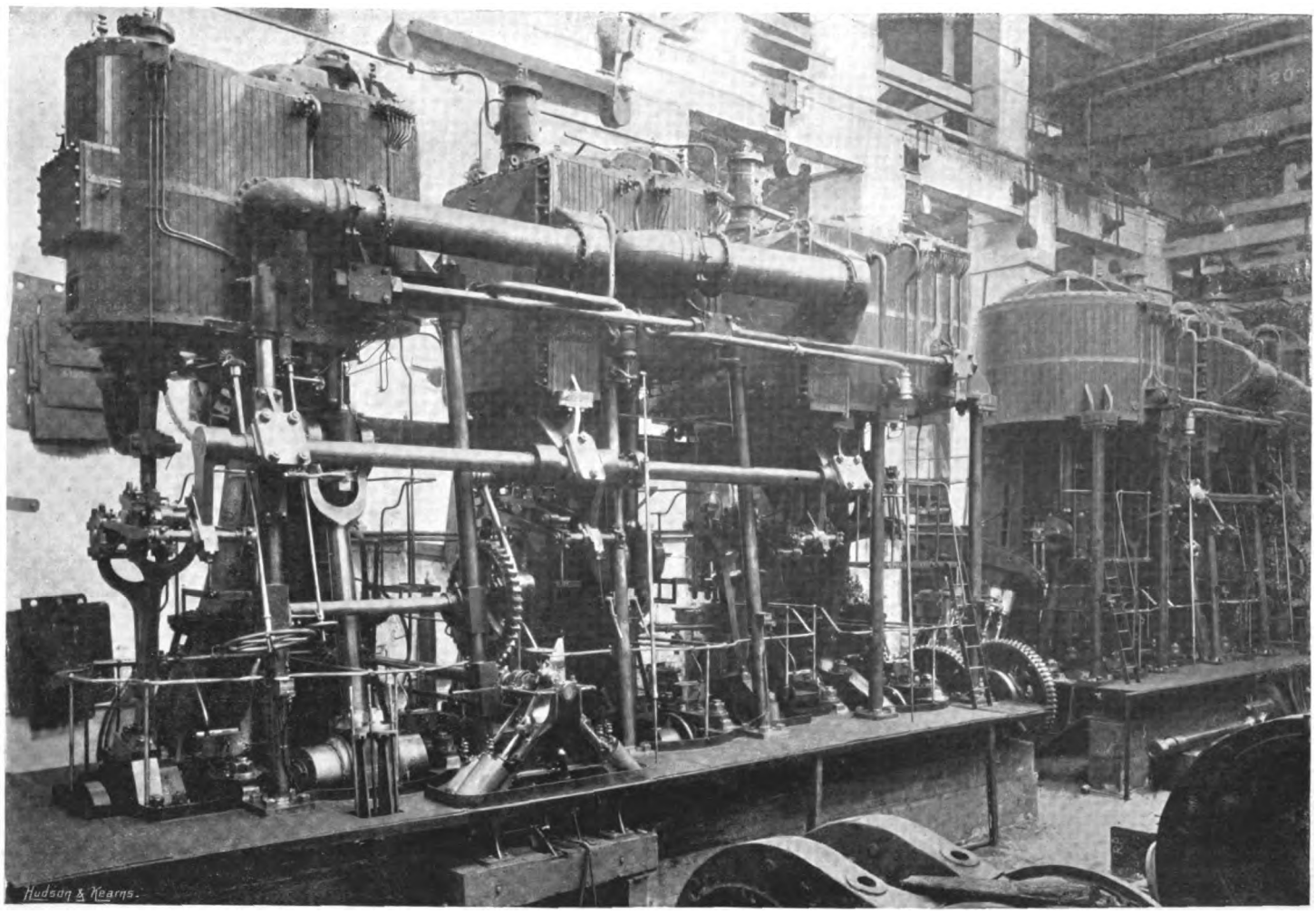


H.M.S. "MARS" FLOATED OUT, MARCH 30th, 1896.

The preliminary labour in the workshops done, the putting together begins by the laying down of the flat outer keel plates, from end to end along the bottom of the slip or (as in the case of the "Mars" here shown), dock, in which the ship is to be built. On the outer keel are placed the inner keel plates, which are rivetted to them and then the narrow vertical keel consisting of continuous plates of half-inch steel 3 to 6 feet high and 16 feet long, bolted together, is fitted along the middle of the inner keel, fore and aft, and secured by angle steels. Then the cellular double bottomed frames are fitted along each side of the vertical keel work that is shown partially completed in our photograph of the "Mars" twelve days after her laying down. After that comes the putting into place of the angle-irons jutting outward and upward from the keel along the length of the ship which form the "ribs" of the hull, as shown in our view of the "Mars" after twenty-four working days. By this time also part of the curved armoured deck has been got in place as is also shown in the last-mentioned illustration, and in the illustration showing the frame work and ribs after forty-nine days' work, bound and fitted together, with bulkheads placed, and

Digitized by Google



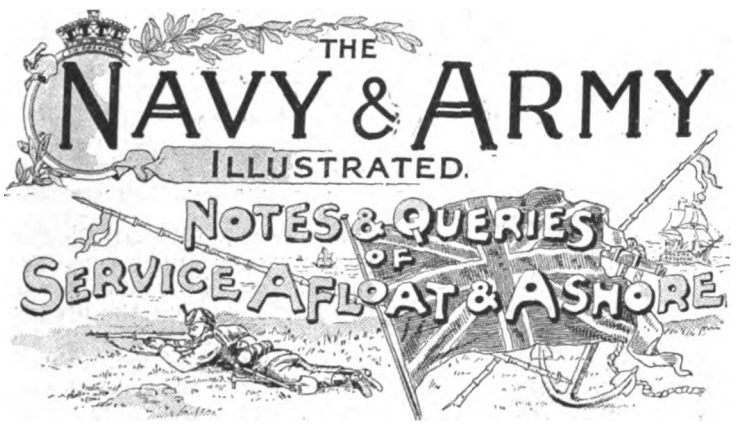


ENGINES OF H.M.S. "MARS" 12,000 I.H.P.

forming an almost complete skeleton of a ship ready for the "skin" or outer plates to be rivetted to the ribs. On the skin over the allotted area the armour is fixed, and then the upper works and casemates are finished off until the ship is ready to take the water and be floated out as we see accomplished in the case of the "Mars."

The placing on board of the engines is carried out after the ship is water-borne, the engines being hoisted on board and stowed in their engine-rooms below the armoured deck after having been previously put together in the erecting shops on their first arrival from the turnery and fitting shops, exactly as they will be set up later on, in the engine-room of the ship. In this way it is insured that there can be no errors or radical defects in the vessel's machinery. Messrs. LAIRD are themselves both the builders of the "Mars"—whose tonnage is 14,900 tons—and the makers of the ship's engines, which are of 12,000 I.H.P.

Digitized by Google



LORD WOLSELEY is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but by recent arrangements, only for five years, whereas the Duke of Cambridge held his appointment by patent for life. Lord Wolseley is really Commander-in-Chief of the Army wherever any portion of it may be stationed. There is a Commander-in-Chief in India, but in many respects his action is controlled by the Commander-in-Chief in England. The officer in chief command in Ireland is styled Commander of the Forces, but he is virtually only the deputy with limited powers of the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. The officer commanding an expedition abroad, if it be of some importance, is styled Commander of the Forces. This was the title of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and of Lord Raglan in the Crimea. Lord Wolseley, however, when in Egypt, held the more high-sounding appellation of Commander-in-Chief. A curious anomaly is to be noticed in connection with the Army in India. Previous to the reorganization into Army Corps not only was there a Commander-in-Chief for the whole of India, but also one for the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, yet the Presidency Commanders-in-Chief were invariably subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief in India and to a certain extent under his control. To sum up, the Commander-in-Chief in England has a direct command over all Her Majesty's Forces in Egypt and the Colonies, and an indirect command of, coupled with a limited control over, the Forces in India, extending even to a slight extent to the officers of the Indian Staff Corps

* * * *

THE launch of the cruiser "Gladiator" at Portsmouth on December 8, 1896, is the first case on record of a British man-of-war being launched with a choral service. On that occasion the customary extract from the 107th Psalm and the brief prayer committing the ship and all who shall sail in her to the special protection of the Almighty, usually read before a ship is formally named and put afloat, was preceded by a special hymn sung by a surpliced choir. It is a curious fact that it is only within the last twenty years or so that any religious service at all, has been used on the occasion of the launch of a British man-of-war. The first case on record, as a fact, goes no further back than the launch of the battleship "Alexandra" at Chatham Dockyard on the 7th of April, 1875. It is said that the Princess of Wales herself, in whose honour the "Alexandra" was named, and who also christened the ship, herself originated the idea in our Service. At the launch of the "Alexandra" the Psalm and prayer were read by Dr. Tait, the then Archbishop of Canterbury. In Roman Catholic countries, of course,—as in England down to the time of the Reformation —the sending afloat of a ship has always been attended by special religious ceremonial. It may be of interest to add, that it is only within the present century that it has been usual to ask a lady to officiate at the christening of a ship. Down to about 1810 the ceremony of naming a ship of war was, as a rule, performed by the Commissioner of the Dockyard where the ship was launched, or by some high Navy Board official. About 1810, however, it began to be considered the proper thing to ask a lady to break the bottle of wine on the ship's bows and name her, and the custom, thus initiated, has grown to be the universal rule.

* * * *

R.N.R. asks "In case of war between Russia and Japan, what part would the Trans-Siberian Railway play in it?" Supposing Russia and Japan were at war, the railway would, undoubtedly be of considerable value to Russia. Supposing Corea to be the bone of contention, the railway would put Russia in a position of strategical equality regarding the transport of troops. Gensan, where Japan would most likely endeavour to land her troops, is the nearest Corean port to the Russian frontier; but on the other hand Gensan is farther away from the Russian frontier than Vladistock, so that Russian troops brought by the railway to this port could be landed in Corea some days before the Japanese arrived there. But then the Russian fleet would also have to be counted with before the Japs could land. For the latter reasons the railway will be pushed on to Vladivostock without delay, but it will probably be another twelve years before it is completed. Russia intends the railway to be the means wherewith to maintain her supremacy in Eastern Asia, since the Chino-Japanese war introduced a new factor into the question of the balance of power in that part of the world.

* * * *

WHAT were the Navigation Acts or Laws? asks "Merchant Seaman." These Acts, attributed to Richard I. of England, were a code of maritime laws relating to all sea matters. They are supposed to have been enacted in the island of Oberon, on the French coast, in 1194. Richard II. is also supposed to have added fresh enactments to these navigation laws, in 1381. The first really authentic laws on sea matters were passed under Cromwell's rule in 1651, and entitled "Goods from foreign parts, by whom to be imported." This Act, confirmed by Charles II., was designed to encourage British shippers. It was provided that no goods from Asia, Africa, or America could be brought to England except by British vessels, of which the master was to be English born, as well as three-fourths of the sailors employed in manning them. Subsequently many other Acts followed, amending, or in some way modifying the original Act. These Navigation Acts were in part repealed in 1849, after a most tremendous opposition, and on the 1st of January, 1850, those navigation laws, which had so long existed, ceased altogether.

* * * *

THAT fine old English "quick-step," "The British Grenadiers," is usually considered to be the peculiar property of the Grenadier Guards; but such is not the case. The march is used by the Artillery, the Engineers, and by all the Fusilier regiments as well. Originally, the air, which dates from the sixteenth century, was played only by those regiments which were armed with the grenade; that is to say, by the Artillery, the Engineers, and the Royal Fusiliers—the Grenadier Guards only received their title after Waterloo. The words of the song were composed about the year 1690, and contain a reference to "fusees"—often mis-spelt "fuses;" they were really fusils, *i.e.*, muskets — and to "hand-grenades." The 12th Lancers, for some reason nicknamed "The Supple Twelfth," have a curious and unique custom, called the "Penance." This consists of the playing by the band every night throughout the year, after "last post"—the trumpet-call which signifies the time for going to bed —the Spanish Chant, the Vesper Hymn, and the Russian National Anthem. During the Peninsular War, the regiment is said to have sacked a convent, and, as a punishment for this sacriligious proceeding, the authorities imposed the performance of the Spanish Chant by way of atonement. The Vesper Hymn is played in accordance with the conditions upon which the widow of an officer presented new instruments to the band about a hundred years ago. But the origin of playing the Russian Anthem is shrouded in mystery.

* * * *

A BATTLESHIP, in course of construction, appears such a hopeless labyrinth of angle steel and plates, that the most prominent feature—the keel—is scarcely recognisable. Nevertheless, the keel of the "Magnificent" occupies as important a position in the ship's framing as did that of the old "Victory" of 1805. It has three parts: A half-inch web, or vertical keel, four feet in depth, corresponding with that of the double-bottom; an upper flange of angle steel, rivetted to either side of the web, and reinforced by the thickness of the inner skin, making a total thickness of top flange equal to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch; finally, a bottom flange or "flat keel" of angle steel as before, but reinforced by a $\frac{3}{4}$-inch sole plate 27 inches wide, and the $\frac{5}{8}$-inch skin of the ship. Thus the aggregate substance of the bottom flange or flat keel is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Forward and aft the skin and sole plate are reduced, but the width of the latter remains the same, the edges turning up sharply as the bottom gets less flat. There is no visible keel to the "Magnificent." Were all the plates combined, a rectangular steel beam nearly 2 feet high and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick would be obtained. An oak plank 6 inches thick equals in strength 1 inch of wrought iron. But mild steel is stronger, so that the keel of the "Magnificent" more than matches in stiffness a solid oaken one 2 feet square in section.

* * * *

THE success of any military operations must largely depend upon the thoroughness with which the Intelligence Department of the Army, or, to give it its correct designation, the Military Intelligence Division of the War Office, does its

Digitized by Google

work. This important section of the War Office was established in its present form in 1888, having been gradually built up on the foundation of the old Topographical Department. Little by little the functions of that old department were added to; but it was not until 1886, when the present Sir Henry Brackenbury took charge of what had by then become the "Intelligence Branch," that its importance was fully recognised. In 1888 it was, accordingly, placed on an independent footing under the charge of a general officer, who is now directly responsible to the Commander-in-Chief only. The duties of the Intelligence Division are to prepare information relative to the military defence of the Empire, and the strategical consideration of all schemes of defence; the collection and distribution of information relating to the military geography, resources, and armed forces of foreign countries, and of the British colonies and possessions; the compilation and supply of maps; and the translation of foreign military works and documents. Its staff at present consists of a director (£1,500), who must be a major-general, a colonel-on the-staff (£800), eleven staff officers (£600 or £650), a librarian, a map-curator, lithographic draftsmen and printers, and a number of military clerks, etc. The total annual cost of this establishment is about £15,000.

* * * *

IN the event of Germany going to war—say with France—who would be likely to command her armies? In the first place there can be no doubt that the supreme command of all would be assumed by the Emperor himself, who would certainly aim at exercising this command very differently from his grandfather. In 1866 and 1870, William I. was but the nominal director of the hosts sent forth by the Fatherland—the real commander being Moltke, who had not even the assistance of a War Council. All that old King William I. ever did was to endorse, in every single case, the proposals of his Chief of Staff; but his grandson would certainly not content himself with such a subordinate rôle. On the other hand, there is equally little doubt as to who would be the chief commanders under the Kaiser. For when Count Waldersee retired from the Chiefship of the General Staff, where he succeeded Moltke, he was told by the Emperor that he had designated him to the command of a whole Field Army in the event of war. Another of these armies would undoubtedly be given to the Emperor's own kinsman, Field-Marshal Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick, a soldier of a very safe yet daring and energetic kind; another to Field-Marshal Prince George (brother and heir-apparent to the King) of Saxony, though the King himself, who commanded the Army of the Meuse in 1870, is now too old and ailing for service in the field; and the same is also true of old Field-Marshal Blumenthal. The fourth reserve Field Army of the Germans might possibly be given to the Emperor's brother-in-law, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, or to one of the most distinguished corps-commanders, such as Count Haeseler.

* * * *

ON the other hand, who would analogously fulfil for France the functions which the ambitious Kaiser would unquestionably essay to perform for Germany? Unless the age rule had by this time disqualified him for active service, the French Commander-in-Chief would undoubtedly be vested in General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris, and Generalissimo of the forces of the Republic; and as army leaders under him he could find no more capable men than General Billot, Minister of War; General Hervé, commanding the 6th Corps—which, being nearest Germany, is practically ever kept on a war-footing with four Divisions; while General de Boisdeffre, the present "Moltke" of France, would be also sure to play a prominent rôle in the field. With Boisdeffre the Tsar was very strongly impressed on the occasion of his visit to Paris. And should Russia, for example, take the field on behalf of her French "ally" against Germany, who would command her Field Armies? Certainly not Nicholas II. himself, who has just as little taste for soldiering as his father had. His uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, the most soldierly of the Romanoffs, would undoubtedly be entrusted with the chief command, and under him Field Armies would be led by Dragomiroff and Gourko, the hero of the Balkan raid, if he were well enough; while General Obrutscheff, a rabid Teutophobe, would be the Boisdeffre of Russia. On sea, Admirals Avellan and Gervais would probably again join hands as at Cronstadt and Toulon.

* * * *

I SHALL always be glad to receive the work of amateur photographers or that of professionals which our readers may desire to see reproduced. Photographs should be sent packed flat, with full particulars of the subject and the name and address of the sender written on or attached to the prints.

THE EDITOR.

THE MILITARY BICYCLE IN FRANCE,

By Lieutenant C. H. ELGEE,
1st Bedfordshire Regiment.

ONLY in 1886 was the Military Bicycle first introduced in France, that is five years later than it was in England. But the French soldier, with that zeal for which he is so famous, threw himself into the subject with such energy that now at the present time of writing the bicycle has attained a footing in France quite equal to that which it has with us.

Comparisons though sometimes wholesome are not nice, and I do not intend, indeed space would forbid me to try and compare our various bicycle corps with theirs. Still on the adage, "one never knows too much to learn more," I venture here to put forward some few points concerning the French system of the organization and distribution of their military cycles and cyclists which if not of any particular value, will I think at least be of interest to many of your readers.

In Paris, on the 5th April, 1895, the Minister of War issued a general order concerning the military bicyclist. The first article in this order states that the duties of military bicyclists are first and foremost to insure the rapid transmission of orders and communications of all sorts between headquarters of brigades, regiments, etc.; secondly to act either singly or in small groups as scouts, or at times only in groups or sections of greater strength for the purpose of forming a reconnoitering patrol or making a forced march.

In times of peace the State places at the disposal of all corps a certain number of machines, some of which they grant free of charge, the others have to be paid for. The former are ridden by N.C.O.'s and men and are used for the general service of their respective corps, while the latter are reserved for officers who are allowed to hire them out from the Government stores on the "abonnement" system for periods of not less than three months at a time. For this privilege they are charged about 3d. per day; a price which compares very favourably with the ordinary cost of hiring from a dealer. This regulation was issued so as to encourage the taste for cycling in the army generally, and has answered excellently. In case of war or the autumn manœuvres all the bicycles out on hire have to be at once returned to the Government stores for mobilization purposes.

Any man or officer having become proficient in riding his machine, goes before a Board composed of three or four officers, one of whom is a medical officer, for examination of his capabilities as a military cyclist. To pass this Board the candidate must have a first class certificate of education and a fair knowledge of military topography; he must be able to ride about forty miles of ordinarily hilly country in less than six hours, and be able to mend or replace the principal parts of his machine. During this test ride of forty miles the candidate is told to bring in a report of the country he traverses, or perhaps a sketch of some part of it, and marks are given him according to the intelligence and speed with which he accomplishes his mission. Neither is the medical examination a makebelieve. The candidate must, in addition to the general health qualifications, possess a perfect integrity of the respiratory organs and a broad and well-developed chest, his heart must be sound, his eyesight keen, and he must be perfectly free from the slightest signs of varicose veins or rupture. Having passed this Board, the candidate gets a certificate, and may, in war or manœuvres, at any moment be called upon to form part of an impromptu cyclist company for the purpose of making a reconnaissance, a forced march, or any other special mission.

The State allows gratuitously to every battalion of infantry and battery of artillery two bicycles, and one to every regiment of cavalry. The number of machines they allow for hire purposes to every station is not laid down, but varies according to the requisitions of the various officers commanding corps.

In the stress of a campaign there would doubtless be numerous accidents to many bicyclists' machines, and, to ensure prompt repair, the State have, as far as possible, confined themselves to the issue of machines all of the same pattern, thus simplifying the matter of repairs very much, and enabling, in nearly every case, one sound machine to be made out of every two damaged ones.

Digitized by Google

In these times, when nearly every day brings out some new invention or improvement for the bicycle, it is almost impossible to keep to one pattern machine for any length of time. This has been only too plainly illustrated by the fact that, within a few weeks of the above decisions, a bicycle was introduced to the authorities which bids fair to take the place of all others for military purposes. The machine I refer to is an invention of Captain Gerrard, who had the happy idea of making the bicycle capable of folding in two and being carried on the soldier's back. Some idea of the soldier thus equipped may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations.

I have seen this clever invention, and an important point is, that its weight is such (*i.e.*, between 22 and 26½ lbs.) that a man can easily carry it on his back when folded. The operation of folding or unfolding the machine only takes 30 seconds. This invention, as regards its utility, forcibly recalls to one's mind the Wallace spade and other portable entrenching tools which the infantry have done such good work with lately. Before the invention of these portable articles infantry were very much more dependent on sappers and miners than they are now. And just in the same way as these portable tools have rendered the infantry capable of acting independently to a great extent of the Engineers, so would portable bicycles enable them to a like extent to act without the close support of cavalry, and in short, what is claimed for this invention is, that it will empower infantry alone and by itself to become a most effective fighting unit, and solve by itself many of the problems of war.

The first time the Gerrard portable bicycle was used in the French Manœuvres it gave complete satisfaction and justified all expectations; the cycle detachment only consisted of twenty N.C.O.'s and men and one officer, but despite their numerical weakness, they rendered the greatest service to the battalion to which they were attached. They were utilised in a variety of ways; they took part in reconnaissances and patrols, and were especially useful in the former. In action they successfully carried out turning movements, for harassing and pursuing a retreating enemy, and for acting in support to cavalry they proved invaluable. The cyclists always arrived in good time and fresh on the spot to carry out the orders with which they were entrusted. Their success was attributed not so much to the effect of their speed and the secrecy and silence of their march, but because they on their portable bicycles formed, in the true sense of the word, an ideal mounted infantry. That is to say, infantry which could cover any distance with the speed of cavalry and then act purely as infantry, no matter on what ground or under what circumstances they found themselves placed.

General Plioutsinsky, of the Russian Army, in an admirably-written essay on the portable bicycle which he wrote shortly after the first experiments in which it was used in France, says, that if one reflects on all the advantages and gives free play to one's imagination, one can foresee an almost complete transformation of tactics in general, especially those of infantry—a transformation based on the advent and judicious employment of the portable machine.

The difference between the cyclists and infantry depends entirely on the capability of the bicycle as a means of transport. Let us see what these means are. The bicyclist's presence is hard to detect. The machine makes no noise and very little dust, and can be concealed behind any rise in the ground or other object capable of hiding the infantry soldier. Thanks to his exceptional pace, the bicyclist can also traverse with the speed of lightning any open spot under fire of the enemy's artillery; and, too, this speed enables him to make big detours to avoid any especially exposed place or to deceive the enemy as to the direction in which he is going. It is the least fatiguing way of covering the ground, and one's machine requires very much less looking after than a horse, and not much more than one's own feet. Of course, the serviceability of the bicycle depends on its quality (cheap ones are worthless as most cheap things are) and also on the skill and care of the bicyclist in looking after his machine. Carrying the machine in one's arms or on one's back is a relief from the monotony of pedalling, and when once arrived on a good piece of ground, the cyclist can all the more easily regain the time he has lost in marching. One should always keep in sight the fact that the bicyclist cannot only ride on metalled roads, but also on any fairly firm ground, provided it is not very much cut up or very soft. Sand covered with grass (even with heather) is not an insurmountable obstacle to the bicyclist. Like a headwind, it only impedes his speed.

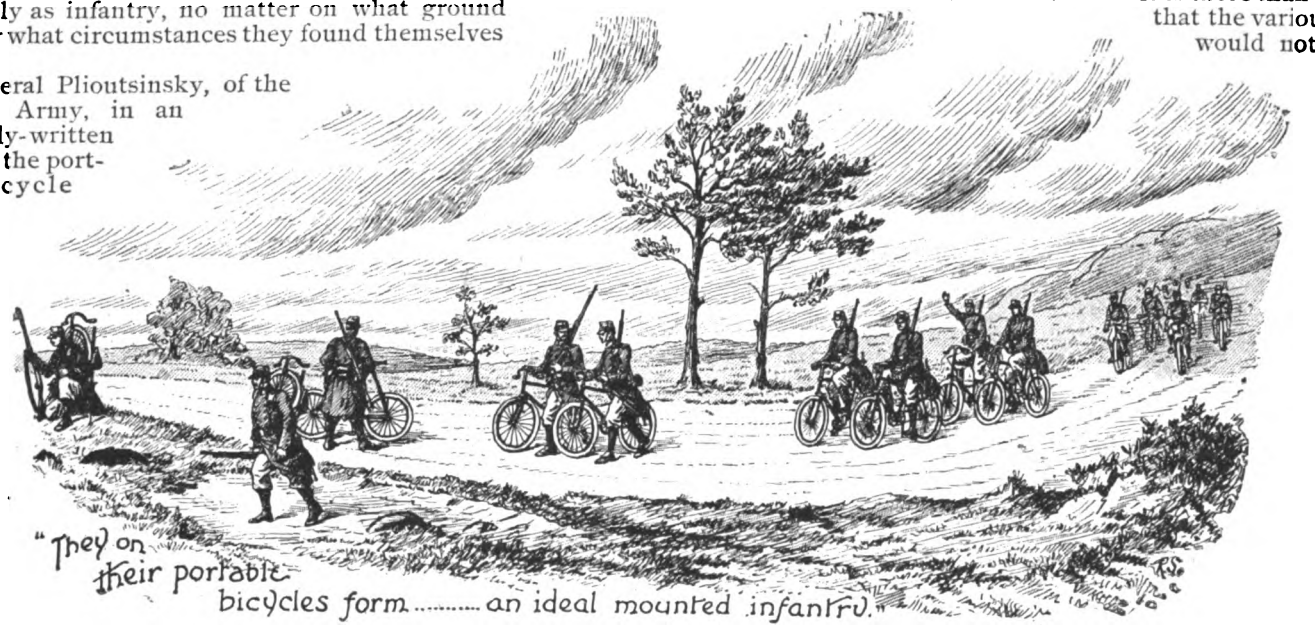
There is one other condition in which the bicycle would be of the very greatest use and that is in the defence of fortresses or towns. The strength of a place does not depend solely and chiefly on the number of its defenders, it depends above all on the state of preparation they are in and their various means of defence. One ought not to neglect any way of making the active forces or our garrison more effective, and how could this be better done than by adding a large cyclist corps, always ready and capable of reinforcing any given part of a fortress or town, which might be suddenly threatened. Past experiences can of course give one no help, as I do not think bicycle corps have ever been used in assisting a besieged garrison, neither have I seen in the Press or elsewhere particular mention of the military bicycle in this capacity. Still, if one only considers for a moment one cannot help seeing in what a number of ways they would prove of extreme use to the defence of a place. In India, I think, too they would be useful in a variety of ways. Suppose for instance a serious riot, fire, or disturbance was to suddenly break out in, say, Peshawur city or any other town which is some little distance from cantonments. With the aid of the bicycle our troops could occupy the town from end to end within ten minutes of the alarm being given, and might in such a case, where every minute is of importance, thereby effect an enormous saving of life or property.

General Plioutsinisky estimates that for garrisons a quarter of the infantry, one-tenth of the artillery, and all engineers and other corps should be ready to act thus mounted.

There is one thing of which there is no doubt and that is that the portable bicycle is a new instrument of war, and like every novelty, opens out a series of novel combinations in prospecting as to its use in conjunction with the other and known arms of the Service. If one were to always wait until some other country had adopted and perfected any new instrument of war it is more than probable that the various armies would not possess half such perfect armaments as they have now. Again, one runs a great risk in not keeping up with the times, more especially in these days when the smallest amelioration in the difficulties of war give to the side which is quickest to surmount them an incontestable superiority in the field of action

The expense, which a great venture like this, might cost would and could not remain unproductive even if it did not give all the results hoped for; whatever happened the bicyclists would always be of the greatest use in their capacity as orderlies, whose duties are actually so heavy that nearly everywhere infantry has now to be provided with cavalry orderlies. This last circumstance alone is a strong argument in favour of the extensive use of cyclists as an important aid to all arms, above all to the infantry and engineers.

To the hundreds of your readers, wiser and more experienced than myself, I must apologize for any crudely expressed remarks. For my part I shall be satisfied if I have been instrumental in placing even one new suggestion or idea before any of the many citizens of the British Empire who are now so keen on the development of this the latest phase in our mobile advancement.

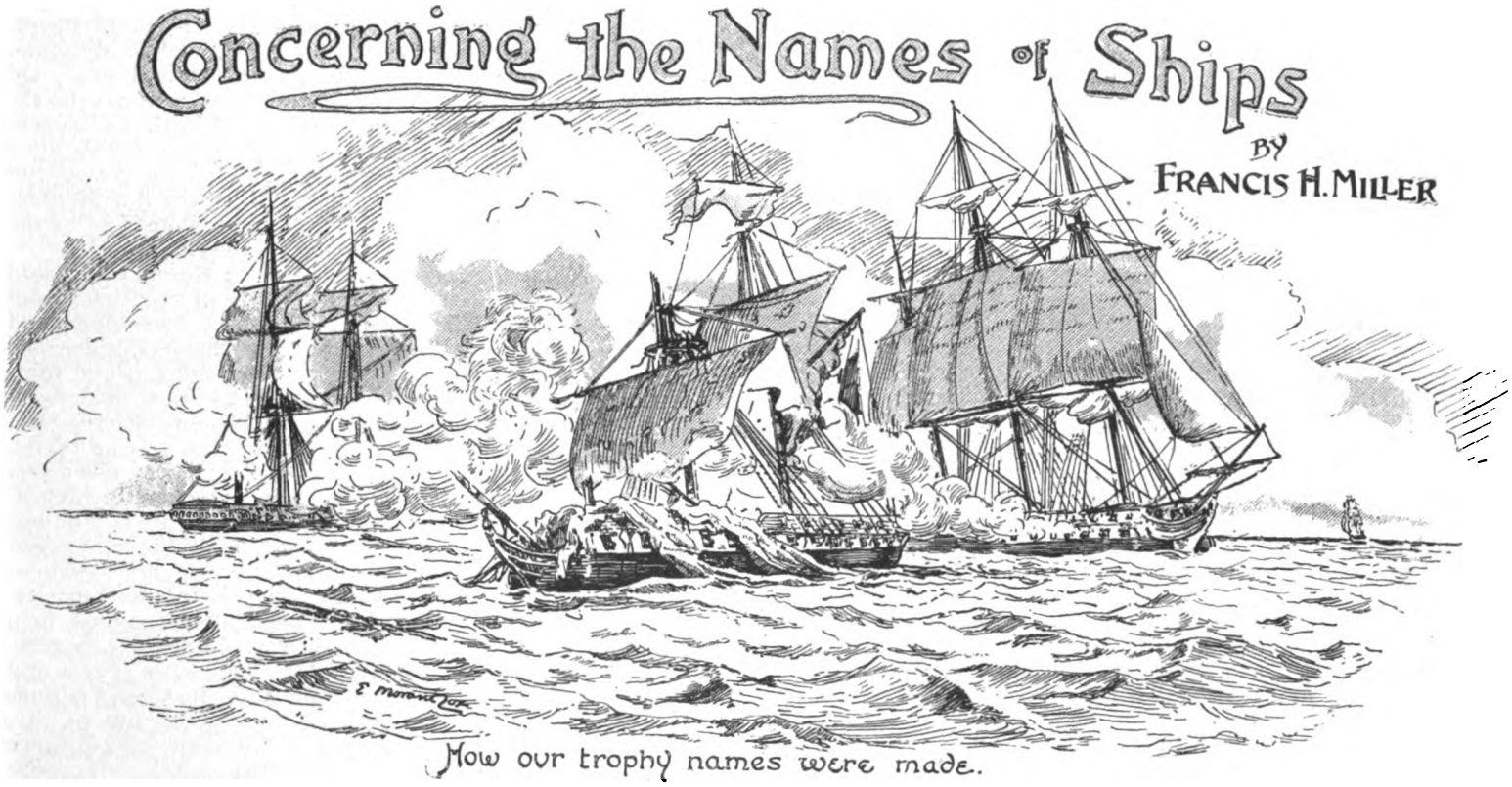


"They on their portable bicycles form..... an ideal mounted infantry."

Digitized by Google

Concerning the Names of Ships

BY FRANCIS H. MILLER



How our trophy names were made.

NOTWITHSTANDING the explanation recently given by the First Lord in reply to a question in the House of Commons, the selection of names for H.M. Ships is a process clothed in profound mystery to all but a small section of the official world, the most generally accepted theory being that "their Lordships' Board" forms itself into a Committee of Taste, and listens critically while the Secretary makes the rafters of the Board Room ring with the rival resonance of such names as "Bellona" and "Belisarius," words almost as soul-comforting as Mesopotamia itself.

And it is further held, but this not so generally, that they prepare themselves for this function by a prolonged study of Lemprière, and a special course of diet, after the fashion of "Glorious John" Dryden, or of Pryn, whose custom was, when he wished to solicit the Muses, to put on a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes, and "seldom eating any dinner, would every three hours or more be munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant.

Anyhow it must be admitted that the selection is generally a happy one, especially of late years, when much has been done to restore the names of many a famous ship whose exploits in the past may well incite those who handle her successor to emulate deeds with which the world once rang.

But apart from this, the principal consideration, the influence of names has from very early times been deemed a subject worthy of the attention of philosophers, scholars, poets and essayists.

Plautus thought it quite enough to damn a man that he bore the name of "Lyco," which is said to signify "greedy wolf." Livy calls the name "Atrius Umber" *abominandi ominis nomen*—a name of horrible portent—while we all remember Sterne's pathetic exhortation to godfathers "not to Nicodemus a man into nothing."

Many of the names of H.M. Ships are derived from the supporters of the Royal Arms which were changed at the caprice of each successive sovereign—among these, though some are obsolete—may be reckoned the "Antelope," one of the supporters of Henry VI.; the "Bull" (Edward IV.); "Dragon" (Henry VIII. and Elizabeth); the "Sun" and the "Hawthorn" (Henry VIII.).

Many more, of course, commemorate famous deeds of Naval daring. The "Victory," "Triumph," and "Revenge" recall the three flag ships of the fleet that fought and scattered the Spanish Armada. The "Vernon" records the dashing capture of Portobello, the "Belle Isle" that of the French island so long and gallantly defended by the brave de la Croix: in the "Collingwood" is preserved the fame of the hero whose name ranks second only to that of Nelson in the annals of Trafalgar, and whose body rests side by side with that of his great chief under the dome of St. Paul's. In an "Impérieuse" Cochrane performed some of his most dashing exploits, a "President" was captured by Captain Hope of the "Endymion" from the Americans in 1815, and the "Shannon" commemorates the famous action of her namesake with the "Chesapeake," on which occasion the success of the Britisher, if we accept the statement of Fennimore Cooper, was in a great measure due to a certain recreant bugler who failed to sound the call for boarders at the proper moment, a result which—says the "Edinburgh Review"—would have caused Dr. Scriblerus himself to acknowledge that the miraculous powers of music are indeed unrivalled since a frigate had been captured in fifteen minutes because her bugler failed at the proper moment to strike up "Hail Columbia."

Several honoured names have recently been revived, such as the "Phœbe" which captured the "Nereide" and "Africaine" in 1797, and was also present at Trafalgar—the "Pallas," another of Lord Cochrane's ships—the "Spartan" which vanquished Joachim Murat's Squadron, and the "Endymion" already alluded to.

With the "S. Jean d'Acre" the name of the famous bombardment by Commodore Napier has disappeared, a bombardment memorable by the terrible explosion of the principal magazine by which the whole arsenal was blown up, two whole regiments formed in position on the ramparts being annihilated, together with every living creature within an area of 60,000 square yards.

The "Resolution," restored within recent years, recalls the fame of Captain Cook, but her companion the "Adventure" has, temporarily, disappeared; the "Formidable," in which Rodney won his great victory over the French under de Grasse, is represented only by a peaceful training ship at Bristol—even the "Nile" and the "Trafalgar" fell temporarily into abeyance, and the "Aboukir" is still in limbo.

The "Goliath," which led the British fleet into action at the battle of the Nile, has disappeared, together with her companion in glory, the "Zealous," and the "Captain" which bore Nelson's broad pennant at the battle of St. Vincent when, after boarding and carrying the "S. Nicolas" of 80 guns, Nelson led his boarders from her to the "San Josef," 110 guns, and took her also.

The "Agincourt" goes back to a time when men were soldiers or sailors by turn as necessity arose; the "Duke of Wellington," the "Marlborough," and the "Blenheim" record the fame of generals who, though "land lubbers both," have well earned such an entry on England's glory roll; let us hope that their professional jealousy will not be excited by the recent happy revival of the good old names of two other land heroes, "Hannibal" and "Cæsar."

The naval heroes were somewhat shabbily treated until the institution of the Admiral class, but now we have the "Anson," "Benbow," "Hawke," "Blake," "Camperdown," "Collingwood," "Hood," "Howe," and "Rodney"—indeed, if Swedenborg's opinion is correct and these worthies are carrying on their occupation in another world, it is to be feared that some little jealousy and heart-burning may arise when Lord Nelson, for instance, finds himself represented by a ship of considerably less strength than those which bear the names of the other tarry shades with whom he is in the habit of exchanging remarks upon the decadence of the Navy; but Admirals Vernon, Boscawen, St. Vincent, and Exmouth are in worse plight, being identified with wooden ships, which the merest wasp of a torpedo boat would knock into a cocked hat in five minutes; while Rooke, in spite of his gallant capture of Gibraltar with "a handful of cabin boys," is not represented at all.

Of the names that, according to Macaulay, "evoke the dear classical recollections of childhood, the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil—the holiday and the prize"—there is no

Digitized by Google

lack. "Agammenon" is here, "Ajax," and "Achilles," but "Hector," the mighty Trojan, has disappeared, temporarily let us hope. "Penelope," after a vain search for her errant spouse, has taken up her quarters at the Cape as being a sort of maritime Charing Cross which every traveller is bound to pass through in time. "Andromeda" has at length been restored, and, appropriately enough, simultaneously with her beloved "Perseus." H.M.S. "Alecto" is the sole representative of the Furies since the "Megæra" laid her bones on the island of St. Paul. The chaste "Daphne" must be much more comfortable since the disappearance of her former fair but frail neighbour "Danæ." Of the Muses, the "Clio" and "Thalia" have disappeared, but have left as their representatives "Terpsichore" and "Calliope," the eloquence of the latter being, however, somewhat handicapped by her close proximity to "Calypso," the Goddess of Silence.

The great Twin-Brethren have been ruthlessly separated for many years, although both brothers were credited with the power of protecting sailors; possibly "Castor" has been selected for retention as a delicate compliment to the Horse Marines, since he was a mighty rider of horses, so that it was lucky Commodore Trunnion was not born under his star, otherwise we might have lost Smollett's inimitable description of the gallant bridegroom's ride to church and his involuntary stag hunt "en route."

Many other classical names are there, and those connected with Romance or Chivalry are almost equally numerous.

Incomparable "Britomart," the beau ideal of chastity, has unluckily disappeared, to the regret of all lovers of Spenser's "Faëry Queen," and so has "Carados," the knight of the Round Table, the proud husband of the only woman of Arthur's Court qualified to wear the mantle of matrimonial fidelity, but the "Griffon" remains, or rather has been restored—"a most fearful wild fowl," according to the veracious Sir John Mandeville, who describes its strength as such that it could easily fly off with a horse in its claws, or even a couple of oxen yoked together. The "Salamander" has also returned—the animal that lives on pure fire, and produces a substance which is neither silk, linen, nor wool, but which has the property of being impervious to fire: other and less creditable qualities are claimed for the "Salamander," inasmuch as it is stated to be in the habit of crawling up trees and infecting all the fruit with its poison—a most reprehensible practice, but grimly suggestive of the uses for which a modern torpedo gunboat is designed. Nor can we dismiss the fabulous beasts without reference to the Wivern, whose body resembled that of a dragon, but which had only two feet, and the too susceptible Unicorn, the surest decoy for which was a handsome virgin placed near his haunts, whom as soon as the Unicorn perceived he went up to her and lying down by her side fell asleep with his head in her lap, and so yielded himself an easy prey to the charms of lovely woman, as many a gallant sailor has done since.

But besides these, there are many names famous in song and story.

Quaint "Ariel" disappeared for a time, and although now restored, is left without his playfellows "Miranda" and "Trinculo"; here also are "Imogene," "Hotspur," and "Cordelia"—

"Whose voice was soft,
Gentle and low,"

—an excellent thing in woman; "Cymbeline" has vanished, but "Cleopatra" remains:

"A Queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow bound with burning gold."

Here also is "Amphion," whose musical powers were such that he could make even "the gouty oak" "flounder into hornpipes"; but "Persephone," the "calm Queen of Hades," and "Artemis," "maiden most perfect, lady of light," and the "Goddess fair and free, in heaven yclept Euphrosyne," with many another sweet-sounding name, have vanished.

Earth, Air, Fire and Water have all been ransacked for names. From the very bowels of the earth came the "Jewel class," including the "Amethyst," "Diamond," "Garnet," etc., and the less familiar "Tourmaline"; Air contributed the "Albatross," a name of ill-omen, recalling the "hellish deed" done by the Ancient Mariner, and many another swift-winged denizen of the air; the Sea was represented, among others, by the "Albacore," a fish drawn from the very depths, the "Skipjack," so named from its saltatory powers, and the "Dolphin," formerly accredited with the power of foretelling storms; Fire yields the "Firebrand," "Torch" and "Firequeen." The Vegetable Kingdom gave us such names as the "Acorn," "Bramble" and "Mistletoe"; while the Insects are numerous enough, ranging from the harmless and some say necessary "Ant" to the "Mosquito," which has been accurately defined as "a voice with a proboscis," and divers other pleasant bed-fellows, which the insect world supplies; likewise are there all descriptions of beasts, from the "Lion" to the "Jackal."

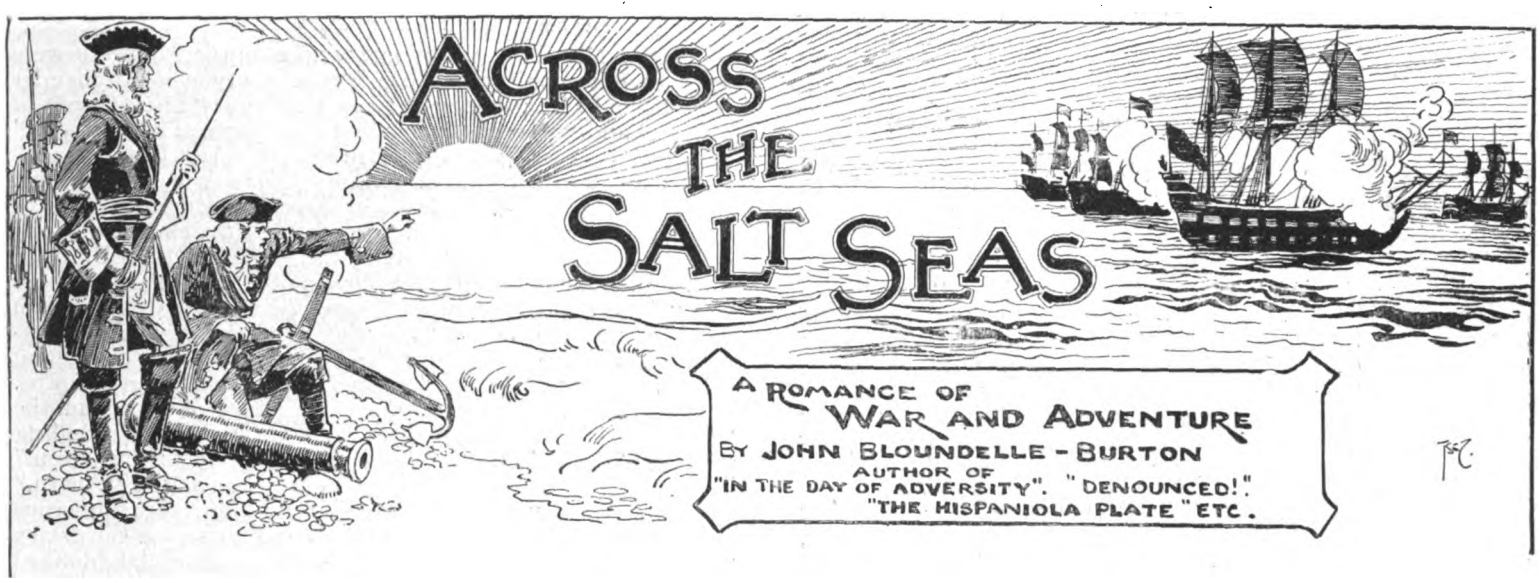
Geographical names are common also, but some, such as "Northampton" and "Northumberland" derive their origin from the titles of noblemen who held high office at the Admiralty or in the Navy. "Edinburgh" and "Caledonia" are well to the front, though "London" has gone, nor is there a "Dublin," another injustice to Ireland, which the Parliamentary Secretary will no doubt some day be called upon to explain.

One quaint name, the "Fubbs Yacht," has gone, and probably for good; it survives only as a tavern sign. For long the name puzzled the present writer, but everything comes to him who waits, and in the fullness of time it was revealed that "Fubbs," a term of endearment, embalmed by Otway in his "Venice Preserved," was a pet name bestowed with other titles by the "Merry Monarch" on his beloved Duchess of Portsmouth.

Such are a few of the associations called up by the names of some of H.M. Ships, and if, here and there, extraneous matter may appear to have been introduced, I shield myself under the broad buckler of Montaigne, who in his "Essay on Names," remarks, "What variety of herbs soever are shuffled together in the dish, yet the whole mass is swallow'd up in one name of a salad."

And as his ship during her active career is to Jack no mere conglomeration of steel and iron and wood, but an object of worship, instinct with life and endowed with every real and some few imaginary virtues, so, when her end comes, whether by battle or tempest, tho' to the eye of the landsman a mere useless wreck, in the mythology of the sailor she has but entered upon a new, more dignified, and less arduous vocation, has been called down, in fact, to the sub-marine House of Lords—Davy Jones's Locker where, still bearing her old cognomen, embellished with some appropriate marine attribute, she will assist in the conferences of that mystic tribunal, and mete out impartial justice to all fresh arrivals in sub-aqueous regions until the sea gives up its dead.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, one of Marlborough's Cuirassiers in the Netherlands, is about to be sent by him with secret intelligence to Sir George Rooke, in command of the British Fleet attacking Cadiz. He has previously been seen on board a passenger vessel—and how he obtained that passage and what befell him on his journey is now to be narrated.

AS the Earl of Marlborough mentioned his name he put out that white hand again and offered it to me, I taking it with all imaginable respect. He was at this time the most conspicuous subject of any sovereign in the world; his name was known from one end of Europe to the other. Also it was the most feared, although he had not yet put the crowning point to his glory, nor risen to the highest rank which he was destined for. But he was very near his zenith now, his greatness almost at its summit—and, I have often thought since, there was something within him at this time which told how it was close at hand. For he had an imperturbable calmness, an unfailing quiet graciousness—as I witnessed afterwards on many occasions—which alone could be possessed by one who felt sure of himself. In every word he spoke, in every action, he proclaimed that he was certain of—and master of—his destiny.

"My lord Athlone informs me," he continued when I was seated, the soft voice flowing musically, "that you have the fitting aspirations of a soldier. Desire a regiment and are willing to earn one." I bowed and muttered that to succeed in my career was my one hope, and that if I could win success I would spare no effort. Then he went on.

"You speak French. That is good. Also Spanish. That, too, is good. Likewise, I hear, can disguise your identity as an Englishman, if necessary. That is well also. Mr. —— and he took up a piece of paper lying before him, on which I supposed my name was written—Mr. Crespin, I—we—are going to employ you on secret service. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I am willing, my lord, to do anything that may advance my career. Anything that may become a soldier."

"That is as it should be. The light in which to regard matters—'anything that may become a soldier.' That before all! Well! to be short—we are going to send you to Cadiz."

"To Cadiz, my lord!" I said, unable to repress some slight feeling of astonishment.

"Yes, to Cadiz. Where you will not find another English soldier. Still that will, perhaps, not matter very much, since we do not desire you when there to appear as a soldier yourself. You are granted leave from your regiment indefinitely while on this mission, and, for the first, at least, you will be a private gentleman. Also, when at Cadiz, you will please to be anything but an *English* gentleman."

"Or a Dutch one," put in the other earl, with a gutteral laugh. "Therefore assume not the Dutch accent."

Evidently, my lord Marlborough did not know of the joke underlying this remark, since he went on,

"As a Frenchman you will have the best chance. Or, perhaps, as a Swiss merchant. But that we leave to you. What you have to do is to get to Cadiz and, when there, to pass as someone—neither English or Dutch—who is engaged on ordinary mercantile pursuits. Then when the Fleet comes in ——."

"The Fleet, my lord!"

"Yes, The English Fleet. I should tell you—I must make myself clear. A large fleet under the admirals Rooke and Hopson, as well as some Dutch admirals, are about to besiege Cadiz. They will shortly sail from Portsmouth, as we have advices, and it is almost a certainty that they will succeed in gaining possession of the small island in which is Cadiz. That will be of immense service to us, since, while we are fighting King Louis in the North, the Duke of Ormond, who goes out in that fleet in command of between thirteen and fourteen thousand men, will be able to attack the Duke of Anjou—or, as he now calls himself, King Philip V. of Spain—in the South. But that is not all. We are not sending you there to add one more strong right arm to His Grace's forces—we could utilize that here, Mr. Crespin," and he bowed courteously—"but because we wish you to convey a message to him and the admirals."

I, too, bowed again and expressed by my manner that I was listening most attentively, while the earl continued.

"The message is this. We have received information from a sure source that the galleons, now on their way back to Spain from the Indies, have altered their place of arrival because they—in their turn—had been informed in some way——by some spy or traitor, that this expedition will sail from England. Therefore, they will not go near Cadiz. But the spot to which they will proceed is Vigo—in the North. Now," and he rose as he spoke and stood in front of the empty fireplace, "your business will be to convey this intelligence to Sir George Rooke and those under him, and I need not tell you that you are like enough to encounter dangers in so conveying it. And you are prepared to undertake them."

CHAPTER III.

"I FIND A SHIP."

"You see," the Earl of Marlborough continued, while Ginkell and I stood on either side of him, "that neither your risks nor your difficulties will be light. To begin with, you must pass as a Frenchman, or, at least, not an Englishman, for Cadiz, like all Spanish ports and towns, will not permit of any being there. Therefore, your only way to get into it is to be no Englishman. Now, how, Mr. Crespin, would you suggest reaching that place and obtaining entry? It is far away."

I thought a moment on this, then I said:

"But Portugal, my lord, is not closed to us. That country has not yet thrown in its lot with either France or Austria."

"That is true. And the southern frontier of Portugal is very near to Spain—to Cadiz, you mean?"

"Yes. I could proceed to the frontier of Portugal, could perhaps get by sea to Tavira—then, as a Frenchman, cross into Spain and so to Cadiz."

He pondered a little on this, then said, "Yes, the idea is feasible. Only—how to get to Tavira?" and he bent over a chart on the table and regarded it fixedly as he spoke. "How to do that?" running his finger down the coast line of Portugal as he spoke, and then up again as far north as to the Netherlands, stopping at Rotterdam.

"All traffic is closed," he muttered, "between Spain and Holland now, otherwise there would be countless vessels passing betwixt Rotterdam and Cadiz which would perhaps put you ashore on the Portuguese coast. But now—now—there will scarce be any."

Ginkell had been called away by one of his aide-de-camps as his lordship bent over the chart and mused upon it, or, doubtless, his astute Dutch mind might have suggested some way out of the difficulty that stared us in the face; but even as we now pondered over the sheet an idea occurred to me.

"My lord," I said, "may I suggest this? That I should make my way to Rotterdam to begin with—by some chance there may be a ship going south—through some part of the Bay at least. But, even if it is not so—if all traffic is stopped, why then I could at least get to England, might arrive there before the fleet sails for Cadiz——"

"Nay," his lordship interrupted, "you would be too late. They may have sailed by now."

Digitized by Google

"I know not what further to propose, my lord."

"We must risk it," he said promptly. "Chance your finding some vessel by which you can proceed, even if only part of the way. The hope is a poor one—yet 'tis worth catching at. King Louis wants the money those galleons are bringing—his coffers are empty, he hardly knows where to turn for the wherewithal to pay his and his grandson's men—we want it, too, if we can get it. Above all, we want to prevent the wealth falling into the hands of Spain which, now, means France. Mr. Crespin, on an almost forlorn chance you must start for Rotterdam."

"When shall I go, my lord? To-night? At once?"

"You are ready?"

"I am ready."

"Good. You have the successful soldier's qualities. Yes, you must go at once. At once."

* * * * * * * * * * *

That night I was on the road for Rotterdam, which is fifty leagues and more to the north-east of Kaiserswerth, so that I had a fair good ride before me ere I reached what might prove to be the true outset of my journey.

I did not go alone, however, since at this time I rode in the company of my lord Marlborough, who was returning to the Hague, to which he had come in March as Ambassador—Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, as well as Captain General of all Her Majesty's forces, both at home and abroad. Also, his Lordship had been chosen to command the whole of the allied forces combined against the King of France and his grandson, the King of Spain—whom we regarded only as the Duke of Anjou—and he was now making all preparations for that great campaign which was already opened and was to be pushed on with extreme vigour, and with such success that, at last, the power and might of Louis were quite crushed and broken. This concerns not me, however, at present.

Nor did my long ride in company with his lordship and a brilliant staff offer any great incident; suffice it therefore if I say that, on the evening of the second day from my setting out, and fifty hours after I had quitted Kaiserswerth, I rode into Rotterdam, and finding a bed for the night at the "Indian Coffee House," put up there.

"I rode in the company of my Lord Marlborough"

This I did not do, however, without some difficulty, since at the time, the city was full of all kinds of people from almost every part of Europe—excepting always France and Spain, against the natives of which countries very strict laws for their expulsion had been passed since the declaration of war which was made conjointly by the Queen, the Emperor, and the States General, against those two countries on the 4th of May of this year, 1702.

But of other peoples the place was, as I say, full. In the river there lay coasting vessels, deep-water vessels, merchant ships—indeed, every kind of craft, almost, that goes out to sea, and belonging to England, to Holland, to Denmark, and other lands. Also there were to be seen innumerable French vessels—but these were prizes which had been dragged in after being taken prisoners outside, and would be disposed of shortly—as well as their goods and merchandize—by the *Dyke-Graaf*, or high bailiff. And from many of these ships, the captains and the seamen, as well as in several cases the passengers who were belated on their journeys, were all ashore helping to fill up the inns and taverns. Also troops were quartered about everywhere, these being not only the Dutch, or natives, who were preparing to go forward to the Hague and from thence to wheresoever my lord Marlborough should direct, but also many of our own, brought over by our great ships of war to Helvoetsluys and, themselves, on their way to serve under his command.

The room, therefore, which I had gotten at the "Indian Coffee House" was none of the best, yet, since I was a soldier, I made shift with it very well, and in other ways the place was convenient enough for my purpose. It may be, indeed, that I could scarce have selected a better house at which to stop, seeing that the "ordinary" below was the one most patronised by the merchant captains, who flocked in daily for their dinner, and for the conversation and smoking and drinking which succeeded that meal.

And now, so that I shall arrive as soon as may be at the description of all that befell and was the outcome of the mission which the Earl of Marlborough confided to me, let me set down at once that it was not long before I—by great good chance—stumbled on that very opportunity which I desired and which was so necessary to the accomplishment of what his lordship wanted.

After the ordinary at which I, myself, took a seat every day at one o'clock, the drinking and the smoking and the conversation began—as I have said—and none, however strange they might be at first to the customs of the place, could be there long without the making of acquaintances. For the whole of the talk ran on the one subject in which all were interested and absorbed, namely, the now declared war and the fighting which had been done and was also to do; on the stoppage to trade and the ruin to business that must occur, and such like. And I can tell you that many an honest sea-captain and many a burly Rotterdam burgher drank down his schnapps or his potato-brandy or seidel of brown beer—as their tastes might be!—while heaving also of sighs or muttering of pious exclamations or terrible curses—also as their tastes might direct!—at the threatened ruin. Also, too, at the fear which gripped their hearts that now they would not have the wherewithal left for even these gratifications, humble as they were. "Curse the war," said one to whom I had spoken more than once—he was indeed my captain of "La Mouche Noire," in whose ship you have already found me; "it means destitution for me and mine if it lasts—hunger and shoelessness for my wife and little ones at home in Shadwell. Above all, I curse the ambition of the French king who has plunged all Europe into it by his greed; placed all honest men 'twixt hawk and buzzard as to fortune. Curse him, I say."

"Ay, gurse him," chimed in a fat Frieslander captain who sat at his elbow, "gurse him, I say, too. I was now choost maging for Chava—should have peen out of the riffer mit mein vreight if his vleet had not gone along mit that von gursed Chean Part in it, ven I had to put pack. And here I am mit all mein goots——"

"And here am I, mit all mein," broke in my captain, a-laughing in spite of himself. "yet—yet—I know not if I will not make a push for it. I think ever of the house at Shadwell and the little ones. I could not abide to think also of their calling for bread and of their mother having none to give them. Yet 'twill come to that ere long. And the war may last for years."

"Where were you for?" I asked, using, indeed, what had become a set phrase in my mouth since I had consorted with all these sailors. For by enquiring of each one with whom I conversed what his destination had been or would be if he had courage to risk the high seas outside, I thought that, at last, I might strike upon one whose way was mine. For all were not afraid to go forth, indeed there was scarcely a dark night in which one or two did not get down the river and sneak out into the open, thinking that, when there, there was a chance of escaping the French ships of war and privateers and of reaching their destination, while by remaining here they had no chance of earning a brass farthing. And I had known of several ships going out thus since I had been in Rotterdam—only they were of no use to me. One was bound for Archangel, another for the Indies, and a third for our colony of Massachusetts.

Digitized by Google

"I," said my captain—whose name I knew afterwards to be Tandy—"I? Oh! I was freighted for Cadiz. But of course that can never be now. Yet if I could but get away I might do much with my goods. At Lisbon they would sell well, or even farther south. Though 'tis true there's not much money below that till one comes to Spain."

Though I had thought the time must arrive when I should hear one of these sailors say that Cadiz was, or had been, his road—I knew that if it did not come soon 'twould be no good for me and I might as well make my way back to the regiment! —yet now, when I did so hear it, I almost started with joyful surprise. Still, even in so hearing, what had I gained? The captain had but said that at one time, before the declaration of hostilities, he had been ready to sail for Cadiz. He did not say that at this moment—almost five months later—he was still likely to go. Instead, had said it could never be now.

Yet—for it meant much to me!—my heart beat a little faster as I asked—leaning across the beer and spirit-slopped table to him:

"Do you ever on your cruises carry passengers?"

He gave me a quick glance—I reading it to mean that he would be glad to know what my object could be in such a question, put seriously and in a somewhat low tone as though not intended for other people's ears. Then he said:

"Oh! ay! I carry 'em. When I can get 'em—if they will pay fairly. But who do you think would trust themselves aboard a coaster now, in such times as these, unless she was under convoy of one of the Queen's ships in company with others?"

"I would," I replied, leaning even a little more forward than before, and speaking in a still lower tone, "I would, to get as near to Cadiz as might be. And pay well, too."

He did not speak for a moment, instead he glanced his eye over me as though examining my outward gear for proof of what I had said as to paying handsomely. Yet I did not fear this scrutiny, since I was well enough apparelled at all points, having, when I left Kaiserswerth, put off my uniform and donned a fine riding suit of blue cloth, well faced and passemented. Also my plain sword and wig were of the best, such as befitted a gentleman.

"Pay well," he said, when he had concluded this inspection, "Pay well! Humph! That might induce me, since I am like enough to lose my goods ere I sight Cape Finisterre. Pay well! You mean it? Well, now, see! What could you pay? Come. A fancy price! To be put as near Cadiz as can be compassed. And no questions asked," and he winked at me, so that I wondered what he took me for. Later on, I found that he suspected me of being one of the many spies in the pay of France who, because they had both the English and French tongue, were continually passing from one part of the continent of Europe to another.

"As to the questions," I replied, "you might ask as many as you desired. They would not be answered. As to the pay—what will you take?"

He thought a moment, and again his eye ranged over my habiliments; then he said, sharply:

"A hundred guineas. Fifty down on the nail—the rest at the end of the journey. You to take all risks. That is, I mean, even though we get no further than the mouth of the Scheldt—which is like enough! Say; will you give it?"

"'Tis, indeed, a fancy price, yet—on conditions—yes," I answered promptly.

"Those conditions being?"

"That you weigh within twenty-four hours; that if we are chased you run, or even fight, till there is no further hope, and that if we escape capture you approach to the nearest point to Cadiz possible. Tavira to be that point."

He got up and went out of the door into the street, and I saw him looking up into the heavens at the clouds passing beneath the sun; then he came back and resumed his seat. After which he said:

"If the wind keeps as 'tis now, I will weigh ere twenty-four hours are past. The conditions to be as you say. And the fifty guineas to be in my hands ere we up anchor. They," he added, half to himself, "will be something for the home even though I lose my ship."

And this being settled and all arrangements concluded, we went off in his boat which was lying at the steps of the Boomjes, to see the ship. Then I, having selected my cabin out of two which he had unoccupied, returned to the coffee house to write my Lord Marlborough word of what I had done, to dispose of my horse—which I was sorry enough to do since it was a good, faithful beast that had carried me well; yet there was no use in keeping it, I not knowing if I should ever see Rotterdam again—to make one or two other preparations, and to write to my mother at home.

As to the hundred guineas—great as the demand was!—I felt justified in paying it since, if I succeeded in my task, the result might be splendid for England. Also, I had a sufficiency of money with me, the earl having ordered two hundred guineas to be given me out of the regimental chest (which was pretty full, seeing that, at Kaiserswerth, eight great coffers of French gold were taken possession of by us on gaining the town), and he had also given me bills for three hundred more guineas signed by his own hand, which the money changers would be only too glad to pay anywhere. And, besides this, I had some money of my own, and should have more from the sale of the horse.

There remains one thing, however, to mention which I have almost forgot to set down, namely, that at the "Indian Coffee House" I had given my name accurately, his lordship, who was perfectly acquainted with France—indeed, he had once served her under Turenne, in his capacity of colonel of the "English Regiment," sent out by King Charles the Second—having said that Crespin was as much a French as an English name. And although no questions had as yet been asked as to what my business was, there being, indeed, none who had any right or title so to ask, I had resolved that, if necessary, I would do this. Namely, here, in Holland, I would be English—since, at the time, and we being allies, it was almost one and the same thing; and that in Spain I would be French, which was also at the period one and the same thing. And, if we were to be captured by any of Louis' privateers or ships of war, then, also, I should be French, in that case possibly a Canadian, to account for any strangeness in my accent.

And with this all fixed in my mind, I made my preparations for going to sea in "La Mouche Noire."

CHAPTER IV.

AN ESCAPE.

The wind shifted never a point, so that, ere sunset the next day, we were well down the river and nearing the mouth, while already ahead of us we could see the waves of the North Sea tumbling about. Also we could see something else that we could have done very well without, namely, the topmasts of a great frigate lying some three miles off the coast—or rather coming about and keeping off and on—the vessel being, doubtless, one of Louis' warships bent on intercepting anything that came out of the river.

"Yet," said Captain Tandy as he stood on the poop and regarded her through his perspective glass, "she will not catch us. Let but the night fall and out we go, while, thanks to the Frenchmen who built our little barky, we can keep so well in that she can never come near us."

"She can come near enough though to send a round shot or two into our side," I hazarded, "if she sees our lights."

"She won't see our lights," the captain made answer, and again he indulged in that habit which seemed a common one with him—he winked at me. A steady, solemn kind of a wink that, properly understood, conveyed a good deal. And, having favoured me with it, he gave orders that the light sail under which we had come down the river should be taken in, when, this done, we lay off the little isle of Rosenberg, which here breaks the Maas in two, until night fell.

And now it was that Tandy gave me a piece of information which, at first, I received with anything but satisfaction; the information, to wit, that, at the last moment almost—at eleven o'clock in the morning and before I had come on board, he had been fortunate enough to get another passenger. This passenger being the man, Carstairs, or Cuddiford, as he came to consider him, whom, at the opening of this narrative, you have seen in a delirium. "I could not refuse the chance, Mr. Crespin" he said, for he knew my name by now, "things are too ill with me owing to this accursed fresh war for me to throw guineas away. So, when his blackamoor accosted me at the 'Indian' and said that he heard I was going a voyage south—God alone knows how these things leak out, since I had never spoke word of my intention, though some of the men, or the ship's chandler of whom I bought last night may have done so—and would I take his master and him, I was impelled to do it. There are the wife and the children at home."

"And have you gotten another hundred guineas from him?" I asked.

"Ay, for him and the black. But they will not trouble you. The old gentleman—who seems to be something like a minister—tells me he is not well and will not quit his cabin. The negro will berth near him—they will not interfere with you."

"Do they know there is another passenger aboard?"

"I have not spoken to the old man—may be, however, some of the sailors have told the servant. Yet none know your name but I—it can be kept secret 'an you wish," and again he winked at me—thinking, of course, as he had done before, that my business was of a ticklish nature, as indeed it was, though not quite that which he supposed. Nay, he doubtless felt very sure it must be so, since otherwise he would have got no hundred guineas of me for such a passage.

"I do not wish it known," I said. "It *must* be kept secret. Also my country. There must be no talking."

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. CASSAR, Malta.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES BENJAMIN KNOWLES, C.B.

MAJOR-GENERAL KNOWLES joined the 77th Foot as Ensign in February, 1855, and was promoted Lieutenant in April of the same year. He took part in the Crimean Campaign, 1855, was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and was wounded at the assault of the Redan on the 8th September. He became Captain in the 67th Foot (now the Hampshire Regiment) in June, 1863; Major in October, 1871; and Lieutenant-Colonel in August, 1877. Major-General KNOWLES commanded the 67th in the Afghan War of 1879-80, at the battle of Charasiah, affair of Doaba, operations around Kubul, and the retirement on Sherpur, he was mentioned in despatches for services on these occasions, and made Companion of the Bath. He was promoted Colonel in the Army in August, 1881, and acted as Adjutant-General, Bombay, from April, 1886 to November, 1890; was promoted Major-General in October, 1890, and commanded at Malta from January, 1892, to September, 1895. He has held the command of the Forces in Egypt since October, 1895. This gallant officer holds a reward for "Distinguished and Meritorious Services," granted in January, 1895.

Digitized by Google

THREE DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS.

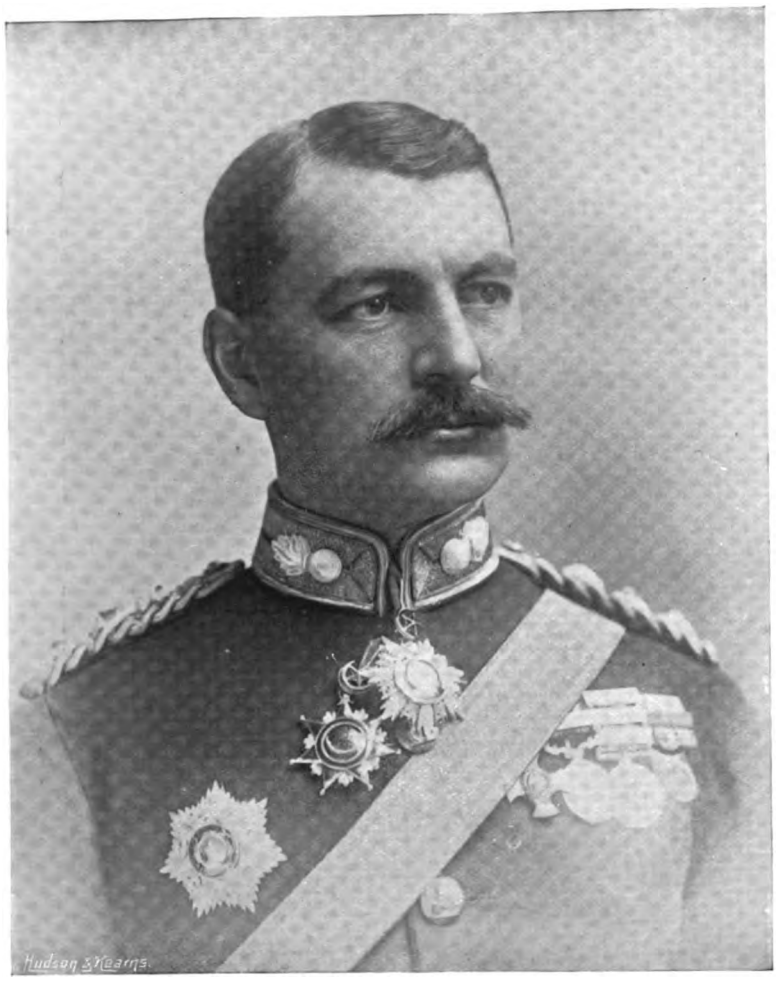


Photo. RUSSELL. *Baker Street.*

Major-Gen. HY. MACLEOD LESLIE RUNDLE, D.S.O.

MAJOR-GENERAL RUNDLE is an officer of the Royal Artillery, which corps he joined in August, 1876. He has had considerable war experience, beginning with the Zulu War of 1879, the Transvaal War of 1881, and the Egyptian War of 1882, where he was present at Tel-el-Kebir. He became attached to the Egyptian Army in 1883, since which time he has been actively employed in practically all the various operations that have taken place in Egypt:—The Nile Expedition of 1884-85, when he won his Brevet of Major; in the Soudan in 1885-87; in the operations of the Frontier Field Force in 1890-91, for which he was granted the 3rd class of the Medjidie; at the action at Sarras, where he commanded the Mounted Corps and served as A.A.G., being mentioned in Despatches, granted the D.S.O. and the 3rd Class of the Osmanieh; the action at Toski, where he commanded the Artillery, and was again mentioned in Despatches and given the Brevet of Lieut.-Colonel; and the capture of Fort Tokar. In the Dongola Expedition, General RUNDLE served as Chief of the Staff to Sir H. H. KITCHENER, special promotion to Major-General being the reward of his services.

Colonel BURN MURDOCH is the officer who commanded the Egyptian cavalry during the Dongola Expedition. He is a Major of the 1st Royal Dragoons and was specially promoted to his present rank after the battle at Ferket, where Colonel BURN MURDOCH'S horsemen rendered such fine service. Colonel BURN MURDOCH was Brigade-Major of Cavalry at Aldershot from 1891 to 1894, when he became attached to the Egyptian Army to command the Khedive's cavalry. As a subaltern of the Royals, he first saw active service in the Afghan War of 1878-80. In 1882 he took part in the Egyptian War, being present at Tel-el-Kebir, and in 1884-5 he served with the Camel Corps, being present at Abu Klea and El Gubat.

Lieutenant C. F. S. VANDELEUR, of the Scots Guards, is one of the little band of British officers who within the last two years have been conducting military operations with such brilliant success in the Uganda Protectorate against slave trading Arabs. Her Majesty recently appointed him a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, and herself personally presented him with the Badge of the Order at Windsor Castle on the 24th November. Lieut. VANDELEUR entered the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards in February, 1889, and became Lieutenant in May, 1892.

Colonel JOHN FRANCIS BURN MURDOCH, D.S.O.

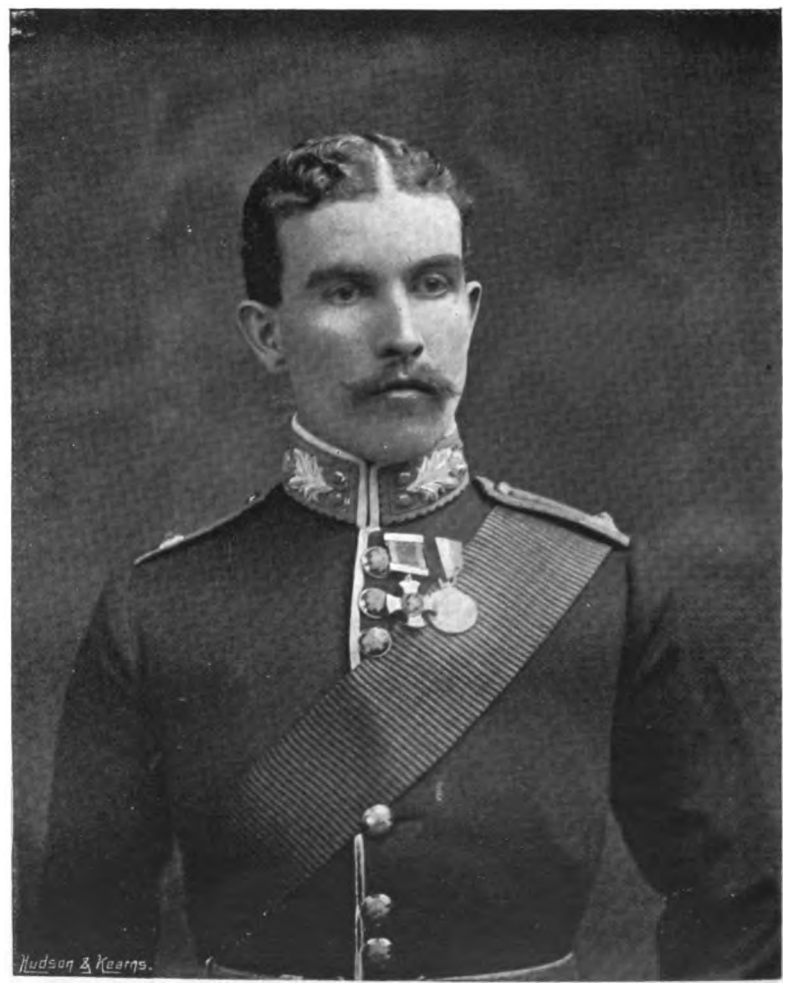


Photo. J. THOMSON. *Grosvenor Street.*

Lieut. C. FOSTER SEYMOUR VANDELEUR, D.S.O.

Digitized by Google

A GUN TEAM OF THE 18th FIELD BATTERY, R.A.

FARRIER'S SHOP AT THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS, EXETER.

Photos. E. STEWART, Exeter.

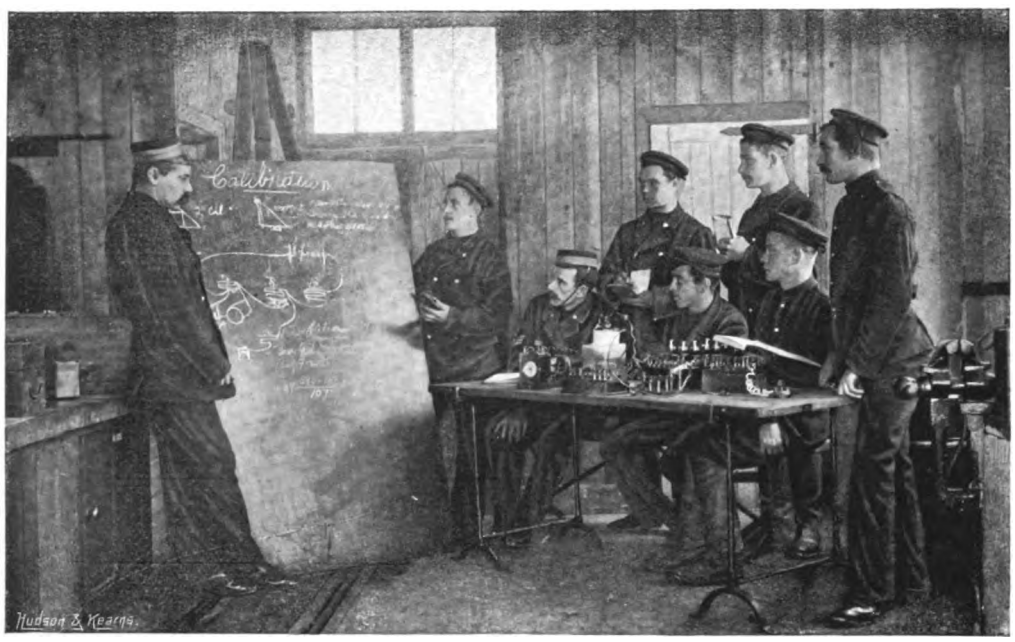
SERGEANTS OF THE 18th AND 73rd FIELD BATTERIES, R.A.

THE two batteries, Nos. 18 and 73 of the Royal Artillery, here shown, were, at the time our photographs were taken, quartered together at Exeter. No. 18 is at present at Aldershot, having been relieved at Exeter by No. 19 from Christchurch; No. 73 still remains in the West of England. Our lower photograph shows the Sergeants of the two batteries, the men who are individually in charge of the gun teams or sub-divisions. Each gun team is specially directed by a Sergeant, who rides at its head, and as the "No. 1" of the gun detachment is specially responsible for the fighting of the gun in action. Our first photograph shows a gun with the gunners riding on the axle-tree seats, and with the drivers mounted, one to each pair of the six horses which comprise a gun team. Our second photograph gives an idea of the various implements, etc., used in the farrier's department in an artillery battery and carried in the field in the six-horse forge wagon that is attached to each battery.

Digitized by Google

SUBMARINE MINERS AND THEIR WORK.

IN SEA-GOING KIT.



A CLASS OF ELECTRICIANS.

TESTING A CABLE BY ELECTRICITY.

HAPPILY we are never likely to be called upon to employ submarine mines against an invading foe, so long as we possess an adequate fleet, but as a protection against raiding cruisers they may play a part in our island scheme of defence. The Submarine Miners —a section of the Royal Engineers— may therefore fairly be considered, not only an expensive branch of our Army, but one which has its uses in the event of the British Empire being threatened by a foreign foe.

A mine consists of a charge of gun-cotton or dynamite contained in a case, and is sunk in a river, estuary or channel for the purpose of damaging a hostile ship attempting to pass. Mines may be broadly divided into three classes:—First, *observation*, fired by electricity from an observing station; secondly, *controlled* electro-contact, fired from the shore when a vessel striking one gives notice that it is over it; thirdly, *uncontrolled*, exploded when struck by a vessel.

Uncontrolled mines may be either mechanical, electro-mechanical, or chemical. Those which lie at the bottom are termed "ground mines;" others, floating a certain height above their moorings, are known as "buoyant mines."

An observation mine is connected with a firing battery on shore by an electric cable. It is fired by two observers who are placed in such a position that their respective lines of sight are at right angles to each other.

To fire the mine it is necessary for both observers to depress a firing key simultaneously.

The mine is only exploded if both depress their respective firing keys when the centre of the ship is cut by either line of sight, and is accordingly over the mine.

Observation mines are not practicable in foggy weather if at any great distance from shore, and at night, in time of war, must be watched by electric search-lights.

Controlled mines are connected by a cable with a battery on shore, and are fired in much the same manner as the first class of mine.

Uncontrolled electro-contact mines are fired by means of an electric circuit, which is not complete until the mine is struck, causing a contrivance attached to act as a "circuit closer." Several of these mines may be connected with the shore by one cable.

An electric-mechanical mine contains a voltaic battery joined to a fuse and circuit closer, and has no connection with the shore, but explodes when struck, or an explosion may be effected by the breaking of a glass tube attached, containing bicromate of potash.

There are various kinds of mechanical mines. One of the simplest is furnished with a pin, which is pulled out when the mine is struck, releasing a plunger. The latter is then forced into a detonator by a powerful spring, causing the explosion. A mechanical mine may also be fired by the mixing of sulphuric acid, chlorate of potash, and sugar.

When being laid, all mechanical and electro-mechanical mines are in some way or other prevented from exploding

A simple mechanical mine has a safety-pin, which can be withdrawn after it is placed in position.

In the case of electro mechanical mines the two wires completing the current are not allowed to come into contact during the process of laying.

When placed, the operator retires out of range before joining the two wires, thus avoiding the possibility of an accident.

Controlled and observation mines have the advantage of remaining harmless unless fired from shore, and friendly vessels are on that account enabled to pass in safety. On the other hand, uncontrolled mines must cause destruc-

Digitized by Google

tion to all comers. Those worked on mechanical principles are cheaper and require less skilled labour, but all species of mines must be protected by guns, for if this precaution be not taken, it is easy for the enemy to destroy them by counter-mining or "creeping."

* * * * * *

Mr. KIPLING, the military Poet Laureate, has immortalised the "Jolly." In one of his poems he speaks of him as "soldier and sailor too." If, however, we are to take the subject of dress into consideration, the epithet is more applicable to the submarine miner, at least, when in working dress. Attired in jersey, sou'wester, and sea boots, as seen in the first picture, he might well be mistaken for a "bluejacket" by an uninitiated observer. A submarine miner is not trained with the same facility as an ordinary infantry soldier. His duties necessitate, not only physical development (which, of course, is necessary in the process of laying and taking up mines), but demand a considerable amount of brain culture and scientific knowledge. As we have already mentioned, some classes of mines are connected with the shore by electric cables. When taken up these cables must be carefully coiled before being tested, and stored in the cable-tank until again required. Coiling down cable forms the principal part of a recruit's work for the first few days after his arrival. He is then gradually initiated into the more important branches of mining.

After his elementary training is completed, he is further instructed as a diver, electrician, instrument repairer, or engine driver.

Electricians are taught to make up batteries, test apparatus and cables, electric lighting, etc. In the second photograph a class is shown receiving instruction in the method of calibrating galvanometers. Such a course is not only interesting and instructive, but the knowledge acquired during these lectures may be turned to good account on return to civil life.

The third illustration depicts a party engaged in testing a cable to which a mine is attached.

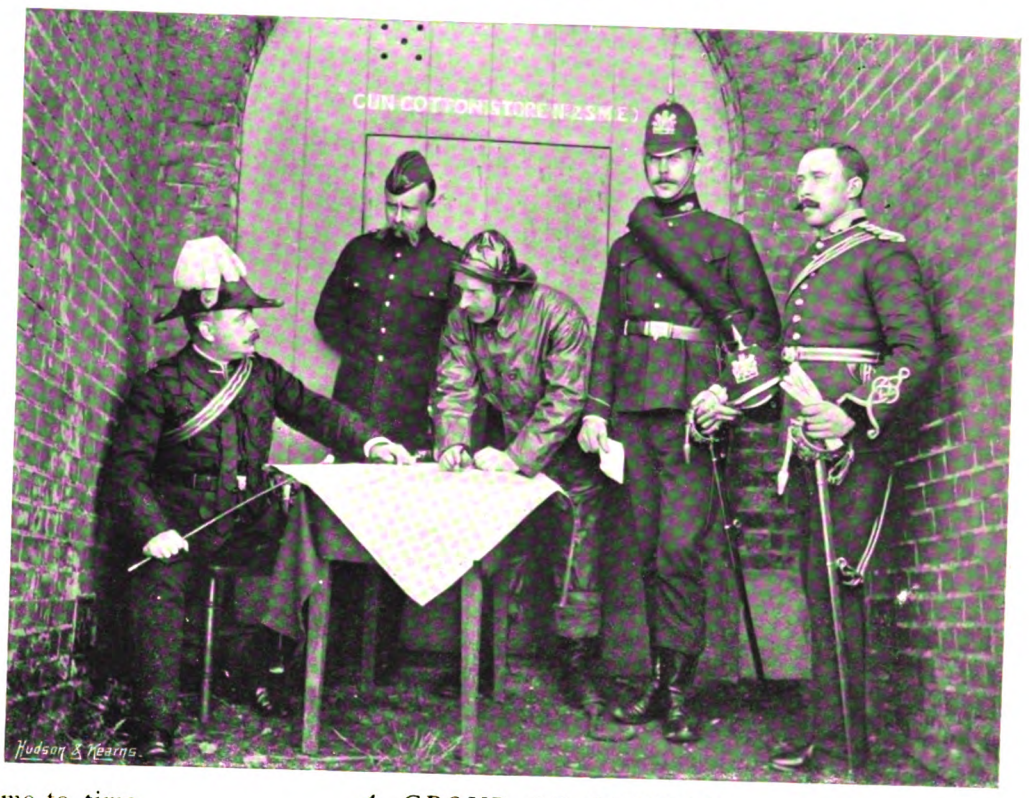
It is of the utmost moment that the copper wire in the centre of the cable should be unbroken, and, in addition, the india-rubber covering must be perfectly sound. For this reason cables are from time to time tested as regards conductivity and insulation resistance.

The fourth photograph is that of a pier specially reserved for submarine mining work. The mines, with all the necessary appliances for laying, may be seen on different parts of the pier, connected up and ready for placing on the "laying out" vessel immediately on its arrival. The latter conveys the mines to their position previously decided upon. The ship lying off the pier is the old "St. Vincent," one of our "wooden walls."

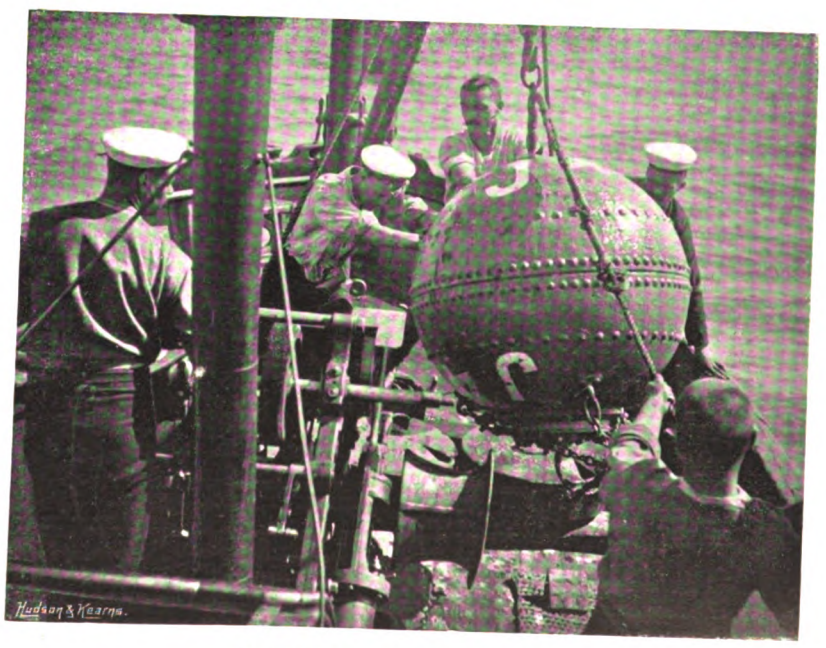
The fifth picture shows the various "orders" or dresses worn by officers of the Submarine Miners—on the left, a field officer with sword, spurs, staff-frock and cocked hat; next to him a captain in working dress. The officer in the centre is dressed in "sou'westers," which are absolutely necessary for comfort in rough weather. The two next appear respectively in "marching" and "review order." In rear of the group may be seen the apartment where gun-cotton is stored.

The sixth photograph depicts a mine about to be put in position from the "laying out" vessel. It will be seen at a glance that those engaged in this important military science must be endowed with physical as well as mental strength. As we have indicated above, the submarine mine is an adjunct of port defence more suitable for use by nations which expect to be attacked from over sea, than for this Empire which would fall to pieces if its maritime supremacy were lost, but it

SUBMARINE MINING PIER.

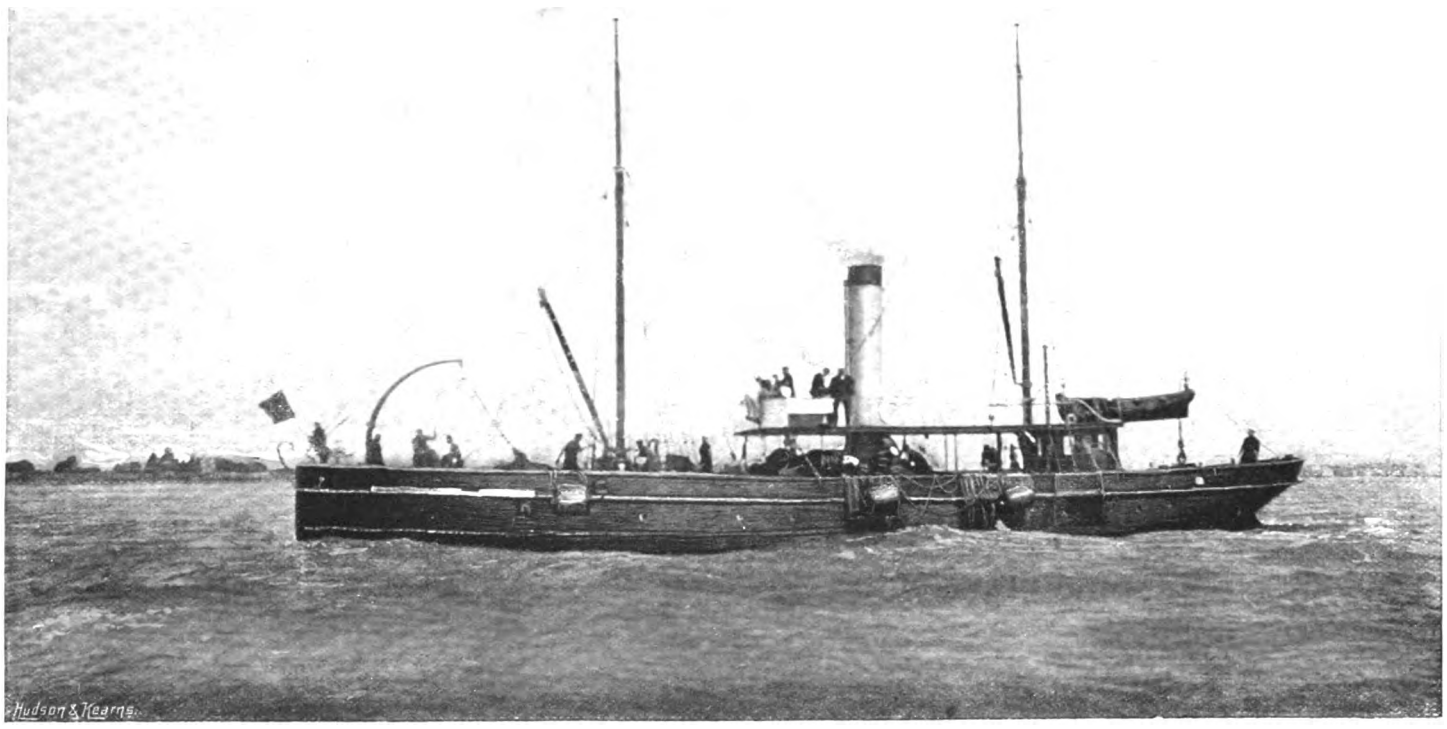


A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

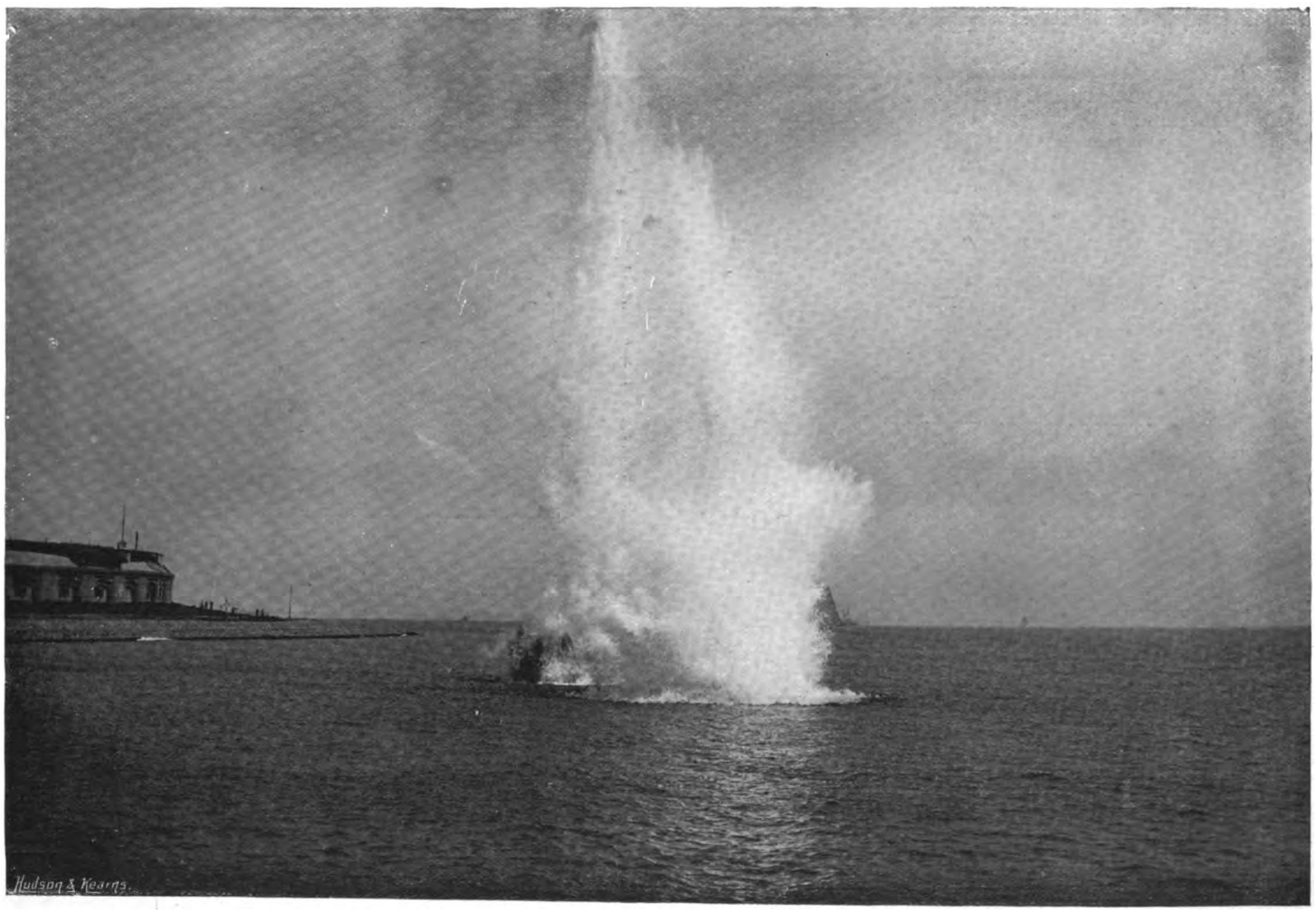


LAYING A MINE.

Digitized by Google



VESSEL LAYING MINES IN MINEFIELD.



EXPLOSION OF SUBMARINE MINE.

unquestionably has a value, although not so high perhaps as some of its admirers would have us believe. In the upper picture the submarine mining vessel "Sir Charles Pasley" is shown laying out mines in the "minefield," as the space they occupy is termed. The mines are being laid from the starboard side. Their correct positions, fixed on beforehand, are ascertained by sectant angles, or other mathematical methods. Additional mines, ready for laying, may be seen on the port side of the vessel. Communication with the shore is maintained by means of visual signalling. In order that recruits may, in addition to their theoretical knowledge, have some practical demonstration of the alarming destructive power contained in the mines which they are engaged in making, ample opportunity for experimenting is afforded them during their course of instruction as electricians. They are required to "make up" and fire a number of extemporized charges composed of varying quantities of gun cotton. These mines are fired by electricity, either from the shore or from a boat stationed at a safe distance. The lower illustration shows the result obtained from the explosion of a charge, composed of 25 lbs. of gun cotton, in Stokes Bay, and one can well infer, from the upheaval of water, that had an hostile ship been, at the time, exactly over the mine, the shock would have considerably affected her internal economy, while had her hull been in contact with the machine, it is possible she might have been sunk.

Digitized by Google

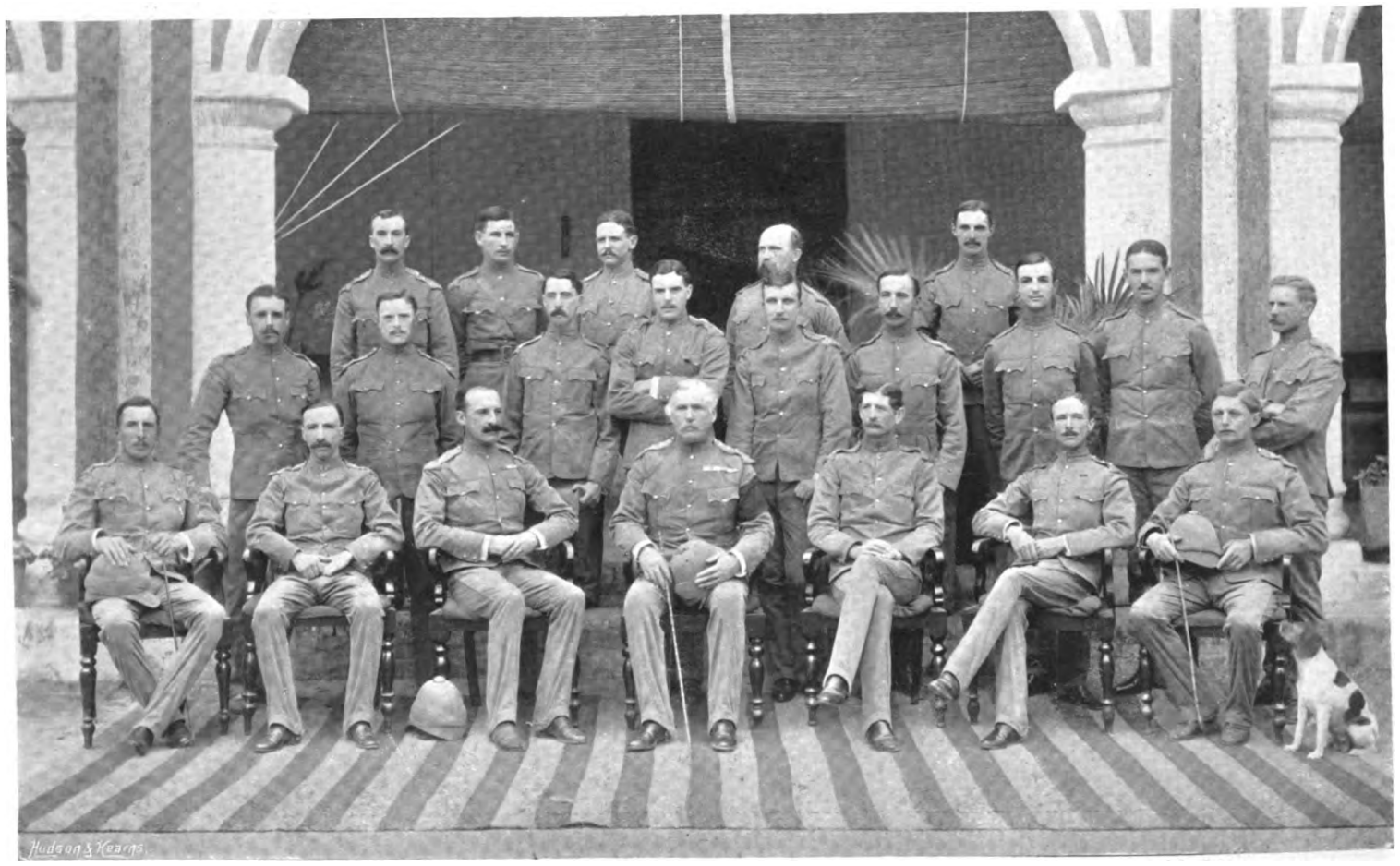
Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

The Queen's Senior State Drummer:—Drum-Major G. T. Philip, 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

THE son of a twenty-one years' service soldier, a former Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, Drum-Major PHILIP was born in the battalion in 1862, and enlisted in it at the age of eleven, serving continuously in the footsteps of his gallant father until 1885, when he was transferred as Drum-Major to the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. He is also senior State Drummer to the Queen, in the uniform of which office he is here shown. Off duty the Drum-Major has made his mark in the Boxing World, and a great number of victories are recorded to his credit, including the Light-Weight Championship of the Army. He has five brothers, all like himself, it is pleasant to record, still doing their duty for Queen and country:—one, the eldest, as Sergeant-Major of that *corps d'élite* of the Volunteer branch of Her Majesty's Army, the Queen's Westminsters; another, as Staff-Sergeant at the Aldershot Gymnasium; another, as Lance-Sergeant in the 1st Grenadier Guards; and the youngest of the family, the recent winner of the Feather-Weight Championship of the Army and Navy, as a Drummer in the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. This is indeed a family record of which the whole Service may justly be proud.

Digitized by Google

THE PAYMASTER'S DEPT. 11th (P.A.O.) HUSSARS.



Photos R. SHORTER, Sialkot

THE OFFICERS 11th (P.A.O.) HUSSARS.

THE 11th Hussars, Prince Albert's Own, who were so named after having formed the escort to the late Prince Consort from Dover to Canterbury, on his arrival in England to be married to the Queen, are familiarly known as the "Cherry Pickers," a sobriquet gained during the wars in Spain, where some of the men were taken prisoners in a fruit garden. The photograph of the officers of the 11th Hussars was taken on the verandah steps of their mess at Sialkot, Punjab, where the regiment is stationed, and shows them in the now universal Kharki uniform, which is improved in its appearance by the chains on crimson cloth worn on the shoulders. The upper illustration is interesting in these days of short service, and also speaks well for the popularity of the regiment from the fact that the eight representatives of the "Prince Albert's Own," seen therein, can boast of an average length of 11⅛ years' service. Regimental Quarter-Master-Sergeant KNOWLDEN, whose second tour in India with the regiment this is, has had 22 years with the "Cherry Pickers," Quarter-Master PAGE and the Sergeant-Major each 17 years, and the remaining five a total of 16 years.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 30.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1897.

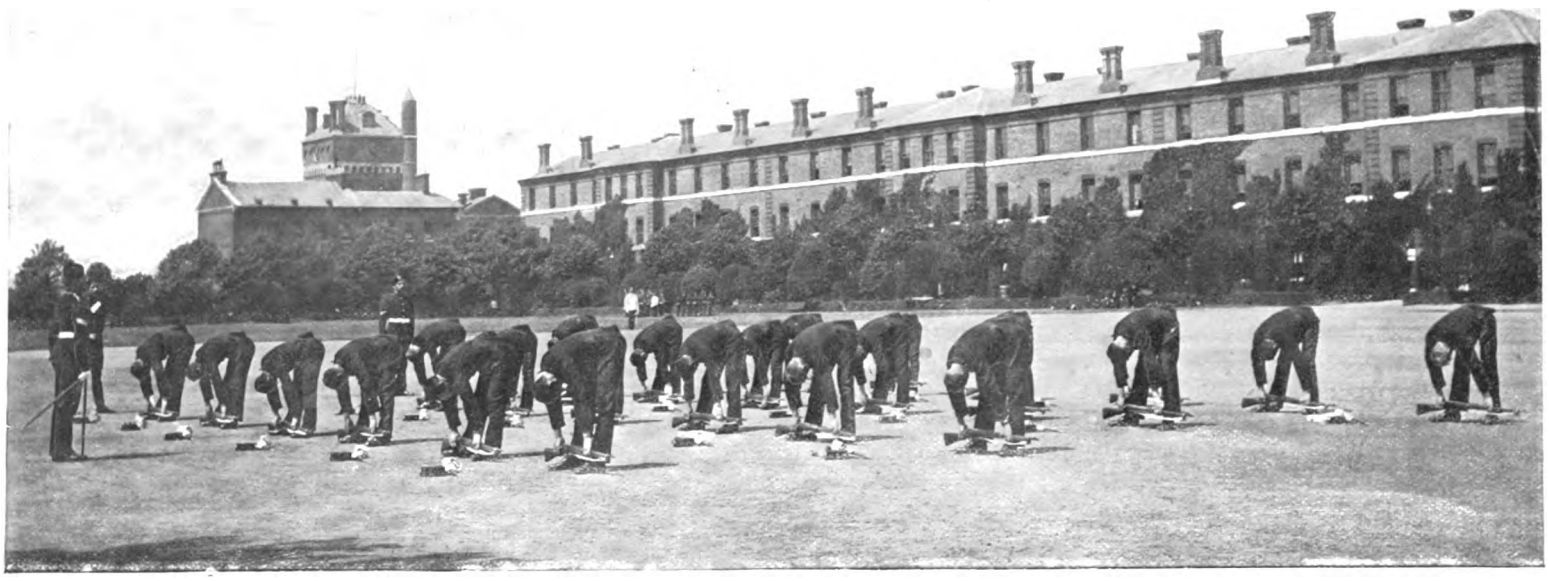
Photo. RUSSELL & SON, Baker Street.

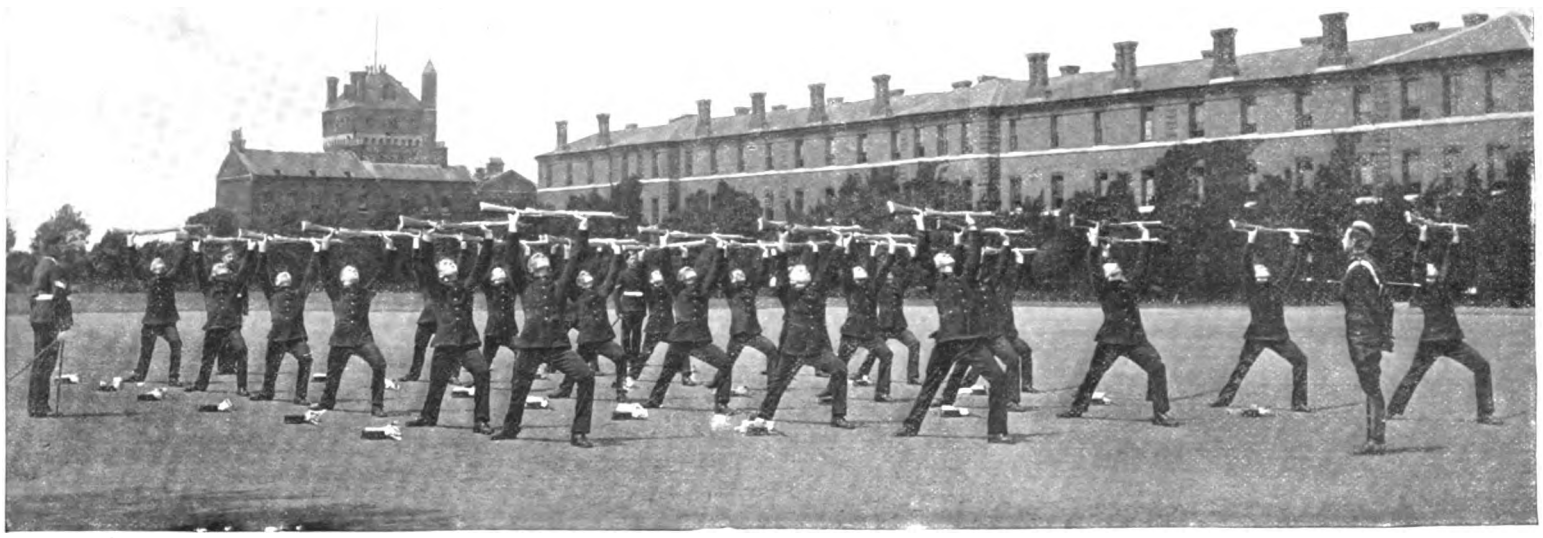
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT HENRY MORE MOLYNEUX, K.C.B.

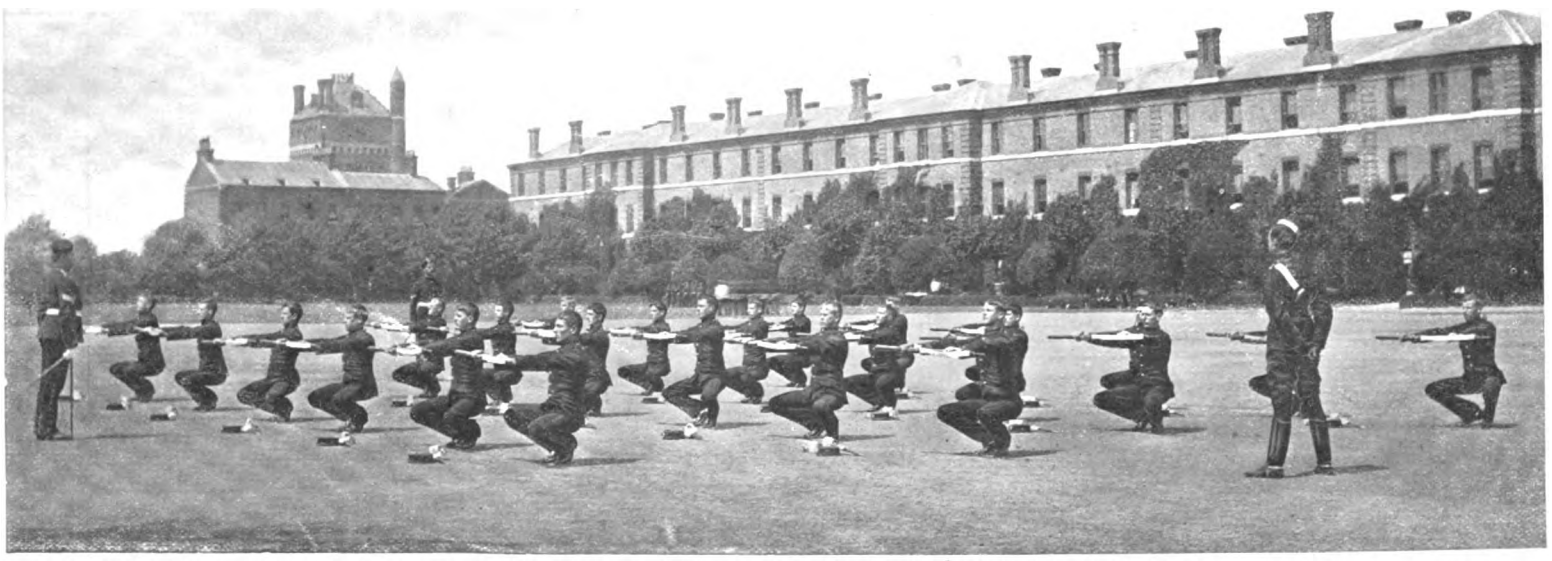
THE career of this gallant officer opened in the Russian War, in the course of which he served both in the Black Sea and in the Baltic, being also present, in the old "Sans Pareil," in the Black Sea at both the bombardment of Odessa and the great Naval attack on Sebastopol of the 17th October, 1854. As captain of the "Ruby" in the Levant during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, he did good service under the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir GEOFFREY HORNBY. In the Egyptian War of 1882 he commanded the "Invincible," at the bombardment of Alexandria, temporarily flying the flag of Admiral Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR (Lord ALCESTER). Later, when employed as Commodore in the Red Sea in 1884-5, he conducted with the highest ability and success the prolonged defence of Suakin until the arrival of General GRAHAM'S expeditionary force. For this he received the K.C.B.—having already won the C.B. for Alexandria. Sir ROBERT MORE MOLYNEUX, as a flag officer, was last employed as Admiral Superintendent of Devonport dockyard, which post he vacated in August, 1894.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAINING OF ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERYMEN.







SQUAD OF R.M.A. AT PHYSICAL DRILL.

THE Royal Marine Artillery is under the Admiralty and receives its orders through the Deputy Adjutant-General for Royal Marines at Whitehall. With the exception of the detachment actually serving on board ship the corps is permanently stationed at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, its headquarters, where all the training both of recruits and drilled men is carried out. Their uniform is the same as that of the Royal Artillery, except for a few minor differences such as the wearing of a grenade on the forage cap, and having a slightly different knot of braid on the cuff. The corps owes its origin to Lord Nelson himself in the year before Trafalgar At that time it was found that naval officers had more than they could well do to teach the pressed men of the fleet sail-drill and seamanship and gunnery as well, and Nelson tried the experiment of embarking Royal Artillerymen to assist in the gunnery training on board his fleet off Toulon. It was, however, found inconvenient, and in 1804 the Admiralty organized a marine artillery force to help in training the bluejackets at the guns.

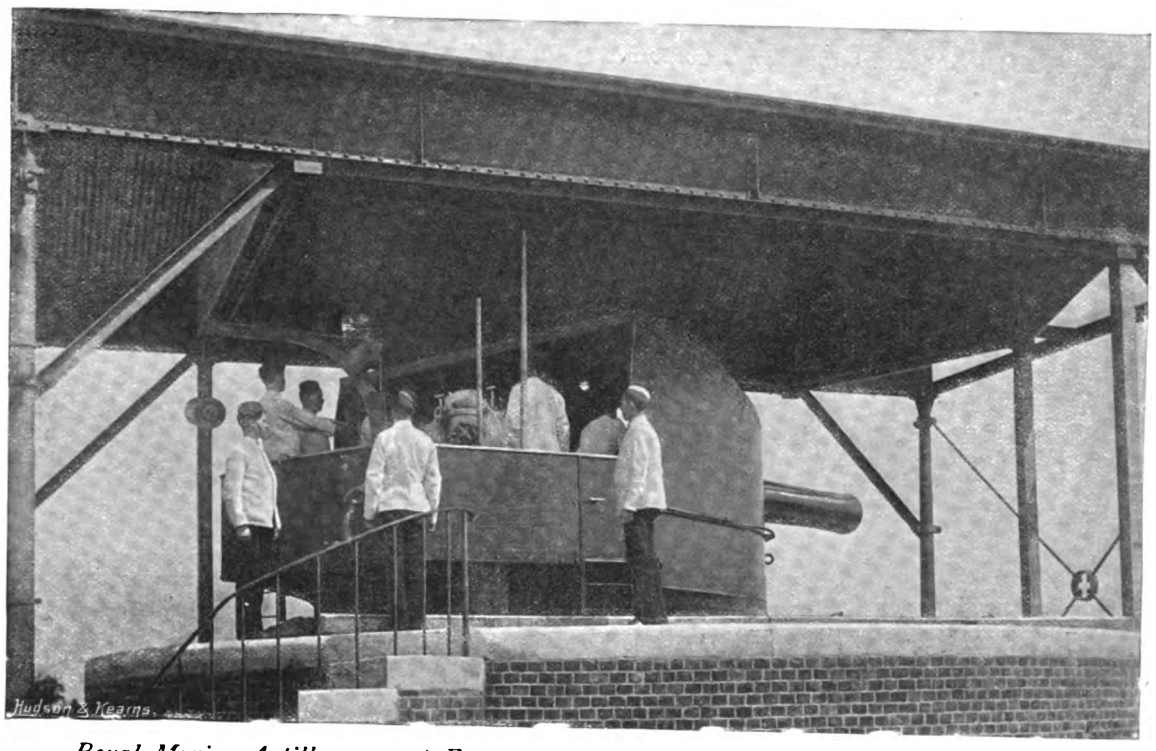
Digitized by Google

The Royal Marines, are enlisted at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and at Walmer for twelve years' continuous service, with, in some cases, nine years' further re-engagement. From among the recruits the men of best physique (five feet nine inches with chest measurement in proportion being the minimum height) are permitted to volunteer for the Marine Artillery. Their training is carried out at Eastney in the most thoroughgoing manner, the instruction beginning with Infantry drill and Physical exercises and gymnastics, followed by courses of musketry, exactly as in the Regular Army, Naval gun drill, as on board ship, and target practice, land service gun drills, field battery, garrison and siege artillery drills, and repository and laboratory work as at Woolwich, with in addition an elaborate course on Infantry field training.

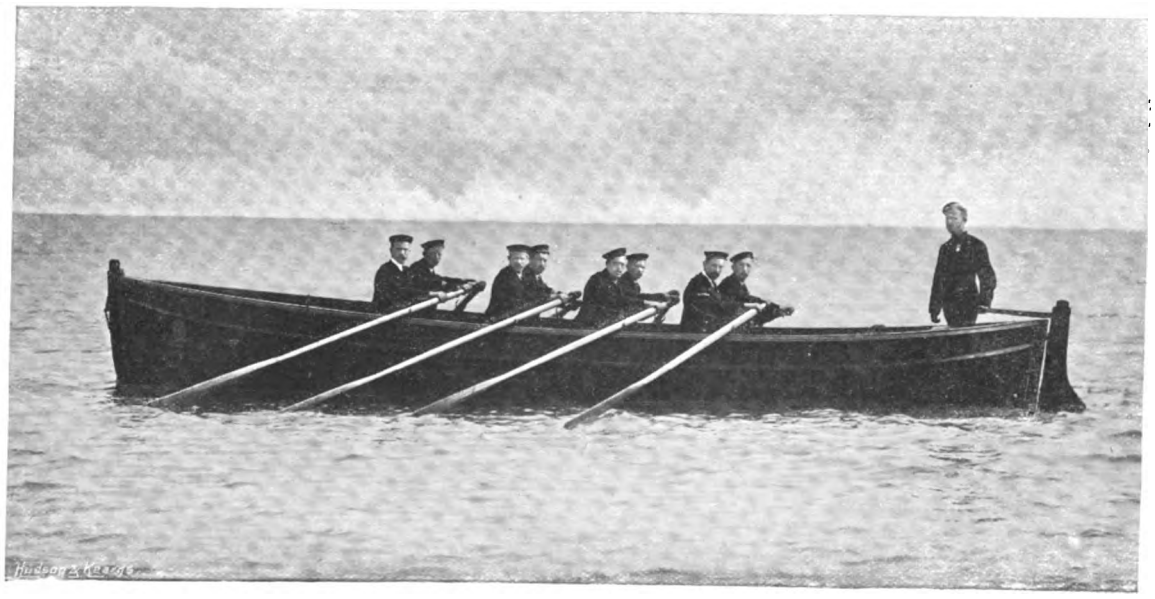
In three of our illustrations we see men of the R.M.A. at physical drill in the modern fashion, used throughout both Navy and Army. Another illustration shows the men handling a 9.2 inch 22-ton gun, with all the fittings and mountings that are found on board the ships that carry these pieces. Another shows men handling a 12-pounder field gun, as used in the Royal Artillery, and as they themselves would use it when landed from a ship in Naval Brigade operations. Another also shows a boat's crew in their rig for target practice, or submarine mining work, or any special purpose that might be required.

At the end of every course each squad under training is examined by a Field Officer, no recruit being passed on to the next course of instruction unless he is considered fully qualified in the one preceding, particularly in regard to Naval Gun Drill, the special *raison d'être* of the Marine Artilleryman. It takes upwards of two years' work on the average, for the recruit to pass through these courses, and until that has been satisfactorily done, he is not in ordinary circumstances considered fully trained and fit to be marked as "First for Sea"—that is, ready to be embarked on board ship. In an emergency, however, or in the case of a general mobilization, a recruit would be considered sufficiently advanced for service in the Fleet after qualifying in Naval Gunnery, Musketry and Infantry Drill. The officers of the corps go through a course of training at Woolwich, at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, a Naval gunnery course on board the "Excellent" or "Cambridge," and a torpedo course in the "Vernon," finishing up at Eastney by going through the same course of instruction as the recruits of the rank and file.

Royal Marine Artillerymen at Eastney, at Drill with 12 pr. B.L. Field Gun.



Royal Marine Artillerymen at Eastney, at Naval Gun Drill with 9.2 inch B.L. Gun.



Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

The Boat's Crew of the Royal Marine Artillery.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVAL POLICE.

Master-at-Arms and Ship's Corporals, "Devastation."

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

Master-at-Arms and Ship's Corporals, "Impregnable."

Photo. GREGORY. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

Master-at-Arms and Ship's Corporals, "Repulse."

THE Master-at-Arms and the Ship's Corporals constitute the police department on board a man-of-war. They comprise the body of men specially charged with seeing to the general maintenance of order and discipline among the men and the observance of the Standing Orders of the ship. The Ship's Corporals, in varying numbers according to the size of the ship, form the staff of the Master-at-Arms. The functions of the department embrace in their scope more particularly the prevention of disorderly conduct and the detection of crime, the keeping of the defaulters' book, and the taking charge of all prisoners, and seeing to the proper carrying out of all punishments ordered. The Master-at-Arms and the Corporals are also held responsible that all fires and lights on board are put out at proper hours, that no spirituous liquors are smuggled into the ship, that the store-rooms are safely locked up and the keys in proper custody. They have, further, when in harbour, sanitary duties to perform, being stationed at the gangways to see that no unripe fruit, unwholesome vegetables, or objectionable articles of food of any kind are introduced into the ship from the bumboats, while at the same time they keep check of the men going off on short leave or returning from leave, when it is also part of their duty to search all boats and boat crews. The duty, it goes without saying, is no light one to perform, and requires special qualifications in regard to temper, tact, and trustworthiness in those charged with the special work. "If I were asked," a modern writer has said, "which post on board ship I would sooner see filled by anyone else than myself, I should unhesitatingly reply, that of the Master-at-Arms, or chief of the police. It is a thankless billet at the best, for though a man be even-tempered, tactful, estimable, and exemplary in character and conduct, just in his dealings with the ship's company, and, as they say afloat, 'ready to act *jonnic* all round,' his efforts are seldom appreciated at their true value, and he cannot help incurring a certain amount of odium." While it is open to either bluejackets or marines to take up the appointment, only men of tried and approved character are eligible for admission among the ship's police, starting, in the first place, with the rating of the Ship's Corporals, second and first-class, and thence advancing in order of seniority and experience to Master-at-Arms. Three years' service at sea, in addition to the special qualifications as to character, are required before an applicant may offer himself for admission to the junior grade—Ship's Corporal, second-class.

The Master-at-Arms and the Ship's Corporals have only been specialized into the police department on board within the last hundred years or less. In old times they had to take on them, in addition, special executive functions in connection with the general training of the men on board in the handling of small arms and musketry exercise, The rating of the Corporal in this second regard is, indeed, in point of antiquity, one of the very oldest in the Naval Service. It dates back to the time of the Armada, when Corporals were introduced on board Queen ELIZABETH'S warships, and specially allotted to look after the small arms of the ship and the musketeers' equipment, and to instruct and exercise the small arms' men in the use of their weapons. The Master-at-Arms—under that designation at least—did not come into being until upwards of a century later, and his duties likewise were at first—as the name of the office itself would seem to imply—was principally connected with the musketry instruction of the small arms' men on board, under supervision of the junior among the ship's lieutenants who, at the same time, was known on board specially as "The Lieutenant-at-Arms." When not engaged at musketry drill, they were responsible for the general

Digitized by Google

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

THE MASTER-AT-ARMS OF THE "LION."

supervision of the men in their quarters and the general maintenance of good order and discipline on board. The force of circumstances, eventually, compelled a divorce between the two duties. It began to be found by experience that the supervision of the crowds of rough characters whom the press-gangs brought into the fleet during the long wars of the last century required undivided attention by the ship's police, and thenceforward the Master-at-Arms and the Corporals were entirely relieved of their original functions as musketry instructors and turned over to disciplinary work altogether, forming the special police department which is their special care at the present time. In addition to the three groups of typical representatives of the Ship's Police shown in everyday rig, we give a portrait of a Master-at-Arms in full Court-Martial uniform, the official in question being CHARLES ANNEAR, one of the best known and most popular Naval Master-at-Arms

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.

Photo. ABDULLAH FRÈRES. *Constantinople.*

HASSAN PASHA.

ADMIRAL HASSAN PASHA, Turkish Minister of Marine, is the son of the late HUSSNI PASHA. A veteran of the Service, crowned with all the honours it can bestow, he has long been its representative chief. Not armed with the means of adequately expanding the Ottoman fleet, he has bent all his efforts to the maintenance of the existing ships in a state of efficiency, and the photographs we give show that they have the appearance of well-found and well-manned vessels. In the Russian War of 1854-5 HASSAN PASHA served as a lieutenant, and wears the commemorative medal. The destruction of Turkish shipping, with some 4,000 officers and men, in the Port of Sinope on November 30th, 1853, by Admiral NACHIMOFF, is still fresh in his memory.

Rapid promotion followed, with command of nearly every important ship in the Service. HASSAN PASHA, as rear-admiral, was in command in the Black Sea during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. The previous war had deprived the Russian Black Sea Fleet of effective existence, and the Turkish dominion of those waters had a most important effect upon the course of the war. It deprived the Russians of the power of making descents upon the Turkish shores, which would have been immediately decisive at Kars and Erzeroum, and it enabled the Turks to mass their forces in Armenia.

After these important operations HASSAN PASHA was port admiral at Constantinople, and was given charge of a department of the Admiralty as chief adviser of the Minister. He succeeded to the Naval portfolio about 1880, and has been Minister of Marine ever since.

He has only been able to add but one armoured vessel—the "Hamidieh"—to the fleet since that time, but many of the older ships have been modernized, a number of gun vessels and torpedo boats have been built, and the arsenal on the Golden Horn has been developed into a very efficient establishment, provided with all necessary machinery and appliances. The Minister has devoted much attention to the training service, and in his earlier days commanded the "Inshadieh" and "Ertogrul," drill ships.

He is decorated with the highest honours of the Osmanieh, Medjidie, Imtiaz, and Nicham Iftikhar, as well as with several foreign orders, and his many medals testify to his long service.

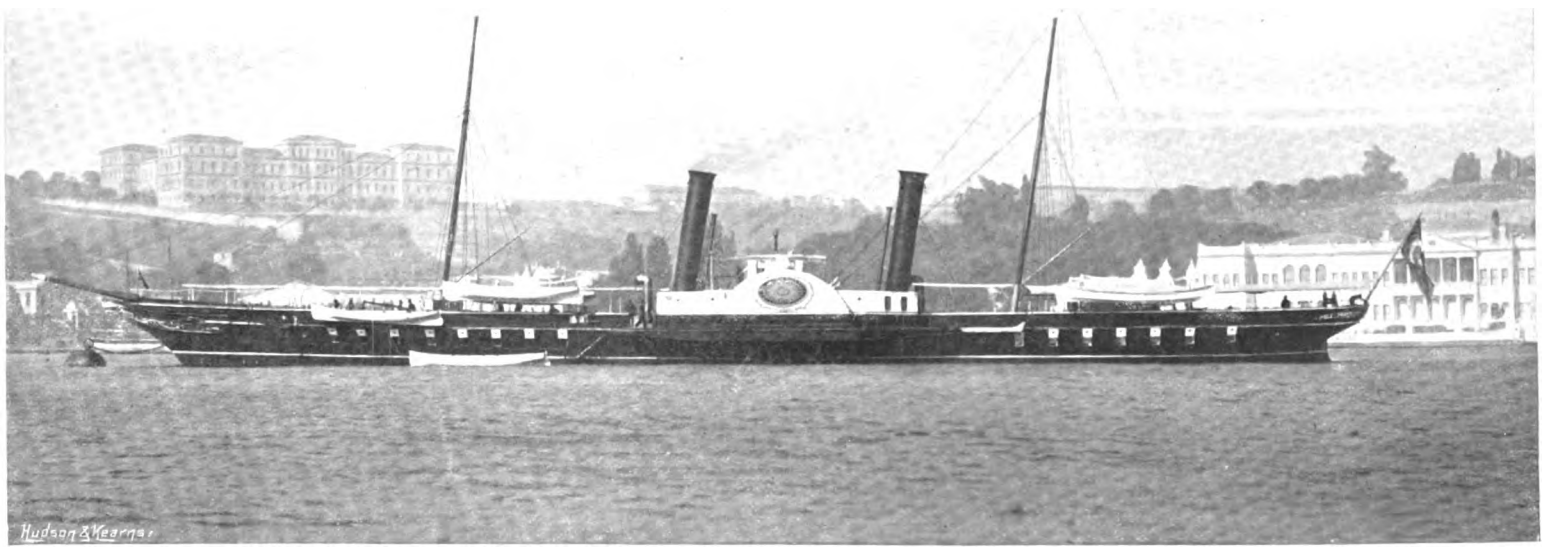


Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. *Constantinople.*

THE IMPERIAL YACHT "STAMBOUL."

THE Sultan's Yacht, "Stamboul," is a handsome paddle-wheel vessel of 900 tons, built in England in 1865, and refitted, with luxurious elegance, a few years ago. She is used for pleasure-sailing by the Imperial household, and carries the Sultan and his family to and fro between the Yildiz Kiosk and his residence at Begler-beg on the Asiatic side. The yacht is here seen at her moorings in the Bosphorus, off the Dolma-backcheh Palace, while behind rise wooded hills crowned with the great barracks known as Tash Kishla, the war school, and the gun and ammunition stores. The height of Beshik Tash and the Sultan's residence of Yildiz Kiosk are further to the right. Sailing on the blue waters of the Bosphorus is dear to the wealthy inhabitants of Constantinople, and the European shore is lined with the palaces and villas of the great Pashas and Ministers of State. The Sultan's yacht, with the crescent and star flying at her stern, is always an object of great interest in these waters.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.

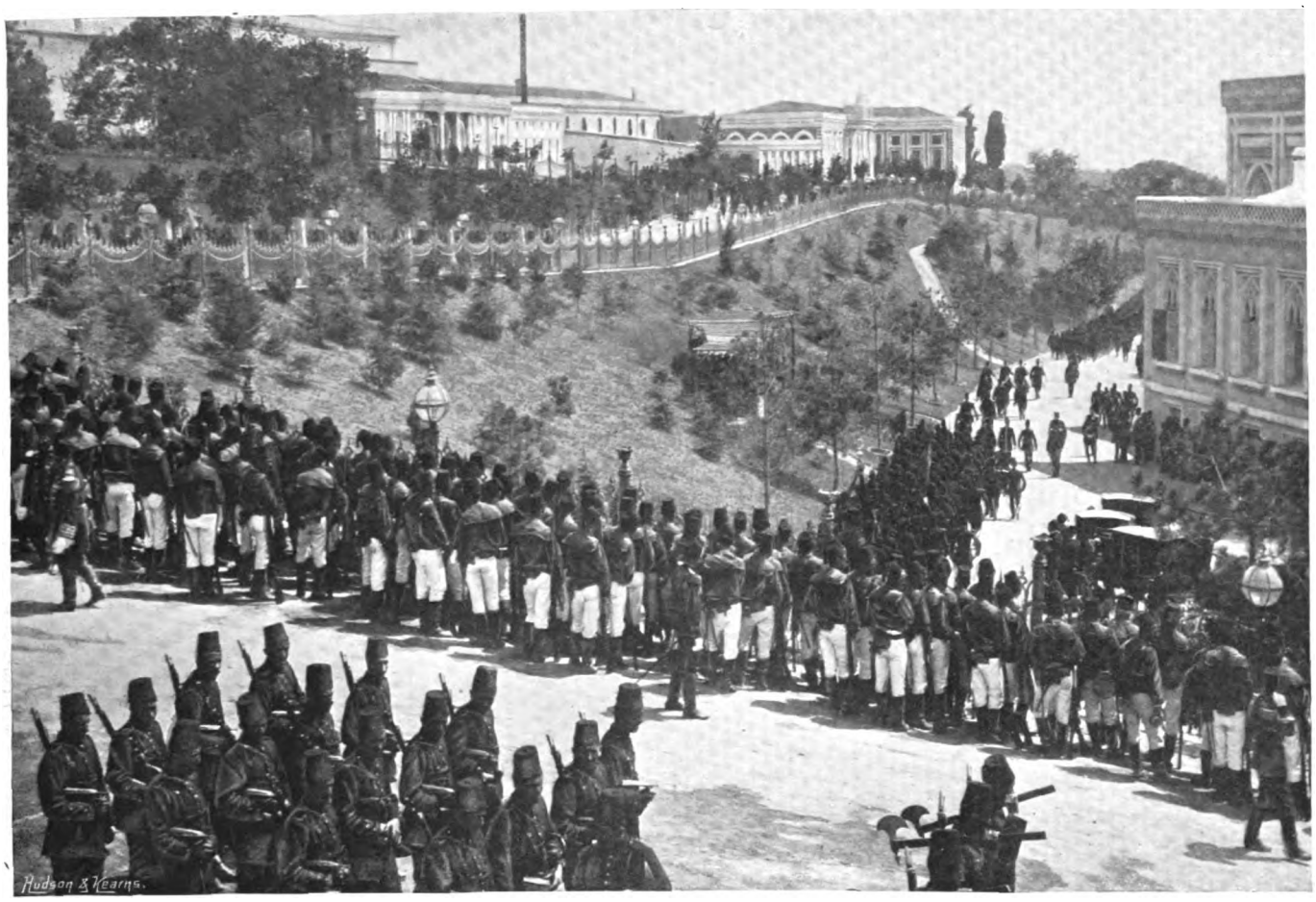
Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS.

GUN-DRILL ON BOARD THE "MAHMOUDIEH"

A PARTY of Turkish seamen, under the orders of a Lieutenant, are here being exercised at one of the Krupp breechloaders of the "Mahmoudieh. The officer who stands in the foreground, has just instructed his bugler to sound the "still," and the men are awaiting the order to carry on their work. The charge has been hoisted into position for loading, and a man stands ready to close the breech, while the "captain" of the gun-crew will be recognised on the right by the chevrons which he wears on his arm. The "Mahmoudieh" dates from 1864, when she was built on the Thames—one of four sisters—and the system of gun-mounting and handling differs widely from that which prevails in vessels of modern construction. The ship depicted, however, is one of those which have been modernised, and barbettes fore and aft, each mounting a 9·4 in. Krupp, add to her value.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN NAVY.



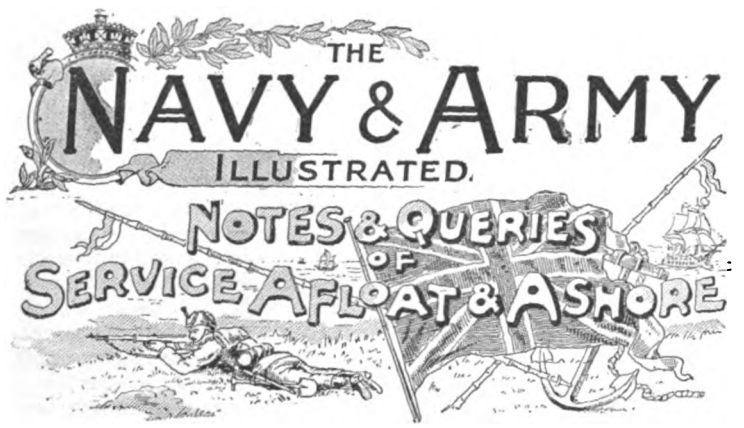
MARINES PARADED AT THE SELAMLIK FESTIVAL.

Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. *Constantinople.*

BOAT HOISTING ON BOARD THE "HAMIDIEH."

THE Turkish Marines are a splendid body of men, well set up and well drilled. It is their duty to mount guard at the naval arsenal, and, like our own marines, they are drafted for service afloat. We here see a party of them paraded as a guard of honour to the Sultan, near the Mosque of Yildiz, on the Beshik Tash, on the occasion of the Selamlik Festival. The other picture shows us the company of the "Hamidieh," the most modern completed warship in the Turkish Navy, at drill. They are being exercised in boat-hoisting with hand gear. The officer on the bridge is Captain RASSIM BEY of the "Hamidieh," and the stout officer below, RIFAT BEY, second in command, while the other officers are the ship's lieutenants. The vessel lies in the Golden Horn, and the hill seen behind is known as Kasim Pasha, with the naval arsenal at its foot.

Digitized by Google



THERE is a popular impression that, once upon a time, it was in the power of anyone with a long purse to buy, whenever he thought fit, whatever Army rank he might covet. Going back to the "Fifties" when purchase held good and when the lessons of the Crimea and of the Great Mutiny in India had hardly yet begun to bear fruit, the candidate for a direct commission by purchase had first of all to submit his name and antecedents for War Office consideration; and on being notified that he would be recommended for a commission, was directed to present himself at one of the qualifying examinations held periodically at Sandhurst, preparation for which not very severe test of general knowledge was included in every ordinary school curriculum. This being successfully undergone, was shortly followed by a notification of appointment to an Ensigncy or Cornetcy in such and such a regiment, and a request that the sum of £450 (if infantry) be paid into the hands of the regimental agent, an amount which compares favourably with the present cost of cramming for the competitive; especially as it was a paying investment and not as now a speculation, and five times out of six a loss. For the Ensign to become a Lieutenant by purchase it was necessary there should be no Ensign senior to him desiring to purchase, and that the vacancy had not been caused either by death or promotion of a non-purchase officer, in which cases seniority held good. These rules applied to each successive step. The absolute power of purchase, it will be seen, was therefore very limited and applicable only to a certain class of vacancies, and it was almost a misnomer so to style the system, as the same professional qualifications were required from all alike. Anomalous as it may seem, not a few very poor officers owed their promotion and consequent increased half-pay to that very system which was supposed to press so heavily upon them, but in the words of Rudyard Kipling, "that is another story."

* * * *

OUR most modern ships of war do not wear figure-heads at all, or any sort of decoration on their bows, by virtue of an Admiralty order issued between two or three years ago. The subject is an interesting one and with a story. From Henry the Eighth's time down to the middle of the reign of George the Third, a lion rampant, crowned and open jawed, was the universal badge of British men-of-war, except in the case of one or two first rates named after the reigning sovereign and his consort, which were given Royal effigies for figure-heads. So much was this an acknowledged system that the French, when we were at war with them, often by way of intended disguise put sham Lion figure-heads on several of their own vessels. It was the introduction into the British Navy of Ships named after Greek and Roman demigods and heroes, of the "Jupiter," "Agamemnon" and "Bellerophon" order, that killed the Lion figure-head. To at in with the new style of nomenclature busts and full-length figures in classic garb were placed on the stems of our ships, a type of adornment that lasted practically down to the advent of the ironclad. Then came the plain shield type of figure-head, bearing either the national arms quartered, as in the Royal Standard, or a representation of the Crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, as in the Union Jack, which, with emblematical scroll work round it, is the usual form of bow adornment to be seen on most of our battleships and cruisers completed before 1893.

* * * *

I wonder how many people who habitually make use of the expression "taking the Queen's Shilling" are aware that the "Queen's Shilling," by which was understood the coin the passing of which to the man constituted his enlistment, ceased, as such, to exist seventeen years ago. It is strange that a system open to such abuses should have remained in existence so long as it did. Hundreds of men woke up after a drunken bout to find a shilling in their pocket, with no recollection of how it got there. The coin once passed, no matter how it was passed, and the recipient was a soldier. He had f rty-eight hours' grace, however, before being medically examined and attested, and, if in the meantime he could manage to pay twenty-one shillings "smart money," he was allowed to go free. Now this is all changed and everything is carried out in a business-like and open manner. A youngster may go to a recruiting sergeant and find out all he wants to know without being unduly influenced in the slightest degree. If he elects to join the Service, the recruiter, after his medical examination, takes him before a magistrate or a military officer, and the terms of his engagement being fully explained to him, he takes the oath of allegiance and becomes a servant of the Queen. Should he wish to leave the Service, he may do so as a matter of right within three months of attestation on payment of £10. Afterwards, the amount is £18, and, although sanction for the discharge is hardly ever refused, it is then granted as an indulgence only.

* * * *

A discussion arose a few years ago at the dinner table of a former naval commander-in-chief at Portsmouth as to the height of Lord Nelson; and it was curious to compare the various estimates of the naval officers present. The prevailing opinion was that he was of very diminutive stature, whereas most of the best known portraits show him as being at least of average height. As a matter of fact, no exact record is preserved, but the life-size model of the figure on the top of the Nelson Column, preserved in the hall of the old building of the Admiralty, measures 5 feet 10 inches from the sole of the shoe to the top of the cockade of the cocked hat. An allowance of 3 inches for the portion of the head concealed by the hat gives the true height as 5 feet 7 inches, an estimate which is confirmed by the measurements of the coats preserved in the Painted Hall at Greenwich—that worn at Trafalgar measures 44¾ inches from top of collar to bottom of tail and 22½ inches to waist; that worn at the Nile, 44 inches and 23½ respectively. On the other hand a bust on a pedestal in the possession of the present Earl, which should be life-size, gives a height of at least 5 feet 9 inches, and this agrees with such statements as exist on the subject by those who knew Nelson personally, so that the heroic spirit was not encased in so small a setting as is generally imagined.

* * * *

One regiment in the British Army has for its regimental march a famous tune which it may fairly claim to have captured from the enemy on the field of battle at the bayonet's point. This is the present West Yorkshire Regiment, the old 14th Foot, whose quickstep for more than a century has been the "Ca Ira," the terrible war chant of the French Revolution of so many bloody associations. The story of the acquisition of the tune may be said to be practically unique. It was in Flanders, on the 23rd May, 1793, at the storm of the French camp at Famars by the Allies under the Duke of Brunswick. The 14th Foot were in the attacking line under a fire so hot that it had begun to look as if the French works were not to be carried that day. Within the French lines at the same time our men could plainly hear the bands of the French regiments playing the Revolutionary "Ca Ira," as a stimulant to the defenders. At that critical moment, when the lines of the attack were already seeming to waver, the Colonel commanding the 14th dashed to the front and called to his regimental band to strike up the same tune as the French. He shouted to his men, "Come on my lads, and we'll beat them to their own damned tune' Heading the regiment he at once led on the "Old Fighting Fourteenth" to the storm of the French lines in a final and triumphant assault. From that day to this both battalions of the West Yorkshire have marched past with the "Ca Ira" for their quickstep.

* * * *

F.C.B. is quite right, bluejackets do make their own clothes. They "take up" the quantity they require of cloth, serge, duck, etc., at the quarterly issue of "slops." Therefore, with about five yards of serge—for a suit of clothes—at 1s. 7d. a yard, it may be seen that a sailor, adroit with his needle, in this respect at all events, has the advantage of men in the sister Service. Some bluejackets also draw quite a respectable income from their needles, by making the clothes of their comrades who may be less handy or too slothful to do their own sewing. One even meets with cases where two or more men will start a regular tailors' emporium on board a man-of-war, buying for the use of "the firm," a sewing machine. By this means, it is no uncommon thing to hear of a man paying off, after a three or four years' commission, with a banking account of some three hundred pounds. Although these men are in their way "tailor artists," their contemporaries on shore would smile if they were to see them at work, measuring each other for a suit of clothes with a knife lanyard, and marking out a pair of trowsers with a "purser's dip." Nevertheless, a sailor rigged out in jumper and trowsers of his own making, is as distinguishable from his brother "blue" attired in contract-manufactured clothes, as a London club-man at a Sunday parade in Hyde Park, is from a country yokel "all dressed" in his Sunday best.

Digitized by Google

As a result of the introduction of water-tube boilers the speed of torpedo boat destroyers has been wonderfully increased. The "Havock," built by Messrs. Yarrow in October, 1893, though the last boat to be fitted with the old-fashioned locomotive boilers, was for a short time the fastest vessel in the world. She attained on her trial an average speed of 26·783 knots. The "Hornet," which followed her from the same yard, was fitted with water-tube boilers. Her fires were lighted, when she had been supplied with perfectly cold water, at 2.20 p.m.; at 2·42 the steam gauge registered a pressure of 180 lbs. to the square inch! Her average speed was 27·628 knots, the highest that up to that time had been reached. She was followed by the "Daring," "Decoy," and "Boxer," built by Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick, and each one slightly beating its predecessors for speed. At this present moment Messrs. Laird are actually engaged in building for the Navy a destroyer, the "Express," which is guaranteed to possess the extraordinary speed of 33 knots, or exactly 38 statute miles. It may be doubted, however, whether this railway rate is advisable, for three 30 knot destroyers could be built for the same money as two "Expresses." One very great drawback to the usefulness of the destroyers was disclosed at the naval manœuvres, and that was the gigantic plume of fire that showed above their funnels when steaming full speed at night, but increased care in stoking has abolished that inconvenience.

* * * *

IT may astonish many a British youth to hear that conscription does really exist in England, though it is not put into force. By 15 and 16 V., cap. 50, the Acts relating to the English Militia are consolidated, and amended. The Act provides for voluntary enlistment to serve for five years, and to undergo a period of training extending over 21 days in each year. Wherever a sufficient number of men have not enlisted, Her Majesty in Council may order the proper number of men to be raised by ballot, the sub-divisions and parishes in which the full number of men has been raised being exempted from such ballot, as also all persons above 35 years of age. This, it will be seen, is virtually what the old conscription system was in most continental countries, previously to the establishment of compulsory service. According to the old system of conscription, a certain number of men were drawn from each town, or village, and to decide which of them should serve in the Army, each young fellow having reached the age of 21, went to the Town Hall of his own place, and drew, from a bag, a number. There were as many numbers as men, and those who drew the lowest numbers were taken. The quota of men thus taken varied according to the wants of the Service.

* * * *

ONE of the most interesting sea-books of the year should be Mr. William Gomers' "History of the Liverpool Privateers, and Letters of Marque." The volume will be compiled from historical records of the Liverpool privateers and slave ships, and is likely to contain a good deal of the romantic flavour of personal adventure, as well as descriptions of the scenes of carnage and devastation acted during the time of the Liverpool slave traffic. The author promises tales of the sea fights in which the privateers engaged, of the prizes they took, and of the heroic deeds of their captains and sailors. He will also relate the adventures of captured privateer officers, encounters with the press gangs, and tell of the conduct and treatment of the French prisoners which the privateers captured. In connection with the slade trade he will describe how it was conducted, its dangers, etc., etc., the enormous profits made by it, how the slaves fared at sea, of the slave auctions at Liverpool, the adventures of the ships and captains, and the effects of the traffic. Mr. Gomers has received congratulatory letters from Mr. Hall Caine, Sir W. H. Russell, the famous war correspondent, and Mr. Gladstone, the last-named writing that he is "very sensible of the interest attached to the subject of the work." The book must necessarily appeal strongly to those who in the course of their business go down to the sea in ships, and it should also be acceptable to all interested in the history and progress of this country.

* * * *

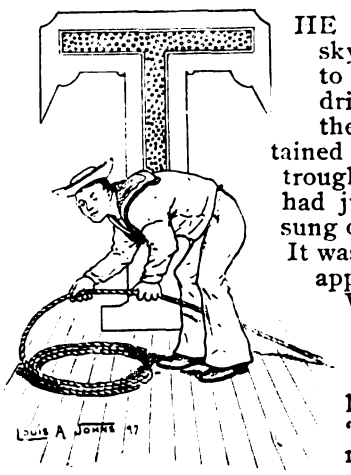
YES.—I am always ready to read articles submitted by naval and military officers, and to accept them if suitable for the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. They should be either of an anecdotal nature, or descriptive of professional matters in a manner interesting to the general public. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each article for return in case of non-acceptance.

THE EDITOR.

CATCHING A SLAVER,

A true tale of zeal untempered by discretion,

By Commander E. P. STATHAM, R.N.



THE sun had not yet risen, and the sky was of the pearly grey peculiar to early morning, while the sea, driven into steep, regular furrows by the persistent trade wind, still maintained a deep indigo colour in the trough, when the look-out man, who had just ascended to his lofty perch, sung out, "Sail right ahead, Sir!" It It was my morning watch, and we were approaching the long string of the Windward Islands, on our voyage from England to Jamaica to join the West Indian Squadron. We did not expect to sight the land until mid-day, and a sail was "no aphenomenon" as the Scotchman said, though always an object of interest in "blue water," where it is surprising what a lot of room there is for everyone, judging by the paucity of them, even on such an ordinary voyage as ours. A certain additional interest attached, however, in our case, to the cry of "a sail," for we were commanded by a skipper who was from fifty to a hundred years behind the times; and in the absence of the joys of mortal combat with some foeman "worthy of his steel"—his sobriquet was "Fighting Jack"—he sought consolation in the prospect of capturing a pirate, or failing that, a slaver. Now, as we were then well past the middle of the present century, I need scarcely point out that the former was, at least in the North Atlantic, absolutely unknown, and the latter, if such a thing existed at all, extremely scarce. This did not make any difference to Fighting Jack, however, and his orders were that every sail was to be instantly reported to him.

Up he came, a few minutes after my report; a comical figure, in loose flannel trousers and shirt, and a large broad-brimmed white felt hat which he had affected since we entered the tropics, with a blue ribbon bearing the ship's name. He was armed with a huge spy-glass, intended for use on a stand; and kneeling down on the bridge, he steadied it on the brass rail, and endeavoured to catch the stranger in its field; no easy matter, for the old craft was indulging in combined pitching and rolling antics with a happy impartiality as she floundered along, every sail full to bursting, before the fresh trade wind.

"There she is, by gad!" he exclaimed suddenly, as the sun rose swiftly on our quarter, and a tiny patch of white glistened on the horizon ahead: "Got all the sail on her, Mr. Morton?" "Yes, Sir," I replied, "there is nothing more we can set."

All the men of the watch, who were on their knees scrubbing the deck, paused instinctively, and presented suddenly a cloud of tanned faces in place of dark caps, as they glanced up at the bridge.

"Keep in her wake, and send the chief engineer to me," said the skipper, as he went below; and the watch resumed their work, with many grins and muttered comments.

Ours was, of course, a steamship: a small corvette, with considerable steaming powers, but the screw had been hoisted since we left Madeira. No sooner was the morning inspection over, however, than "all hands" were called to lower the screw, the telescopic funnel rose slowly to its full height, and before noon we were bowling along under steam and sail, doing some thirteen knots. It was quite evident that we could not have hoped to catch the stranger under sail alone, for even now we gained but slowly on her, and gradually made her out to be a good sized brig, steering our course as nearly as possible, and therefore as likely to be bound for Cuba as anywhere else.

The islands were sighted in due course; first a little faint cloud or two of blue, developing swiftly into sunlit emerald-tinted gems rising from the deep blue, with a fringe of snowy foam on the windward side. All that afternoon we thundered along, the breeze freshening, the showers of spray from the bows reflecting the sun in rainbow hues, and the little brig rolling merrily ahead, taking not the slightest notice of us. The skipper paced the bridge, shouldering his big spy-glass, in all the excitement of the chase, and his enthusiasm was contagious, for there is always something attractive even in a mere trial of speed, and the fact that the clipper brig required such a lot of catching aroused the sporting instincts of some of the officers, who proceeded to get up a sweepstake for the half-hour in which we should overhaul her.

"By gad, she's a flyer!" said the skipper, as we left Antigua astern, and the steep volcanic peak of Nevis was well on our starboard bow," "but we'll catch her before dusk,

Digitized by Google

anyhow. Have an armed boat's crew ready, in case the fellow shows fight, and load a gun with blank charge at once."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the first lieutenant, turing away to conceal a broad smile, for it was a somewhat absurd and unwarrantable assumption that this ordinary-looking merchant brig was a Cuban slaver; though it might not have been so, perhaps, fifty years before.

"She's too light for an ordinary cargo vessel," continued the skipper, probably suspecting something from the shaking of the first lieutenant's broad shoulders, "and too much of a clipper for that class of trader."

"She's English built, Sir," said the master."

"Likely enough; but why the d——l does'nt she show her colours like an honest craft?"

A boat's crew, armed with rifles and cutlasses, was paraded on the quarter deck, and proceeded to clear away a boat, while the gunner and his mates loaded a gun with blank cartridge. We were by this time nearly abreast of the southern point of Nevis, and the westering sun lit up the sloping cane-fields and the glittering green of the shoal water in-shore, for we were pretty close, closer, in fact, than the master at all relished, but he had orders to follow the brig, and we had for some time been a little off our course.

"She's hauling up!" suddenly exclaimed the skipper. "Turn the hands up! Shorten and trim sails! Bear a hand!"

The brig, which was about a mile ahead, had changed her course as if to round the island closely on the western side, a manœuvre which should have entirely dispelled the idea that she was bound for Cuba; but the lust of the chase was on the skipper, and he was incapacitated for the time from drawing such an ordinary inference; he had resolved to overhaul that brig or perish in the attempt; a very commendable frame of mind under some circumstances, but scarcely desirable in the perpetration of an egregious act of folly.

Instantly all was bustle and apparent confusion. "Clear lower deck!"

"Hands shorten and trim sails!"

Most of the men, as they hurried up, were probably under the impression that there was a man overboard. In a few minutes the sail was reduced, and the yards braced to allow of bringing the ship up to the wind, while the skipper himself gave orders to the helmsman, and we followed the motions of the chase, which, under the influence of the fresh breeze on her broadside, was now heeling well over, and travelling at a great speed. Slaver or trader, she was certainly a clipper; but our steam now told more than ever in our favour, and we gained rapidly.

"Keep in shore, and cut her off!" shouted the skipper to the master.

"We shall risk running aground, Sir."

"D——n the risk! Do as I tell you!"

The next moment, bang! went our gun, and we went tearing along in the greenish water over the coral bottom, the wind coming in squalls off the island as we got under the lee

"Load with shot!" shouted the skipper; and a few moments later, bang! went the gun again, and the shot splashed under the brig's stern. This seemed to frighten them, for the mainsail was speedily taken in, and the brig hove to, hoisting British colours. The engines were stopped, and we closed rapidly.

"Go on board, Mr. Morton," said the skipper "and demand to see her papers, and have the hatches taken off. Confound the fellow, our boat can't catch him while he's forging ahead like that. Haul your foresail up!" he shouted to to the brig in his high-pitched voice. But there was no result.

"Send up the best shot in the marines," said the skipper.

There was evidently great unanimity of opinion as to the personality of this individual, for a number of voices at once called for "Jorkins." Private Jorkins, a grim-visaged old warrior, appeared with his rifle and was supplied with ball cartridge by the imperturbable Sergeant'

"Pick off the man at the wheel"! said the skipper. We were within three or four hundred yards of the brig, and I dare say Private Jorkins could have made a good bid for it; but he was not such a fool. However, the bullet whistled over the helmsman's head, and the next moment sail was further reduced, and I started on my errand, which I would willingly have delegated to anyone else, for I felt like a fool, and the boat's crew were all on the broad grin. Nor was this frame of mind at all modified when I read on the brig's stern the simple legend, "Polly—Cardiff," and remarked the unmistakably English aspect of the bluff skipper and his crew. However, I put on as stern a face as I could as I mounted the side, and was received at the gangway by the skipper, who regarded me with a steady and indignant stare as he puffed slowly at his short pipe.

"Your old man gone mad?" he said.

"Not in the least," I replied, with much outward confidence and inward misgiving. "He requests that you will allow me to see your papers, and have the hatches taken off."

"Well, sir, I suppose I must; but I do it under protest, mind, and I shall complain about it, I'm an honest trader, with a general cargo, London to St. Kitts."

As his papers and the contents of his hold amply bore out this statement, there was nothing left for me to do but return, so to speak, with our captain's tail between my legs.

As I shoved off from the brig, and came in sight of our craft round her stern, I noticed that there was considerable confusion on board; sails were being hurriedly furled, and yet she had a slight heel.

"Ha! Ha! roared the brig's skipper as my men bent to their oars," your old man's a sight too smart! He'd best learn to look after his own ship's bottom before he meddles with what other craft carry in their's!"

I could only swear, inwardly, but heartily; for it was too true. We had struck on a reef, and it took us twenty-four hours to get off. It was long before "Fighting Jack" heard the last of this exploit, or ceased to receive tender enquiries about his prize-money for the "slaver!"

"Pick off the Man at the Wheel," said the Skipper.

Digitized by Google

SWORDS AND LANCES IN THE BRITISH ARMY

By LIEUT. COL. JOHN GRAHAM.

"... the Lists."

SWORDS are like fortifications; to be of any value they must have good men behind them. A first-rate weapon is most desirable, and so is science in using it, but nothing will ever make up for the want of vigour and determination. This is forcibly illustrated in an old book quoted by Mr. Egerton Castle, in his "Schools and Masters of Fence." The book was entitled "Paradoxe of Defence," and was published in 1599. At that time there were several noted Italian fencing masters in London, but their mannerism and swagger were so offensive that they occasionally got sharply pulled up by some true born Briton. The author of "Paradoxe of Defence" says that Signor Rocco was the best of the Italian teachers of fence, his rooms were well fitted up, and he was popular with the gentlemen of the Court. But it so happened that "Austen Bagger, a verie tall gentleman of his handes, not standing much upon his skill, but carrying the valiant hart of an Englishman," in a hilarious moment declared to his friends that he would challenge Signor Rocco to single combat, and this he immediately did. Rocco, on hearing the call, rushed out of his house and "manfully let fly at Austen Bagger, who most bravelye defended himself, and presently closed with him, and stroke up his heels and cut him over the breech, and trode upon him and most grievously hurt him under his feet; yet in the end, Austen of his good nature (!) gave him his life and then left him. This was the first and last fight that ever Signor Rocco made, saving once at Queene Hithe, he drew his rapier upon a waterman, when he was thoroughly beaten with oares and stretchers."

Taking it for granted, however, that the swordsman has the "valiant hart of an Englishman," and adds to that a good blade and skill of fence, he is in the proud position which should be occupied by every British officer at the present moment.

With regard to the sword itself, opinions differ and experts disagree. In the days when gentlemen might be called upon to depend on their swords at any moment, it was a matter of importance that a man should select the sword that suited him best. To quote once more from "Schools and Masters of Fence," it was "never chosen unless it felt in his hand like part of himself, and was deemed incapable of turning traitor in the most desperate struggle." Burton goes so far as to say that it "must be modified for every personality, because it becomes to the swordsman a prolongation of his own person, a lengthening of the arm."

This doctrine cannot entirely be accepted from a military point of view. It would be manifestly impossible to serve out sabres carefully calculated, in each case, to troopers' idiosyncrasies. No such thing is done in the issue of rifles and bayonets, and yet it is well known that good shooting depends very much on whether the fire-arm suits the shooter. The fact is that for each category of officers or men, a pattern must be fixed, and it is the duty of each individual to educate himself up to the skilful use of his weapon, whether he likes it at first or not, until habit becomes second nature.

Captain Alfred Hutton and Colonel King-Harman have done much to bring about the present awakening of interest in swordsmanship, the former being indefatigable in promoting fence in public schools and among volunteer cadets. The consequence is that the general public takes a more intelligent interest in the subject than it did ten years ago, and can more easily follow the arguments employed by writers for and against various kinds of swords.

Some are in favour of a curved cutting blade, and others of one fit for pointing only. Others, again, like the late General Skobeleff, prefer what has been called a "compromise," in the shape of a sabre, with which one can both cut and thrust. The Naval cutlass is a weapon of this description, and it perhaps better combines the good features of a cutting and a thrusting sword than any other regulation pattern. It must be remembered that purely cutting swords, like the tulwar, are useless for pointing and nearly useless for guarding. The tulwar, with its carefully-preserved razor-edge, has merely to come in contact with a horseman to undo him, as has over and over again been proved in Eastern warfare. People who are accustomed to use swords of that kind can easily cut fatally into or through any antagonist who cannot guard, but much training and practice are needed for the attainment of so much skill. I think it was General Dragomiroff who described the dexterity of some Caucasian tribes in the use of the cutting sword. The first thing they learn is to cut with the true edge, and this is done in childhood. The children practise till they can cut through falling or running water, without splashing, thus showing that the edge has led true.

A report now before me states that not long ago a number of soldiers were tested in cutting, with very unsatisfactory results. It was found that but few of the cuts had been delivered with the true edge, and this may account, in some small measure, for the broken swords so often complained of, for no weapon can be expected to remain serviceable if unfairly used. Actual practice in cutting at objects and not mere "sword exercise," is necessary.

All who use merely cutting swords should have some other means of defence. Like the tulwar, the claymore has a short grip, because it was intended to cut and slash, while the body was protected by a buckler; but when the buckler was discarded by the Highlanders the hilt of the claymore should have been lengthened to admit of fencing. I am glad to say that this year an Army order directs that the grip of the claymore is to be of the same length as that of the new pattern infantry officers' sword.

It will be remembered that after Roderick Dhu cast his targe upon the field, he was no match for his foe.

> "For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
> Fitz James's blade was sword and shield."

Whether the claymore should not be modified still more, by being reduced in weight, is a question on which I will not enter, but I will give the respective weights. That of the infantry officers' sword, without scabbard, is "from 1lb. 11 ozs. to 1lb. 12 ozs." That of the claymore is 2lbs. 9 ozs. without scabbard.

The advocates of a sword for thrusting only, say that the attack with the point is quicker and more deadly than the cut, and the guard can be more easily formed from it. They also assert that punctured wounds are far less likely to heal than cuts; but I think that a good cut from an ordinary cut and thrust sword would probably render the recipient *hors de combat* for the rest of the war, in which case he would require

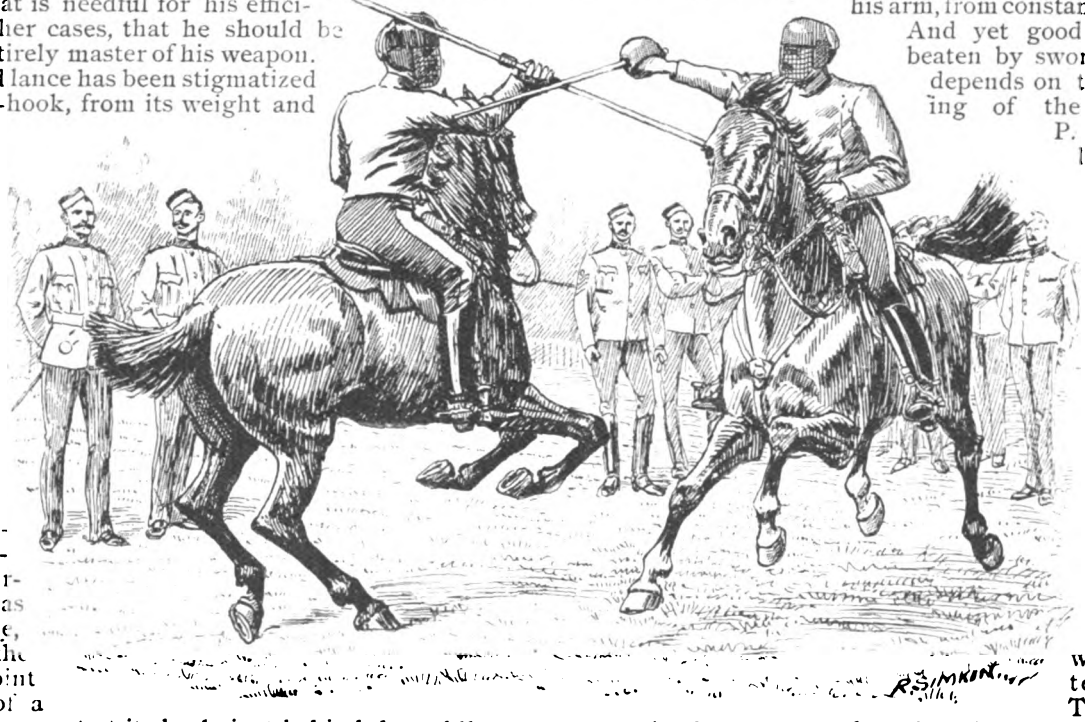
Digitized by Google

others to look after him, so I do not think that much importance need be attached to that argument. Colonel King-Harman, and some others who believe in thrusting exclusively, are, logically enough, dead against swords that bend to the right and left with a slight pressure. They hold that such blades cannot easily be driven into an object, and that the sword should be as inflexible as the bayonet. If it were so, and if it were "held straight," it would, of course, go through any animate thing. This reminds me of a well-known British Admiral who flourished many years ago. He went ashore one day at a lonely spot and suddenly found that he was being charged by a bull; so he held his sword straight, and ran the bull through the heart. Naturally he was very much pleased with his weapon, which had been supplied to him by a well-known London firm, and there are men now living who have repeatedly heard him say, with a loud laugh, "This is the sword I killed the bull with." That is one more illustration of the truth that the right combination is—a brave man, a good sword, and knowledge how to use it.

The infantry officers' and gymnasium swords have been so freely discussed in the Press, that, perhaps, some details may be of interest. This year's pattern of the officers' sword is a great improvement on the original one. I have already mentioned its weight. The total length is about 39 inches, the blade 32½ inches, straight, grooved, and spear-pointed. The hilt is steel, half-basket, and the grip is 5 inches long. The gymnasium practice sword is 3 feet 4⅜ inches in total length, its weight is 1lb. 12¾ozs. The balance is 2 3 5/12 inches from the hilt.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to say merely a word or two on the Household Cavalry sword. The length of sword and scabbard over all is 3 feet 5½ inches, the weight of the sword, without scabbard, is 2lbs. 3¾ozs., which, after all, is lighter than the claymore, and the balance is 7 inches from the hilt. A long sword is necessary to reach a man on the ground, say, for instance, a Dervish who squats till you are passing and then hamstrings your horse; but not even the longest regulation sword will reach gunners crouching under their guns, and firing at the cavalry who have swooped upon them. To meet a case of that kind, lancers have been required, and may be again.

A word, therefore, on the lance, and I shall bring these discursive remarks to a close. The lance has been described as the "queen of weapons;" but its queenly qualities are not duly brought out unless it be in the hands of a thoroughly well-trained horseman. He can fight with the head, with the shoe, and can guard with the stave. All that is needful for his efficiency is, as in other cases, that he should be absolutely and entirely master of his weapon. The old ash-staved lance has been stigmatized as akin to a boat-hook, from its weight and clumsiness; but I would only ask any man with an inquiring turn of mind, to weigh an ash-staved lance against one with a bamboo stave, and he will find but little difference. The ash pole can be made as straight and true as a dart. Many years ago one of these lances was dropped at Aldershot when a regiment was manœuvring, at least, so it was reported at the time, the shoe stuck in the ground and the point entered the chest of a horse in rear, and came out at its back, just behind the saddle. That is sufficient to show what a powerful weapon the ash-staved lance must be in the hand of an expert and powerful man.



It is not the lightness, as many suppose, but the cheapness of the bamboo, that has recommended it for lance poles. An ash-staved lance weighs some 4 lbs. 1 oz. and a bamboo very nearly the same, sometimes less, sometimes more. The latter, however, is the cheaper of the two, costing about £1 6s., against the ash, £1 9s. 3d. The length of the lance is 9 feet over all, and the balance is from 3 feet 9 inches to 3 feet 10 inches from the bottom of the shoe. The weight of the bamboo-staved lance is from 3 lbs. 3 oz. to 5 lb. 11 oz., because, as officially stated, "in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining bamboo staves of uniform size, it is not possible to have uniformity of weight and dimensions in the fittings, consequently seven sizes of head and four of shoe are used."

An old idea for making the lance more portable was to have a joint near the centre of the pole, so that it could be doubled up and carried after the fashion of a carbine. The inconvenience of carrying lances at their full length with naked points, in all circumstances, is evident enough, but although the expedient of the joint has been revived more than once of late years, the prevailing opinion is that the change would involve more trouble than the *status quo*.

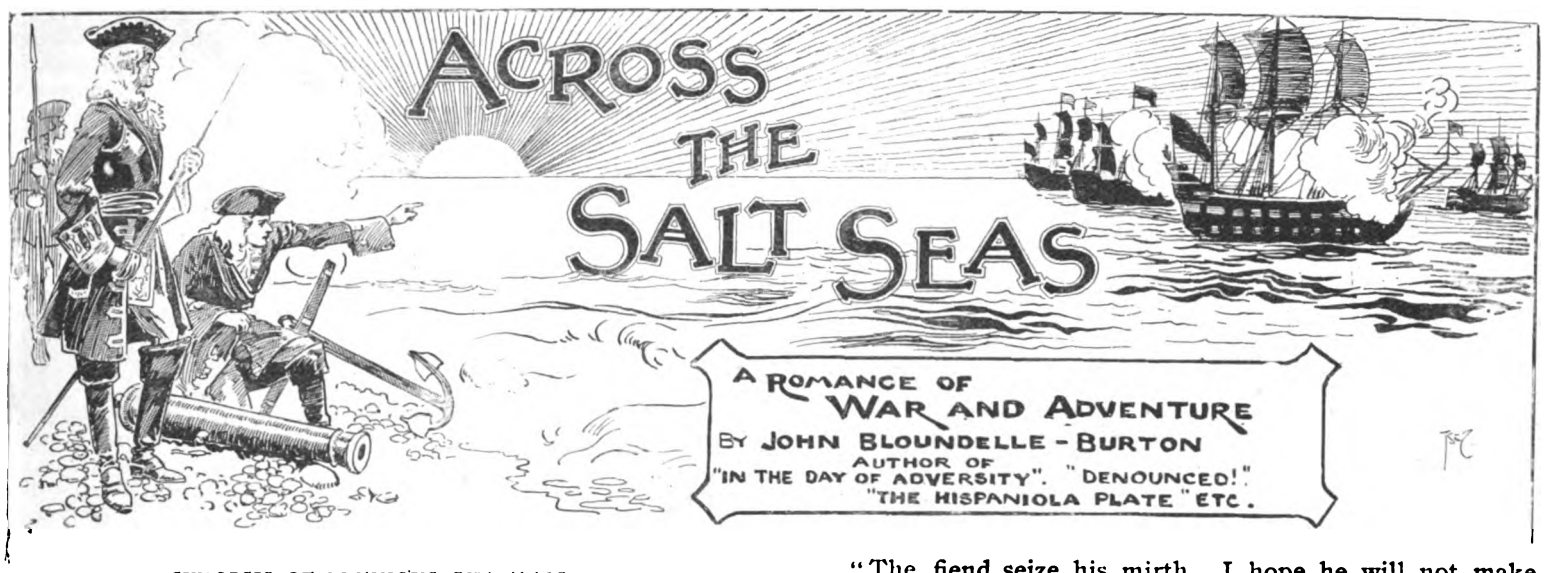
The important place lately accorded to the lance in the German Army would almost imply that it is more than ever regarded as "the queen of weapons." There are, however, already some signs that German enthusiasm for the lance is cooling down. The Emperor and the leaders of the Army seem to be less carried away by an exclusive admiration for the weapon, and to receive with a more open mind the arguments of its opponents. It is impossible to say how far this attitude has been brought about by the fact that men serving so short a time with the Colours are found inexpert with the lance. It has certainly been publicly stated that many lancers were accidentally wounded by their own comrades in the last German manœuvres, and this has been adduced as another reason why the paramount position of the lance as a cavalry arm should be reconsidered.

In France, too, there is much divergence of opinion; but it is asserted that the War Minister has already decided that both ranks, or none, are to be armed with the lance, the idea of having lances in the front rank only, being considered out of the question. In all probability the matter will be decided shortly, as a committee is now engaged in considering the arming of the French Cavalry as a whole.

Neither in India nor at home is it admitted that there is anything faulty in thus arming one rank only. On the contrary, it is generally thought to be the best arrangement, and this opinion is very strongly held in the Indian Army. It can easily be believed that short service troops, mounted on horses which are not perfectly under command, might, at times, be greatly embarrassed by their lances. But nothing of the kind should be expected in the British Cavalry. There, the period of service is a comparatively long one, the men are most thoroughly instructed in equitation, and there is ample time to make them quite perfect in the use of the lance. This weapon would seem to be especially suitable for heavy cavalry, whose stalwart physique enables them to wield it with ease and quickness. After all, however, the chief *desideratum* is the confidence which the soldier acquires in his arm, from constant drill and practice. And yet good lancers have been beaten by swordsmen. So much depends on the spirit and leading of the troops. Colonel P. Neville, himself a lancer, describes how at the battle of Polotsk the 23rd French Chasseurs were opposed to the Cossacks of the Russian Guard. The latter regiment was a *corps d'élite*, and was considered the finest in the Russian Army. "They were dressed in scarlet, all picked men of great stature, and were armed with lances fourteen feet long. They were, moreover, splendidly mounted, and as they had only just arrived and had not been engaged, their horses were fresh and in good condition. On the 'Charge' sounding, the 23rd, with unflinching valour, charged knee to knee against the Cossacks. The shock was tremendous, but once it had occurred, all the advantage of weapons was with the swordsmen, who almost destroyed the Russian regiment."

It is needless to speculate whether the result would have been different had the Russian rear rank been armed with swords, or the French front rank with lances. Both weapons have their own excellences, and we may rest assured that British soldiers, whether armed with the one or the other, will bear themselves honourably and bravely in the future, as they have done in the past.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY". "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, a Lieutenant of Dragoons (Cuirassiers, as some of the regiments were called), has been sent by Marlborough to Cadiz with a message to the English admiral there. Having obtained a passage in a small freight vessel and escaping capture by a French ship of War, he is drawing near to the end of the voyage. On board is another passenger, one Carstairs, whom the captain believes to be an ex-filibuster named Cuddiford, whose movements are of a mysterious nature. The object of Crespen is principally to get into touch with the English Fleet and deliver his message as to the whereabouts of a fleet of Spanish galleons from the West Indies.

"NEVER fear," Tandy replied to my request for silence, "there shall be no gossip. And I do not converse with the men—most of whom are Hollanders, since I had to pick them up in a hurry. As for the old man, you need not see him and, if you do, why, you can keep your own counsel, I take it."

I answered that I could very well do that, after which the captain left me—for now the night had come upon us, dark and dense except for the stars, and we were about to run out into the open. But even as I watched the men making sail and felt the little ship cutting through the water beneath me—I could soon hear her forefoot gliding through it with a sharp ripple that resembled the slitting of silk—I wished that this other passenger had not come aboard; that I could have made the cruise alone.

Yet we were aboard, he and I, and there was no help for it—it must be endured. Only, still, I could not help wondering what any old minister should want to be making such a journey as this for; especially wondered also why he should be attended by a black servant and why, again, it should be worth his while to pay a hundred guineas for the passage!

But you know now as well as I do, that this man was no minister, but rather, if Tandy's surmises were right, some villainous old filibuster who had lived through evil days and known evil spirits; my meditations are, therefore, of no great import. Rather let me get on to what was the outcome of my journey. When we were at sea we showed no light at all, no! not at foremast, main, or mizzen, so that I very well understood now why the captain had winked as he said that the Frenchman—if he was that—would not see us; and especially I understood it when, on going below, I found that the cabin windows were fastened with dead lights so that no ray could steal out from them. Also, the hatches were over the companions whereby neither could any light ascend from below. In truth, as we slapped along under the stiff north-east breeze that blew off the Holland coast, we seemed more like some dark flying spectre of the night than a ship, and I could not but wonder to myself what we should be taken for if seen by any passer-by. Yet, had I only known, there were at that time hundreds of ships cruising about in all these waters in the same manner; French ships avoiding the English war vessels, and English and Dutch avoiding the French war vessels, and—as, perhaps, it was full as well I did not know—sometimes two of them came into contact with each other, after which neither were ever more heard of Only, in different ports, there were weeping women and children left, who—sometimes for years!—prayed for the day to come when the wanderers might return, they never knowing that, instead of those poor toilers of the sea having been made prisoners (as they hoped) who would at last be exchanged, they were lying at the bottom of the ocean.

"'Tis a gay minister, at any rate," I said to Captain Tandy, when I returned to the deck—for all was so stuffy down below owing to this closing up of every ingress for the fresh air that I could not remain there—" and he at least seems not to mind the heat."

"What's he doing now?" the captain asked.

"He is singing a little," I replied, "and through the half open door of his cabin one may hear the clinking of bottle against glass. A merry heart!"

"The fiend seize his mirth. I hope he will not make too much turmoil, nor set the ship afire. It he does we shall be seen easy enough!" I hoped so, too, and as each night the old man waxed more noisy and the clink of the bottle was heard continuously—until at last his drinking culminated as I have written—the fear which the captain had expressed took great hold of me, so that I could scarce sleep at all. Yet those fears were not realized, the Lord be praised, or I should scarcely be penning this narrative now.

The first night passed, and, as 'twas late summer, the dawn soon came, by which time we were running a little more out to sea, though—since to our regret, we saw that the frigate was on our beam instead of being left far behind as we had hoped would be the case—we now sailed under false colours. Wherefore at our peak there flew the lilies of France and not our own English flag. Yet, 'twas necessary—imperative, indeed—that such should be the case if we would escape capture. And even those despised lilies might not save us from that; if the frigate, which we knew by this time to be a ship of war—since her sides were pierced two tiers deep for cannon, and on her deck we could observe soldiers—suspected for a moment those colours to be false she would slap a shot at us. The first, perhaps, across our bows only, but the second into our waist, or, if that missed, then a third, which would doubtless do our office for us.

At present, however, she did nothing—only held on steady on her course, which, nevertheless, was ominous enough. For this action told plainly that she had seen us leave the river, or she would have remained in the offing there still. And, also, she must have known we were not French. For what French ship would have been allowed to come out of the Maas as we had come?—even if there had happened to be a free one in it, which was not very likely.

She did nothing, I have said—yet, was not that sleuth-like following of hers something? Did it not expound the thoughts of her captain as plain as though he had uttered them in so many words? Did it not tell that he was in doubt of who and what we were; that he set off against the suspicious fact of our having quitted the river which bristled with the enemies of France the other facts, namely, that our ship was built French fashion, that, may be, he could read her French name on her stern, and that she flew the French flag.

Yet, what puzzled us more than aught else was—how the frigate knew that we had so got out. The night had been dark and black, and we showed no lights.

Still she knew it.

The day drew on and, with it, the sea abated a little, so that the tumbling waves which had often obscured the Frenchmen from us for some time, and, doubtless, us from her, became smoother, and Tandy, who had never taken his eye off the great ship, turned round and gave now an order to the men to hoist more sail. Also another to the man at the wheel to run in a point.

Then he came to where I was standing, and said:

"She draws a little nearer—I fear they will bring us to. Ha! as I thought!" and even as he spoke there came a puff from the frigate's side—a moment later the report of the gun—another minute, and, hopping along the waves, went a big round shot, some fifty yards ahead of us.

"What will you do?" I asked the captain. "The next will not be so far ahead."

"Run for it," he said. "They may not hit us—short of a broadside—and if I can get in another mile or so they cannot follow. Starboard your helm," he called out again to the man at the wheel, and once more bellowed his orders to the men aloft.

This brought the ship's head straight for where the land was—we could see it plain enough with the naked eye, lying flat and low ten miles away—also it brought our stern to the

Digitized by Google

frigate, so that we presented nothing but that to them, namely a breadth of no more than between twenty and twenty-five feet.

"'Twill take good shooting to hit us this way," said Tandy very coolly. "Yet, see, they mean to attempt it."

That this was so, one could perceive in a moment—there came three puffs one after the other from their upper tier—then the three reports—then the balls. Hurtling along on either side of us, one just grazing our larboard yard-arm—we saw the spinters fly like feathers!—the others close enough, but doing no harm.

"Shoot, and be damned to you," muttered Tandy, "ten minutes more and you can come no further. Look," and he pointed ahead of us to where I saw, a mile off, the water crisping and foaming over a shoal bank; "'tis eight miles outside Blankenberg, and is called 'The Devil's Bolster.' And we can get inside it and they cannot." Then again he bellowed fresh orders which even I, a landsman, understood well enough, or, at least, their purport. They were to enable us to get round and inside the reef and so place it between us and the frigate.

She saw our move as soon as it was made, however, wherefore the firing from her gun-ports grew hotter, the balls rattling about us now in a manner that made me fear the ship must be struck ere long; nay, she was struck once, a round shot catching of her on her starboard quarter and tearing off her sheathing in a long strip. Yet, at present, that was all the harm she had gotten, excepting that her mizzen-shroud was cut in half.

But now we were abeam of the reef and about half a mile off it—ten minutes later we were inside it and, the frigate being able to advance no nearer because of her great draught, we were safe. They might shoot, as the captain said, and be damned to them; but, shoot as much as they chose, they were not very like to hit us, since we were out of range. We were well in sight of each other, however—the reef lying like a low barricade betwixt us, and I could not but laugh at the contempt which the sturdy Dutch sailors whom we had on board testified for the discomfited Frenchmen. There were three of them at work on the fo'castle head at the time the frigate left off her firing, and no sooner did she do so and begin to back her sails to leave us in peace—though doubtless she meant lying off in wait for us when we should creep out—than these great Hollanders formed themselves into a sort of dance-figure, and commenced capering and skipping about, with many derisive gestures made at the ship.

And as we could see them regarding us through their glasses—by using of our own—we knew very well that they saw these gestures of contempt. Tandy, however, soon put a stop to them, for, said he to me, "They may lie out there a week waiting for us, and if then they catch us they will not forget. And 'twill go all the harder with us for our scorn. Peace, fools, desist." Whereon the men left off their gibes.

"Lie out there a week," thinks I to myself, "fore gad! I trust that may not be so. For if they do, and one delay follows another, Heaven knows when I shall see Cadiz. Too late, anyway, to send the fleet after the galleons, who will, I fear, be in and unloaded long before the admirals can get up to Vigo."

Yet, as luck would have it, the frigate was not to lie there very long—no! not even so long as an hour. For see, now, how Providence did intervene to help me upon my way, and to remove at least that one obstacle to my going forward on my journey.

Scarce had those lusty Dutch sailors been ordered off the head by Tandy than, as I was turning away from laughing at them, my attention was called back by a shout from the same quarter, and, on looking round, I saw two of them spring up the ladder again to the very spot they had left, and begin pointing eagerly towards the frigate. And following their glances and pointings, this is what I saw.

Two other great ships looming large upon the sea, rising rapidly above the water, carrying all their canvas, coming on at a mighty rate. Two great ships sailing very free, but near together, yet in a few moments spreading apart so that they put me in mind of some huge bird opening of its wings—I know not why, yet so it was!—and then tearing on at some distance from each other, their vast black hulls rising every moment and, soon, the foam becoming visible beneath their bows as their forefeet flung it asunder.

"Down with that rag," shouted Tandy, squinting up at the lilies on our peak, and hardly shifting his perspective glass to do so; "down with it, and up with our own. My word, the Frenchman will get a full meal now. Look at their masts and the flag of England flying on them."

I did look, and, after a hasty glance, at something else. The French frigate—our late pursuer!

Be very sure that she had seen those two avengers coming up in that fair breeze—also that she was making frantic efforts to escape. But her sails were all laid aback, as I have said, also she was off the wind—the glasses showed the confusion that prevailed on board her. And she had drifted so near the shoal that her danger was great. Unless she boldly ran out to meet those two Queen's ships she would be on it ere long, and that was what she dared not do. For now from the others we saw the puffs of smoke—like white balls of wool—come forth, we saw the spits of flame, saw the Frenchman's mainmast go down five minutes later and hang over the side nearest us, like some wounded creature all entangled in a net. And still she neared the shoal, and still the white balls puffed out till they made a long fleecy line through which the red flames darted. Then, borne on the air we heard shouts and curses;—amidst the roaring of the English cannon firing on the helpless, stricken thing, we heard another sound.

A grinding crashing sound, whereby we knew she was on the bank. Then saw above, at her mizzen, the French flag pulled down upon the cap, and heard through their trumpets their loud calls for assistance from the conquerors.

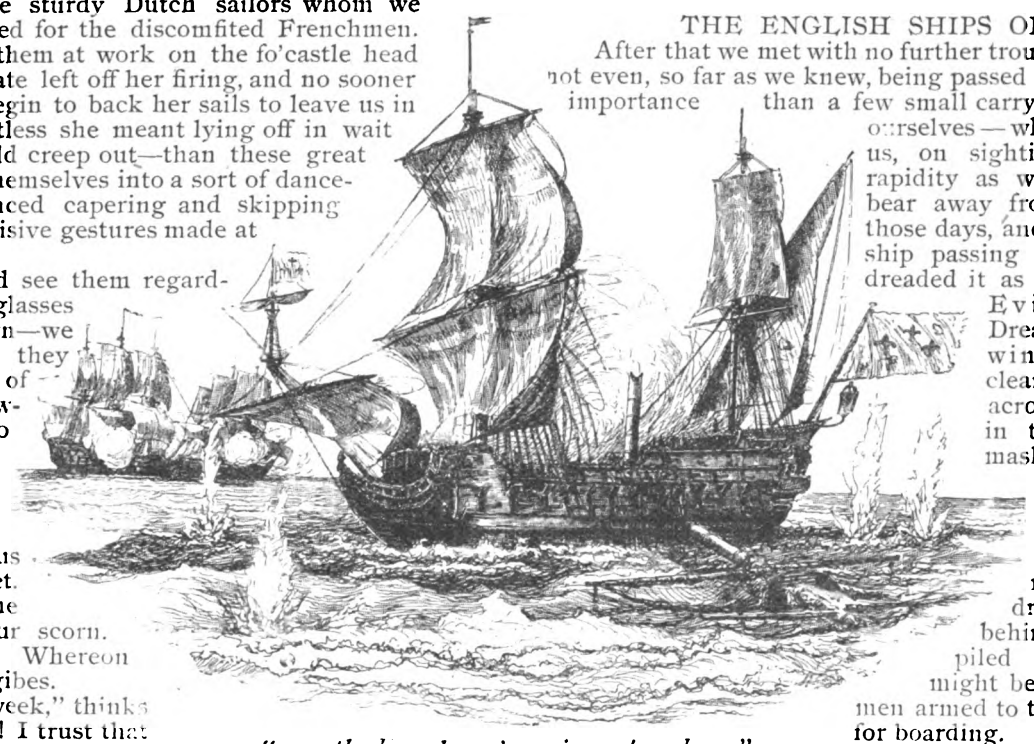
"Humph! Humph!" said Tandy. "Old Lewis"—for so he spoke of him—"has got one ship the less, that's all. Loose the foresheet there, my lads; stand by the mainsail halyards. Good. That's it. All together."

And away once more we went.

Chapter V.

THE ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR.

After that we met with no further trouble nor interference, not even, so far as we knew, being passed by anything of more importance than a few small carrying-craft similar to ourselves—who bore away from us, on sighting, with as much rapidity as we were prepared to bear away from them, since in those days, and for long after, no ship passing another at sea but dreaded it as though it was the Evil One himself. Dreaded that the cabin windows with their clean dimity cloths run across them might be, in truth, nothing but masked gun ports with the nozzles of the cannon close up against the other side of those running curtains; dreaded also that, behind the bales of goods piled up in the waist, might be lurking scores of men armed to the teeth and ready for boarding.



"saw the Frenchman's mainmast go down."

Also, as though to favour us—or me—who needed to get to the end of my journey as soon as might be, the wind blew fresh and strong abaft us from the north, so that by the evening of the fifth day from leaving Rotterdam we were drawing well on to our journey's end, and were, in fact, rounding Cape St. Vincent, keeping in so near the coast that we could not only see the cruel rocks that jut out here like the teeth of some sea monster, but also the old monks sitting sunning themselves in front of their monastery above the cliffs.

And now it was at that time and when we were getting very near to Tavira—which must be our journey's end unless the English fleet, of which my Lord Marlborough had spoken, was already into Cadiz and master of the place—that the old man who called himself Carstairs was taken with his delirium of which I have written already.

But, as also I have told, he was better the next day, by noon of which we were well into the Bay of Lagos and running for Cape Santa Maria, and 'twas then that he told me that story of his having much business to attend to at Cadiz and that, the galleons being now due there, he was on his way to meet them.

That I laughed in my sleeve at the fool's errand on which this old man had come—this old man who had been a thieving buccaneer if his wanderings and Tandy's suspicions were true—you may well believe. Also I could not help but fall

Digitized by Google

a-wondering how he would feel it, on nearing Tavira, we learnt that our countrymen were masters of Cadiz. For then he would do no business with his precious galleons even should my lord Marlborough be wrong—which, however, from the sure way he had spoken I did not think was very like to be the case—and even if they had made for Cadiz, since they would be seized upon later, for sure.

It was, however, of extreme misfortune that—just at this time when all was so well for my chances, and when we were nearing our destination, the weather should have seen fit to undergo a sudden change, and that, not only did the wind shift, but all the summer clearness of the back end of this fair August month should have departed. Indeed, so strange a change came over the elements that we knew not what to make of it. Up to now the heat had been great—so great, in truth, that I, who could neither endure the stuffiness of my cabin below, nor the continual going and coming of the negro in the gangway which separated his master's cabin from mine, nor the stench of some drugs which the old man was continually taking, had been sleeping on the deck. But now the tempest became so violent that I was forced to retreat back to the cabin, to bear the closeness as best I might, to hear the flappings of the black creature's great feet on the deck at all hours of the night and, sometimes again, the yowling of the old man for drink.

For with the shifting of the wind to the East, or rather East by South, a terrible storm had come upon us; across the sea it howled and tore, buffeting our ship sorely and causing such destruction that it seemed like enough each moment we should go to the bottom, and this in spite of every precaution being taken, even to striking our topmasts. Also we lay over so much to starboard, and for so long, that again and again it seemed as though we should never right, while, as we thus lay, the sea poured into us through port and scuttle. But what was worse for me—or would be worse if we lived through the tempest we were now in the midst of—we were being blown not only off our course but back again the very way we had come and out into the Western ocean, so that to all else there had to be added the waste of most precious time. Time that, in my case, was golden!

Meanwhile Carstairs who, during the whole of our passage from Rotterdam had carefully kept his cabin—not even coming on deck during the time we were chased by the French frigate, nor, later, when the two ships of war had battered and driven her on to the shoal bank—now saw fit to appear on deck and to take a keen interest in all that was going on around.

"A brave storm," he said, shrieking the words in my ear—I having at last struggled up again—amidst the howling of the wind and the rush of the sea upon our deck, each wave sounding as though a mountain had fallen, "a brave storm. Ha! I have seen a-many, yet I know not if ever one worse than this."

"What think you of our chances?" I bawled back at him, while I noticed that his eye was brighter and clearer than I had seen it before, and that in his face there was some colour.

"We shall do very well," he answered, "having borne up till now. That fellow knows his work," and he nodded towards where Tandy was engaged in getting the foreyard swayed up. "We shall do."

His words were indeed prophetic, for not an hour after he had uttered them the wind shifted once more, coming now full from the South—which was, however, of all directions, the very one we would not have had it in!—and with the change the sea went down rapidly, so that, in still another hour, the waves, instead of breaking over our deck, slapped only heavily against the ship's sides, while the vessel itself wallowed terribly amongst them. Yet, so far, we were saved from worse.

But now to this there succeeded still another change—the sea began to smoke as though it were afire; from it there rose a cold steaming vapour, and soon we could not see twenty yards ahead of us, nor was the man at the wheel able to see beyond the forehatch. So that, now, we could not move in any direction for fear of what might be near, and were forced to burn lights and fire guns at intervals to give notice of our whereabouts in chance of passers by

Again, however,—this time late at night—the elements changed: the mist and fog thinned somewhat and rose some feet from the surface of the now almost tranquil sea, it was at last possible to look ahead a little, though not possible to proceed, even if the light wind which blew beneath the fog would have taken us the way that we desired to go.

And still the mist cleared more and more, so that soon we could see a mile—or two miles around: and then we observed a sight that none of us could comprehend. Not even Carstairs, who whispered once to himself—though I heard him plain enough!—"What in the name of the devil does it mean. What? What?"

Afar off, on our starboard quarter, we saw in the darkness of the night—there being no moon—innumerable lights dotting the sea: long lines of lights such as tiers of ports will emit from ships: also lights higher up, as though on mast-heads and yards—numbers of them! Some scores, each in their cluster.

Carstairs' voice sounded in my ear, Carstairs' finger was laid on my arm.

"You understand?" he asked.

"No."

"'Tis some great fleet."

I started—hardly could I repress that start or prevent myself from exclaiming "the English fleet for Cadiz."

Yet, even as I did so, the water rippled on the bows where we were standing—it sounded as if those ripples blended with the man's voice and made a chuckling laugh.

"A large fleet," he said slowly, "leaving Spain and making for the open."

Then a moment later he was gone from my side.

Leaving Spain and making for the open! What then did that mean? "Leaving Spain and making for the open!" I repeated to myself again. Was that true? And to assure myself I leant farther forward into the night—as though half a yard nearer to those passing lights could assist my sight!—and peered at those countless clusters.

Was it the English fleet that was leaving Spain? Whether that was so or not—whether 'twas in truth the English fleet or not—it *was* leaving Spain. I could understand that. We in our ship were almost stationary; that body was rapidly passing out to sea.

What did it mean? Perhaps that the English had done their work—destroyed Cadiz,—I did not know if such were possible, but thought it might be so—perhaps that the galleons had been on their way in after all, and had been warned of those who were there before them, and—so—had turned tail and fled.

Yet I feared—became maddened and distraught almost at the very idea—that, having done their work my countrymen should have left the place, gone out to the open on, perhaps, their way back to England. Became maddened because, if such were the case, there was no opportunity left me of advising them about the galleons. While, on the other hand, if that passing fleet was in truth the galleons, then were they saved, since never would they come near the coast of Spain again while the British ships remained there. Rather would they keep the open for months; rather put back again to the Indies than run themselves into the lion's jaws.

Truly I was sore distressed in pondering over all this: truly any chance of promotion seemed very far off now. Yet I had one consolation. I had done my best; it was not my fault.

That night, to make things more unpleasant than they already were—and to me it seemed that nothing more was wanting to aid my melancholy!—Carstairs began his drinkings and carousals again, shutting up of himself with the negro in his cabin, from whence, shortly, issued the sounds of glasses clinking, of snatches of songs—in which the black joined; of halloaing of toasts and other things. Ribald bawlings, too, of a song of which I could only catch a few words now and again, but which seemed to be about a mouse which had escaped from a trap and also from a great, fierce cat waiting ready to pounce on it. Then once more, clappings and clinkings of glasses together—an intolerable noise, be sure!—and presently, with an oath, confusion drunk to England.

"So, my gentleman," thinks I, "that is how you feel, is it? Confusion to England! Who and what are you then, in the Devil's name? Spy of France or Spain, besides being retired filibuster, or what? Confusion to England, eh?"

And even as I thought this and heard his evil toast, I determined to hear more. Whereon I slipped quietly off my bunk, got out into the gangway and listened across it to his cabin opposite, feeling very sure as I did so that both he and his black imagined I was up on deck.

Then I heard him say—going on, evidently, with a phrase he had begun— —

"Wherefore, I tell you, my lily, my white pearl, that these accursed seamen and soldiers—this Rooke—who chased me once so that I lost all my goods in my flight—are tricked, hoodwinked, trapped like so many rats. Done for—and so is this white-livered Englishman over there, in t'other cabin—who I do believe is an English spy. Ho! that we had him in Maracaibo or Guayaquil. Hein! Hey! my snowball?"

"Hoop! Hoop!" grunted the brute, his companion, "Hoop! Maracaibo! Hoop! But, but—John"——John! thinks I—and to his master!——"don't speak so loud. Perhaps they hear you!"

"Let them hear and be damned to them. What care I?" Yet, still he lowered his voice—though not so low but what I made out his words.

"Fitted out a fleet, did they, to intercept the galleons? Oh! the beautiful galleons, oh! the sweet and lovely galleons, oh! my beautiful Neustra Senora de Mercedes—you remember how she sits on the water like a swan, Cæsar?—and the beautiful Santa Susanna—what ships, what lading!"

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. HEATH, Plymouth.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON, K.C.B., C.M.G.

A DISTINGUISHED officer of the Royal Engineers is Sir RICHARD HARRISON, the predecessor of Sir FORESTIER WALKER, in command of the Western District. His war services date back to the Indian Mutiny, in which as a subaltern, Sir RICHARD was actively employed, taking part at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and in the campaigns in Rohilcund and Oude down to the final supression of the Mutiny. In the China War of 1860 he served on the Staff of the Quartermaster-General. In the Zulu War, as Commanding Engineer at headquarters, as A.Q.M.G., and as Head of the Quartermaster-General's Department he did good service, being, after Ulundi, appointed to command the Flying Column. In the Egyptian War of 1882 Sir RICHARD HARRISON was Assistant-Adjutant-General and Chief Staff Officer on the Lines of Communication, and he served with the Nile Expedition of 1885 as A.A.G. and Colonel on the Staff on the Lines of Communication. He was appointed to the Command of the Western District in 1890, and in that post displayed great energy in the training of the troops in the command.

Digitized by Google

TYPES OF OUR ARMY.

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

SERGEANT.

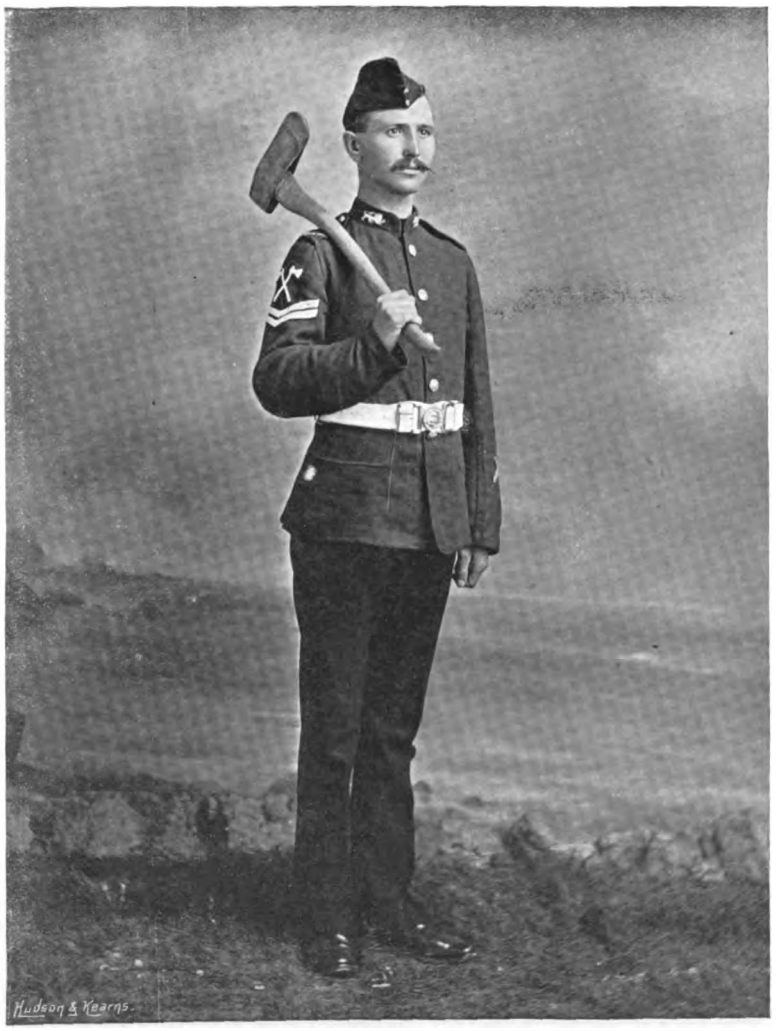
THE first picture is that of a sergeant in the "kneeling" position as he would appear, after having fired, previous to re-loading. He wears *Khaki* clothing, being stationed at Malta, which, although neither so attractive nor soldier-like according to our ideas, possesses the advantage of being serviceable and in a warm climate is absolutely necessary to ensure any degree of comfort.

There is a small body of men in every battalion known as pioneers. The regulation establishment is eleven men, one of whom must be a sergeant, and if possible, a carpenter by trade. All those under his command are, when practicable, tradesmen, divided into the following ratio: three carpenters, two bricklayers (one able to plaster and another to slate), one smith, one mason, one painter and glazier, and two plumbers and gasfitters. The tradesmen required cannot always be obtained, and it is then necessary to appoint what are usually known as "handy men." Pioneers are mostly men of good character, selected on account of their being tradesmen or because specially adapted for the work they are called upon to perform. Before appointment they must be "dismissed drill," but are not afterwards required to carry rifles except on musketry parades, and are thus not always so smart from a drill-sergeant's point of view as their comrades in the ranks.

In barracks they are employed in executing repairs, working in the carpenters' and other regimental workshops, in keeping all Government roads and ground clean and tidy, and in the quarter-master's stores. On the march their position is at the head of the column and their duty to clear away any obstacle lying in the line of advance.

When in camp their labours principally consist in building temporary structures for the use of the troops, and in action they are employed as ammunition carriers.

The accompanying photograph represents a pioneer-corporal. His rank and appointment are respectively indicated by the two inverted chevrons and crossed axes on his right arm. The crossed rifles on his left forearm prove that, though he is not required to carry a rifle on parade, he has



Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta.

PIONEER-CORPORAL.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

PRIVATE

Digitized by Google

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta.

BANDSMAN.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ORDERLY.

earned the distinction of "marksman" during the annual course of musketry.

The following illustration shows a private in "marching order" with white helmet and pugaree. On the shoulders is carried a black-enamelled leather valise marked with the name of his regiment in white letters. It is designed to contain his cape, shirt, socks, and, in short, most of his earthly belongings. Below this, attached to the belt, is a great coat neatly rolled, surmounted by a canteen incased in a waterproof cover.

A water-bottle of white wood is suspended from his left shoulder, and appearing above his left hand is seen part of the haversack, which is strapped over the right shoulder. With all these paraphernalia the modern soldier advances to meet the foe.

Can you, charitable reader, imagine what restraint must result from even a short journey so equipped?

Can you—who are accustomed to pass the week-end at Brighton or Margate and find the modest "Gladstone" hardly sufficient for your wants—understand how "Tommy" contrives to sustain the hardships of a campaign with such an unpretentious show of luggage carried perforce on his back?

The fourth photograph represents a bandsman "standing to attention" with his instrument by his side.

The cross-belt passing over the left shoulder is attached to a case in which are carried the tunes to be played. The lyre on the right arm is the distinguishing badge of a bandsman.

His brother-musician, the very smart young drummer, with all the extra trimming on his collar, sleeves, and shoulder, is not the least important personage in the battalion, for does he not beat the time by which his comrades march? The manner in which the drum is carried while being beaten is plainly shown. A white pad is attached to the left leg just above the knee to prevent injury to the drummer's clothing.

The subject of the last illustration, dressed in *Khaki* clothing is (or at least *ought* to be) the happiest man in his battalion, for as Colonel's orderly his lot is to carry messages and letters and—if he be not superior to the average orderly—to take his own time in so doing.

He carries, by means of a cross-belt, a bag, bearing the regimental badge, for the conveyance of documents.

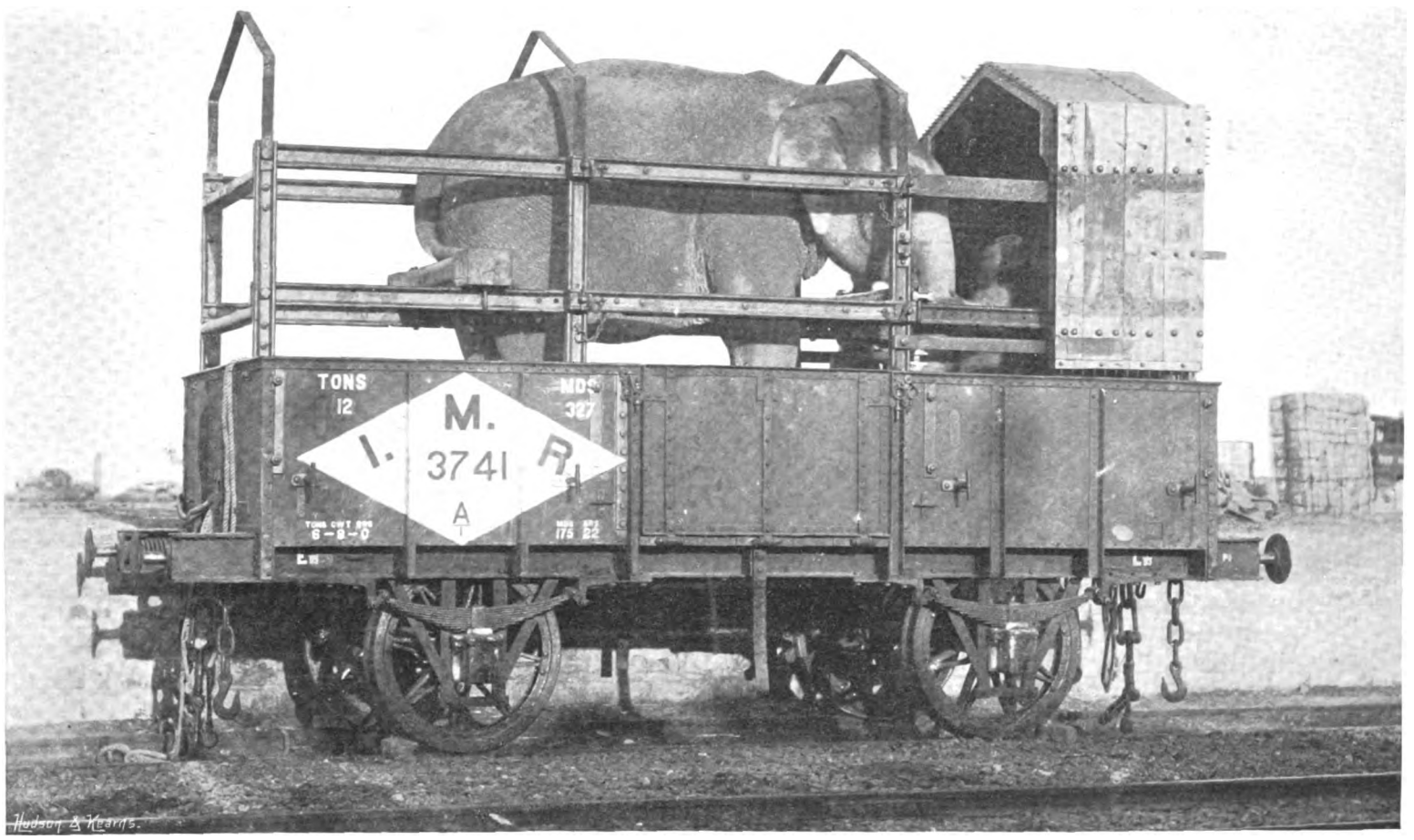
Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

DRUMMER.

Digitized by Google

THE HEAVY BATTERIES OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

ON THE RAILWAY:—Entraining One of the Elephants.



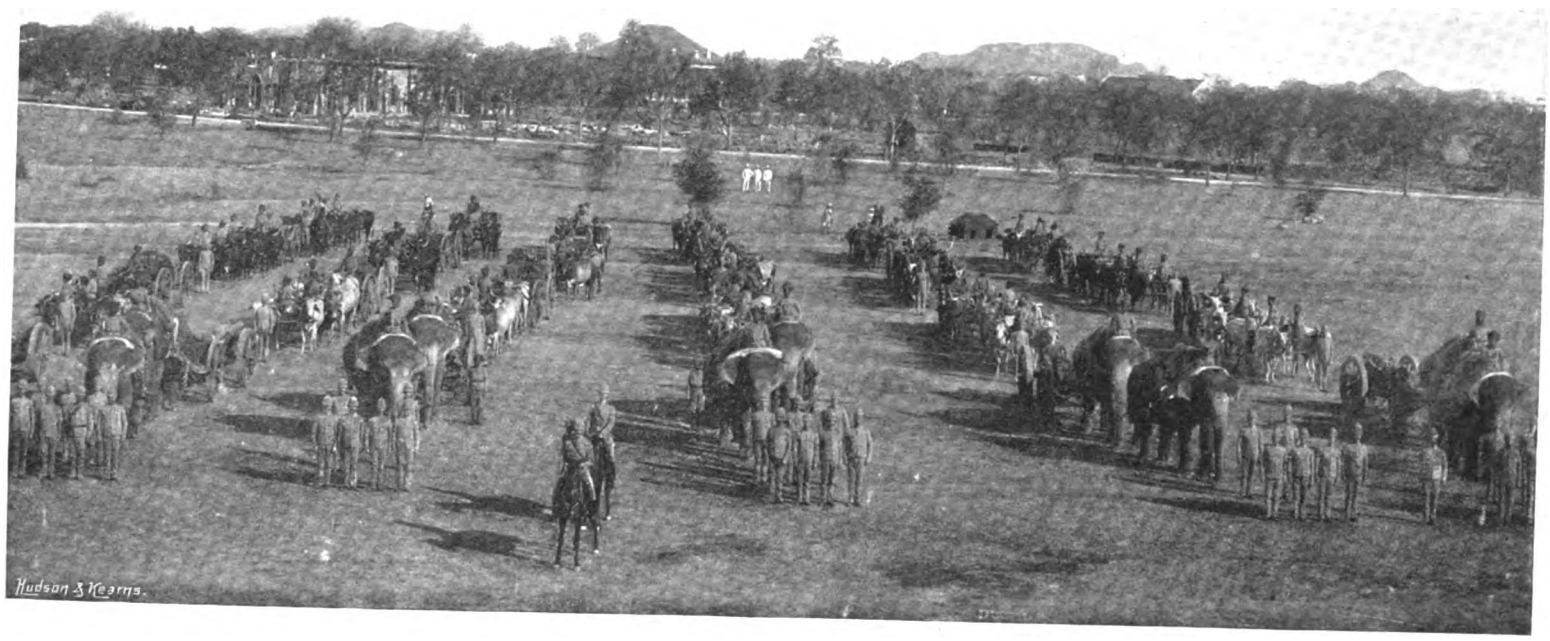
Photos. J. W. CAPLAIN, Jhansi.

ON THE RAILWAY:—An Elephant in his Truck ready to start.

ONE of the special uses to which the elephant is put in India is as a beast of draught for the Indian Heavy Batteries of Artillery, for the draught of the guns of the siege train. The tractable disposition of the elephant renders it an invaluable beast for such purposes, although, on the field of battle, before the guns would be taken under fire, it would be necessary to have the elephants withdrawn and replaced by bullocks, as elephants will not stand fire. On the plains of India the elephant batteries, at a general pace of from three to three-and-a-half miles an hour, can keep up well with the infantry on the march. The elephants employed are beasts of about twenty years of age, females being preferred to males as being much more tractable. An elephant is shown in our first two photographs—in the act of being entrained, and after being safely stowed in a truck; as would be done when a heavy battery is moving from one station to a distant one. Every heavy battery consists of four 40 prs. and two 6·3 in. Howitzers, the pieces are drawn by twelve elephants. The ammunition wagons and baggage of each battery is drawn by bullocks, of which there are 262 to a battery, the bullocks as we have seen being available to move the guns under fire. The fighting *personnel* of each battery are all men of the Royal Artillery. They comprise a major, in command of the battery, a captain, and three subalterns; with two staff-sergeants, six sergeants, six corporals, six bombardiers, two trumpeters.

Digitized by Google

ON PARADE:—At Close Interval.



ON PARADE:—In Open Order by Sub-Divisions.

Photos. J. W. CAPLAIN, Thanet.

IN CAMP FOR ANNUAL RANGE PRACTICE.

a farrier, and seventy-two gunners. To manage the elephants there is a staff of twelve Mahouts with twelve assistants, under a Jemadar, who are all natives of India; together with, to see after the bullocks, a Jemadar, six Sirdars, and 131 drivers. Our photographs of a heavy battery on parade show:—one, a battery as it would appear drawn up at a review in full marching order, the elephants carrying their field equipment and the bullocks and train all ranged in close order; the second, a battery drawn up for drill in open order, by what is called sub-divisions—that is, each gun with its team, draught-elephants, ammunition, bullocks, and wagons as a complete unit. The illustration of a battery in camp shows the general arrangement in the field of the elephants and mule lines, the parking of the guns, and the tents of the native drivers, and the European gunners and officers

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.

Photo. ABDULLAH FRÈRES. Constantinople.

RIZA PASHA.

GENERAL RIZA PASHA, Turkish Minister of War, like his colleague at the Admiralty, is an officer seasoned by service. He directs a force of the finest fighting quality, which, when handled well, as at Plevna, has few superior to it. As Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry, RIZA PASHA fought through the war with Russia. He was promoted Colonel, and held a command at Smyrna, after which, as a Major-General, he was in command of the second division of the 1st Army Corps, at Constantinople. Later again, he became a Lieutenant-General, and has held many important offices. RIZA PASHA has presided at the Seraskierate, or War Office, for about six years, during which time the organization of the forces has gone forward progressively. As is well-known, the Turkish Army includes certain half-barbarous elements, but the cream of the forces, located chiefly in European Turkey, are splendid soldiery.

There are seven Army corps, in addition to the forces in Crete, which have their headquarters at Constantinople, Adrianople, Monastir, Erzeroum, Beyrut, Baghdad, and Yemen. Each has from 35,000 to 40,000 men drawn from the surrounding provinces, and is well supplied with military stores and all necessary equipment.

Staff officers for the mobilization of the reserves are attached to each Army corps, and it is estimated that the Army, upon a war footing, with all the reserves embodied, would number something approaching a million and a half of men. RIZA PASHA, like the Minister of Marine, holds the highest honours of the Osmanieh, Medjidie, Imtiaz, Nicham Iftikhar, and some other orders. The Porte has for many years past attached greater importance to her Military than to her Naval forces, owing partly to the greater prominence assumed by the Army during the war with Russia, and partly to her inability to compete with Russia in warship-building. The voice of RIZA PASHA, therefore, as Seraskier or War Minister, is of great weight in the Council of Ministers.

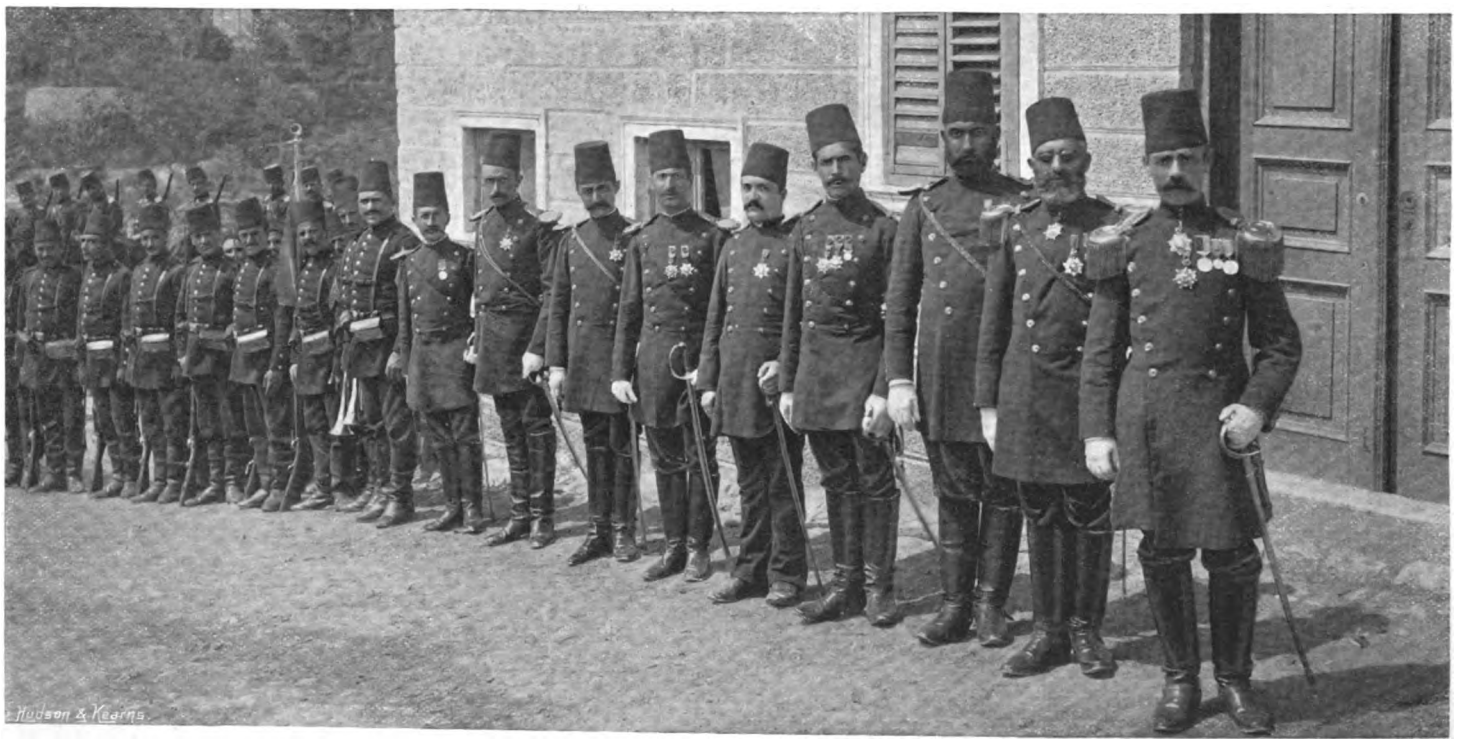


Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. Constantinople.

AN IMPERIAL GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE YILDIZ.

THE troops to which is assigned the duty of furnishing guards of honour to the Sultan at the Selamlik and other Festivals, belong to the second division of the Constantinople Army Corps. They are the cream of the Turkish Army, and are trained and drilled as well as any troops in Europe. Here we see a representative body of infantry drawn up in line as a guard at the Yildiz Palace, on the occasion of the Selamlik Festival, which is a weekly function, when the Sultan visits the Mosque, well known to all the inhabitants of Constantinople.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.

Photo. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS.

Constantinople.

A TROOPER OF THE 2nd LANCERS.

THIS illustration speaks for itself. A well-mounted trooper of one of the best cavalry regiments in the Turkish Service was excellently posed for the picture. He is armed with the lance – that much debated weapon—the carbine and the sword. Like all Turks he wears the fez, but it has a distinctive character. His epaulettes, too, are somewhat unusual, but are of a German pattern. The regiment to which he belongs forms part of the cavalry force of the first division of the First Army Corps at Constantinople. Turkish cavalry possess, in the highest degree, the mobility, which is one of the best characteristics of the Army. These men, with uncomplaining endurance, even when mismanaged by the staff, have often maintained their discipline and efficiency in the fatigues, hardships, and miseries of long marches. The Ottoman forces are moved from place to place with surprising celerity, and the trooper here depicted appears to possess the qualities typical of his force.

Digitized by Google

THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ARMY.

THE FIFTH CAVALRY.

Photos. supplied by W. G. MIDDLETON EDWARDS. *Constantinople.*

THE ERTOGRUL REGIMENT.

HERE again are groups representing a couple of the best Cavalry Regiments in the Turkish Service. Both belong to the Constantinople Corps and are located at the capital. They are composed of young men of excellent physique. It will be noticed that the troops of the Fifth Cavalry, not being burdened with the lance, carry their carbines slung at their backs, and, thus, if dismounted, will not be divorced from their weapons. The Ertogrul Regiment is famous in the Service, and is a splendid corps. It is one of those which regularly mount guard upon the occasions of the Sultan's public appearances. Determination and warlike vigour seem to sit upon the faces of the men.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 31.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1897.

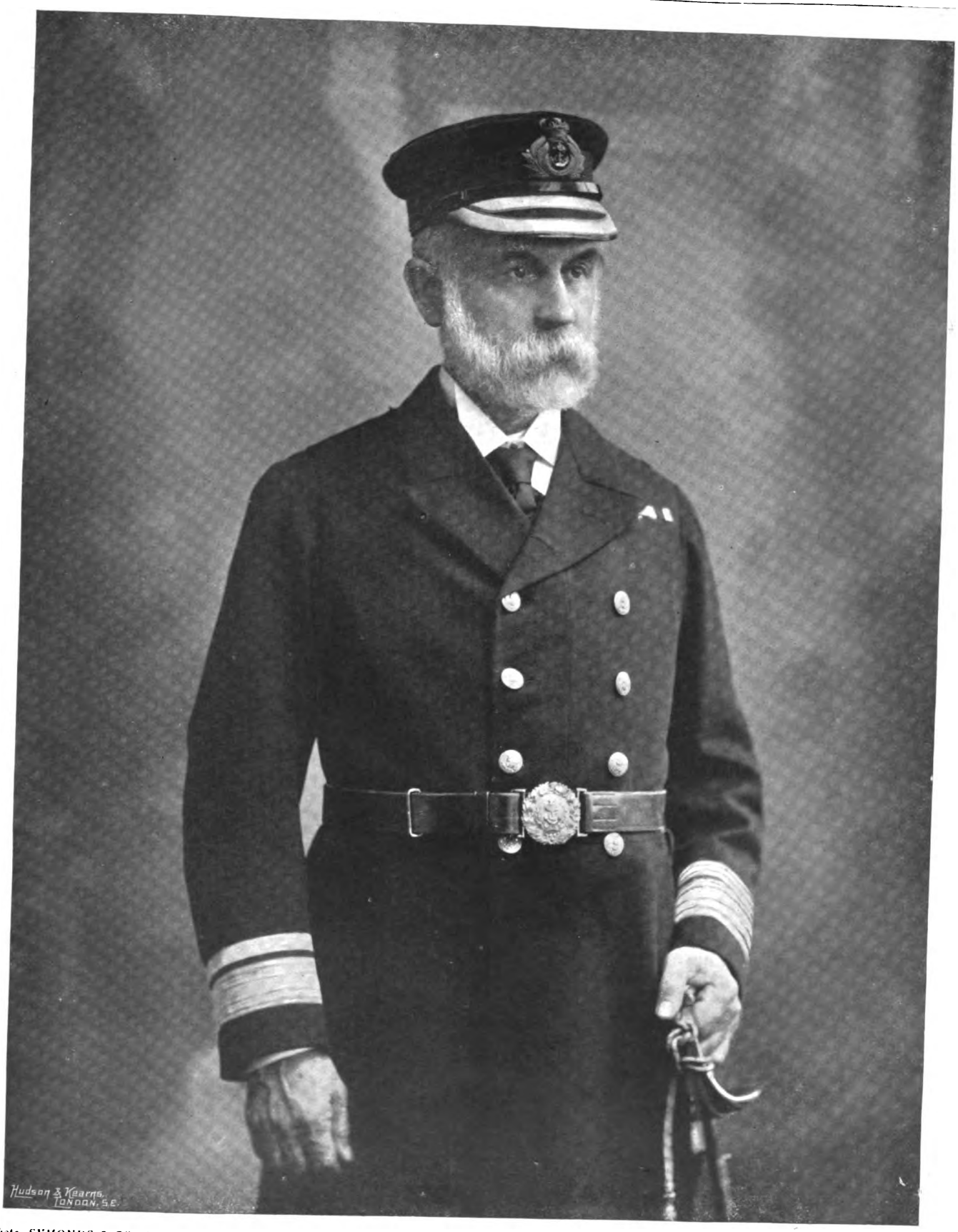


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

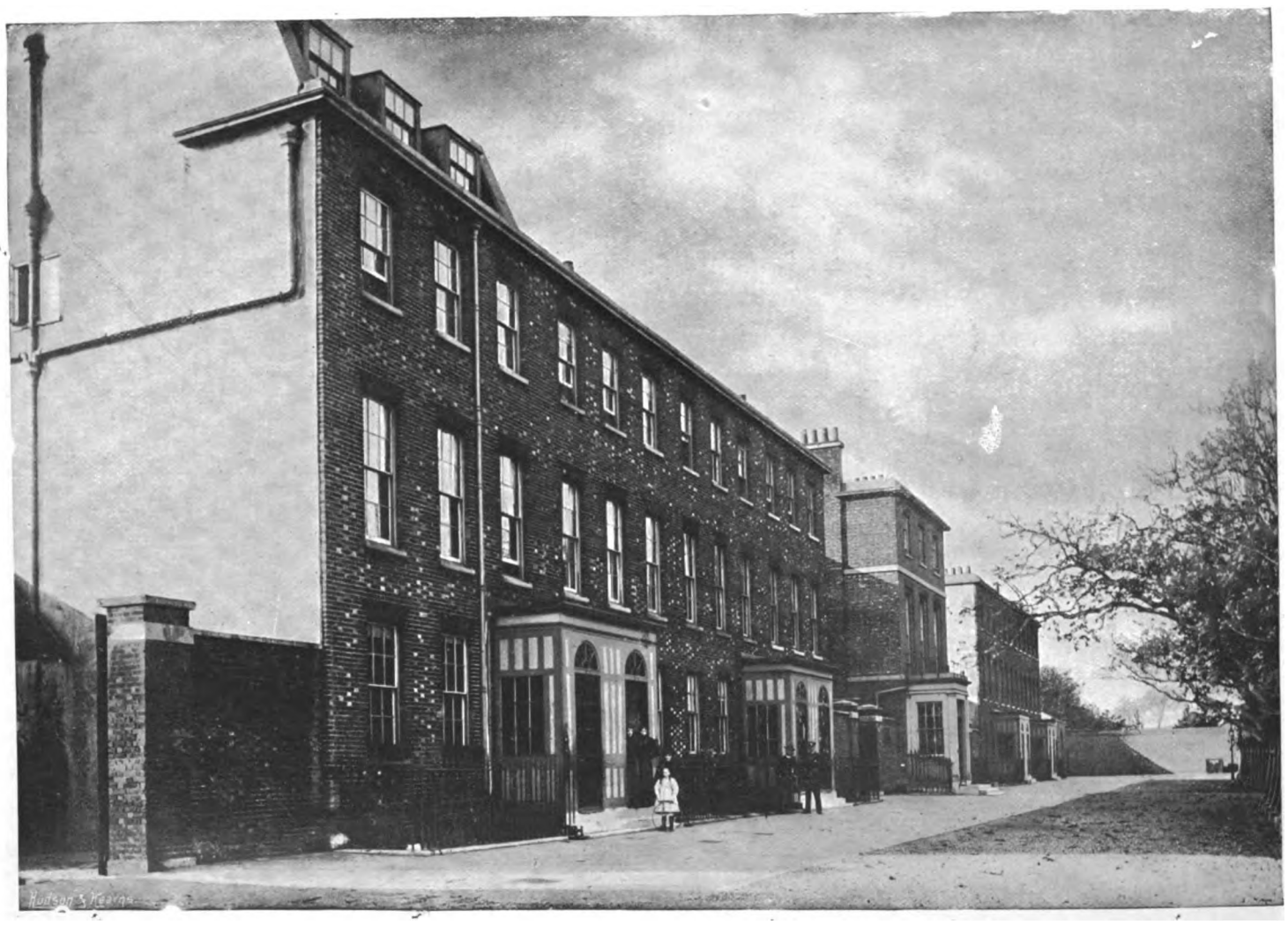
INSPECTOR-GENERAL HILSTON, OF HASLAR HOSPITAL.

DR. DUNCAN HILSTON, M.D., the senior officer in charge of the great Naval Hospital at Haslar, ranks as senior "Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets," at the head of the medical officers on the Active List of the Navy next after the Director-General of the Medical Department at the Admiralty, Sir JAMES DICK. He is a graduate in medicine of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and entered the Naval Service in 1860. As a Naval Surgeon, Dr. HILSTON saw war service in the New Zealand War of 1863, being specially mentioned for his attention to the wounded under fire. For the Campaign he wears the New Zealand medal. Dr HILSTON, who was promoted to his present rank of Inspector-General in 1892, has been in charge of Haslar Hospital since April, 1894.

Digitized by Google

THE MAIN BLOCK, FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

THE MAIN BLOCK AND NORTH WING.



Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

RESIDENCES OF THE SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICERS.

THE hospital buildings occupy three sides of a square, enclosing a large open space, or quadrangle, from the centre of which our views are taken. The first one shows the main, or central block, which was the first erected, and is 567 feet long. Here is the main entrance, over which, in the upper part of the building, is the kitchen; while on the right-hand side are the sick quarters for officers. Our next view is of the north wing, which is 553 long; the two wings and central block affording accommodation for some 2000 patients. In summer, when the trees are in full leaf and the flower-beds bright with bloom, the quadrangle presents a very attractive appearance. Lastly, we have a view of the residences of the senior officers of the medical staff, who, like their brother officers of the other branches of the Naval Service, look forward to, and very keenly appreciate, shore appointments of this nature, as affording the much longed-for opportunities of enjoying the society of their families and friends in England, unalloyed by the prospect of being ordered off, at a moment's notice, to the ends of the earth, for three or four years.

Digitized by Google

SISTERS OF THE NURSING STAFF.

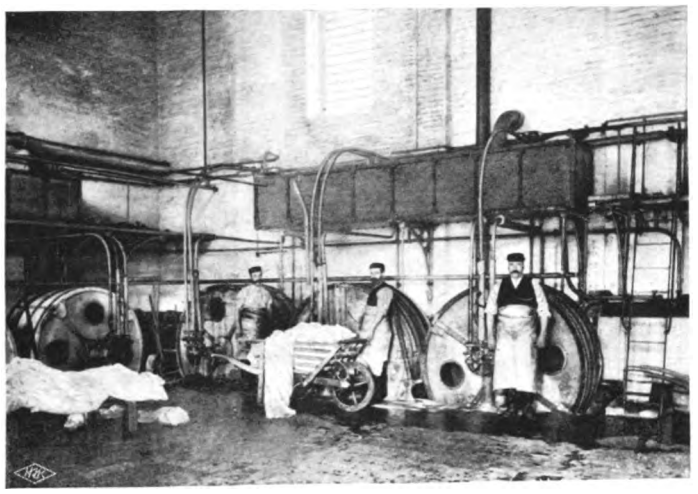
Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE above photographs explain themselves. The lady in the centre of the upper group is Miss LOUISA HOGG, the Head Sister, who has occupied this responsible post for several years. Not the least noticeable of the good results arising from the introduction of the Sisters is in the language and manners of the patients. The presence of a Sister in the wards has a restraining influence on Jack's proverbial command of words: his expressions, when in familiar converse with his chums, being marked by aptness rather than elegance, while his "terms of endearment" would grate harshly on the refined ear. In our second group Inspector-General DUNCAN HILSTON is shown seated in the centre, with Deputy Inspectors-General RICHARD W. COPPINGER and THOMAS BOLSTER on either side. The staff here represented is what may be called the Peace Establishment, and the reader will be able to appreciate the difference between the present and the past when it is stated that the Peace Establishment in 1763 consisted of one physician, who received the magnificent salary of £200 per annum; and one surgeon at £100, with an assistant at 5/- per diem.

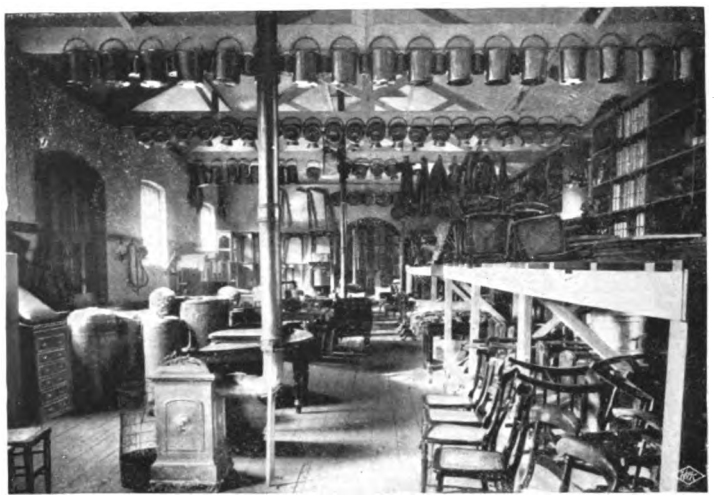
Digitized by Google



STEAM LAUNDRY

MENDING CLOTHES.

THE KITCHEN.



THE STORE-ROOM.

Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE LABORATORY.

IN the group of photographs at the top are depicted certain phases of the domestic economy of the hospital: the treatment of the soiled linen and repairs necessarily finding occupation for a large staff of employées. The close dependence of health on cleanliness was not so clearly understood in former times as it is now, in proof of which may be cited the oft-recurring complaint of "being over-run with vermin;" we read, too, of a nurse having "her cabin in a wretched and stinking condition," and that "the pillows made use of when the lad's leg was taken off last week are lying rotting in the blood on the floor." In striking contrast also is the present kitchen, situated in the upper part of the central block, with all modern appliances and trained staff of cooks, as compared with the primitive arrangements of a hundred years ago, when the making of a simple bread pudding entailed experiments extending over several days, the results of which were duly and solemnly reported to headquarters in London.————The well-equipped Laboratory depicted in our lower photograph is for the use of the young medical officers of the Navy while undergoing a special course of instruction before commencing their duties afloat.

Digitized by Google

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

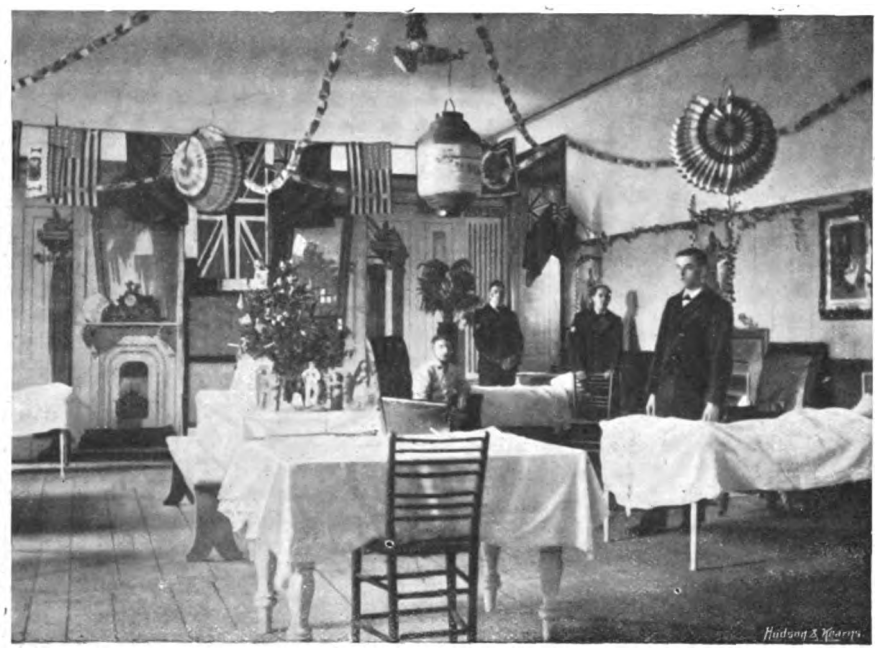
A PENSIONERS' WARD.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

HERE we have a view of one of the wards at Haslar, each of which bears a name distinguished in Naval history. This one, known as the Benbow, is occupied by old Naval pensioners, such as were once familiar objects at Greenwich. The plants dotted about the room and the pictures on the walls relieve the usual monotonous aspect of a government building, and give a sort of homeliness to the surroundings of the poor old fellows who do the best they can to relieve the tediousness of old age by games, reading, and chats with old shipmates who may chance to turn up on visiting days. Apart from the meal hours, the most eagerly looked-for period of the day is grog-time! And yet there are, possibly, well-meaning people who would rob the poor old fellows of one of the few solaces left to them in their declining days. Many of these old "sheer-hulks" have an interesting history, and delight in nothing so much as a good yarn about the "old Billy-ruffan" or, perchance, some smart frigate of former times aboard of which they performed prodigies as upper-yard-men.

Digitized by Google

THE ENTRANCE GATES.

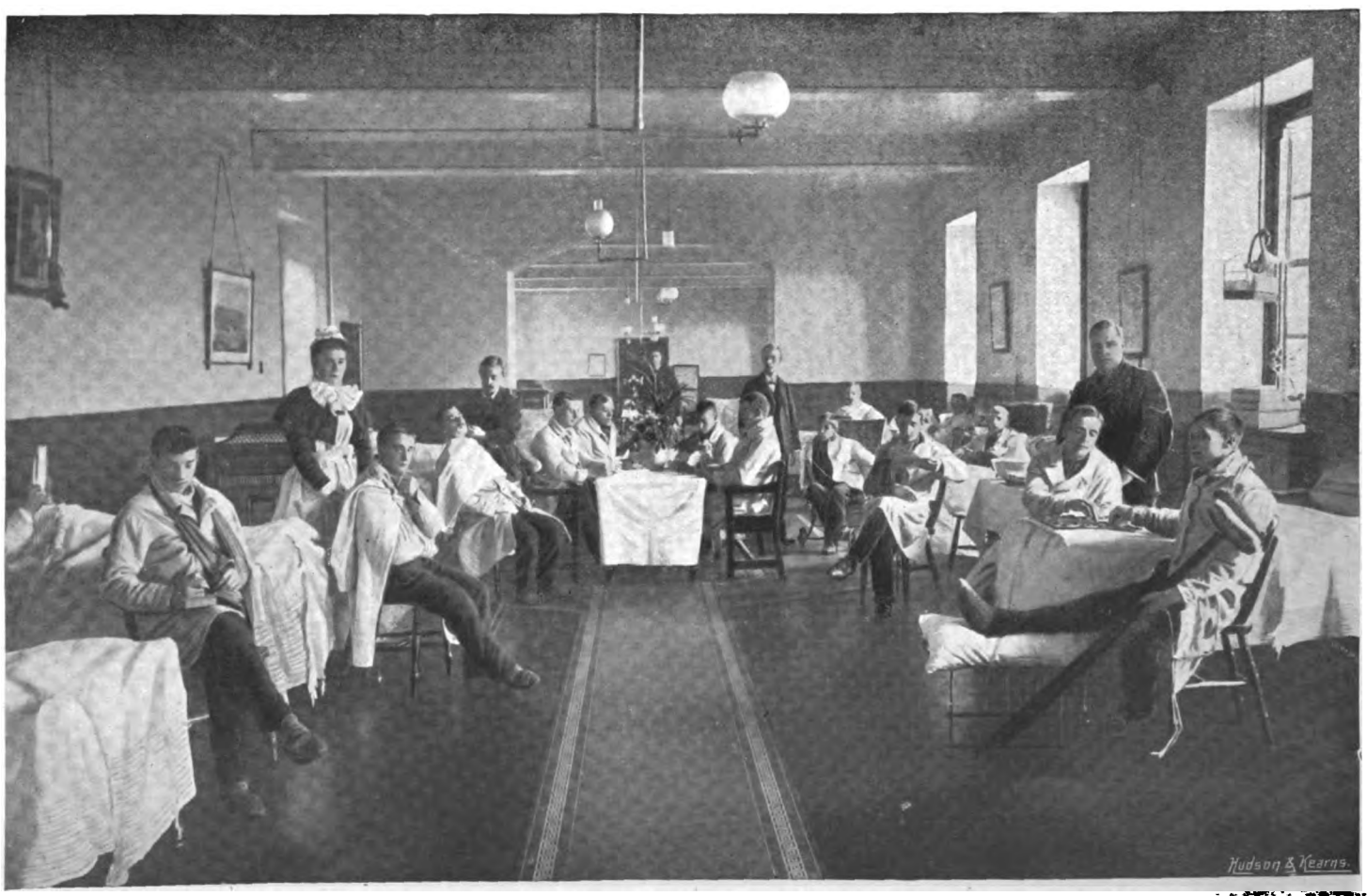


PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE approaches to all government establishments, as our readers know, are very jealously guarded, the public being only admitted at stated times and under certain conditions. At Haslar, as elsewhere, the police duties are carried out by a detachment of the Metropolitan Police, who exercise a very rigid censorship over everything that goes in or out of the hospital. The clandestine introduction of provisions or strong drink by Jack's friends without the wall, as a means of relieving the tedium of his existence while in hospital, has to be very carefully guarded against. Some members of the police on duty at the gates are here depicted. We are looking down an avenue of trees in the direction of Portsmouth Harbour, from whence a creek runs up to a point about a quarter of a mile from the hospital, where a landing stage is provided, and, for the more convenient transport of the sick to the hospital, a line of rails is laid from this pier to the survey rooms, from whence patients can be easily distributed to their destined wards. Very different are all these arrangements to those of former times, when it was a frequent subject of complaint of "corpses being left lying the whole day at the landing place, owing to the neglect of the hospital servants." How lax, too, was the supervision at the gate is shown by the complaint of the "Physician and Council" to headquarters, that "the hospital swarms with publicans every day, and provisions and liquor are introduced more frequently than ever."

The good old English custom of keeping up Christmas has no more loyal supporters than Her Majesty's seamen and marines, whether afloat or ashore. In our second illustration we see some of the paper decorations, in the manufacture of which Jack—and for that matter, Joe, the Marine, who also finds a refuge at Haslar in time of sickness—is such an adept. To complete the scene, the occupants of the ward, who, doubtless, have a special dispensation from the doctor on this occasion, ought to be seated round the festive board.

Lastly, we have a view which depicts a characteristic scene in one of the surgical wards, with the occupants clothed in the hospital dress, and diverting themselves as best they may to kill t me, which naturally hangs rather heavily on the hands of men accustomed to an active life in the open air.



Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE COLLINGWOOD WARD.

Digitized by Google

IN THE DISPENSARY.

Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE MUSEUM.

THE first photograph calls for no special comment. We may safely infer, however, from what is shown here that the complaints so frequent in old days of deficiencies in the matter of drugs and other medical requirements are not likely to occur at the present time. It is on record that the physician-in-charge reported on one occasion to headquarters that he was "in the greatest distress for want of so useful an article as lint in dressing his patients." The Dispenser, too, had his grievances, for it seems that "a labourer in the dispensary was impressed and taken off to the "Arrogant," which put to sea at once." What made it worse was that "he was never at sea before."———The Museum is in the south wing, near the Laboratory and Library, and contains, besides the usual anatomical specimens, and gruesome objects of purely professional interest, several curiosities collected and brought home from various quarters of the globe.

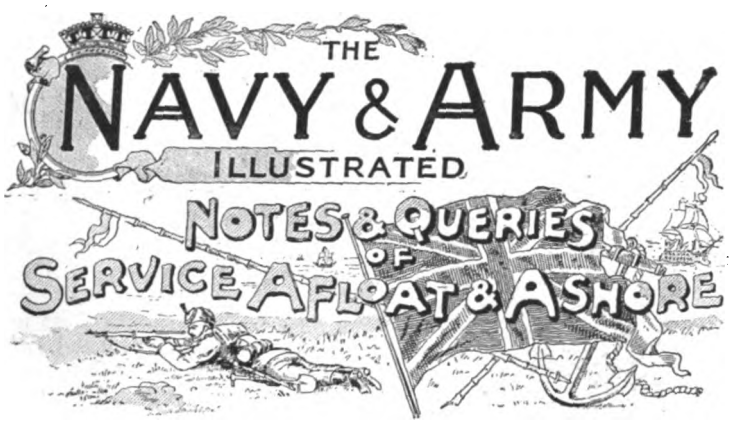
Digitized by Google

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

CONVALESCENTS IN THE AIRING GROUNDS.

THERE is probably no other hospital in the kingdom so well provided with exercising grounds for the patients as Haslar, a circumstance which does infinite credit to the wisdom of its founders. The "airing ground," as it is called in old documents, is nearly a mile in circumference. The particular portion here shewn is situated between the south wing and the sea, and is provided with two mounds, with summer-houses or smoking pavilions on top, from whence delightful views are obtained of Spithead, the Isle of Wight and Southsea beach. On this account it is a popular lounge, and during the smoking hours the greater part of the convalescents congregate here. A portion of the enclosure is reserved for officers, who can here enjoy a stroll and a smoke under pleasanter conditions than are often vouchsafed to them afloat. The trees afford abundance of shade, or shelter from the winds, and were it not for the inevitable monotony of existence under conditions inseparable from a state of disablement, the lot of a patient at Haslar might almost seem an enviable one.

Digitized by Google



So much has been written in depreciation of the fighting attributes of our two latest cruisers, that it is an agreeable surprise to be told what they actually can do. Assuming that the 9·2-inch guns of the "Powerful" would fire one round each per minute—which is far within the mark; the 6-inch quick-firers, four rounds; the 12-pounders, six rounds; and the 3-pounders, ten rounds per minute—being easy rates of firing; then, allowing time for training the heavy guns from one beam to another when fighting on both, and for loss of time in laying the quick firers, the whole of the ammunition on board *might be* usefully expended in passing through an enemy's lines within two hours; or, in other words, the *unit* of ammunition maintained in the magazines is sufficient for a period of two hours' consecutive hard work, omitting all consideration of the weapons becoming heated. We have allowed for the "changing sides" of secondary gun fire; it is clear that only the two heavy 9·2-inch guns can be fired continuously. Within the two hours, 13,980 rounds—independently of Maxim—would be expended, the projectiles for which would represent 175 tons, and the cordite charges twenty-five tons, or 220 tons altogether, including the metal cartridge cylinders. The total muzzle energy of these 13,980 rounds computes to 13,312,200 foot-tons, or sufficient to raise the entire French fleet—battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers and all, representing 560,000 tons—no less than twenty-three feet out of the water.

* * * *

The Royal Military Tournament for 1897 will be held as usual at the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and the attractions this year are said to bid fair to throw all previous efforts in this direction into the shade, and to surpass anything previously attempted. One of the leading features will be a grand pageant representing types of the British Army from 1704 to 1882, illustrating the arms, uniforms and equipment in use between those dates at Blenheim, Waterloo, Inkerman and Tel-el-Kebir. The men taking part in this pageant will be furnished from the regiments which bear these battles on their colours. Among the other features will be a display by a detachment of the Royal Navy, a combined display of all arms, musical rides by the 1st Life Guards and 3rd Dragoon Guards, musical drives by the Royal Horse Artillery, and feats of arms, riding, jumping, etc. A party of New South Wales Mounted Rifles will take part in the latter events. These men are bringing over their own horses and will use them in the Tournament. Tugs of war, bayonet fighting, and physical drill, will, as usual, be comprised in the extensive programme which will be laid before the public. The committee have again decided to hand over all profits to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army for distribution among various military charities. Prizes to the amount of £1,123 are to be given. The executive committee report that they have introduced what they consider to be a decided improvement in the arrangements for messing the troops taking part in the show. They are already well advanced with the programme, and, if the forthcoming tournament turns out to be all that is claimed for it at present, it will certainly be well worth a visit, and may be confidently looked forward to as one more successful entertainment of the many held at Islington.

* * * *

In old days, before the introduction of fresh water condensers, there was no question pertaining to the internal economy of our fleets and ships that more continuously engrossed the attention of commanding officers than the water supply. This ever-present difficulty sometimes even neutralised the efforts of our most skilful officers, and rendered abortive their most carefully laid plans. It even casts its baneful influence over Trafalgar, depriving Nelson on that fateful day of the services of an Admiral and six ships. In after years, when a prisoner at St. Helena, Napoleon used to admit that some of his most intricate calculations for the invasion of India had been invalidated by the incorrect data on the subject of water supply furnished by his Naval experts. In those days water was obtained in casks which were filled up on shore, a slow and laborious method. But in the year 1827 Captain William Fisher, R.N., took out a patent for a new and far more expeditious method of filling the casks in the boats, by means of a hand pump on shore which drove the water through specially prepared hose, thus saving the labour of handling the casks on shore. The system was first introduced on board H.M.S. "Barham," after an exhaustive trial before Sir Thos. Masterman Hardy, Nelson's old Captain, in 1827, and this method, with some modifications, has remained the one in use up to the present day in places where water has to be obtained with the ship's own appliances.

* * * *

Much of the glory of the dingy old edifice known as "The Horse Guards" has departed. The clock still indicates the progress of the day, and the stalwart troopers of the Life Guards, or the Blues, still tenant the ugly boxes on either side of the main gate facing Whitehall, to the admiration of boys and nursemaids, and the surprise of rustics and intelligent foreigners who cannot see the sense of such immobility of horse and man. The actual building of the "Horse Guards" was finished in 1750, and its purpose was to constitute a barrack for the two troops of the "Royal Horse Guards—Blue," which were accommodated on the ground floor of the right and left wings. But the building derives its importance from the work that has been carried on within its walls. If the "Horse Guards" was not, at first, the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State for War issued all his warrants and orders from there, and it gradually became the place whence the potentates who govern the destinies of the Army gave forth their degrees. To this day, the military department of the War Office, though located in Pall Mall, is unofficially known as "The Horse Guards"; the Commander-in-Chief rarely visiting Whitehall, except to hold levees. When the building at Whitehall was first partially used as the offices of the War Department, Lord Ligonier was Commander-in-Chief. When George II. reviewed Ligonier's Horse, he said: "Your men have the air of soldiers, but their horses look poorly." "Sire," replied the Colonel, "the men are *Irish*, and gentlemen; the horses are *English*."

* * * *

The lot of the pilot in the early days of navigation does not appear to have been a very happy one, it being enacted that "if by chance that person who shall be taken as pilot does not know those parts in which he has said and promised and agreed to pilot the ship or vessel, he who has promised this to the managing owner of the ship or vessel and cannot fulfil anything of what he has promised, in such case ought to lose immediately his head without any remission or without any mercy. And the managing owner of the ship may cause his head to be cut off, and is not obliged to complain to the authorities of the place unless he chooses, because the pilot has deceived him and has placed in peril of destruction the managing owner of the ship and those who depend upon him." A loop-hole was, however, afforded to the luckless navigator by the provision that the general sense of the ship's company was to be taken, the explanation of this clemency being that "there are managing owners of ships who are destitute of sense as well as other persons," and further, "that there were some who might condemn a pilot to death out of spite or to save his wages."

* * * *

Men wishing to join the Army may exercise a considerable choice as to the corps in which they will serve. They may be enlisted for "general service," in which case they will be sent to cavalry, artillery, engineers, infantry, etc., according to their qurlifications and to the requirements of the Service. Or they may be enlisted for "general service (cavalry)," or "general service (infantry)," in the former of which cases they will be sent to any cavalry regiment, and in the latter to any infantry unit, where their services may be required. Or they may require to be enlisted specially for the corps of Household Cavalry, for the corps of Dragoons of the Line, for the corps of Lancers of the Line, the corps of Hussars of the Line, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the corps of Royal Engineers, individual regiments of Foot Guards or of the Infantry of the Line, the Army Service Corps, the Medical Staff Corps, the Army Ordnance Corps, the Post-Office Corps, the West India Regiment, the Royal Malta Artillery, or the Hong-Kong Regiment. A recruit cannot ordinarily enlist for a particular cavalry regiment, battery or company of Artillery, company of Royal Engineers, or battalion of infantry, but only for the whole corps of which such regiment, battery, company, or battalion forms part. A soldier's brother may, however, always require to be enlisted for the particular unit in which his brother is serving—following the example of the Irishman, who wanted to enlist in the 88th Foot so as to be near his brother in the 87th.

Digitized by Google

THERE are to be found in the uniforms and accoutrements of the British Army of to-day a number of traces and indications of certain arms of offence and defence now obsolete. For instance, the thin coloured cord which runs along the centre of the white pouch-belts worn over the shoulder and diagonally across the chest of troopers in the Life Guards and Horse Guards is the sole reminder that cartridges used formerly to be suspended by short lengths of string from the belt, which was called a bandolier. The "flash" is another survival of an old custom, and is now worn solely by the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. It consists of five black ribbons, one in the centre and two on each side, about nine inches long, and slit at the end "swallow-tailed" fashion, and is worn hanging down from the back of the collar. The object of this silk facing was to protect the coat from the grease and flour used in plaiting the pigtail, and it was used by all regiments. The "queue" was abolished while the 23rd was serving abroad, and when it returned home in 1834, the colonel applied to the King, William IV., to be allowed to retain the "flash," and, also, to have the regimental goat officially recognised. Each of these requests was granted. The officers are not the only members of the regiment who wear this "flash;" the regimental staff-sergeants and all the warrant-officers, except the schoolmaster, also possess and exercise the privilege.

* * * *

THOSE who are interested in the quaint and singular conditions of the early Navy, and of its personal and material development up to the time of the great war, may be reminded of the existence of the Navy Records Society, which goes on, in its successive volumes, making public the sources of Naval history. Most entertaining was the vivid journal of that good old seaman, Rear-Admiral Bartholomew James, published early last year. Just at its close came two other volumes, of which the first, edited by Mr. Oppenheim, contains "Naval Accounts and Inventories of the Reign of Henry VII." The shrewd Tudor took up the threads of a Navy which his predecessors had wasted, and, though he seems not to have had the faintest glimmering of intelligence as to what a Navy really is—that knowledge came very soon to such men as Raleigh, Monson, and Drake—he laid down the largest royal ships that Englishmen had seen of their own—the "Regent," "like to the 'Columbe' of France," and the "Sovereign," ancestor of the "Royal Sovereign" of the present day, which bears the record of many a glorious victory. So, in these accounts, we read of "mastes, yerdes, trusses, takkes, toppes, shrowdes," *et hoc genus omne;* of all the details of the building of the first dock at Portsmouth, too. The other book published by the Society includes the "Discourses," in 1638 and 1659, of John Hollond, who rose from the position of a clerk to be a Commissioner of the Navy, and a friend of Pepys. Hollond, though better than some of his contemporaries, was a "Simon pure," who, with solemn gravity, lectured the country on the shameless abuses of the Navy, in which he had himself a certain share. In this light his "Navy Ript and Ransackt," by "default of some of the Master Caulkers," in the Naval administration, is decidely interesting.

* * * *

THESE are the most remarkable of recent Naval books. Nothing in the military way can rank with the "Forty Years in India" of Lord Roberts. "Little Bobs" is known all the world over as a typical British soldier, the man who both fights and organizes, who looks upon difficulties as things to be overcome, to whom all honest men are friends. These stirring stories of the Mutiny are excellent reading. They fire the reader's blood as he follows the gallant deeds of Nicholson, Colin Campbell, Havelock, Napier, Outram, and many more. That siege of Delhi—what a noble struggle it was! Through three months of ceaseless unrest, in torrid heat, with dysentry and death for companions, the dogged fellows fought on. The relief of Lucknow, too, and the siege of Cawnpore, the defeat of the Gwalior contingent, and the quenching of the flame, are all well told in these volumes, which Messrs. Bentley have published. We read little in their modest pages of the gallant capture of the standard that won for Roberts his V.C. From the embers of the Mutiny came, like a phœnix from the ashes, the Indian Army he loves, the great force which he would lead anywhere, linked with British soldiery, the army he has done so much to shape and train. Whoever would know our frontier policy, what we have done to weld our defensive resources together, where are the weaknesses in our position, must turn to these masterly pages. They are full of instruction and encouragement, and few things are so encouraging in them as the picture Lord Roberts gives of native soldiery, and of the armies of the native states, such as he saw with positive elation, before he came home, in Nepal. The forty years were well filled, and their occupations are most capably recorded.

THE EDITOR.

MILITARY IDIOSYNCRASIES,

By "DRAPEAU."

VERY long time ago, before the era of scientific education for the mere line officer, and while yet the theory of individual intelligence would have been considered rank heresy, a time when youthful subalterns were not required to possess the culinary knowledge of a *cordon bléu*, and the management of grocery shops and canteens was left to deserving non-commissioned officers in the last year or two of their service, in order that they might thereby attain practical knowledge and sufficient substance to effectually start them in similar lines in civil life—the voice of the man with a predominating idea was occasionally heard in the land. In these days of hard work and practical soldiering, in which the "march past" has ceased to be the be-all and end-all of military training, and the manner of shouldering arms is no longer considered the most thorough test of a regiment's efficiency, in which the practice of the young officer keeping in affectionate proximity to the nearest sergeant when the battalion's movements became a trifle intricate, has almost ceased; the light of the one-idea man is extinguished, his *regime* is numbered with the things that were.

An officer now-a-days, especially a senior officer, has too many irons in the fire to be able to devote undue attention to any particular one, or, verily, he will find himself with burnt fingers.

In the old days things were different. An officer in a high place has been known to get hold of an idea, to tend it and nourish it with loving care till it became his pet and his darling, the very child of his heart, and the juniors steadfastly kept his affection for it in their minds—and were happy.

I remember being inspected by a dear old general, now many years dead. The inspection passed off most satisfactorily, everything met with unqualified approval, and we were congratulating ourselves on the result and the prospective immunity from drill, which then always followed a good inspection: when, at the very moment we thought the old gentlemen was about to take his departure, his eye sparkled, and he turned to the Colonel with a smile on his face. "I will see your men's pocket-ledgers." He took up one, turned quickly over that portion of the book wherein is shewn the height, chest-measurement, and size of head of the man. Horrors! It had'nt been posted up. Every other one he examined was all right, but that solitary slip was sufficient to blast our reputation in his eyes. And it did.

My memory recalls, from the mists of the past, another inspecting officer who devoted his attention to the condition of the men's boots. Other things might pass, but if one man were found with his boots at all worn at the toes—I don't think he minded the heels so much—the Captain of that man's Company had a bad quarter of an hour. The result was that whatever else was shaky the boots were always in excellent condition, a most essential state of things of course; but in order that there should be no ground for fault-finding, the soles were always built up to an enormous thickness at the toes, and had about as much elasticity as if they had been made of cast-iron.

I remember a rather amusing thing happening in India, in which an Inspecting General, an Irish Medical Officer, and three common house-flies formed the *dramatis personæ.*

Early one morning a notification was received that the General purposed inspecting the hospital. Chief among the *bêtes noir* of the distinguished officer in question was a wholesome horror of flies.

Now, every housewife knows the difficulty experienced in getting rid of these little pests during the summer months in England; but in the East they develope a voracity, and attend to business with such persistence, as to leave us nothing but pity for that Egyptian King who, already sufficiently embarrassed with the difficulty of keeping the peace between his own working classes and the pauper aliens of the East-ends of Thebes and Memphis, had, in addition, to put up with his clear soup thickened to resemble a furmity pudding, and his Heidsiek's extra sec. like the water in which the pudding-cloths had been washed.

It may therefore be supposed that the intended inspection was the cause of considerable tribulation of mind to the hospital authorities, and most of all to the medical officer in charge.

The hospital was as near perfection as it was possible for a hospital to be; every part of it was spotlessly clean, the grounds were beautifully kept, the patients progressing favourably, and not a single man had any complaint to lay before the general. But how to get rid of the flies, or, at any

Digitized by Google

rate, to manage to get them to absent themselves till after the inspection, was the question that exercised every mind.

The most explicit directions were given to the hospital staff that the whole of their energies were to be devoted to fly fighting; but in order to make assurance doubly sure, the Surgeon-Major made a round of the wards and thus addressed the patients:

"Now boys! the gin'ral is coming round, an' he has a howly horror av floies. Oi want ivery mother's son av yez to hunt out every little divil ye see. If there's ne'er a fly whin the gineral comes round oi'll give yez all a bottle av porthor; but, moind what oi say; if there's a single one to be seen, its milk diet ye'll be an till further orders."

Needless to say, every man was on his mettle, and the fly-hunt, as the doctor privately told his *fides achates*, the cantonment magistrate, was "glorious divarsion."

Punctual to time came the General and his staff, and he was loud in his praise of everything he saw.

"I must congratulate you, Doctor, on the most excellent condition of your hospital. Really I am delighted to see you have managed to get rid of these dreadful pests, the flies. I am always being told that they cannot be entirely got rid of, but I know better, I know better."

At this moment, he entered the last ward, and the occupants having had to stop the hunt———three flies were buzzing triumphantly ronnd his head.

"Surgeon-Major———! Look at that, Sir! Look at that! There are—one—two—no less than three flies in this ward alone. I must animadvert most strongly on the want of care for the comfort of the patients that the presence of these insects implies."

"Yez have disgraced me an' yerselves over them flies!" was the refrain of the lecture after the general's departure. "But sure it wasn't the boy's fault," he says, in telling the story, "an' troth! they got their beer in spoite of the gineral's animadversions."

I was told an amusing story once of a Colonel who prided himself, and not without reason, on the smartness of his regiment, but whose knowledge of music was rudimentary. It is the custom, when the band is on parade, to have all instruments of a like description together; the trombones forming one section, the clarionettes another, and so on.

One day the "Chief" sent for the Band President in great dudgeon. "Look here J———" he said, "I'm not at all satisfied with the Bandmaster. I have complained repeatedly about the way the men are sized, but he is always ready with some cock-and-bull story about keeping the instruments together, really I wont stand it any longer."

"Shall I send for him Sir" asked the Band President concealing a smile. "Yes, do; and I'll warn him in your presence." The Bandmaster came. "Oh! Mr. Tootler, I've sent to you about the band. I'm not pleased with it."

"Indeed Sir!" ejaculated the music-master in astonishment, for both he and his band had a high reputation.

"No, I am not, I find you never take the slightest trouble about sizing your men. This morning I saw two small men in the leading section, and just behind them two men very much taller."

"Yes, Sir, but I must keep the instruments together." "Of course, you must keep the instruments together, Sir; but you must change the men about. If a man is too small for the trombones you must put him in the clarionette ranks, and *vice versa*." Those who understand a Bandmaster's pride in his specialists, and the technicality called "lip" will appreciate the situation.

Sometimes an officer has been known to draw upon himself an unenviable reputation as a faddist, for no other reason than because his ideas were a little in advance of the times

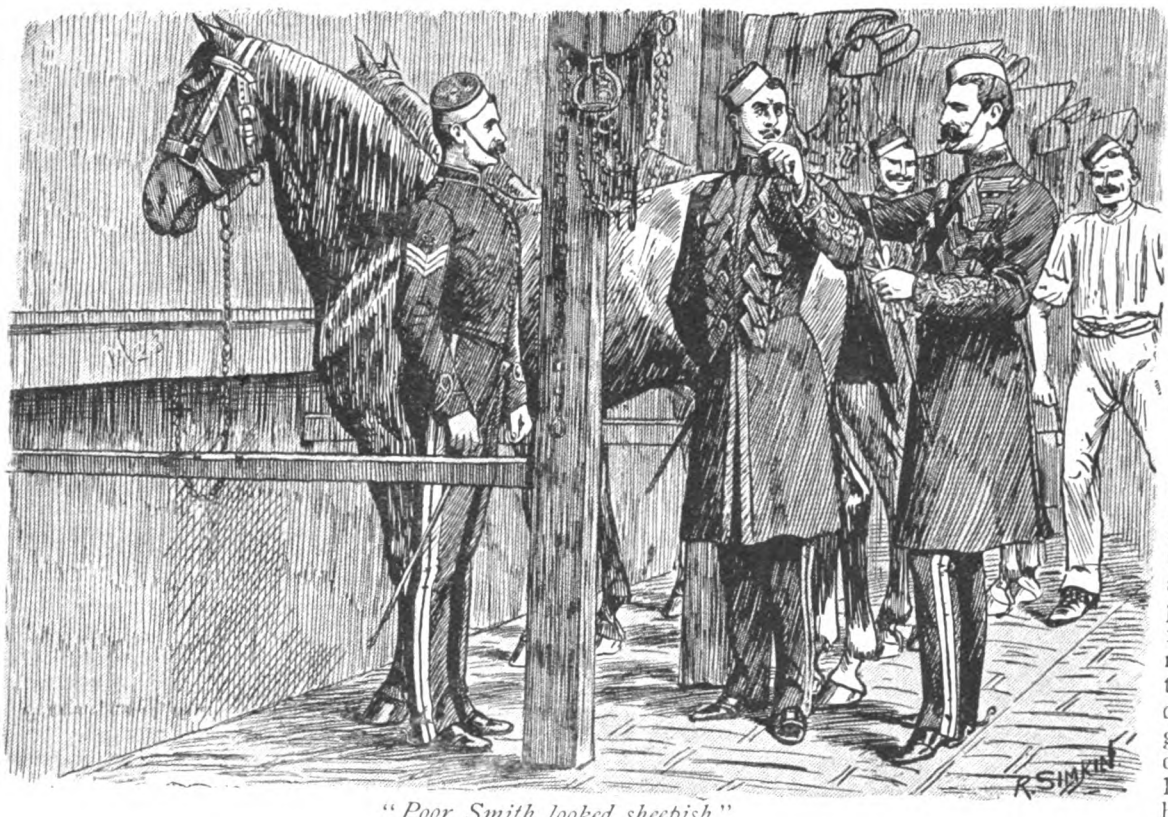
Such a case occurred in a certain cavalry regiment, distinguished alike for its service in the field, its conduct in quarters, and its smartness at all times. The Captain of, shall we say "M" troop—for in those days squadrons were not—was an exceedingly capable officer, and carried his ideas of thoroughness to an extent exasperating to his subaltern, who was in constant hot water over his failure to grasp the importance of numerous items of interior economy which his chief was always inculcating. "Mr. Smith," the latter would say, "you must really try to realize how essential it is to be thoroughly conversant with everything concerning the men and horses; you should be able to say at once what a man's character is, his age, his occupation before he enlisted, and, in short, everything about him."

Well, Smith having procured a note-book, by dint of much questioning and searching of documents managed to obtain a more or less correct *précis* of the personal history of the men of the troop, which he furtively studied when he could manage to elude the vigilance of his brother subs.; and, so far as the men were concerned, got on fairly well. With the horses, however, he was completely at sea, and dreaded the inevitable catechizing at stables accordingly. Never could he tell one animal from another.

"What horse is this?" the Captain would say pleasantly.

"Really, I'm afraid — that is — I — er don't think I remember his number." "Very well. What one is this?"

Poor Smith would look as if he knew all about it, suddenly find that he didn't, and then gaze all round the stable for inspiration, the troop sergeant-major looking straight to his front with the face of a sphinx. Smith was unhappy, for, of course, his brother subs. by no means permitted him to forget his weak point; and to have the query, "What horse is this, Smith?" whispered in his ear amidst the intrancing bliss of a waltz with a pretty girl, was, to say the least, disconcerting. He was determined to put a stop to it. But how? He thought over the matter for many nights and at last hit on a scheme. In order to carry it into effect, however, it was necessary to take the troop sergeant-major into his confidence. What transpired between Smith and that astute non-commissioned officer deponent knoweth not; but next day at stables, when the Captain trotted out his usual question, "What horse is this, Mr. Smith?" like a flash came the reply, "23, sir;" the next question and the next being answered with equal readiness. But that captain was no fool. A day or two afterwards he again went round the stables, Smith as usual, following him up, the sergeant-major with his inscrutable face immediately behind.



"Poor Smith looked sheepish."

The skipper was in a particularly good humour, and was chatting most amicably, apparently taking little notice of anything. Suddenly, in a good natured off-hand way, laying his hand on a horse's croup, he asked: "*What* horse is this, Smith?"

A furtive glance to the corner of the stall followed the question, and the reply came promptly.

"Oh! that's number 37."

"Lead it out" said the Captain to one of the men. The horse was turned so that the light fell on his fore-feet.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake" said the Captain raising his eye-brows slightly. "However, we'll try another." Another was tried, with no better success. Poor Smith looked sheepish. Nothing more was said until they left the stables. Then the Captain stopped and turned to him with a smile.

"Look here, Smith," he remarked quietly, "the next time you want to recognize a horse by having his number chalked up on his stall, you had better make sure that he won't be changed to another one."

Smith is in the Infantry now.

Digitized by Google

One of the Wards in 1895

CERTAINLY there is little about a Naval hospital, in times of peace, to attract a sensation-loving public; but let a great naval war break out, and a wondrous change will be noticeable in the popular estimate of this particular branch of the Service; especially if there is an action at sea. The hospitals become at once the cynosure of every eye, their inmost recesses are lit up by the search-lights of public criticism, and woe betide the officials who are caught napping, or who, through supineness in time of peace, have allowed these beneficent provisions for the sick and wounded to drift into a condition of inefficiency and neglect.

When we consider the important part the hospitals have always played in the economy of the fleet, it is curious that so little should be known of their past history; surely this ought to be full of instruction? Certainly their records should throw light on many questions relating to the welfare of the Navy-seaman in bygone times; while of the buildings themselves, it may be affirmed that were the walls but endowed with the power of speech and of memory, they would unfold a tale of deep and gruesome interest!

Of existing Naval hospitals there can be no doubt that the one whose somewhat gloomy aspect attracts the eye on the Gosport side of Portsmouth harbour has the greatest claim on our attention, not only by reason of its superior size and national importance, but from its antiquity, and the many interesting historical associations connected with it. To trace back the history of Haslar Hospital to its foundation is to hark back to what may be called the "dark ages" of the Navy, to a time when, to put it mildly, the welfare of the unfortunate creatures who were sent off to fight their country's battles by sea did not receive the attention it meets with at the present day. And in no direction was the roughness of the times more forcibly illustrated than in the defective arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded.

It is, of course, impossible, within the limits of an article to touch more than the fringe of a very great subject; though it will be easy to show how curious are the results that await the student of this department of Naval history; and moreover, that there is another aspect of hospital management besides the medical one.

The earliest mention of Haslar occurs in a publication of 1745, wherein we learn that "a piece of ground has been purchased at Portsmouth, on which a hospital is ordered to be built, large enough to hold 1,500 sick and wounded seamen." And later on we are told that "this noble building was raised at the earnest recommendation of the Earl of Sandwich";—it was not completed till 1762.

That Haslar Hospital should have been founded in the year which saw Prince Charlie's romantic, though ill-starred invasion of England was, of course, only a coincidence; and yet, though devoid of political significance, a certain pathetic interest attaches to the chance association of the Pretender's name with an institution so closely bound up with the history of the Fleet, for it serves to remind us of a feature in his character which, as a biographer says, "redeems it from much of the obloquy with which it has been loaded," namely, his warm admiration for the British Navy. "Though a foreigner by education, he was an Englishman at heart, and understood the basis whereon the glory of England subsisted—her naval power." And long afterwards, when a victory of the English fleet drew from him an expression of pleasure which provoked a sneering remark from the Prince of Conti, Charles Edward replied, "I am the friend of England against all her enemies: as I always regard the glory of England as my own, and her glory is her fleet!"

Surely it may be affirmed that had Prince Charlie's warm regard for the Navy been shared, in some degree, by those who were responsible for its efficiency in times past, the feeling would have shown itself in a more active solicitude for the welfare of the sick and wounded seamen? Those melancholy episodes which tarnished the Navy's fair fame would then probably never have occurred!

Now, if there is one more curious fact than another that the study of this particular department of history obtrudes on our notice, it is the light in which a Naval hospital seems to have been regarded in old days by the authorities—as if it was a prison, in fact! As many precautions were taken to guard the inmates as if they had been a lot of criminals, intent on nothing so much as breaking out! And this anomalous state of things might well cause surprise, did not a very cursory acquaintance with Naval history remind one that the fleet at this time was chiefly manned by compulsion, in the form of the "press-gang" with its cruel methods, which swept up a very large number of men whose only ambition it was to regain their liberty at the very earliest opportunity. Now, a spell at hospital was, in those days, not only an agreeable relief from the monotony of a sea life, and therefore much sought after, but it afforded the longed-for chance of recovering that freedom from which the men had been so heartlessly torn; and Jack would have been something more than human if, after being shipped off under the conditions described, he had not availed himself of the chance thus afforded.

A well-known Naval writer tells us that Haslar Hospital was a common "take-off for deserters"—that, in fact, the men ran from it in such numbers as almost to counterbalance the impressments (1755). It was a common thing, at that time, for a lieutenant to receive an order to take a midshipman and a party of men who could be trusted, for the purpose of guarding the hospital. Later on, when the officers and seamen of the fleet were better employed than in keeping watch and ward over their sick, this duty was entrusted to the military, who had to furnish "nine sentinels by day and fifteen by night." Still the leakage continued, much to the distress of the "Physician and Council," who thereupon advised the erection of the massive and lofty iron railings that now grace the open or western side of the great quadrangle; also that the windows of the lower stories should be barred, and that the men should be locked in the wards at night (1795).

Still, as we know, "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!" and as long as Jack was minded to get out, the devil himself could hardly keep him in Necessity, it

Digitized by Google

has been well said, is the mother of invention, and Jack's resources were infinite. Many and curious were his means of exit. We find the Council complaining that "eleven men made their escape in one night." Another time three found a means of exit "down the closet, and thence through the drain, into Haslar lake, at low tide." It is interesting to know that "the drains were well-contrived, and were washed by the tide every twenty-four hours!" Next night a sentry was put at the mouth of this novel bolt-hole, with the result that two poor fellows were nabbed as they emerged.

Then it was discovered that the patients were in the habit of saving up their allowances of wine and porter to bribe the nurses and sentries to let them escape.

It was the custom to give a reward of one pound for the re-capture of deserters; the sum being deducted from their pay; but it coming to the knowledge of the men that the reward was withdrawn, we learn that they became "extremely riotous, inasmuch as forty or fifty men have gone over the hospital walls in the middle of the day." It is not surprising to hear that "some of them return often drunk and in a worse state of health than when they went out." The only wonder is they returned at all!

Everyone knows, or ought to know, that one of the grievances brought forward by the Spithead mutineers was the bad treatment, perhaps rather the want of treatment, of the sick on board the ships of the fleet, as well as the embezzlement of the necessaries supplied for their use, and certainly the barbarity of the times is nowhere reflected more strikingly than in the hospital annals, which go a very long way towards confirming the opinion that all was not as it ought to have been. The Council are constantly complaining of the condition of patients sent from the fleet; some are sent "with single jacket, and others with no clothes in their hammocks." But the officers'servants seem to have been in the worst plight—to their master's shame! They are "sometimes sent on shore nearly naked—one man had only a pair of trousers and a shirt, quite worn out."

Then there are constant complaints of the "lousy bedding," and of being "overrun with vermin," which is not surprising when we find the Council asking if they may have "a copper for warming water and a fixed fire-place," so that all patients "may be washed with soap and water on arrival at the hospital."

The defective state of the provisions supplied by contract was another fruitful source of complaint; and as the defects had to be made good by purchases in the town by the hospital employés, the Council report that this "delays the patients' dinners, sometimes till four p.m., which is not desirable for sick men." Certainly there were fines for breach of contract, but then the rascally contractors "pay the fines without question,"—and laugh in their sleeves!

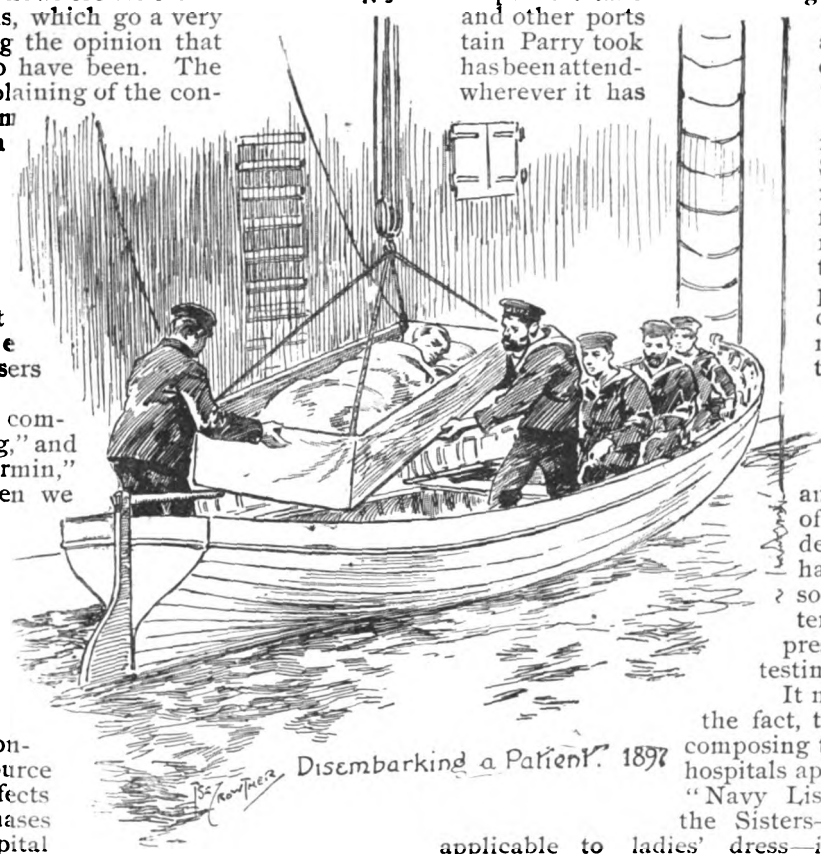
And so, when the mutiny broke out at Spithead there were no keener sympathisers with the movement than the poor fellows in "durance vile" at Haslar, who, though unable to take an active part in it, hoisted a flag composed of handkerchiefs tacked together, morning and evening, and answered the cheers from the fleet; just by way of showing what they thought of it all. And when the boat-load of "delegates" was fired into alongside the "London," the wounded were at once landed at Haslar Hospital, where three of them died, and were buried in Kingston churchyard.

If the Jack Tars of that day ever glanced up at the fine pediment that adorns the front of the hospital, the carving on which represents, amongst other subjects, "Navigation leaning on a rudder, pouring balm into the wounds of a sailor," we can picture the sardonic grin that would steal over their honest faces, as this was explained to them.

With the close of the long war in 1815, followed by the enormous reductions in the fighting forces and all the establishments connected with them, the history of Haslar Hospital resolved itself into a mere dry, uneventful record of useful work, combined with slow, though steady progress in the direction of efficiency. As England has been engaged in no important war since that date, there has been little to bring the hospital into notice; yet, in a quiet, unostentatious way, it has always played an important part in the economy of the fleet. For the sick and the maimed—like the poor—we have always with us!

Amongst the changes that have taken place in comparatively recent times, the most important are: First, the elimination of the military or "executive" element from the administration of the hospital; and, secondly, the establishment of a nursing staff of Sisters. The presence of an executive officer, in the person of the captain-superintendent, was a relic of the old days, when it was considered absolutely essential to the proper maintenance of discipline amongst the large body of seamen under treatment, that there should be a staff of executive officers in residence. Besides, so little confidence was placed in the doctors, that it was a custom in the old days for a lieutenant to accompany the medical officer in his round of visits, so as to ensure that the patients received proper attention.

Of the several officers who held the post of captain-superintendent of Haslar, the most distinguished was Sir Edward Parry, of Arctic renown. The administration of the hospital by this distinguished officer was what might be described as epoch-making; and some interesting particulars of this period of Sir Edward's career have been gathered together by his son, in the "Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Parry," a book which every naval officer might study with advantage. It was during this officer's residence at Haslar, that the first steps were taken for founding Sailors' Homes at Portsmouth and other ports—a movement in which Captain Parry took a prominent part, and which has been attended with remarkable success wherever it has taken root.



"Disembarking a Patient." 1897

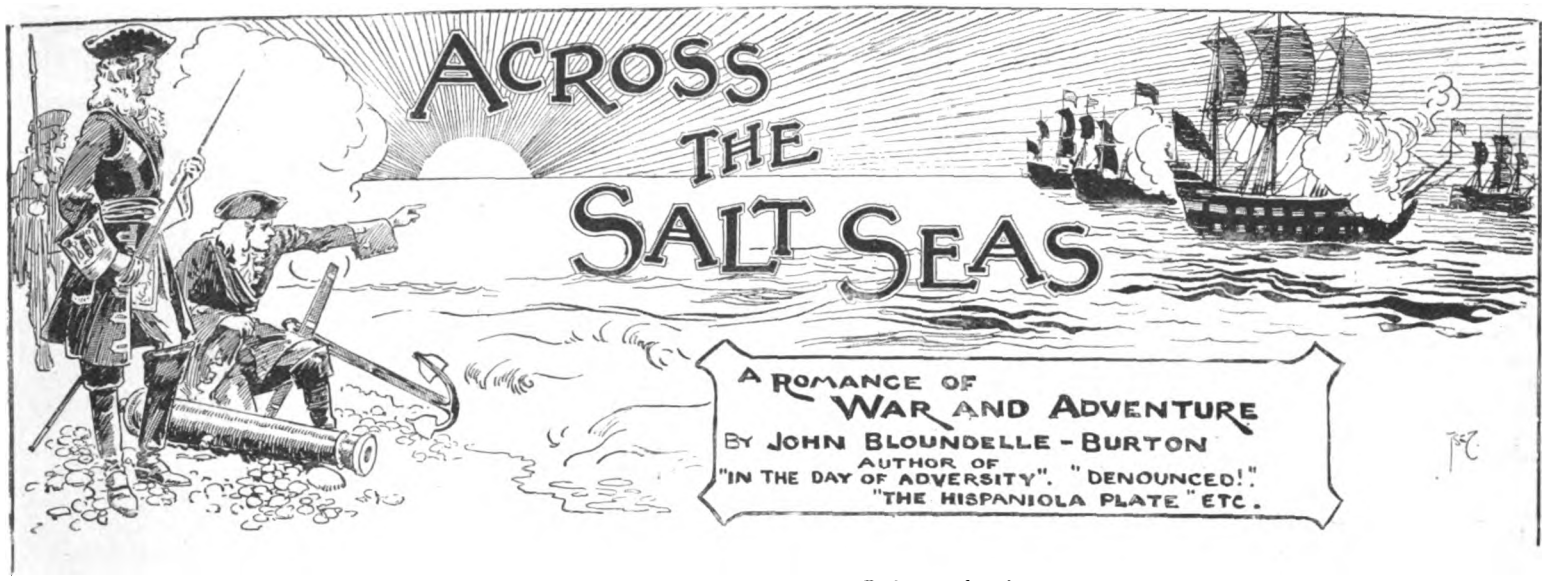
The comparatively recent institution of a nursing staff of Sisters was a wise and very necessary step in advance, the full benefit of which will be more manifest, perhaps, in time of war than in time of peace. Men have never been conspicuous successes as nurses, and most assuredly the old staff of men-nurses at Haslar could hardly be instanced as the exceptions. Nursing is essentially the rôle of woman; and in this capacity the annals of our several campaigns—how devoted are the services the sex has rendered to our sailors and soldiers—from the Crimean of terrible notoriety down to the present time—afford abundant testimony.

It may be of interest to mention the fact, that the names of the Sisters composing the nursing staff at the naval hospitals appear regularly in the official "Navy List." The uniform worn by the Sisters—if the word uniform is applicable to ladies' dress—is plain and tasteful, and affords an agreeable contrast to the frigid monotony of line and colour that characterises Government establishments. The presence of nursing Sisters has moreover revolutionised the aspect of the wards; the inhospitable and repellent appearance which they bore in old days, having undergone a surprising transformation.

The only living links with the past that now greet the eye at Haslar are the old Greenwich pensioners, who were removed here some years ago as a necessary consequence of changes in the administration of Greenwich Hospital. They all have their little grievances—what Englishman hasn't?—but, on the whole, it would be difficult to conceive of a pleasanter place in which to while away the evening of life; for their table is provided liberally, and each man has a sufficiency of his favourite grog.

It may safely be said that at the present day Portsmouth has few pleasanter or more instructive sights to offer to the visitor than a tour of inspection of the wards and grounds of Haslar. The perfect order and scrupulous cleanliness inside, the bright parterres of flowers, the well-kept lawns and shady paths, and the many provisions for the comfort and health of patients, all tend to impress one with the change for the better that has taken place since the days of our last great Naval war. If one of the Jacks of 1796 was to rise from the grave and wander into the wards at the present time, he would likely enough think us a sadly degenerate lot to require so much care and so many comforts, unknown to a former generation.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, the hero, who has been despatched by Marlborough to Sir George Rooke, who has desisted from the siege of Cadiz, comes into contact now with three of that Admiral's squadron. The message he is entrusted with is to the effect that a large fleet of galleons, which it is necessary to capture, is putting into Vigo in the north, instead of Cadiz in the south, and the following chapters deal with his endeavours to communicate with Sir George, who is on his way back to England.

CHAPTER V. *(continued).*

OH! I heard it all in London. I know! Thought they would catch 'em in Cadiz, did they? Ha! Very well. Now, see, my lilywhite. They have been too quick—got in too soon—and what's the end on't? Those are the galleons going out—back again to sea—and the English fleet can stop in Cadiz till the forts sink 'em, or they rot. Give me some more drink.

Of all the girls that there can be,
The Indy girl's the girl for me."

And the debauched old villain, Carstairs, fell a-singing.

"If he is right, my lord Marlborough has been deceived," I whispered to myself; "yet, which knows the most? Still, this old ruffian must be right—who else could be putting to sea but the galleons?" and I went back once more to my cabin to ponder over matters.

But now—all in a moment—there arose such an infernal hubbub from that other cabin that one might have thought all the fiends from below had been suddenly let loose; howls from the negro, so that I thought the other must be killing of him in his drunken frenzy, peals of laughter from the old man, bangings and kickings of bulkheads, and the crash of a falling glass. And, in the middle of it all, down ran Tandy from the deck above, with, as I thought, a more concerned look upon his face than even such an uproar as this called for. Then he made at once for the cabin where those two were, yet, even as he advanced swiftly, he paused to ask me if I had heard him speak a passing picaroon a quarter of an hour back?

"Not I," I replied; "who could hear aught above in such a din as this below? What did they tell you?"

"Bad! Bad news. But first to quell these brutes," and he ran on as he spoke and kicked against the fast-closed cabin door.

"Bad news!" I repeated to myself, even as I followed him. "Bad news. My God! the old villain is right and the galleons have escaped. Farewell! my hopes of promotion; I may as well get back to the regiment by the first chance that comes."

But now I had to listen to Tandy setting his other passenger to his facings, which he did without more ado, since the cabin door not being opened quick enough, he applied his brawny shoulder to it and soon forced it to slide back in its frame, the lock being torn out by his exertion. Then after a few oaths and curses, which need not be set down here, he roared:

"See here, you drunken debauched old vagabond, out you go from this ship to-morrow morning, either ashore in Lagos Bay, or in the first *Guarda Costa* or sailing smack that comes anigh us carrying the Portygee colours. And as for you, you black, shambling brute," turning to the negro and seizing him by the wool, whereby he dragged him into the gangway, after which he administered to him a rousing kick, "get you forrard amongst the men, and, by God! if you come back aft again I'll shoot you like a dog."

"My friend," said old Carstairs, speaking now with as much sobriety and dignity as though he had been drinking water all these days, "my good friend, you forget. I have paid my passage to Cadiz, and to Cadiz I will go, or the nearest touching point. Also, there are laws."

"There are," roared Tandy, "and 'twill not suit you to come within a hundred leagues of any of them. To-morrow you go ashore."

"I have business with the incoming galleons" said Carstairs, leering at him. "Those galleons going out now will come in again you know. Soon!" and still he leered.

"Galleons, you fool!" replied the captain. "Those are the English warships. Your precious galleons may be at the bottom of the ocean. Very like are, by now."

And then the old man's face was a sight to see, as, suddenly, it blanched a deathly white.

"The English warships," he murmured. "The English warships," and then fell back, gasping, to his berth, muttering, "Out here! Out here!"

"Is this true?" I asked the captain a moment later as we went along forward together. "Is it true?"

"Ay, partly," he replied. "Partly. They are the English ships of war; but, sir, I have had news which I did not tell him. They are in retreat. Have failed. Cadiz is not taken, and they are on their way back to England."

"My God!" I exclaimed; and I knew that as I so spoke, I, too, was white to the lips.

"On their way back to England!" I repeated.

"Ay—that's it," he said.

CHAPTER VI.

"GALLEONS ABOUT!"

"What's to do now, that's the question," said Tandy an hour later, as he and I sat in his little cabin abaft the mainmast, while to hearten ourselves up we sipped together a bottle of Florence wine which he had on board and he sucked at his great pipe. "What now? No use for me to think of Cadiz—though what a chance I would have had if our countrymen had only made themselves masters of it! And, for you, Mr. Crespin! For you! I suppose in truth you knew of this proposed attack—had some affair of commerce, too, which brought you this way, on the idea that they would be sure to capture the place."

"Ay, I had some idea," I answered moodily, thinking it mattered very little what I said now, short of the still great secret that the galleons were going into Vigo and never did mean coming into these more southern regions. This secret I still kept, I say—and for one reason. It was this——namely, that I thought it very likely that even though the fleet under Rooke might be driven back from Cadiz they yet had a chance of encountering the galleons making their way up to Vigo, and, if they did that, I felt very sure that they would attack those vessels even in their own hour of defeat. Therefore, I said nothing about the real destination of the Spanish treasure ships, though I knew plainly enough that all hope was gone of my being the fortunate individual to put my countrymen on their track.

Also, I remembered that that hoary-headed old ruffian, Carstairs, had spoken of two at least of those galleons as being of importance to him, and you may be very sure that I had no intention whatever of enlightening him as to anything I knew.

"What did the Portuguese picaroon tell you?" I asked of Tandy now; "what information did they give? And—are they sure of their news?"

"Oh, very sure," he answered. "No doubt about that. No doubt whatever that we have failed in the attack on Cadiz, abandoned the siege, gone home. They were too many for us there and—'tis not often that it happens, God be praised!—we are beaten."

"But why so sure? And are they—these Portuguese—to be trusted?"

"What use to tell lies? They *are* Portuguese and would have welcomed an English victory!"

I shrugged my shoulders at this—then asked again what the strength of their information was?

Digitized by Google

To which the Captain made reply.

"They, the fleet, came in, it seems, early in the month and called on the Governor to declare for Austria against France, to which he returned reply that it was not his custom to desert his king, as many of the English were in the habit of doing, he understood; whereon—the Duke of Ormond being vexed by such an answer which, it seems, did reflect on him—the siege of Port St. Mary's commenced, the place being taken by our people and being found to be full of wealth——"

"Taken and full of wealth!" I exclaimed. "Yet you say we are defeated!"

"Listen," went on Tandy: "that was as nothing, for now the German Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who had come, too, in the interests of his Austrian master, interfered, begging of Rooke and the others not to destroy the town since it would injure their cause for ever with the Spaniards—and—and well, the Portygee captain of that picaroon I spoke, says that they were only too willing to fall in with his desires and retire without making further attempt."

"And these are English seamen and soldiers!" I muttered furiously. "My God! To turn tail thus."

"Ormond agreed not with these views, it seems," Tandy went on; "but he could not outweigh the Admirals—and that is all I know. Except that he will impeach 'em when they get back to England. And, anyway, they are gone."

"And with them," I thought to myself. "go all my hopes. The galleons will get in safe enough, there is nothing for it but to make back for Holland and tell the Earl that I have failed. No more than that." And my bitterness was great within me at these reflections, you may be sure.

"Tandy, I doubted not, observed these feelings which possessed me, for a minute later he said—while I observed that in a kindly way he filled up my glass for me, as I sat brooding with my head upon my hand by the side of the cuddy table:

"I see this touches you nearly, Mr. Crespin, and I am grieved. Yet what will you do now? Since you have missed some chance—I know not what—will you return with me? If so, you are very welcome, and—and"—he spoke this with a delicacy I should have scarcely looked for—"and there will be no—no—passage money needed. "La Mouche Noire" is at your service to Rotterdam, or, for the matter of that, to Deal or London, or where you will. I shall but stay to go in to Lagos for wood and water and, perhaps, sell some of my goods if Fortune serves so far, and then—why then—'tis back again to Holland or England to see what may be done. I have the passage moneys of you and that old ribald aft—for me things might be worse, thank God!"

At first I knew not what answer to make to this kindly offer—for kindly it was, since there was, according to our compact, no earthly reason whatsoever why he should convey me back again, except as a passenger paying highly for the service. In truth, I was so sick and hipped at the vanishing of this my opportunity that I recked nothing of what happened now—all I knew was that I had failed—that I had missed, although through no fault of mine own, a glorious chance. Therefore, I said, gloomily:

"Do what you will—I care not. I must get me back to Holland somehow, and may as well take passage there with you as go other ways. In truth, there are none that I know of. Yet, kind as your offer is to convey me free of charge, it must not be. I cannot let you be at a loss, and I have a sufficiency of money."

"Oh! as for that, 'tis nothing. However, we will talk on this later. Now, let's see for getting into Lagos—there is naught else to be done. 'Specially as I must have wood and water."

Then he went away to study his chart and compass while I sought my bed again, and, all being perfect silence at this time in Carstair's cabin—doubtless he was quite drunk by now!—I managed to get some sleep, though 'twas uneasy at the best.

In the morning, when I again went on deck, I saw that we were in full sail, as I had guessed us to be from the motion of the ship while dressing myself below; also a look at the compass box told me we were running due north—for Lagos. And, if aught could have cheered the heart of a drooping man, it should have been the surroundings of this fine bright morning—it was, I remember well, the twenty-second of September; the glistening sea, looking like a great blue diamond sparkling beneath the bright sun, the white spume flung up forward over our bows, the equally white sheets above. Also, near us, to add to the beauty of the morn, the sea was dotted with a many small craft, billander-rigged—their sails a bright scarlet—and these, Tandy told me, were Portuguese fishing boats out catching the herring which abounds here about. While, away on our starboard beam, there were—I started as I looked at them!—*what* were they?

Three great vessels near together, their huge white sails bellied out to the breeze, sailing very free; the foam tossed from their bows, almost contemptuously it seemed—so proudly did they dash it away from them; vessels full rigged and tightly, too—vessels along the sides of which there ran tier upon tier of gun ports. Vessels, also, from each of whose mastheads there flew a flag—the flag of England!

"What does it mean?" I asked Tandy, who strolled along the poop towards me, his face having on it a broad grin, while his eye drooped into that wink he used so. "What does it mean? They are our own ships of war; surely they are not chasing us!"

"Never fear," said he. "They are but consorts of ours just now—oh! its a brave talk we have been having together with the flags this morning. They are of the fleet—are Her Majesty's ships 'Eagle,' 'Sterling Castle,' and 'Pembroke'—and are doing exactly the same as ourselves: are going into Lagos for water. Also those transports behind," and he pointed away aft where half a dozen of those vessels were following.

"The fleet," I gasped; "the fleet that has left Cadiz—the great fleet under Sir George Rooke—and going into Lagos!"

"Some of them—those you see now on our beam, and the transports coming up."

"And the others," I gasped again, overcome by this joyful news. "The others? What of them?" "Oh! they will lie off till these go out with the fresh water casks. Then for England."

"Never," I said to myself. "Not yet, at least," and I turned my face away so that Tandy should not perceive the emotion which I felt sure must be depicted on it.

For think, only think, what this meant to England—to me!

It meant that I—the only man in the seas around Spain and Portugal who knew of where the galleons would be, or were by now—I who, alone, could tell them, tell this great fleet, which I had but lately missed, of the whereabouts of those galleons—had by God's providence come into communication with them again: meant that the instant we were in Lagos Bay I could go aboard one of those great war ships and divulge all. Tell them to make for Vigo, tell them that it was in their power to deal so fierce a blow to Spain and France as should cripple them.

I could have danced and sung for very joy, I could have flung my arms around Tandy's sun-burned and hairy

Digitized by Google

neck in ecstasy, have performed any act of craziness which men indulge in when a great happiness falls upon them; nay, would have done any deed of folly but that I was restrained by the reflection of how all depended on me now, and of how—since I was the bearer of so great a piece of news from so great a man as the Earl of Marlborough—it behoved me to act with circumspection and decorum. Therefore, I calmed myself instead of indulging in any transports whatsoever—I recollect that I even forced myself to make some useless remark upon the beauty of the smiling morn—that I said also I thought "La Mouche Noire" was making as good sea way as the great ships themselves. Then asked coldly and indifferently—with the same desire for disguise—when Tandy thought we might all be in the bay and at an anchorage?

He glanced up at the sun—he had a big tortoiseshell-cased watch in his pocket, but, sailor-like, never looked at it during the day and when he had the sun for horloge—then leaned over the high gunwale of the ship and looked between his hands towards the north, and said.

"The old castle of Penhas is rising rapidly to view. 'Tis now eight of the clock, by mid-day we shall have dropped anchor."

"And the ships of war?" I asked, with a nod towards the Queen's great vessels which still were on our beam, in the same position to us as before.

"About the same, only they will go in first to make choice of their anchorage." Then he added: "But they will not stay long, no longer than to fill the casks, perhaps a day, or till nightfall."

"T'will be long enough for me," I thought. An hour would suffice. To get on board one of them, ask to be taken off and sent on board the Admiral to tell my tale. Long enough.

And now I went below again—with what different feelings from those which possessed me when I came on deck you may well suppose—and began hastily to bestow my necessaries, such as they were, into the bag I had carried behind me on my horse from Kaiserswerth to Rotterdam. A change of linen, some brushes, a sleeping gown and a good cloak, carried either around me or on the bag, if warm and dry weather—my powder flask and a little sack of bullets for my cavalry pistols—that was all. Also I counted my pieces, took out my shagreen bill case and saw that my lord Marlborough's money drafts were safe, as well as my commission to the regiment—which must now serve as a passport and letter of presentation—after which I was ready to go ashore at any moment and to transfer myself to one of the ships, if they would take me with them when I had told my news, as my lord had said I was to demand they should do. Yet, little while enough as I had been a-doing of these things, t'was not so quickly finished but that there was time for interruption. Interruption from Mr. Carstairs who, a moment or so after I had been in my cabin, tapped gently—almost furtively, it seemed to me—upon the door and, on my bidding him come in—I suspecting very well who it was—put his head through the opening he had made by pushing it back.

"Are we in any danger?" he asked, while as he spoke I could not but observe that he looked very badly this morning—perhaps from the renewal of his drinkings. His face was all puckered and drawn, and whiter, it seemed to me, than before, his eyes were hideously blood-shot—that must, I guessed, be the drink!—while the white, coarse hand with which he grasped the panel shook, I observed.

"Danger!" I repeated coldly, as well as curtly—for, as you may be sure, I had come to thoroughly despise, as well as cordially to detest, this dissolute old man who, besides, had a black and fearful past behind him, if his feverish wanderings of mind were to be trusted. "Danger! What from."

"These are war ships by us," he whispered. "Do you not know?"

"Yes, I know. But you who have been, it seems, a sailor, should also know our own flag, I think."

"Our own flag! Our English flag!"

"Can you not see?"

"They are on the other side of the ship. I cannot see aught through my port."

"Look through mine then," I answered, pointing to it, and he, with many courteous excuses for venturing to intrude—he was much changed now, I thought—went over to my window and gazed at the Queen's vessels.

"True," he said. "True they are English—our—ships. Where could they come from do you suppose?"

"From the Cadiz fleet. And they are going into Lagos for water—as we are."

"And then? Do you know where to, then—afterwards—noble sir?"

"Then they will go north."

He drew a long breath at this—I guessed it to be a sigh of satisfaction at the thought that the English fleet should be going north while the galleons in which he had seemed to be so concerned should either be going into, or gone into Cadiz, as he supposed! Then he said:

"Ah, sir, this is indeed good news. For—for—I have business at Cadiz—very serious business, and—if the fleet had remained here in the south they might have done much harm to honest traders, might they not? Do you not think so?"

They may do harm elsewhere," I answered, again curtly. And my brevity caused him to look at me enquiringly.

"What harm? What can they do?"

"Oh! as for that," I said, unable to resist the temptation of repaying him somewhat for all the discomfort he had caused in the ship, and also because I so much despised him, "as for that, they might do much. They say there are some galleons about—supposing they should meet them. 'Tis a great fleet, it could be fateful to a weaker one."

"Galleons! galleons about!" he repeated—shrieked almost." Nay! Nay! Nay! The galleons are safe in Cadiz by now."

"Are they?" I said, shrugging of my shoulders.

"Are they not?" And now his face was as death itself.

"We spoke a ship last night which did not say so," I answered. "No galleons have passed this way, gone in yet."

Almost I regretted my words, seeing a moment later their effect on him. For that effect was great—I had nigh written terrible.

He staggered back from the port-hole by which he had been standing gazing out at the "Pembroke" and her consorts, his face waxen now from the absence of blood—his lips a bluish purple so that I could see the cracks in them, his coarse white hands twitching. And his eyes, roving round my cabin, lighted on my washing commode on which stood the water jug. Then he seized it and the glass, poured out from one to the other—his hand shook so that the neck of the bottle clinked a tune upon the rim of the glass—and drank. Yet not without some sort of a murmured apology for doing so—an apology that became almost a whine.

"Not passed this way—not gone in yet. My God! Where are they? And—and—with that fleet here—here—here—'twixt here and Cape St. Vincent. Where are those galleons?"

"Probably coming in now—on their way," I made answer. "Or very near." Then next, said quietly, "You seem concerned about this."

"Concerned," he wailed. "Concerned! I have my fortune, my all—tis not much, yet much to me—on board two of the galleons—and—and—oh!" and he clutched at his ruffled shirt front—"the English fleet is here—across their path. My God!"

Chapter VII.

LAGOS BAY.

Tandy had timed our arrival in the Bay with great exactness since, soon after midday, both the Queen's ships and ourselves had dropped anchor within it—the former saluting, and being saluted in return, by some artillery from the crazy old castle that rose above the shore. And now, from those three ships of war away went pinnaces and jolly-boats, as well as the great long-boats and launches, all in a hurry to fetch off the water which they needed, while also I could see very well that from the "Pembroke" they were a-hoisting overboard their barge into which got some of the land officers—as the sailors call the soldiers—and also a gentleman in black who was, I suppose, a chaplain.

And then I considered that it was time for me to be ashore, too, since I knew not how long 'twould take for the ships of war to get in what they wanted and to be off and away again. Though Tandy told me I need be in no manner of hurry, since they had let down what he called their shore anchors, which they would not have done had they intended going away again in a hurry, when they would have used instead their kedge, or pilot, anchors.

However, I was so impatient that I would not be stayed, and, consequently, begged the Captain to let me have one of the shore boats—which had come out on our arrival and were now all around us—called alongside, and into this I jumped the instant it touched our ship. My few goods I left on board to be brought on land when the captain himself came, which he intended to do later. Nor did I make my farewells to him, since I felt pretty sure we should meet again shortly, while it was by no means certain that the Admiral would take me with him after I had delivered my news, but, instead, might order me to return at once to the Earl with some answering message. Yet I hoped this would not be so, especially since his lordship had bidden me see the thing out and then bring him, as fast as I could make my way back to the Netherlands, my account of what had been done.

As for that miserable old creature, Carstairs, I clean forgot all about him, nor—even if I had remembered his existence—should I have troubled to pay him any adieux. In truth, I never supposed that I should see him again in this world, and, for certain, I had no desire to do so; yet, as luck would have it—but there is no need to anticipate.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo TURNBULL & SONS, *Glasgow*

GENERAL SIR JOHN ALEXANDER EWART, K.C.B.

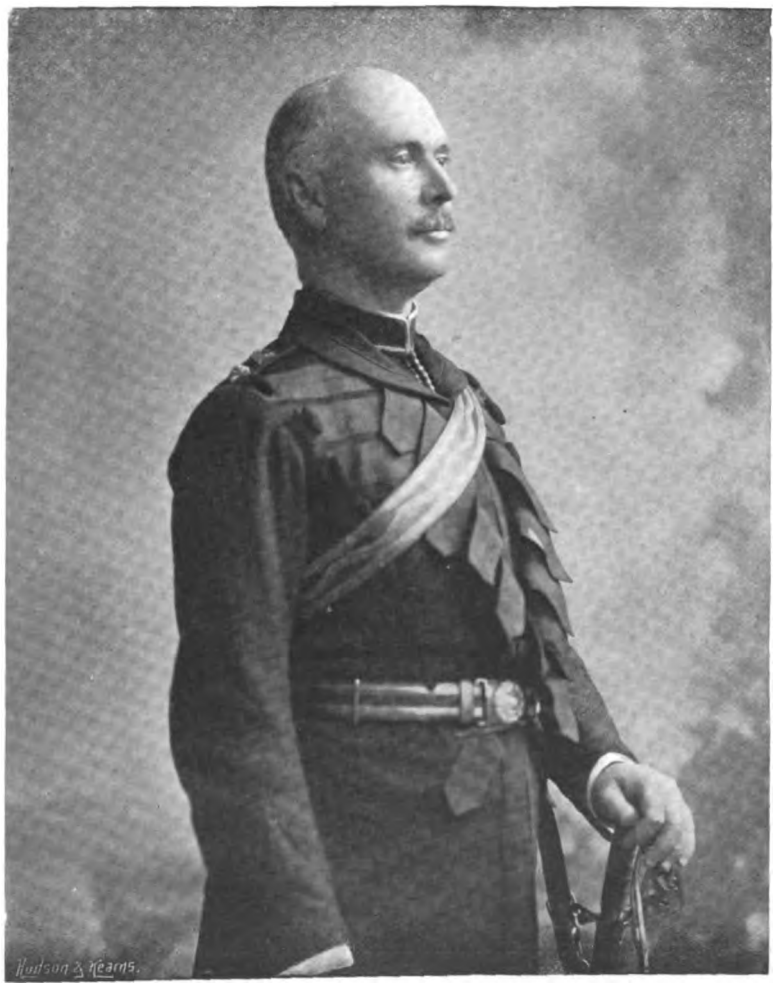
FEW officers now alive have acquitted themselves with such distinction as the subject of this sketch, now Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Sir JOHN served with the 93rd Highlanders in the Crimea, and was present at the Alma, Balaklava, and the siege of Sebastopol, receiving the Crimean medal with four clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the 5th class Medjidie, and Inkerman, being made a Knight of the Legion of Honour. During the Indian Mutiny he gave evidence of exceptional bravery when leading the first party of stormers at Secunderbagh. On this occasion he captured one of the enemy's colours, receiving at the same time two sabre wounds. At Cawnpore his left arm was carried away by a cannon shot, and he narrowly escaped with his life. He was mentioned in despatches of 16th January, 1858, was thanked for his services by the Governor General in Council, was made a C.B. and A.D.C. to the Queen. Sir JOHN was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 78th Highlanders for over five years. He was made a K.C.B. in June, 1887.

Digitized by Google

THREE STAFF OFFICERS IN IRELAND.

THE photographs of the three officers shown on this page are those of Major STEWART JOHN TRENCH, of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HERVEY BAGOT, of the Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant HENRY THOMAS CANTAN, of the 2nd (Duke of Cornwall's) Light Infantry. The first photograph is that of Major TRENCH, District Inspector of Musketry in Ireland. He received his lieutenancy on October 6th, 1875; his captaincy on January 24th, 1883; and was promoted major on September 26th, 1890. On November 1st, 1895, he was chosen to fill the post of District Inspector of Musketry in Ireland. His duties in connection with this post, as may be gathered from his title, consist in the inspection of ranges, in supervising instruction in the use of the rifle, and seeing that the men are properly taught all that is necessary for them to know concerning this weapon. Many of our best shots owe much of their efficiency to his advice. The second photograph is that of Lieutenant-Colonel BAGOT, of the Royal Engineers, at present Commanding Royal Engineers in Ireland. This corps, as is well known, has seen service in every quarter of the world. Part of their work consists in building forts and in erecting bridges over rivers and ravines for the troops and artillery to cross, when it is found impossible for them to get over in any other way. Colonel BAGOT has seen much war service, having gone through the Afghan War of 1878-79, and during this compaign took part in the operations in the Koorum Valley, for which he received a medal. He also served with the Bechuanaland Expedition under Sir CHARLES WARREN, in 1884-85. Lieutenant CANTAN, the third officer whose photograph is given here, is Superintendent of Gymnasia for the Dublin district. The regiment he belongs to is the 2nd (Duke of Cornwall's) Light Infantry, formerly the 46th (South Devonshire) Regiment. He entered the Army on May 18th, 1892, and received his first commission on October 18th, 1893. He was appointed Superintendent of Gymnasia on March 18th of last year. Lieutenant CANTAN is an athlete himself, and his duties as Superintendent of Gymnasia consist in seeing that those under him are taught every form of athletics, including fencing, boxing, climbing, jumping and wrestling, Indian club and dumb-bell exercises, and battle-axe swinging, which in any way tend to the muscular development of our soldiers.

Major STEWART JOHN TRENCH.



Photos. ROBINSON & SONS.

Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HERVEY BAGOT, R.E.

Dublin.

Lieutenant HENRY THOMAS CANTAN.

Digitized by Google

Photo. J. THOMSON. Brompton Road.

THE PRINTING PRESS OF THE 1st ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.

THE above is a capital illustration of a regimental printing press, as used by the Royal Irish Rifles. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, it contains all the necessary requisites for printing, with none of the drawbacks usually pertaining to that industry. The surroundings differ somewhat from the usual run of "Printing Offices," by which high-sounding title the little tent in which it stands is named. In a good many regiments a monthly newspaper is published, and it is chiefly for this purpose that these printing presses are used in the Army. This paper, as a rule, gives the result of regimental football or cricket matches, as well as reports of theatricals, dances, suppers, notices of promotions in the regiment, or medals earned, a record of the marches, with the various stopping places, and official regimental notices. The possession of a press by the 1st Royal Irish Rifles gives evidence of the up-to-date, go-ahead spirit which prevails in the corps.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEENSLAND DEFENCE FORCE.

A Sergeant of the Queensland Mounted Rifles.

ALTHOUGH it is only comparatively recently that the true principle of Imperial Defence—that supremacy at sea is the sole condition of the existence of the British Empire—has re-asserted itself among us, for many years past it has been well understood that in the case of our self-governing colonies the responsibility for the defence of their shores must mainly rest with the colonies themselves. So much so, indeed, that in 1862 the House of Commons resolved "that colonies exercising the right of self-government ought to undertake the main responsibility of providing for their internal order and security, and ought to assist in their own external defence." The principle then laid down was formally accepted by the colonies concerned, and then the Imperial troops hitherto quartered in the five Australian colonies, with Tasmania and New Zealand, and Canada, were withdrawn, the colonies undertaking to organise and develop local forces and provide coast defences for themselves—with aid from the Home-Government in the shape of qualified officers of various ranks who were lent as trained advisers and instructors.

In the Australian colonies, with which we are here particularly concerned, in addition to placing the principal ports, by means of fortifications, in a position to afford secure bases for Naval operations, Defence Acts were passed by all the colonial legislatures, a special military organization being set on foot for each colony. Practically, the lines adopted for the military defence of Canada have been generally followed in Australia: a small nucleus of permanent troops, mostly artillery, to be expanded on mobilization; a militia or partially paid force, with, in some cases, a militia reserve of time-expired trained men; and an auxiliary volunteer force. The military commandants in nearly every case belong to the Imperial Service, as well as most of the officers of the head-quarters staff.

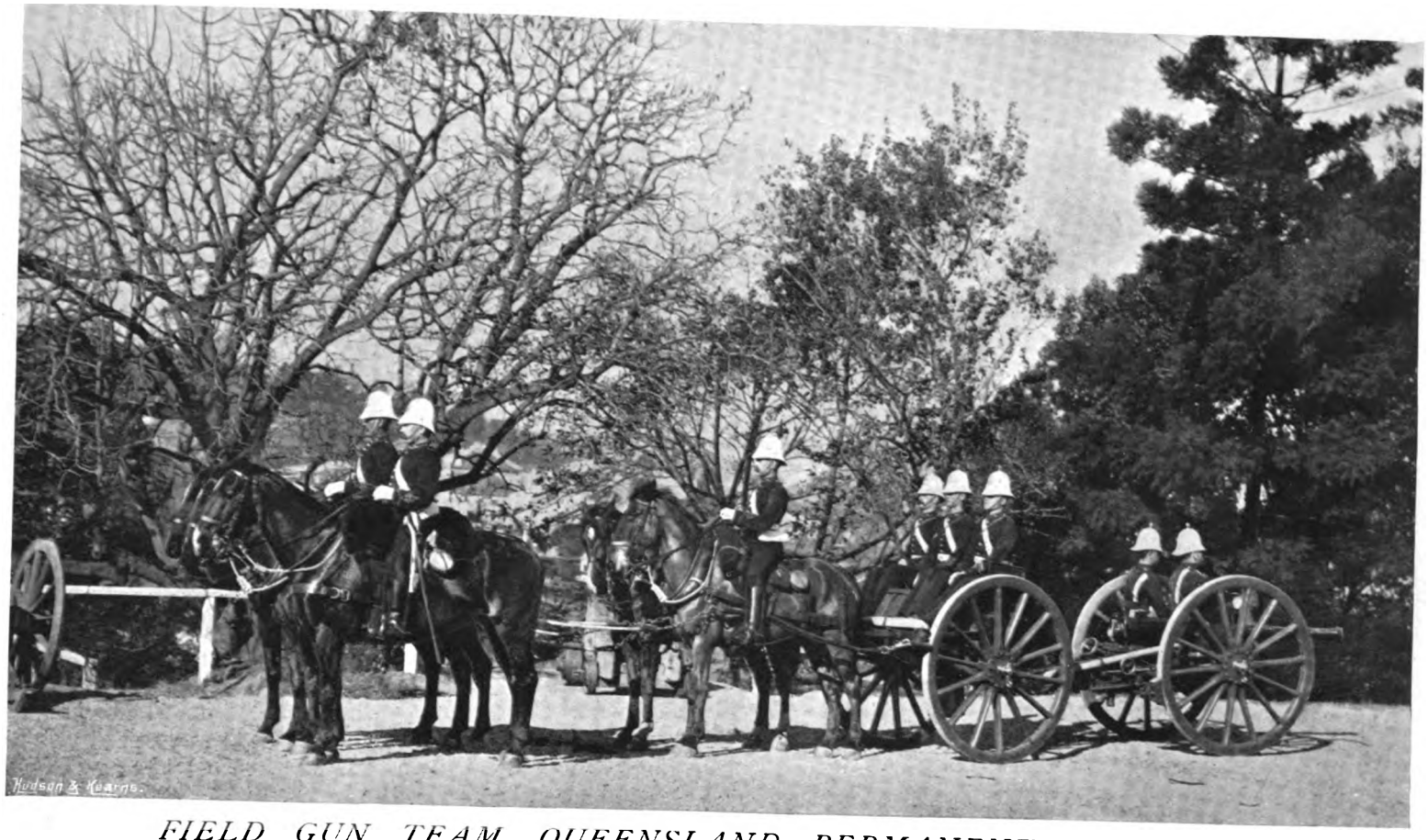
Colonel Gunter and the Headquarters Staff, Queensland Defence Force.

The colony of Queensland, in particular, of the defence forces of which we present our readers typical photographs, has throughout shown great patriotism in this matter of providing itself with efficient protection. Although, politically, the most recently organised of our Australian colonies, and possessing a force ranking in point of numbers next after the wealthier colonies of New South Wales and Victoria, the Queensland force in efficiency and military spirit ranks on an equality with either of the two just named. The Queensland forces are raised under the Defence Forces' Act of 1884, which renders all males between eighteen and sixty liable to military service. By the Defence Act, Queensland is divided into three military districts, over which the forces are distributed—as Permanent Troops, Militia or partially paid corps, and unpaid Volunteers. Of these the Permanent forces comprise the staff and two batteries of Garrison Artillery, which last also include a section of submarine miners. Detachments from the Garrison Artillery are, in addition, stationed in each district, and at Thursday Island. The Militia comprise two field batteries, four regiments of infantry, and four independent companies, with fifteen companies of mounted

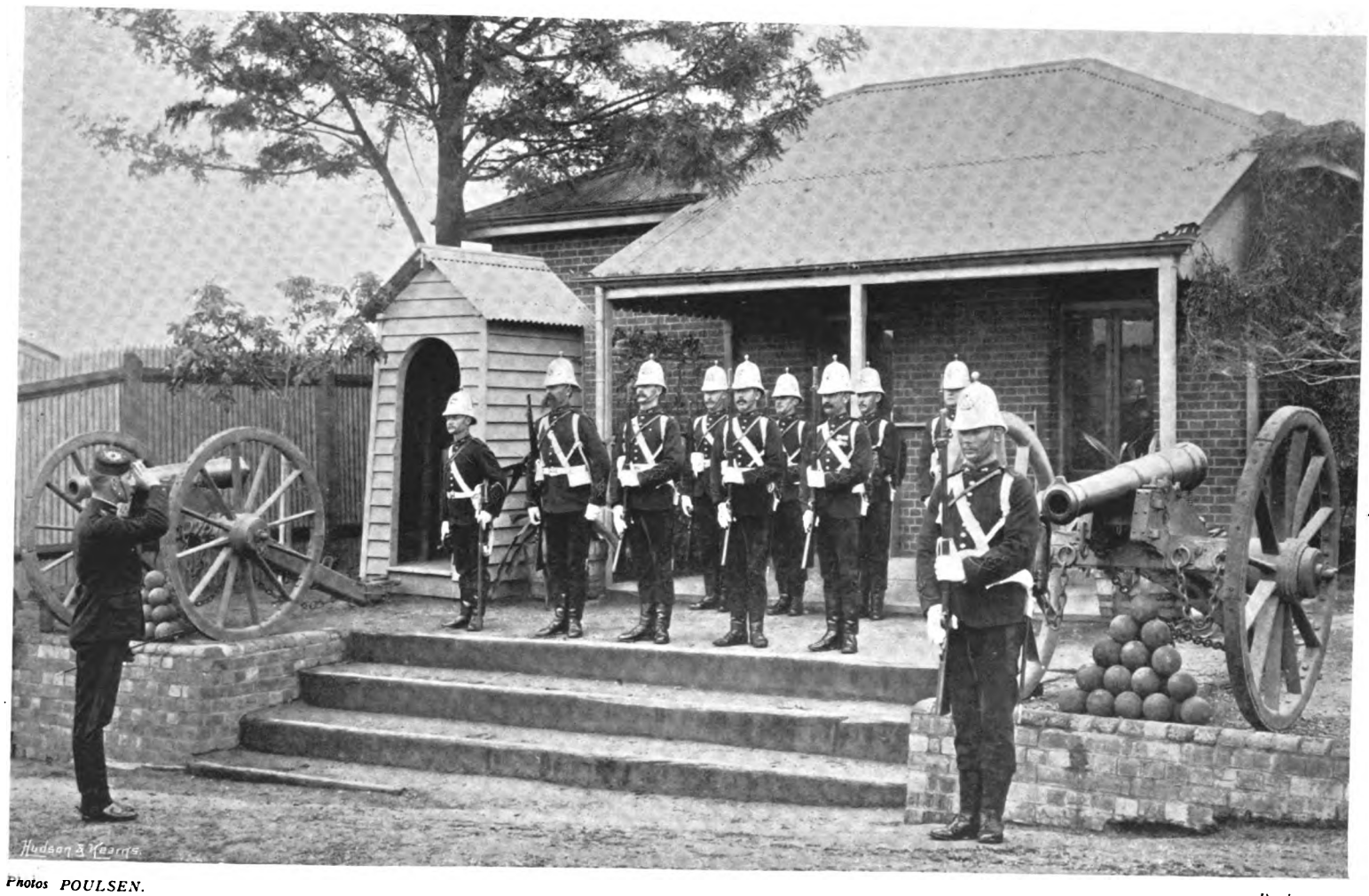
Photos. POULSEN.

SECTION OF QUEENSLAND MOUNTED RIFLES.

Digitized by Google



FIELD GUN TEAM, QUEENSLAND PERMANENT ARTILLERY.



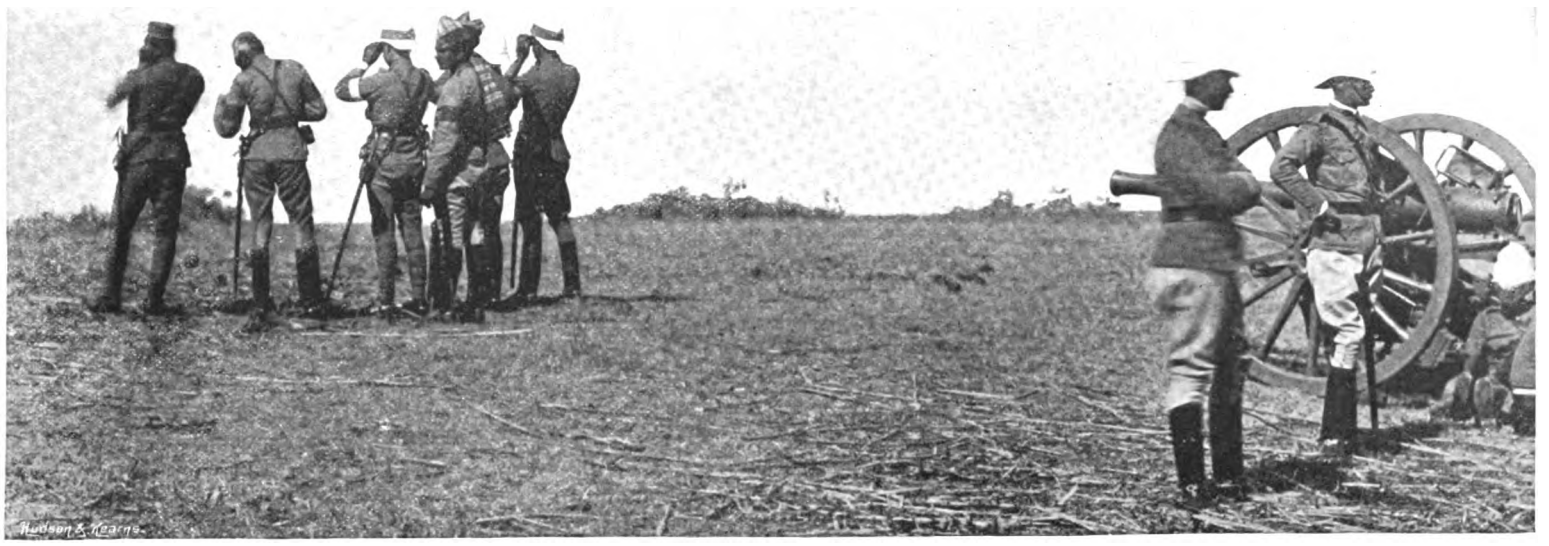
Photos POULSEN. *Brisbane.*

MAIN GUARD, VICTORIA BARRACKS, BRISBANE:—Queensland Permanent Artillery.

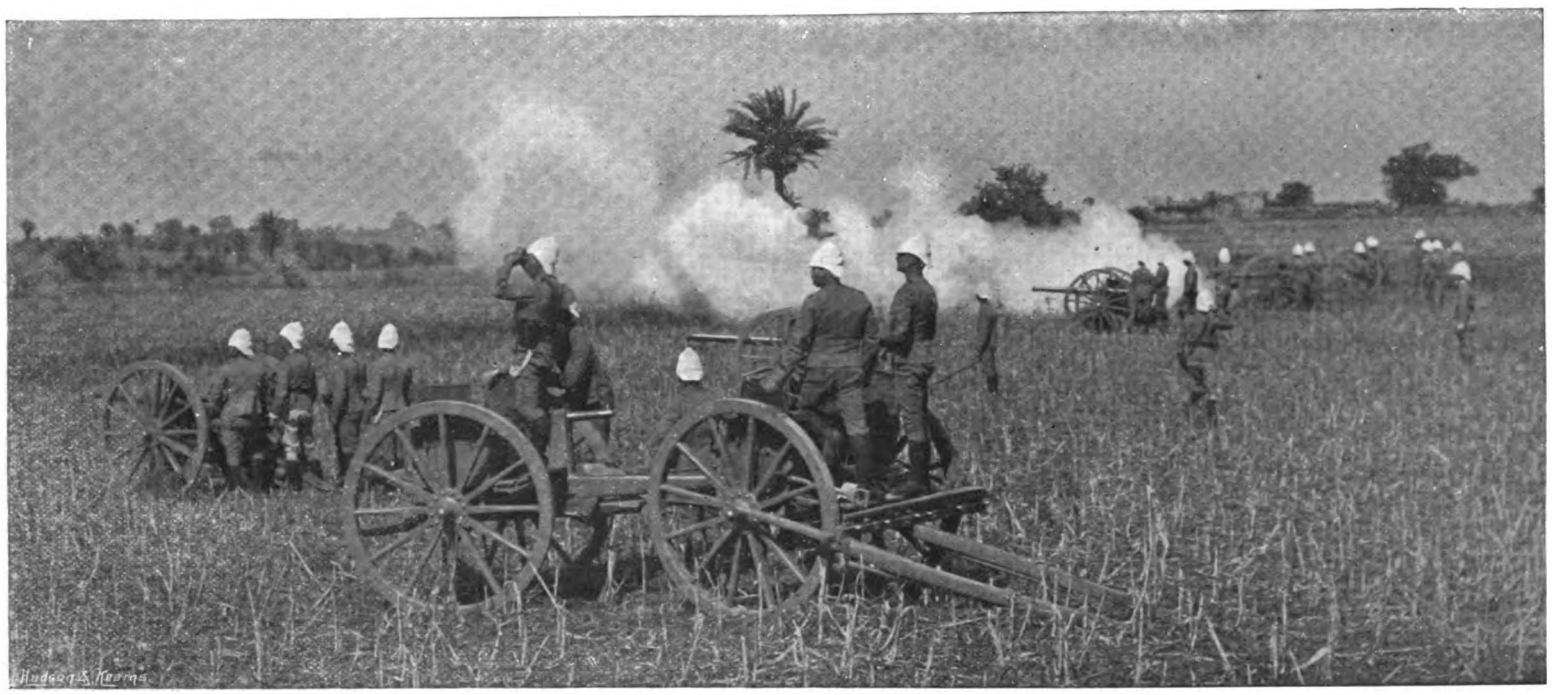
rifles, a company of engineers, submarine mining section, and three companies of an ambulance corps. There are sixteen companies of Volunteers, grouped in three infantry regiments, with fifteen cadet corps and a number of rifle clubs. The first of our illustrations shows a sergeant of the Queensland Mounted Infantry in field service uniform—a buff-coloured tunic with scarlet facings, Bedford cord breeches, brown leather boots, bandolier, and belts; and slouch hat turned up at the side, of buff colour and with a buff-coloured pugari. Our second photograph represents the Head-Quarters Staff of the Queensland Defence Force. Colonel HOWEL GUNTER, formerly of the Norfolk Regiment, is the Commandant. Our third photograph shows a section of the Queensland Mounted Rifles under an officer. They are Militia, and mostly young farmers who own good horses. Evening and afternoon drills are held weekly throughout the year, and, in addition, every man attends annual training under canvas. Our fourth photograph shows a team of the Field Artillery Section of the Permanent Force with a 12-pounder breech-loading gun. Our last photograph shows the main guard at Victoria Barracks, Brisbane, turning out to the commanding officer, Major BYRON.

Digitized by Google

FIELD AND MACHINE GUNS.



OBSERVING UNOBSERVED.



BATTERY IN ACTION.

Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

"THE MAXIM" AT WORK.

THE primary duty of Artillery, whether in attack or defence, is to silence or, at least, cripple that of the enemy. In the former case this important arm of the service must attain its object, in a greater or less degree, before the Infantry is ordered to advance, and as the latter draws nearer to the enemy a corresponding forward movement is necessarily made on the part of the guns. A battery about to come into action is, when circumstances permit, placed on high ground overlooking the enemy's position, but it is of the utmost moment that it should not be exposed to his view. For this reason artillery is usually found slightly behind the crest of a hill, on the side furthest from the enemy. As soon as a suitable position for a battery has been selected, guns are not infrequently placed there in readiness before actually required to come into action. It is for the officer in command, in accordance with whatever orders he may have received, to determine the moment to open fire. To this end he carefully observes the movements of the enemy without himself being

Digitized by Google

seen. In the first photograph, a group of officers is shown in the act of observing the enemy's position. It may be noticed that in doing so they cautiously refrain from showing themselves against the sky-line, and have taken up a standpoint on the nearer slope of the hill. On the right a field gun is visible, unlimbered and prepared to carry out its deadly work, the range having previously been determined by the range-takers.

Infantry officers are accustomed to limit the range of useful artillery fire to 3,000 yards, though officers of the latter arm of the service claim for it an alarming destructive power at even longer distances. The projectile most often used with field guns is known as the shrapnel shell. It is fitted with a time and percussion fuse, and set to burst in the air (in front of the object against which it is directed), or on striking the ground.

The second picture represents a battery in action. In the foreground, immediately behind the gun on the left, an officer standing on a waggon is observing the effect of the last shot.

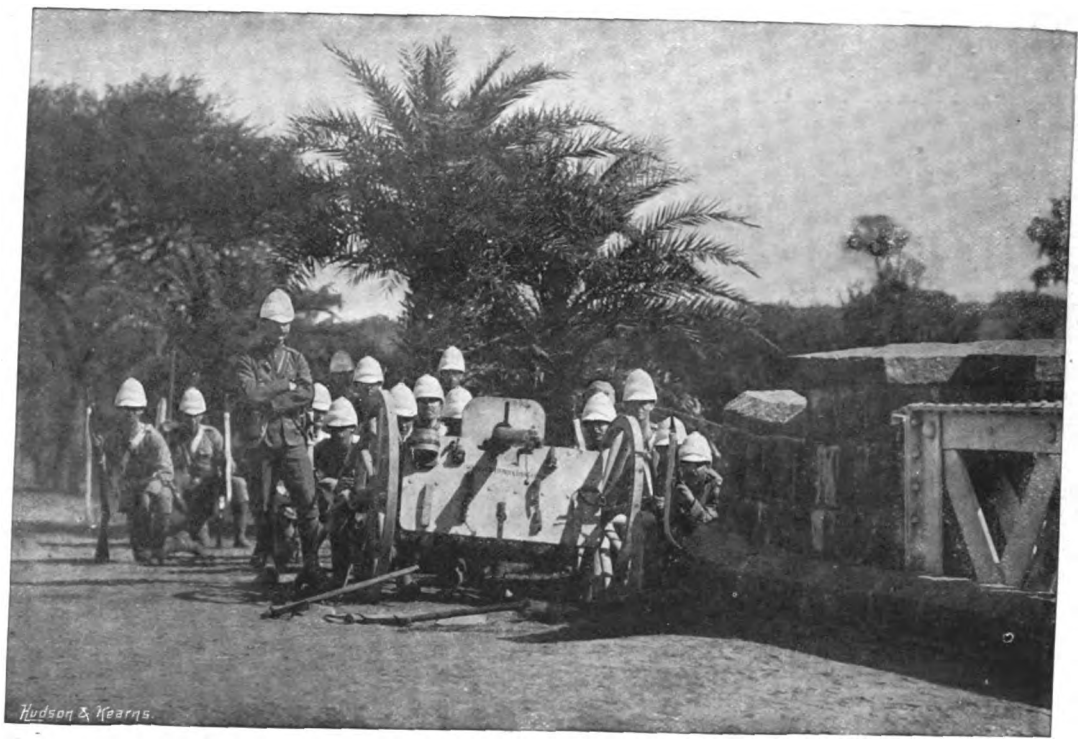
When in motion, each gun is drawn by a team of six horses, and attached to a limber carrying, besides tools and other necessaries, sufficient ammunition for immediate use. When required to come into action, the gun is wheeled up into its approximate place and "unlimbered." The limber is then withdrawn to a convenient distance in rear, under cover from view, and, if practicable, from fire, while the gunners are placing the gun in the exact position assigned to it, as depicted in the upper picture on the right-hand page.

An escort, composed of either cavalry or infantry, accompanies artillery whenever occasion demands. If well supplied with ammunition, guns cannot, except under very exceptional circumstances, be attacked in front. It is when suddenly attacked in flank that the position of a battery becomes precarious, and to guard against this an escort to artillery is invariably posted on the exposed flank, and throws out scouts to the front to give timely warning of a threatened attack.

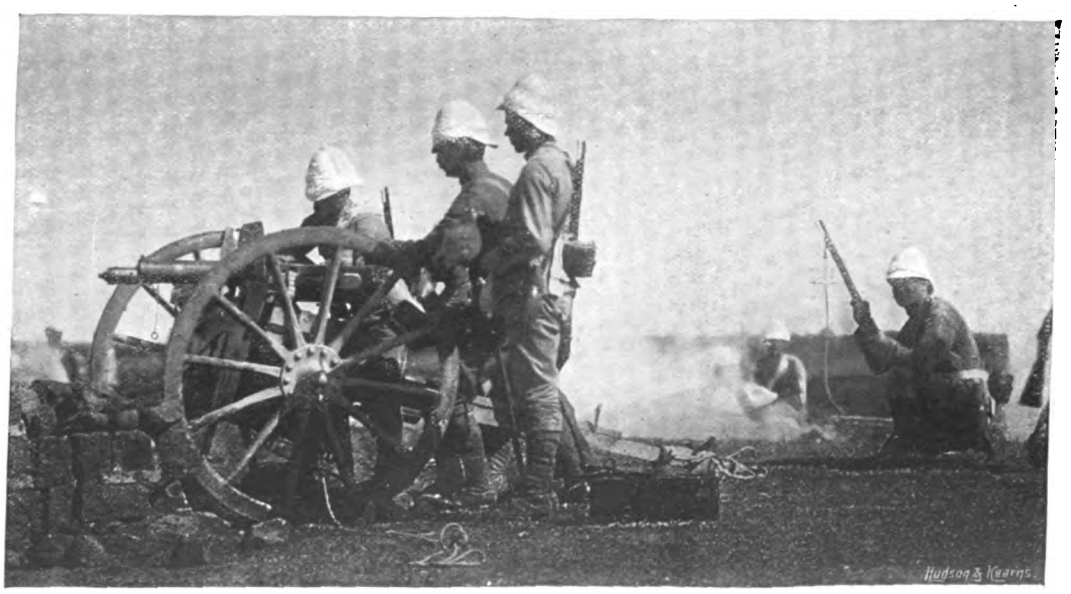
In the same picture an infantry escort is shown in rear of the limbers, evidently snatching a few moments rest before taking up its position on the flank of the battery.

Machine guns in the attack are chiefly employed, when possible, in enfilading the enemy's line and in frustrating any attempt at counter-attack. On the defensive they are invaluable in sweeping the approaches by which the enemy must advance, and are especially useful in guarding a bridge or other defile through which the attacking troops are unable to advance on a broad front. From the third photograph one is enabled to form some idea of the way in which the Maxim gun is worked. In the two remaining illustrations the same gun is shown: first, as it would appear to an enemy attempting to cross the bridge, and, secondly, in profile, making use of existing cover behind the angle of a partially demolished wall. The Maxim guns here shown are constructed for the Martini-Henry ammunition (with which rifle the machine-gun detachments in these illustrations are armed), but those now used in the British service are adapted to the Lee-Metford ammunition.

LIMBERS UNDER COVER.



GUARDING A BRIDGE.



Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

PREPARING TO FIRE.

Digitized by Google

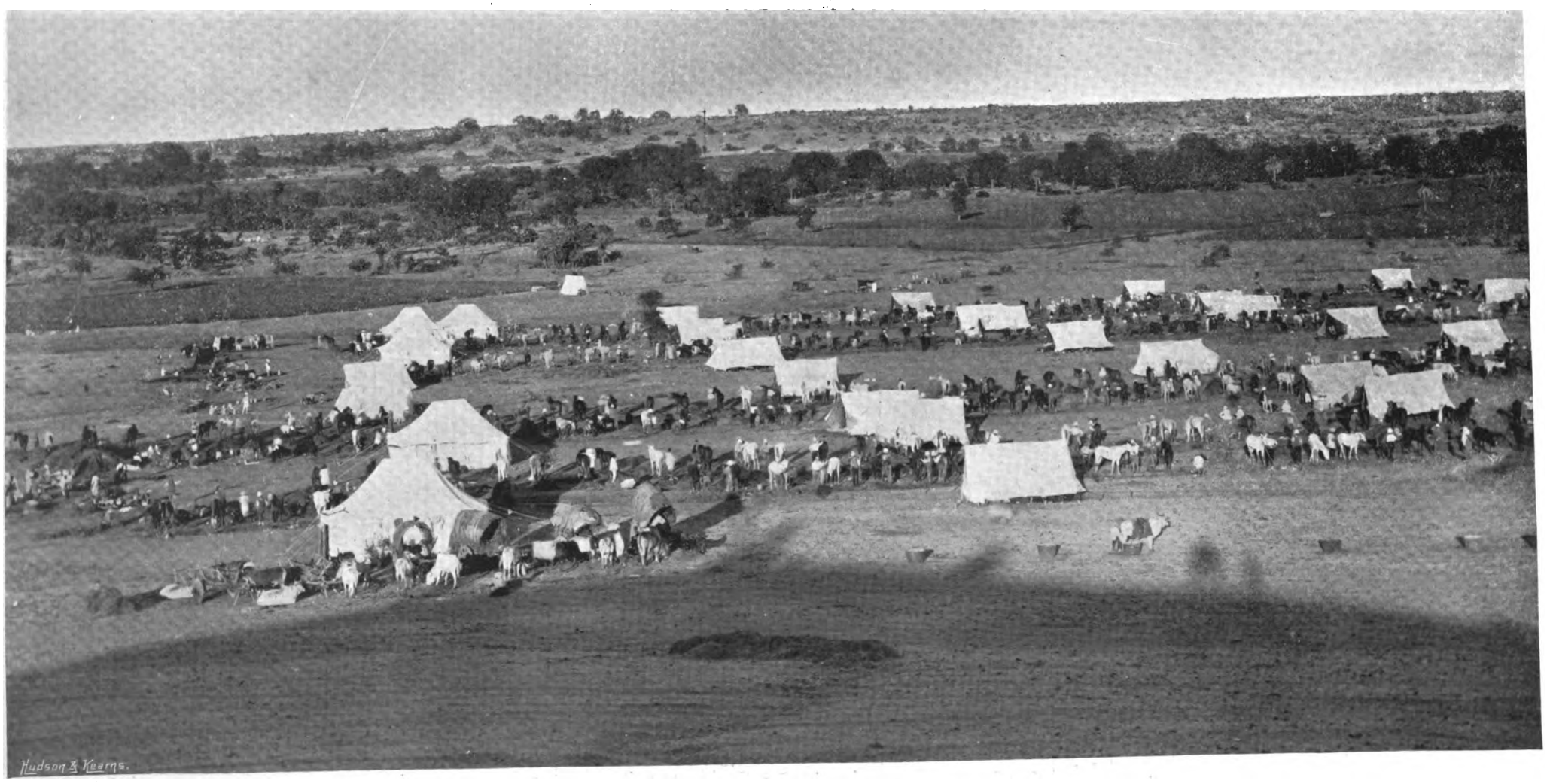


Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

THE CAVALRY CAMP AT BETMA.

THE nature of the country in most parts of India is such as to admit of manœuvres being conducted on a much larger scale than is possible at home. Cavalry, especially, is there given a more extensive scope for action, for in England its movements are often paralysed by the intervention of hedges and cultivation. From the above illustration a good idea of the appearance of a Cavalry Camp in India may be gathered. The scene is such as one might expect to witness at the end of a hard day's work in the field. The horses are picketed in rows in the open air; no other roof than the canopy of heaven is necessary for them, but tents are provided for the men. Here and there, the ubiquitous native—always at the beck and call of Tommy Atkins—may be distinguished by his Eastern dress. The bullocks in the foreground are employed to draw the carts near which they are grazing.

Digitized by Google

The First Royal Scots of Lothian Regiment

by Chas. Lowe.

IT was by a very happy coincidence that Queen Victoria may be said to have been born in the regiment which claims, not only to be the oldest in the British Army, but the oldest in the world. For at the time of Her Majesty's birth, her father, the Duke of Kent, was in command of the 1st Royal Scots, whose origin is lost in the mists of an obscure antiquity, and whose War Office record, after the battle of Baugé, in 1421, contains a list of more than 230 battles and sieges. Certainly no regiment in the world, whatever its pedigree, can boast of such a lengthy roll of glory. For Scotsmen especially, who have figured so conspicuously in the military annals of the Empire, it must be very flattering to think that they have contributed the regiment which tops the list of the British Army, and claims to be the oldest of any.

There is only one other regiment which ever seriously ventured to dispute with the Royal Scots the honour of seniority, and that was the famous French Regiment of Picardy. Once when the Royals were serving in France, a controversy broke out between the officers of the two regiments as to the antiquity of their respective corps, when a proud Picard, treating with contumely the superior claims of the Scots, scornfully advised them to end the matter at once by calling themselves "Pontius Pilate's Guard." To which a haughty Scot, with equal scorn, replied: "You must be mistaken, Monsieur, for had *we* really been the Guards of Pontius Pilate, *our* sentinels would certainly never have slept at their post." This identification of the Royal Scots with "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard"—a *sobriquet* which still attaches to them—probably arose from the circumstance, as asserted by some, that the Temple Guard at Jerusalem, from which Pontius Pilate selected the sentinels set to watch over the Holy sepulchre, was furnished by a Legion of Caledonians who had been drafted into the Roman service and sent to Palestine—a story which will not, perhaps, bear the strain of much historical criticism.

But whatever the claims of the Royal Scots to a hoary antiquity co-eval with the Christian era, it is argued by some that they can commence their pedigree with the year 882 A.D., when a body of Scottish gentlemen formed a guard to Charles III. of France, a body which gradually developed into the famous "Garde Ecossaise" of the French Kings, familiar to readers of "Quentin Durward." But while on one hand it might thus be contended that the 1st Royal Scots are in part descended from the famous "Archers of the Scottish Guard," who hedged around the persons of the Kings of France for more than nine centuries, it can at least be proved that their lineage on the other side of the house is equally illustrious. For whereas the "Garde Ecossaise" of the French Kings might be regarded as the mother of the Scots "Royals"—though the point is a little doubtful—their male parent was the immortal "Green Brigade," which did such doughty deeds under Gustavus Adolphus—"the Lion of the North the bulwark of the Protestant faith"—and in which at one time a pike may even have been trailed by Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, "to your honourable service at command." During the Thirty Years' War the great Gustavus was served by no fewer than thirteen Scottish regiments, comprising about 20,000 men, who were the terror of his foes; and of these regiments none were more redoutable than the "Green Brigade," commanded by Sir John Hepburn, in which the King of Sweden, to quote Munro, the historian of the war, "always principally confided, conferring on them the glory of every critical and trying adventure."

To mention the principal feats of derring-do performed by "Hepburn's Scots," as they were called, during their service with the King of Sweden would be to enumerate the chief battles and sieges of the Thirty Years' War; and by Gustavus himself they were repeatedly thanked and eulogised in presence of his entire army. Thanks, indeed, constituted for a long time the principal part of their pay—a fact which may appear incredible to those who suppose that the overmastering passion of a Scotsman is his love of the "bawbees." But in "Hepburn's Scots" it was otherwise; for, as Dugald Dalgetty remarked to Montrose, "I have seen whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out '*Gelt! Gelt!*' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained, my lord, postponing of honour to filthy lucre." I have read much about the Thirty Years' War and the part taken in it by the Scottish regiments of the great Gustavus; but never did I realise the full extent of their heroic services until I paid a visit to Stockholm and there beheld, piled up and around in the old and picturesque Riddarholm Kirke, the immense number of colours and other war-trophies captured, at point of pike, by "Hepburn's Scots" and their compatriot brigades.

At the death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen (1632), Hepburn and his redoutable "Green Brigade," by a process

Digitized by Google

of transfer not at all unusual in those days, were taken into the French service and incorporated with another body of Scots, who were related, at least, to the "Garde Ecossaise" of the French Kings—if they were not this Garde itself—the new corps thus formed being known as the "Régiment d' Hebron," the phonetic French for Hepburn. In the army commanded by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar in the pay of France—consisting of French, Scots, Swedes, and Germans—Hepburn's new regiment campaigned up and down the Empire, covering itself with ever fresh glory; but at the siege of Saverne in Alsace, it lost its idolised chief, whose "last words were touchingly expressive of regret that he should be buried so far from the secluded kirkyard where the bones of his forefathers lay."

He was succeeded in the command of the regiment, of which he had been the first Colonel, by his cousin, James Hepburn, who was killed the following year (1637) in Lorraine; and then the corps—now numbering over 8,000 officers and men!—was given to Lord James Douglas, being now known as "Le Régiment de Douglas." It is curious to note that, at this time, its establishment included one piper and ninety-six drummers, which reminds one of Sir John Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his "intolerable quantity of sack." For the next twenty years the regiment incessantly served against the enemies of France, either in France itself, Flanders, or Italy; and its national character was afterwards strengthened by the incorporation with it of "Rutherford's Scots," called "Le Régiment des Gardes Ecossois," who had come over from Scotland after the accession of Louis XIV. to help in fighting the battles of the Grand Monarque.

At the Restoration (1660) the splendid regiments of Cromwell were all disbanded by Charles II., who soon found, however, that he could not do without regular troops of some kind, and so the "Douglas Regiment"—now under the command of Lord George Douglas, brother of Lord James, who had been killed at the siege of Douay—was brought over (1661) from France, where it had served so long and gloriously, and became the basis of our standing army. It will thus be seen how the Royal Scots come to stand first in the Army List, though it was not till 1678 that it took a permanent place on the establishment. In the interval it had suppressed an insurrection in Ireland, and then returned to France, in the service of which country it took part in all the campaigns of Turenne in the Low Countries and the Rhine, gathering fresh laurels on every battlefield, and once they were thanked for their heroic conduct by Louis XIV.

Landing of Dumbarton's Scots at Tangier, 1680.

But by this time the English Government had become jealous of the growing power of Louis XIV., and determined to deprive him of one of the chief instruments of his conquests. Accordingly it recalled the Scots of Douglas, now known as "Dumbarton's Regiment," from the fact of its commander having become Earl of Dumbarton; and even to this day does not the regiment march past to the tune of "Dumbarton's Drums?" Soon after its arrival in England it was increased by the addition of a number of men, forming a company, who each carried a large pouch filled with hand-grenades—pocket-shells, so to speak. These men were taught to ignite the fuses, and to cast the grenades into forts, trenches, or amidst the ranks of their enemies, where the explosion was calculated to produce much execution; and the men, deriving their designation from the combustibles with which they were thus armed, were styled "Grenadiers." Their duties were deemed more arduous than those of pikemen or musketeers, so that the strongest and most active men were selected for the Grenadier company. As the brave old marching ditty, dating from this period, runs:—

"Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees
And we with hand-grenades:
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemy's ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
For the British Grenadiers."

The enemy about whose ears Dumbarton's Scots were destined first to throw their hand-grenades were the Moors, who had laid siege to Tangier, which had fallen to the British crown, and which we retained for about a quarter of a century as a place of arms against the pirates who infested the Barbary coast, and as possessing the only harbour for nine hundred miles on the Moorish shores of the Mediterranean. Whilst our occupation lasted, Tangier was to our officers, as remarked by Lord Wolseley in his "Life of Marlborough," "what Egypt has lately been—a drill-ground for practical soldiering;" and, in particular, it had been the training school of Colonel Kirke's "Lambs," with whom John Churchill saw some hot service. The "Lambs," or Tangier Regiment,—now the second of the line (Queen's Royal West Surrey)—were so-called from the Christian emblem of a Paschal lamb on their flag, as they had been levied for the purpose of waging war with an infidel race. But at Tangier they comported themselves more like tigers than like lambs, and the appropriateness of their popular title lay in its bitter irony. A time came, however, when even the rude ferocity of the "Lambs" was unequal to the fierceness of their foes, and so Dumbarton's brave and highly-disciplined Scots were sent out (1680) as so many lions to help the "tigers."

John Ross, the author of "Tangier's Rescue," thus described the arrival of these celebrated veterans under Sir James Hackett: "After this landed the valorous Major Hackett with the renowned regiment of the Earl of Dumbarton; all of them men of approved valour, fame having echoed the sound of their glorious actions and achievements in France and other nations; having left behind them a report of their glorious victories wherever they came; every place witnessing and giving large testimony of their renown; so that the arrival of this illustrious regiment more and more increased the resolution and united the courage of the inhabitants, and added confidence to their valour."

Dumbarton's Scots were not long in giving a good account of themselves, and the recital of their achievements reads like Homer's account of the combats around Troy. More than once they plucked the "Lambs" from the very jaws of the Moorish wolves, on one occasion forming the forlorn-hope in a sally having for its object the rescue of the garrison in a detached fort, and brilliantly succeeding with a loss of fifteen killed and several wounded, including their leader (Captain Hume). In another sally Captain Forbes and eight men were killed.

A general sally, or sortie, of the garrison had been ordered; and, when the signal for attack was given, "the Scots and their Grenadiers," wrote Ross, "charged first, if there was any time at all between their charging; for, like fire and lightning, all went on at once." The Moors—fourteen to fifteen thousand strong—were reposing behind their trenches, when suddenly, at the first dim dawn of the September day, they were aroused out of their sleep, like the soldiers of the rebel Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, "by the sound of a trampling multitude rushing to battle," and the next moment they were thrown into confusion by a shower of bursting hand-grenades. Dumbarton's veterans quickly carried the first trench, and "mixing in fierce combat with the Moors, soon proved that a valiant Scot was more than a match for one of the dusky sons of Africa. The first trench having been won, a portion of it was levelled for the cavalry, when the British and Spanish horsemen charged the Moors, and plunging amidst the dark masses, trampled and cut down the astonished Africans. At the same time the British grenadiers were seen using their hatchets with dreadful execution on one side, the pikemen were bearing down all before them on the other, and the musketeers, having slung their muskets, were fighting sword in hand with an impetuosity which the Moors could not withstand. The wavering masses of barbarians were broken, and they fled like a scattered swarm over the land; the British

Digitized by Google

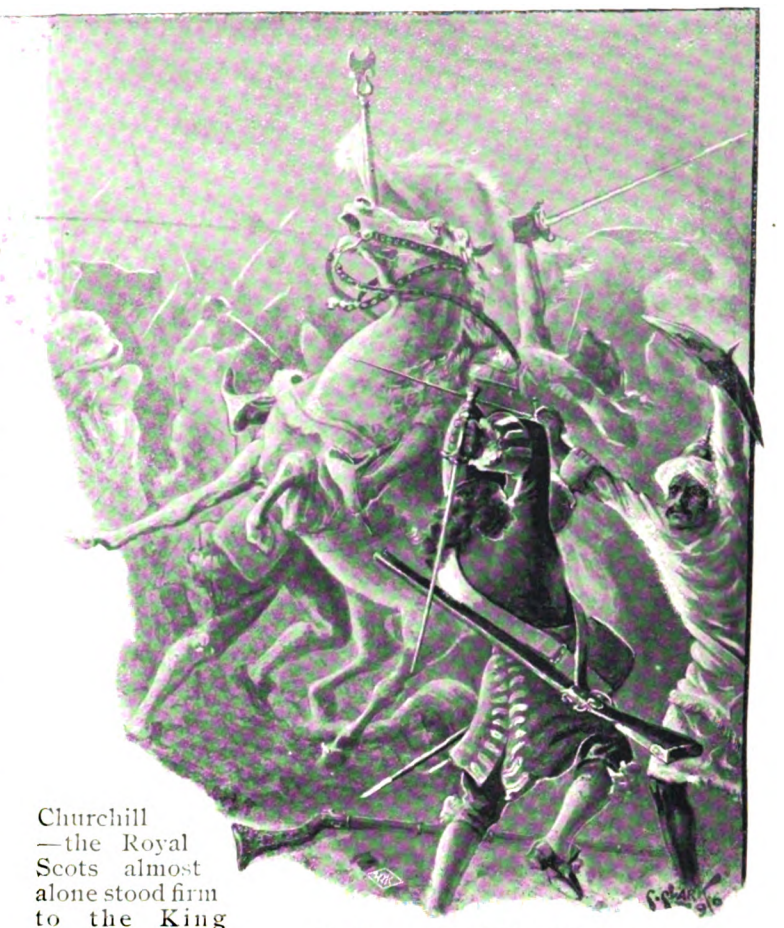
troops pursued and a number of single combats followed, for the Moors were more exper[t] in personal combats than in fighting in large bodies. These combats, however, generally terminated in favour of the British and Scots, and in particular Captain Hodges and his grenadier company were distinguished for the number they slew," while they also captured a splendid standard from the Moors. Out of five British corps, including the "Lambs," who took part in this action, Dumbarton's Scots were the greatest sufferers losing many officers and men.

Now officially recognised as the "Royal Regiment of Foot," their next battlefield was that of Sedgemoor —the last on English soil—(1685), where they formed the extreme right of the royal line, and behaved in such a disciplined manner as to secure the victory of King James II. over the usurper Monmouth and his rustic levies. When viewing from a distance the royal infantry, Monmouth, as Macaulay wrote, "could distinguish among the hostile ranks that gallant band, which was then called from the name of its colonel, 'Dumbarton's Regiment,' but which has long been known as the first of the line, and which, in all the four quarters of the world, has nobly supported its early reputation. 'I know these men,' said Monmouth, 'they will fight. If I had but them all would go well.'"

What says Lord Wolseley in his "Life of Marlborough?" "Lord Grey (commanding Monmouth's cavalry) found himself facing 'Dumbarton's Regiment.' The officers of this battalion, of greater experience in war than those of the other regiments, were somewhat more on the alert. As it was the only regiment present which still retained the matchlock, the others being armed with the newly-introduced snaphaunce or flint-musket, Grey was able to mark its position by the burning matches;" and thus he was lured on to his destruction as if by so many will-o'-the-wisps in that boggy region.

When trying to cross the broad ditch in front of them (the famous Bussex Rhine) Grey's horsemen were challenged by "Dumbarton's Regiment" and a battalion of the Foot Guards from the opposite side. "Who are you for?" "The King." "What King?" "Monmouth, and God with us!" was the prompt reply. "Take this with you then!" as the battalions poured a volley upon the startled troopers. Soon after this Monmouth hurried forward his foot, directing his advance upon the burning matches of Dumbarton's Scots, and on the royalist side this was the only regiment to return the fire of the rebels. The latter made a stout stand against repeated volleys and charges of cavalry, but the backbone of their resistance was at last broken "by a determined attack of the grenadier companies of the Guards and 'Dumbarton's Regiment,'" which latter, being foremost in the pursuit, captured the Duke of Monmouth's standard.

Four years later—in 1689—our bloodless Revolution was accomplished, and Papist James II. fled to France before Protestant Dutch William, after the latter had landed at Torbay. In the midst of all the treachery and "ratting" which now distinguished the statesmen and soldiers of England—including Churchill—the Royal Scots almost alone stood firm to the King for whom they had bled so profusely at Sedgemoor; and when their commander, Lord Dumbarton, even left them to accompany his fugitive sovereign to France, and Marshal Schomberg received the regiment with orders to ship so doubtful a corps off to Holland, the inheritors of so much military glory flatly refused to become the tools of the Dutch usurper, and briskly set out for Scotland. "These mutineers, if they may be so styled," as Lord Wolseley well remarks, were overtaken in Lincolnshire, brought back, put upon their trial, found guilty, and pardoned—all but three or four officers, who were dismissed. The royal clemency was exercised all the more readily, as the new King had repeatedly, in private, expressed his admiration of the steadfast loyalty and attachment evinced by the officers and men of the Royals to their former sovereign. All the same, it was the conduct of Schomberg's Scots regiment which brought about our system of annual Mutiny Acts, on which our standing army depends for its existence to the present day.



Capture of the Moorish Standard.

That the Scots had been false to their colours by proving true to their sovereign was a reproach which wounded them to the quick. But it was a reproach which they wiped out in the most complete and brilliant manner when next they took the field in the "Lowlands o' Holland," with their pipers, perhaps, playing that lovely old air—and fought to extermination almost under the eyes of their new sovereign, William III., whose Dutch dominions were being invaded by the French. For many years the Royals had shown what they could do when fighting *for* the French, and at Steinkirk (1692), they showed how terrible they could be when fighting *against* them.

Among the foremost in this action, as the old chronicler wrote, "was seen the brave Sir Robert Douglas at the head of the 1st battalion of his regiment, emulating the noblest actions recorded in the annals of war. Having led his battalion against the troops behind the first hedge," he soon cleared it of its French defenders, and drove one of the battalions from the field in confusion. A second hedge was assailed and carried by the gallant Scots in a few moments, a third was assaulted—the French stood their ground—the combatants fought muzzle to muzzle, but again the Royals proved victorious, and the third hedge was won. The toil of conflict did not cool the ardour of the veteran Scots, but forward they rushed with a loud huzza, and attacked the troops lining the fourth hedge. Here the fighting was severe, but eventually the Royals overthrew a fourth French battalion and drove a crowd of combatants from their cannon."

In this desperate conflict the battalion lost one of its three colours. Sir Robert Douglas, seeing the colour on the other side of the hedge, leaped through a gap, slew the French officer who bore the colour, and cast it back into the midst of

Sir Robert Douglas saving the Colours.—1692.

Digitized by Google

"I think my own must be the best."

his own men; but this act of heroism cost him his life, a French marksman having shot him dead while in the act of rejoining his ranks. "Thus the Scots commander, improved upon the Roman general. For the brave Posthumius cast his standard in the middle of the enemy for his soldiers to retrieve; but Douglas retrieved his from the middle of the enemy, and cast it back for his soldiers to retain."

After disastrous Steinkirk there followed several years of campaigning in the Low Countries, and in particular at the siege of Namur, which was deemed impregnable, the Royals acquired a reputation for fire-eating second only to that of the English "Salamander," the immortal Cutts. At all the great battles of Marlborough, too—Blenheim, Ramillies. Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—the Royals, ever freshly recruited from Scotland, bore themselves with a bravery and discipline worthy of their long and illustrious past.

At the Schellenberg, commanding Donauwerth, which preceded Blenheim, the Royals, at a frightful cost of life, helped to storm the entrenchments of the French and Bavarians on a hill top; and when, in spite of all their desperate efforts to oust the foe from his terribly strong position, the scales of battle seemed to be against them, the Scots Greys impatiently flung themselves from their saddles, and stormed up the hill-side to the succour of their hard-pressed countrymen, with whom they presently shook hands on the abandoned ramparts of the enemy. Curiously enough the Schellenberg had once before (in 1632) been similarly stormed by "Hepburn's Scots," who were the lineal ancestors, i.e., *ante-cessores*, of the Royals.

At Blenheim, both battalions of the regiment—it never had less than two—were present and took a prominent part in the utter overthrow of the Bavarians and the French. To the latter it was their first Sedan, for the battle ended in the capitulation of all who escaped cutting down; and the second battalion of the Royals formed part of the escort of the immense number of prisoners who were sent to Holland. The French lost Blenheim for the same reason that they lost Agincourt—their jammed position between the Danube and the village of Lützingen left them no room to deploy, and in the end they had only the choice of being massacred, drowned, or taken prisoners. The Scots Greys were mainly instrumental in preventing their escape, and the Scots Royals helped to take possession of the sheep which their mounted countrymen had driven into a corner. At Blenheim there was great emulation among the various nationalities who fought under the combined banners of Marlborough and Prince Eugène, and the Royal Scots were second to none in their contribution to what old Caspar pronounced to be a "famous victory."

On the morrow of the battle, Marlborough visited his prisoner, the Marshal Duke de Tallard, to whom he expressed his sorrow that "such a misfortune should happen personally to one for whom he had an esteem so profound."

"I congratulate you," replied the Marshal, "on having vanquished the best troops in the world!"

"I think my own must be the best," responded Marlborough, "as they have conquered those on whom you bestow so high an encomium."

At Ramillies, which followed two years after Blenheim, the Royals again contributed to a most complete and crushing victory over their old friends the French, under Marshal Villeroi, an immense number of prisoners with guns, standards, and colours being captured. The regiment was posted on the right, and with several other British, Dutch, and German corps was employed in making a feint on the French left, while Marlborough himself at the head of all his shining cavalry, made a dash for and crumpled up the centre and right. The Royals were passive and impatient spectators of the fight for about an hour; but at length their time came, and with a cheer they dashed forward on the foe. The heroes of the Schellenberg and Blenheim fought like men resolved to die rather than lose their reputation; and the French, Spaniards, and Bavarians were speedily overthrown and driven headlong from the field with a terrible slaughter.

Oudenarde was almost Steinkirk over again, though this time the victory was with the allies; and the crushing defeat of the French was felt all the more bitterly by our exiled James II., who had beheld the battle from the steeple of an adjacent church, as he knew the ranks of the victors to include that loyal Scottish regiment which had been the main pillar of his throne at Sedgemoor, and which had incurred the odium of mutiny on his account.

At Malplaquet, too—which was the greatest battle that had hitherto ever been fought in Europe—the Royals, who had just been reinforced by a body of fine recruits from Scotland, were again in the forefront of the fight, and took a prominent part in the determining incident of that day. Two battalions of the Foot Guards, who had been told off to assault the entrenchments in the wood of Taisnière, were driven back by the terrific fire of the foe. But now the dour devils of Scots who had stormed the Schellenberg advanced to the support of the Guards, their line being prolonged by Argyle's "Buffs"—the third oldest regiment in the Army—and several other corps; and these troops, says the old chronicle, "rushing forward, with the native energy and resolution of Britons, forced the entrenchments in gallant style, the French falling back into the woods." It now became a wood-fight of the most desperate kind, every tree being fiercely disputed.

For the next forty years the Royals enjoyed—but was this a thing which they *did* enjoy?—a period of comparative peace, doing garrison duty in England, Ireland, and

In the wood of Taisnière.

Digitized by Google

the West Indies; and during this period it was only at Fontenoy and Culloden that they were called upon to re-assert their ancient prowess—the 1st battalion at the former battle, and the 2nd at the latter But Fontenoy was one of the Isandhlwanas which each of our regiments, according to Lord Wolseley, can boast of; for this time the British Army was essentially an army of lions commanded, if not by asses, at least by an ass—the red-faced, stupid, blustering Duke of Cumberland, afterwards known as the "Butcher." At Culloden he butchered Prince Charlie's men, but at Fontenoy he massacred his own, and the splendid heroism and self-sacrificing spirit of the British force under his command were of no avail when the genius of a Marshal Saxe was pitted against the flustered muddle-headedness of a mere "Martial Boy," as the Duke of Cumberland was ironically called by the nation. But for the stubborn gallantry of the Royals, who covered the retreat of the blundering Duke's forces, and sacrificed 277 officers and men in doing so, the battle might have been an Isandhlwana for the whole British Army.

Hitherto the Royals, recruited and officered mostly from the Lowlands, had monopolised the infantry honours of Scotland in the English Army; but side by side with them at Fontenoy there had fought, for the first time with a British Army in the field, a regiment of Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch"; and between these two regiments—one mainly Saxon, the other mainly Celtic—there now sprang up a rivalry that was destined to make itself felt on many a bloody battlefield of the future.

of the Fraser Highlanders; and subsequently the Royals, now generally known as the "First or Royal Regiment of Foot," were foremost in the second and successful attack on Ticonderoga, where the "Black Watch" had previously sacrificed no fewer than 647 of its rank and file in the heroic but unavailing effort to storm its impregnable ramparts.

If the Royals had only been there to support the "Forty Twa's," they might have done with Ticonderoga what they did a few years later (1762) with the Morro, the key of the fortifications of the Havanah (*i.e.*, "Harbour") in the island of Cuba, which England, having now declared war against Spain as well as France, had resolved to attack. So the 2nd battalion of the Royal Scots were called away from their war of extermination against the Cherokee Indians, and commanded to subdue the pride of the Spanish Dons. This was a task which did not take them long; and after some painful siege operations the besiegers sprang a mine. A dreadful roar and splitting sound was heard, and when the smoke and dust cleared away, there was seen in the massive wall of the Morro a breach which the Earl of Albemarle described as being "just practicable enough for a file of men in front."

That was quite good enough for the Royal Scots, as well as the men of the 9th and 90th Regiments, who formed the storming party. Lieutenant Charles Forbes of the Scots led the assault, and mounting the breach untouched amid the storm of musketry that swept it, with signal gallantry formed up the survivors of his forlorn hope on the summit, and with levelled bayonet charged the whole line of the rampart. "The

Capture of the Morro.

This rivalry was first displayed at Quiberon Bay in 1746, when the Royals and "Black Watch" brigaded together under General James Sinclair, colonel of the former, stormed an eighteen-gun battery, and, steel in hand, drove the French headlong out of it; and again the following year, at Hulst in Holland, where the same two battalions held the outlying Fort Sandberg against all attempts of the French to take it. A Dutch regiment gave way, and the French continued their triumphant career until they encountered the Royals, when there ensued a most sanguinary conflict of musketry that was kept up throughout the night. When the dawn came it was found that about 400 officers and men of the Royals were down; yet the survivors, though standing amidst the dying and the dead, and being unable to move without treading on a killed or wounded man, maintained their ground with unbated resolution, and continued to pour their fatal volleys at the enemy, who had lost just as heavily, until relieved by their comrades of the "Black Watch," and then it was all over with the French. "The troops," said a writer in the *Scots Magazine*, "did honour to their country, particularly the 1st battalion of the Royal Scots, who were put to the hardest trials, behaved heroically, and suffered much."

They behaved with equal heroism at the siege and capture of Louisburg, on Cape Breton, where their rivalry with the "Black Watch" was now exchanged for emulation

attack," wrote the Earl of Albemarle, "was so vigorous and impetuous that the enemy were instantly driven from the breach, and His Majesty's (George III.'s) standard was instantly placed upon the bastion." As Lieutenants Forbes, Nugent of the 9th, and Holroyd of the 90th Regiments, were congratulating each other on their sudden and splendid success, the latter two were shot down by a party of desperate Spaniards, who fired from an adjacent lighthouse. Forbes was so exasperated by the death of his friends that he attacked the lighthouse, at the head of a few of his Scots, and put all its occupants to the sword.

This was fine training for the corps which was afterwards to take conspicuous part in the storming of such places as Badajoz, Burgos, and San Sebastian in the time of Napoleon; and curiously enough the Royal Scots—2nd battalion—were the first British regiment with which Bonaparte ever came into conflict, though before the end of his Satanic career he and his troops were destined to see much more of it and to feel the force of its bayonets, too. Nay, as Napoleon himself received a bayonet wound in the thigh in one of the combats around Toulon, may this wound not have been inflicted by one of the Royal Scots who, with some more British and other troops, were holding the great French arsenal in the Mediterranean on behalf of the Anti-Revolutionists? And may not the cannon shot that covered with dust the letter which Sergeant—afterwards Marshal—Junot was

Digitized by Google

writing to the dictation of Napoleon have come from Fort Mulgrave that was held by the Royal Scots?

It was at Corunna that the Royals—now officially designated the "First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots"—began that career of glory which only ended at Waterloo. Two fresh battalions raised in Scotland had, in 1804, been added to the regiment, which now consisted of four; and it was the 3rd that gloriously carried the colours of the Royals from Corunna to Quatre-Bras. The battle of Corunna had been preceded by the retreat of Moore's army to the sea, before an overwhelming French force—at first under Napoleon, then under Soult—for about 250 miles along roads covered with snow, over mountains and rivers, and through narrow defiles—a retreat entailing far more hardships and hazards than that of Xenophon from the Euphrates to the Euxine; and in this retreat, together with the victorious battle which Moore's army had to fight at Corunna before being able to embark, the Royals (who were brigaded with the Cameronians, and were posted not far from the "Black Watch") lost just as many men as the miles they had to traverse before reaching their ships. Their losses, indeed, were the heaviest of all, a proof that their colours had waved where danger was deadliest, and they were thanked in general orders for their gallant conduct.

Having thus received its baptism of fire at Corunna, the 3rd battalion of the Royals next was destined to engage in the positive eating of that element at the adjacent sea-side fortress of San Sebastian, after having lived, in the interval, mainly on bullets at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Burgos, and Vittoria. At the last-named battle, which completed the wreck of the French field-armies in Spain, the Royals turned the enemy's right and cut off his retreat to France; and all that now remained for Wellington to do, before standing "on the summit of the Pyrenees, a recognised conqueror," was to reduce the immensely strong fortress of San Sebastian, which would give him direct sea-communication with England. Accordingly Sir Thomas Graham, with the 1st and 5th Divisions—the latter including the Royals—was told off to invest that formidable place of arms, and before long two breaches, reported practicable, had been made. To the storming of one of these the Scots had the good fortune to be set, and at the dawn of a July day they started up out of the trenches and dashed forward to the gap.

"Major Peter Fraser," says the regimental record, "while gallantly encouraging his brave men, was killed. Though the cannon of the fortress thundered in front, the French poured down their volleys of musketry and grenades, shells and stones darkened the air, yet onward went the Royal Scots and assailed the breach with a degree of valour and intrepidity which rivalled the gallant exploits of their predecessors under the great Gustavus. But the defence round the breach had not been destroyed. Success was found impossible, and the stormers were ordered to retire." As the Divisional orders said: "The Royal Regiment proved, by the numbers left in the breach, that it would have been carried had they not been opposed by real obstacles, which no human prowess could overcome." In this terrible struggle the battalion lost, in killed and wounded, 333 officers and men.

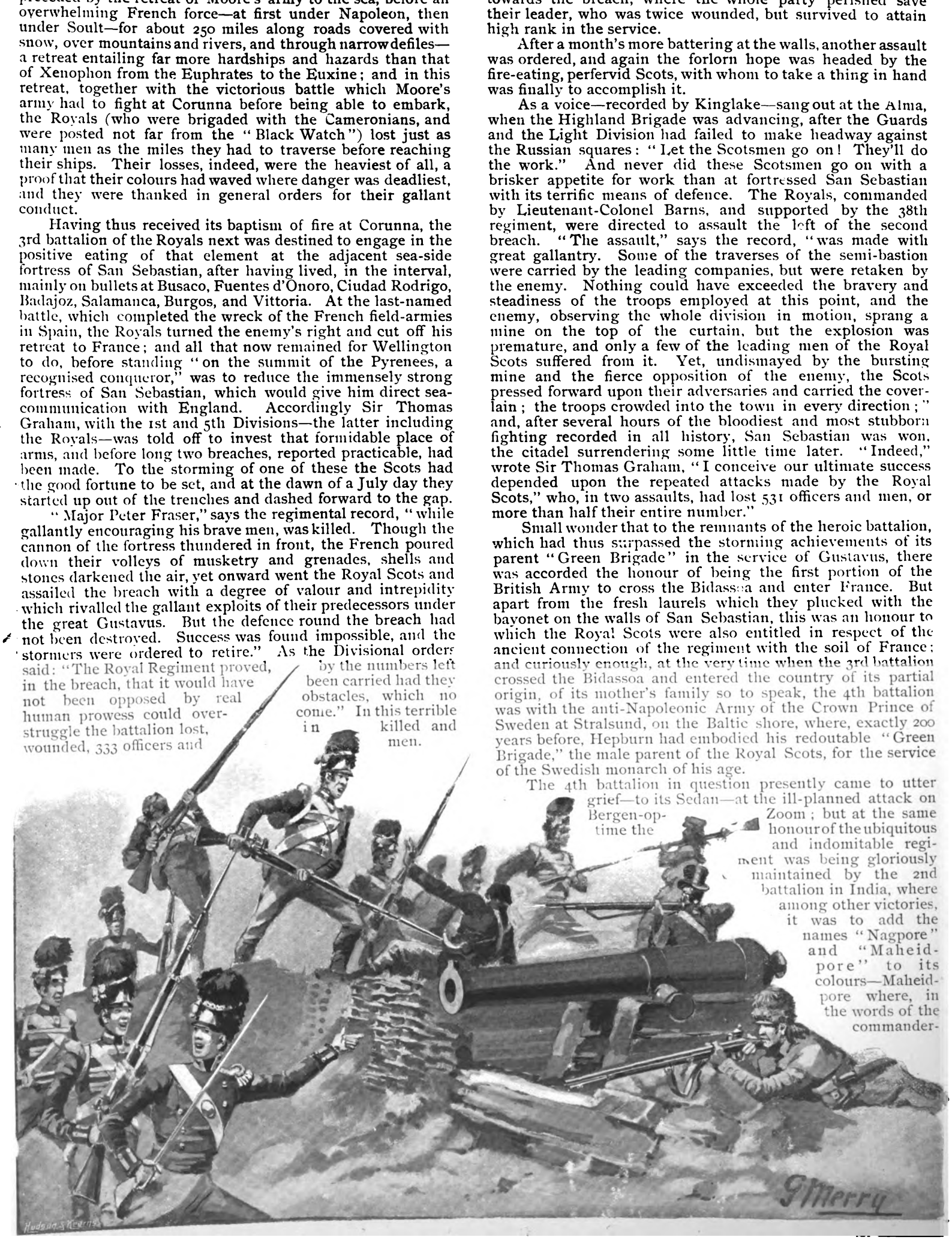
But though the ranks of the Royal Scots had been thus far more than decimated, their courage was far from damped. A few days afterwards a false attack was ordered in the night to make the enemy spring their mines, a most desperate service undertaken by Lieut. Macadam. The order was so suddenly issued that neither volunteers were asked nor rewards offered for it, but instantly some of the Scots leaped forth to court what seemed instant death. With a rapid pace and with loud shouts, in extended line, and firing rapidly, they rushed towards the breach, where the whole party perished save their leader, who was twice wounded, but survived to attain high rank in the service.

After a month's more battering at the walls, another assault was ordered, and again the forlorn hope was headed by the fire-eating, perfervid Scots, with whom to take a thing in hand was finally to accomplish it.

As a voice—recorded by Kinglake—sang out at the Alma, when the Highland Brigade was advancing, after the Guards and the Light Division had failed to make headway against the Russian squares: "Let the Scotsmen go on! They'll do the work." And never did these Scotsmen go on with a brisker appetite for work than at fortressed San Sebastian with its terrific means of defence. The Royals, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Barns, and supported by the 38th regiment, were directed to assault the left of the second breach. "The assault," says the record, "was made with great gallantry. Some of the traverses of the semi-bastion were carried by the leading companies, but were retaken by the enemy. Nothing could have exceeded the bravery and steadiness of the troops employed at this point, and the enemy, observing the whole division in motion, sprang a mine on the top of the curtain, but the explosion was premature, and only a few of the leading men of the Royal Scots suffered from it. Yet, undismayed by the bursting mine and the fierce opposition of the enemy, the Scots pressed forward upon their adversaries and carried the cover-lain; the troops crowded into the town in every direction;" and, after several hours of the bloodiest and most stubborn fighting recorded in all history, San Sebastian was won, the citadel surrendering some little time later. "Indeed," wrote Sir Thomas Graham, "I conceive our ultimate success depended upon the repeated attacks made by the Royal Scots," who, in two assaults, had lost 531 officers and men, or more than half their entire number."

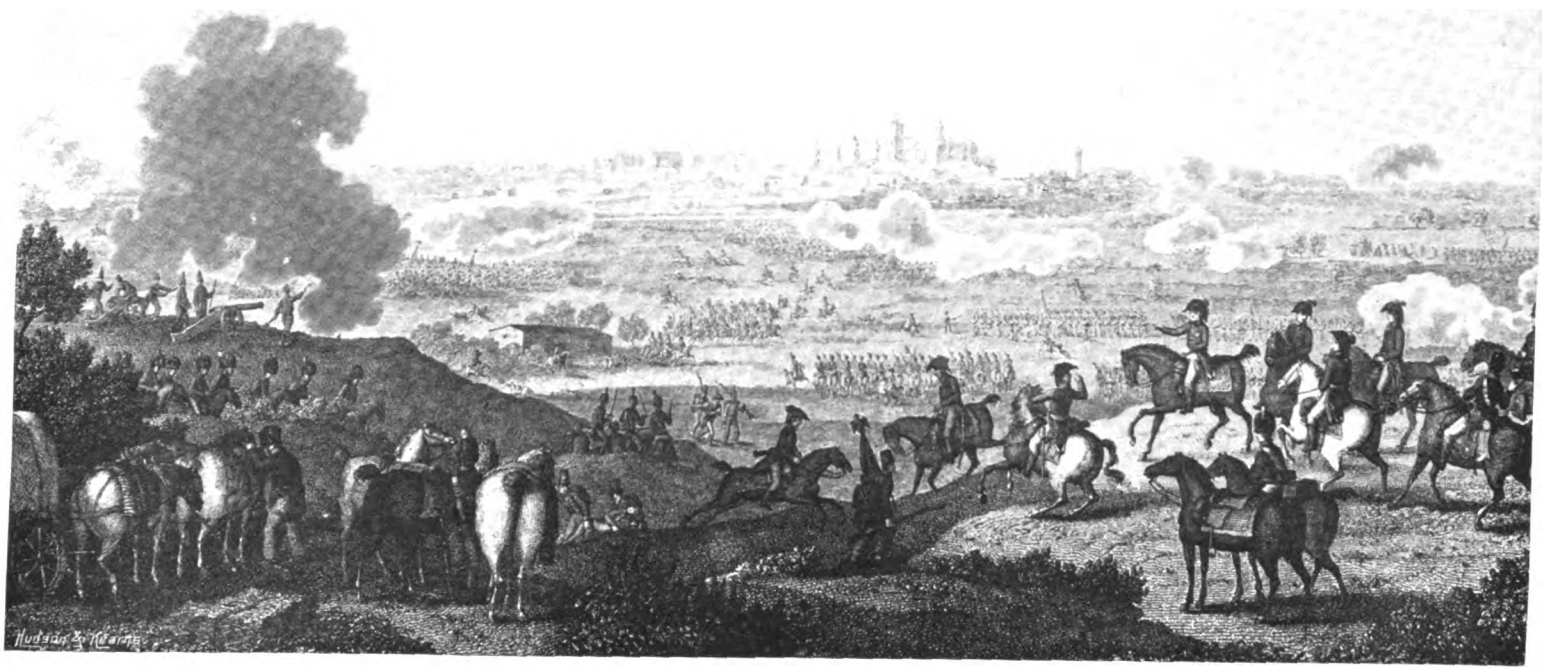
Small wonder that to the remnants of the heroic battalion, which had thus surpassed the storming achievements of its parent "Green Brigade" in the service of Gustavus, there was accorded the honour of being the first portion of the British Army to cross the Bidassoa and enter France. But apart from the fresh laurels which they plucked with the bayonet on the walls of San Sebastian, this was an honour to which the Royal Scots were also entitled in respect of the ancient connection of the regiment with the soil of France; and curiously enough, at the very time when the 3rd battalion crossed the Bidassoa and entered the country of its partial origin, of its mother's family so to speak, the 4th battalion was with the anti-Napoleonic Army of the Crown Prince of Sweden at Stralsund, on the Baltic shore, where, exactly 200 years before, Hepburn had embodied his redoutable "Green Brigade," the male parent of the Royal Scots, for the service of the Swedish monarch of his age.

The 4th battalion in question presently came to utter grief—to its Sedan—at the ill-planned attack on Bergen-op-Zoom; but at the same time the honour of the ubiquitous and indomitable regiment was being gloriously maintained by the 2nd battalion in India, where among other victories, it was to add the names "Nagpore" and "Maheidpore" to its colours—Maheidpore where, in the words of the commander-



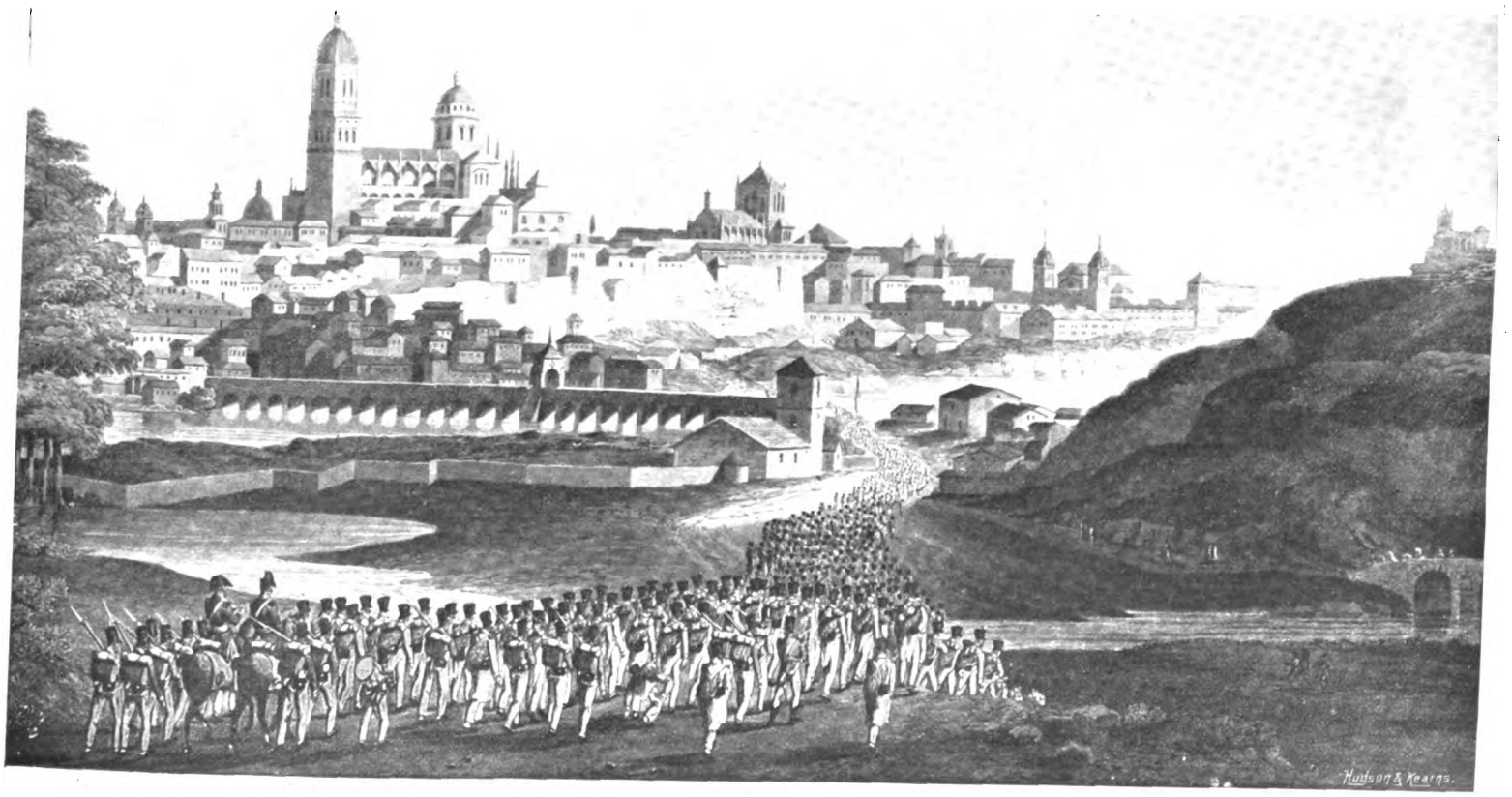
The Storming of Fort Niagara (1813).

Digitized by Google



From an Engraving by H. L'EVEQUE.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.



From an engraving by J. H. CLARK and M. DUBOURG. After Capt. WILMOT, R.H.A.

MARCH OF FRENCH PRISONERS INTO SALAMANCA

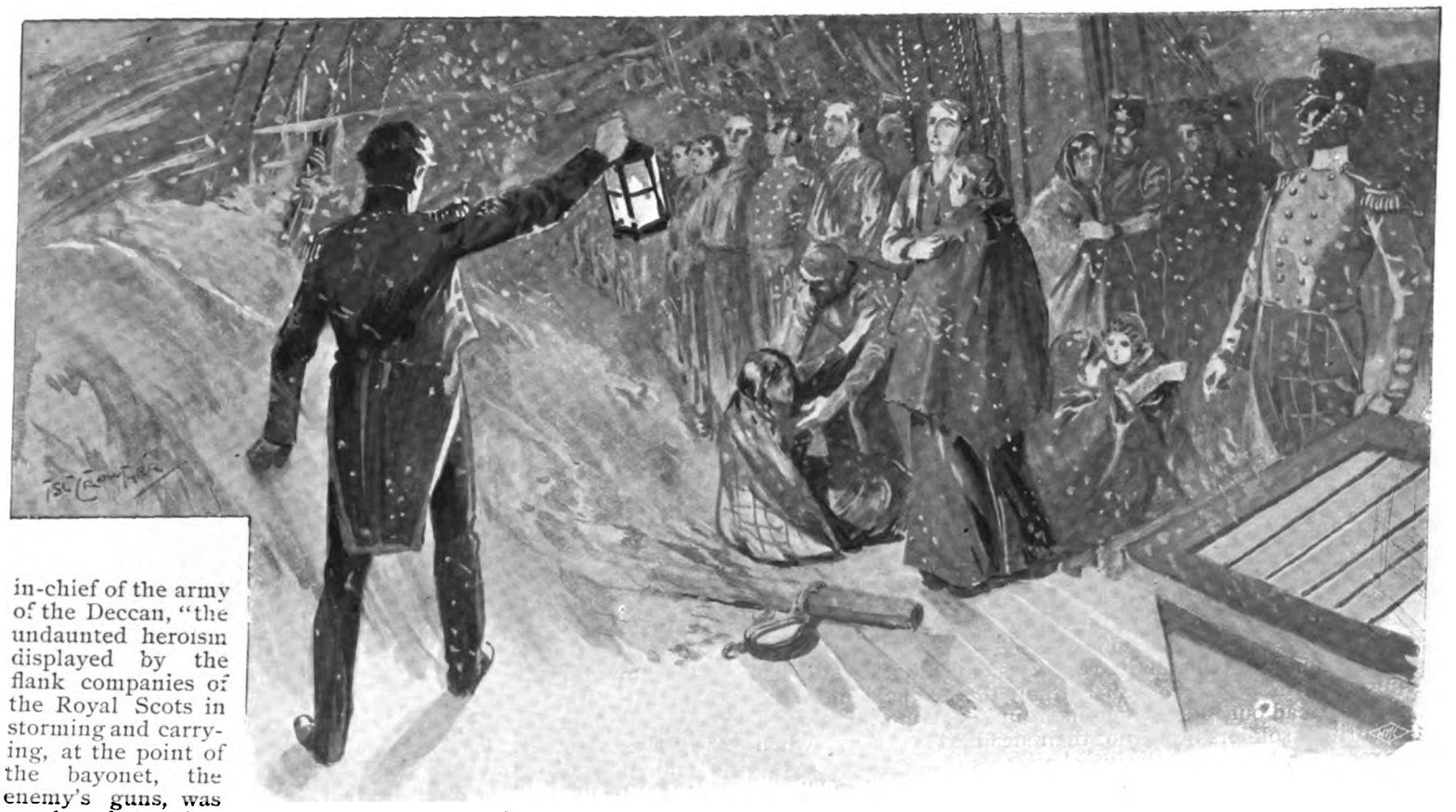
Digitized by Google

Photo. M. IVANE. Edinburgh.

THE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE ROYAL SCOTS.

THIS handsome regimental centre-piece, belonging to the first battalion of Royal Scots, is one of the most distinctive trophies of the kind. Its execution in silver on an ebony base took three years, all the details being faithfully reproduced from the regimental records and specimens of arms and accoutrements preserved in the Tower. Standing about three feet four inches high, the centre-piece is surmounted by a striking incident in the history of the corps, the recapture of the colours, at the cost of his life, by the sixth colonel of the regiment, Sir ROBERT DOUGLAS of Glenbervie, at the battle of Steenkirk, 1692. The centre portion bears scrolls commemorative of the battle honours of the regiment, with trophies, arms, etc., while four silver tablets commemorate Blenheim, Corunna, San Sebastian, and Quatre Bras, in each of which battles the Royals particularly distinguished themselves, The four corner figures are exact representations respectively of a "Green Royal" pikeman of 1625, a musketeer of sixty years later, a private of 1742, and a private of the grenadier company of 1813. Being of exceedingly handsome workmanship, and of great historic interest by reason of the scrupulous fidelity of the reproduction, the centre-piece is one of which the officers of the regiment are justly proud.

Digitized by Google



The Wreck of the Transport "Premier."

in-chief of the army of the Deccan, "the undaunted heroism displayed by the flank companies of the Royal Scots in storming and carrying, at the point of the bayonet, the enemy's guns, was worthy of the high name and reputation of the regiment."

At the same time also the 1st battalion, emulating in the New World the martial prowess of its sister battalions in the Old, was plucking Canadian laurels with the point of the bayonet; and in particular at the storming of Fort Niagara, the Royals carried all before them. "I have to express my admiration," wrote Colonel Murray to General Drummond, "of the valour of the grenadier company of the Royals under Captain Bailey, whose zeal and gallantry were very conspicuous . . . . Their instructions were not to fire, but to carry the place at the point of the bayonet. These orders were punctually obeyed, a circumstance that not only proves their intrepidity, but reflects great credit on their discipline."

But it was now reserved to the 3rd battalion of the regiment to show upon the ensanguined plains of Quatre Bras and Waterloo that it could handle the bayonet better even than its sister bodies at Niagara in the New World and Nagpore in the Old one, better even than the invincible veterans of Hepburn's "Green Brigade" had wielded their pikes. This 3rd battalion, after taking part in the siege of Bayonne—the birthplace, by the way, of the bayonet—was the last of the British Army of occupation to leave France as it had been the first to enter it; and on the escape of the Corsican ogre from Elba, it was again one of the first that reached Belgium for the purpose of catching and finally caging him up. It formed part of Pack's Brigade in Picton's Division, and at Quatre Bras its square sustained and repulsed no fewer than seven successive charges of French cavalry, without ever flinching. "Though charged six or seven times," wrote an eye-witness, "by an infinite superiority of numbers, the French cavalry never for an instant made the slightest impression upon the square of the Royal Scots," and finally, after having been volleyed at by the enemy's musketeers, and slashed at by the furious squadrons of their steel-clad horsemen, who could make not even the slightest impression on their serried, rock-fast ranks, they were formed into line and led forward to the charge by Picton himself, when, with the 28th regiment they tumbled back the enemy in headlong rout, and enabled Wellington to maintain his mastery of the field.

Again, two days later at Waterloo, the behaviour of the Royal Scots evoked repeated compliments from their commander, Picton. "Though I have been present with the battalion," wrote an officer, "at the battles of Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, both stormings of San Sebastian, the passage of the Bidassoa, etc., etc., in which they bore a conspicuous part and suffered severely, I can assure you they never evinced more steadiness or more determined bravery than at the late battle. . . . I have often seen the battalion engaged; but I must confess, on this trying day, it far excelled anything I had ever witnessed." While the thunder of 400 guns, the roll of musketry, the occasional explosion of caissons, the hissing of balls and grape-shot, the clashing of arms, and the impetuous shouts of the combatants proved an awful scene of carnage and confusion, the Royal Scots were seen amid the storm of battle, boldly confronting the torrent of superior numbers, and fighting with a constancy and valour which the enemy could not overcome. In the two days' fighting, the exhibition of these qualities had cost the Royal Scots a loss of 360 officers and men killed and wounded. After the peace the 3rd and 4th battalions were disbanded, the men of the former being divided between the 1st and 2nd, which thus also received the right to inscribe on their colours the victories of the battalion which had fought so gloriously from Corunna to Waterloo.

I have already alluded by anticipation to the services of the 2nd battalion in India at Nagpore and Maheidpore in 1817, and their conquering career in the Deccan culminated two years later in the assault and capture of the celebrated fortress of Asseerghur, which, on account of its great strength, was termed the "Gibraltar of the East." Some years later the battalion proceeded to Burma, where it added to its reputation for invincibility with the bayonet by the storming of stockades.

With "Ava" added to their colours, the Royal Scots (2nd battalion), after twenty-three years' continuous service in the East, returned home, and were presently despatched to the far West, exchanging the Irawaddy for the St. Lawrence; and they had not been long in Canada before they were called upon to help in putting down a rebellion which had broken out among the disaffected of the Dominion. It is never a very congenial task for troops to have to suppress an armed civilian rising of their own race, though the Royals on this occasion did their duty with a firmness and self-restraint worthy of strong and generous men.

But it was not on a battlefield during their stay in Canada that they were called upon to exhibit heroism of the highest kind: it was on the deck of a sinking ship. While on the way from Quebec to the West Indies with the head-quarters and several companies of the Royals on board, the transport "Premier" was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and all on board would undoubtedly have perished but for the splendid order and discipline preserved by the Scots. It was pitch dark, "the snow," wrote Sir Daniel Lysons, who was on board, "was falling fast, and every sea was breaking over the ship as she crashed and banged among the rocks . . . . Ned Wetherell and I went below to see how the men were getting on. The women were sobbing and their children were clinging round them, while husbands were endeavouring to cheer their wives with hopes they could not entertain themselves, but all were quiet and resigned."

By dint of great efforts, all on board were gradually conveyed ashore when daylight came; and on receiving a report of the whole affair, General Sir James Hope, commanding at Quebec, assembled the garrison in order that he might have "the satisfaction of personally expressing to the troops his entire and perfect approbation of the admirable conduct of the right wing of the Royal Regiment under the most trying circumstances. There is no regiment in Her Majesty's service that has distinguished itself more than the Royals have

Digitized by Google

done, but good conduct in the presence of an enemy is so common an occurrence with British soldiers, when the excitement to gallant conduct is at its height, that the Major-General would not think it was necessary to advert to what is now well known. On this occasion, however, the distressing condition of the men during the peril of shipwreck was calculated to call for that cool and resigned intrepidity which has been shown, etc."—in fact the Royal Scots now evinced those heroic qualities in face of imminent destruction which were a few years later to be again so conspicuously displayed by their countrymen of the 74th Highlanders, and others, on board the "Birkenhead," when sinking off the coast of South Africa during the Kaffir War of 1852—an exhibition of such coolness and discipline in the very jaws of death that even the King of Prussia ordered an account of the incident to be solemnly read out to every regiment in his service, as a proof that British soldiers broke not their steadfast ranks even when the roaring waves were closing above them.

The Royal Scot in China.

Two years after the sinking of the "Birkenhead," the Russian war broke out, and the Royals were ordered to the East. Two battalions strong, forming part of the 3rd Division commanded by Sir Richard England, they were present, as recorded by the proud blazonry on their colours, at the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. Here they had another opportunity of fighting side by side with their old friends and fellow-comrades, the French; and several of them—rank and file—were decorated with the Legion of Honour. At the Alma the Royals had the misfortune to be used as a kind of reserve force, while their comrades of the Highland Brigade were set to break the backbone of Russian resistance on the heights; but at the siege of Sebastopol they did their ample share of duty in the trenches, and were conspicuous for their silent, dogged endurance of the terrible hardships entailed by that most mismanaged of all campaigns.

Somewhat down in their luck as to the share of front-rank fighting which had been assigned them in the Crimea, the Royals were still more unfortunate in not being sent out to India in time to share in the suppression of the Mutiny. But now, again, their turn came when they proceeded to China to take part in the reduction of the Taku Forts and the capture of Pekin, where they again fought side by side with their ancient friends, the French, to whom they proved most decidedly superior in point of discipline, while not inferior to them in respect of courage. And then their lot, comparatively speaking, fell on piping times of peace, which ill accorded with the past history and the fighting ardour of the regiment. They were within an ace, it is true, of taking part in the Nile Expedition of 1884, but on reaching Gibraltar they were diverted to South Africa to form the backbone of Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland field force, and afterwards sent out to Zululand to quell Dinizulu's revolt.

Enough has already been said to show that the Royal Scots have proved to be the champion fighters of the British Army. It may now be added that of that army they are also the champion footballers; and between the qualities required for fighting and for footballing there is a very obvious connection. The battles of the future will be won, not so much, as Wellington said of Waterloo, on the cricket fields of Eton and of other great public schools, as on the athletic-sport grounds of our garrison towns; and, judged by their past achievements on the football field, the Royal Scots, as ever in the past, ought to retain their reputation for being the first to mount the imminent deadly breach. At present the 1st battalion, at Edinburgh, is the champion military team at home, while the 2nd battalion, stationed at Mandalay, is equally the champion of all India. And not only are they the champions, but they are the easy champions; the 1st battalion having, out of six matches, scored twenty-six goals and only given five away

But what other than this high athletic excellence could be expected of men who are filled with the glorious traditions of the ancient corps to which they are so proud to belong, and who are inspired with the ambition to live up in every respect to the standard of their famous predecessors. No wonder that the Queen herself proudly referred to the fact of her being the "daughter" of this regiment, when presenting the 1st battalion with new colours at Ballater in 1876—just about two hundred years after it finally returned from France and took its permanent place on the British establishment. "In entrusting these colours to your charge," said Her Majesty, "it gives me much pleasure to remind you that I have been associated with your regiment from my earliest infancy, when my dear father was your Colonel. He was proud of his profession, and I was always taught to consider myself a soldier's child. . . . I now present these colours to you, convinced that you will uphold the glory and reputation of my 1st Regiment of Foot, the Royal Scots."

Presentation of Colours by the Queen to the 1st Battalion Royal Scots.

Digitized by Google

The Battle Honours of the British Fleet
THE "WARSPITE"
BY
Edward Fraser
"War's spite, indeed, and we to do him right,
Will call the ship he fought in the 'War's-spite.'"

TWO men-of-war of the British fleet of to-day bear names that in the first place were specially given to commemorate the overthrow of the Spanish Armada. The "Warspite" is one of the two, and a name of Queen Elizabeth's own selection. An old play, written while our first "Warspite" was still doing duty in the first line of the sea-going fleet, tells the story of the giving of the name—Thomas Heywood's "If you know not me you know nothing," first published in 1605. The scene in which the incident of the naming of the "Warspite" occurs shows Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Camp, with her Court around her, in the act of receiving the news of the defeat of the Armada, as messengers or "posts" from the coast arrive. One comes to tell of the opening skirmish off the Eddystone. A second to tell of the desperate battle off Portland, and bearing the additional news that the gallant Martin Frobisher had fallen in the fight. A third messenger follows close on the heels of the second, breathless and mud-bespattered, to say that the report of Frobisher's death was false. The brave captain of the "Triumph," says he, is not only quite unhurt, but has been performing marvels of heroic valour.

On these the "post" then dilates:—

> "* * * * * * * when the great galleons
> And galleons had environ'd them,
> The undaunted Frobisher though round beset,
> Cheer'd up his soldiers and well mann'd his fights,
> And standing bareheaded bravely on the deck,
> When murdering shot, as thick as April's hail,
> Sung by his ears, he wav'd his warlike sword,
> Firing at once his tiers on either side,
> With such a fury that he brake their chains,
> Shattered their decks and made their stoutest ships
> Like drunkards reel and tumble side to side.
> Thus in war's spite and all the Spaniard's scoff
> He brought both ship and soldiers bravely off.
>
> QUEEN:
>
> War's spite, indeed, and we to do him right,
> Will call the ship he fought in the 'War's-spite.'"

To that extent, however, Her Majesty did not quite go. It would have been too hard to have deprived the finest man-of-war of all the Queen's fleet of her honoured name. But what, was indeed better, was done. At the earliest opportunity, when the next new ship was added to the Navy, Frobisher's heroism was commemorated in her, our first "Warspite" of the Royal Navy. With SirWalter Raleigh on her quarter-deck, as Raleigh's flagship at the head of a squadron of picked men-of-war in the great Naval Expedition against Cadiz of 1596, we make our first acquaintance with the "Warspite."

Never before had so important an expedition set sail from England as that in which the "Warspite" received her baptism of fire. During the eight years since the overthrow of the Spanish Armada, King Philip's shipwrights had been toiling in secret night and day to create another Armada more powerful than the first, and their work had been accomplished until to organize the crews only remained. Information of what was going on fortunately reached England betimes, and, realising the extremity of the peril, Queen Elizabeth and her Councillors devised a counter stroke. Every available man-of-war was ordered to be fitted out, and the pick of our sea-going merchantmen were embargoed as transports for soldiers.

In all they comprised upwards of 150 sail:—seventeen Queen's men-of war, and twenty-two smaller armed ships sent by the States of Holland, with transports, victuallers, flyboats, and tenders. They were divided into four squadrons:—under Effingham in the "Ark Royal," Essex in the "Repulse," Lord Thomas Howard in the "Mer Honour," and Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Warspite."

They sailed and before the Spaniards were well aware of their coming, had arrived off Cadiz and anchored:—Howard and Essex with the main body of the fleet westward of the city, off San Sebastian beacon tower; Raleigh with the "Warspite" and her squadron directly off the harbour mouth, with orders "that the ships riding near Cadiz did not escape." At first it was proposed to land the troops from the transports and storm the city walls, leaving the Spanish fleet to be dealt with later; but that scheme was over-ruled, owing to a great extent to Raleigh's arguments against it. A naval attack in force on the Spanish warships in the harbour was decided on as the first essential. In this attack the post of honour, the leading of the van, was allotted to the "Warspite," to Raleigh's great joy. Of Raleigh's elation on the occasion, indeed there is a story told. While being pulled back to the "Warspite" from the "Ark Royal," after the final plan of attack had been settled, he had to pass close to the "Repulse" where Essex, hitherto the chief advocate of the first landing scheme, was standing near the taffrail. Raleigh saw Essex, and as the barge of the "Warspite" shot by, could not resist springing to his feet and, with a wave of his hat, shouting the news up to his great Court rival. "Intramus," he called, exultingly:—in other words—"We are to force the entry." Essex, impulsive and hot-headed, on the spur of the moment let go all thoughts of his own proposal. With an answering cheer he tossed high into the air his own plumed cap, letting it go fluttering off on the breeze into the sea.

The opening of the attack was fixed for early next morning, the 21st of June, and at daybreak our ships began to get in motion. They formed themselves into two groups: one of six ships, headed by the "Warspite," to lead the attack; the other, the main body of the fleet, to remain a little astern and take advantage of what opportunities might offer. So the attacking force advanced right into the mouth of the harbour until within gunshot of the advanced lines of the Spanish galleons. These, some thirty-five large vessels heavily

Digitized by Google

gunned, were ranged in line in close order, moored head and stern, broadside on to the English advance right across the entrance. Seventeen war galleys of formidable size in addition were drawn up at one end of the line, their prows flanking the approach of the foe. Behind the galleys towered the fortress of San Philip and the batteries on the city walls. As the "Warspite" came on every gun the Spaniards could bring to bear from the fortress and batteries, and galleys and galleons, opened on Raleigh's ship, concentrating a tremendous fire. But Raleigh made no reply with a single gun, and then as he neared the Spaniards he saluted first the forts and then the galleys with a contemptuous fan-fare of trumpets. He had another aim in view. It was not for honour alone that he had asked for and obtained the coveted post of leader of the van. He knew something of the ships before him, and had vowed to himself that he would see the end of one of them in particular, or in his "Warspite" go down alongside. "The San Philip," says Raleigh, "the great and famous admiral of Spain was the mark I shot at, esteeming the galleys but as wasps." Others might forget, but Raleigh had not forgotten, what the "San Philip" had done in bringing about the doom of a certain English ship but five short years before, that the "San Philip" had been the foremost in bringing about the catastrophe of the "Revenge," that under her guns Raleigh's dearly loved kinsman, Richard Grenville, had been done to death. Poetic justice, indeed, was it that it should fall to Raleigh, of all Englishmen, to strike the avenging blow. As the avenging "Warspite" swept forward the image of the dying Grenville came again before Raleigh's eyes, and bringing the "Warspite" as near the "San Philip" as the wind would let him, Raleigh anchored, "being resolved to be revenged for the 'Revenge' or to second her with his own life."

On either side of the "Warspite" anchored the other five men-of-war of Raleigh's squadron, engaging forthwith and keeping up a desperate set-to with the Spaniards, which lasted some hours. Some of the ships of the rear group then joined them, headed by Essex who, excited beyond restraint by the firing, now brought up the "Repulse" close to the "Warspite." Raleigh seeing the "Repulse" coming, went on board to ask for the fly-boats—which it had been arranged were to follow Raleigh to board the galleons—to be hurried up. Magnificently as the "Warspite" and her consorts had been fighting, the tremendous fire from the Spanish guns was beginning to tell on them. Essex advised Raleigh to see Lord Howard, who was now close astern in the "Ark Royal." Raleigh did so, but Effingham could give little immediate help, and then Raleigh went back to the "Warspite" resolved to make one desperate effort of his own on the "San Philip." A warp was laid out—"to shake hands with her for with the wind we could not get aboard" and other ships were following suit, when of a sudden the Spanish resistance collapsed. "They let all slip and ran aground, tumbling into the sea, heaps of soldiers, as thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud." Boarders, sword in hand, were at once called away to seize the great "San Philip," but quick as were the "Warspite's" men it was in vain. Before the Spanish soldiers had all flung themselves from the ship's sides bursts of red flame spurted forth from the "San Philip's" ports, and in less time than Raleigh's men could get on board, the longed-for prize was blazing from stem to stern. "The spectacle was very lamentable on their side, for many drowned themselves, many, half-burned, leaped into the water, very many hanging by the ropes' ends by the ship's side, under the water even to the lips, many swimming with grievous wounds, stricken under water and put out of their pain, and withal so huge a fire, and such a tearing of the ordnance in the great 'Philip' and the rest when the fire came to them as, if a man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured." Such was the "Warspite's" share in the great naval battle at Cadiz on St. Barnabas' Day, 1596.

What followed, the completion of the victory and the taking of the city, was the work of the landing parties and the soldiers. Some of the "Warspite's" men were among these, and had a share in what was done, although, unfortunately, their gallant Commander was not with them. A severe wound received towards the close of his duel with the "San Philip" kept Raleigh, chafing sorely at his enforced inaction, on board ship until all was over. He then took the "Warspite" to sea, sickness having broken out on board, and after that, leaving the fleet altogether, the "Warspite" shaped her course for England to be the first bearer of the news of the great achievement.

In the last great expedition in which Sir Walter served as a Naval officer, the "Islands' Expedition" of 1597. Raleigh again specially chose the "Warspite" as his ship—King Philip—as after the disaster of '88,—had vowed vengeance for the Cadiz raid, and, strong at sea as Spain still remained, the best plan of counter attack was to strike at Spain's most vulnerable point—her sources of supply from oversea. One effect of the Cadiz Expedition had been to stop for a twelve-month the sailing of the Spanish Plate Fleet from the Indies, the mainstay of the Spanish treasury, and it was now planned to further keep that fleet from reaching Spain for another year. To that end, in the summer of 1597, a powerful fleet was fitted out, one of the squadrons of which was placed under Raleigh in the "Warspite."

"The 'San Philip,' the great and famous Admiral of Spain, was the mark I shot at."

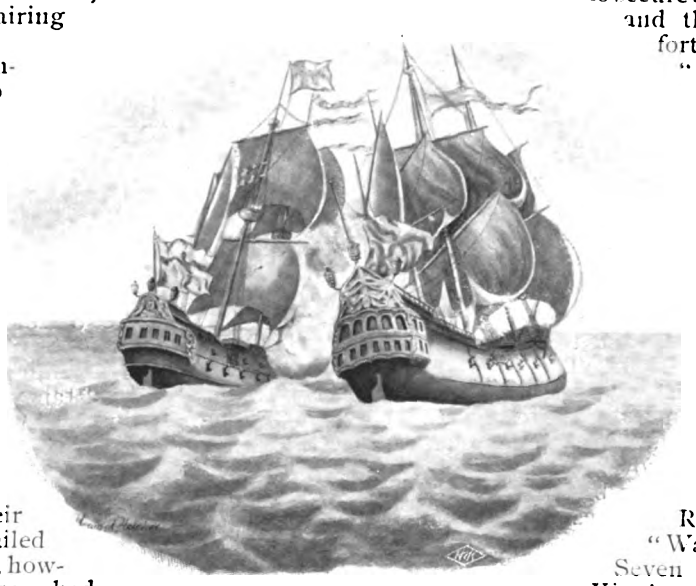
Digitized by Google

"pushed inland to fight their way to Fayal."

The fleet sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 10th of July, and kept together for twenty-four hours, when a fierce gale burst upon them. The "Warspite" and the ships of her squadron managed for a time to keep together; but they, like the rest, were, in the course of the third day out, forced apart. "We could," says Raleigh, "carry out no sail, which to our judgment would not have been rent off the yards by the winds, and yet our ships rolled so vehemently, and so disjointed themselves, that we were driven either to force it again with our course or to sink. In my ship it hath shaken all her beams, knees, and stanchions well-nigh asunder, in so much as on Saturday night last we made account to have yielded ourselves up to God. For we had no way to work, either by trying, hauling, or driving, that promised better hope, our men being worsted with labours and watchings, and our ship so open everywhere, all her bulkheads rent, and her very cook-room of brick shaken down into powder"

The disabled fleet had to turn back and make its way to where they had first started, where they lay for a month repairing damages.

On August the 18th, the combined squadrons once more put to sea, and after another stormy passage, on the 15th of September at length assembled at their rendezvous, Flores, in the Azores. Now, however, they learnt that the Plate Fleet, their intended prey, was to make a détour to southward of the Islands. It was determined by the Council of War to move south, each squadron independently, attacking the Spanish garrisons among the islands as they went. Fayal was entrusted to Essex and Raleigh, whose two squadrons after provisioning at Flores, directed their course thither. Raleigh's ships sailed by themselves after Essex, to find, however, on reaching Fayal that Essex had not arrived. The orders for the expedition were that no captain was to attack independently, but the efforts that the Spaniards made, on seeing Raleigh, to fortify the landing places and carry off their valuables inland, provoked Raleigh beyond endurance. After waiting for Essex three days, Raleigh, on the morning of the fourth day, determined to wait no longer, and landing in the boats of the squadron he delivered his attack forthwith. The attempts of the Spaniards to keep the boats off were overcome, and then Raleigh with his four-hundred-and-fifty men pushed inland to fight their way to the town of Fayal in face of a desperate resistance. Every foot of the way was contested at the sword's point, but in vain. The little column, at the head of which fought the "Warspite's" men, was not to be denied, and finally beating their antagonists back, they entered Fayal in triumph. They slept that night in Fayal, and woke next morning to see Essex's belated ships working slowly into the harbour. From Fayal the two squadrons proceeded together to San Miguel, where Raleigh took his turn to cover the operations from the sea, while Essex, with a column of his own men, advanced inland. Fortune here again favoured the "Warspite" and her squadron. While off San Miguel a huge Spanish carrack from the Indies, laden with spices of great value, blundered in under their guns right into the middle of what she took to be a fleet of warships just from Spain. The carrack only found out her mistake in time to run herself ashore and disembark her crew. The boats of the "Warspite" and Raleigh's squadron were after her at once, but not in time to save the ship. Her commander set her on fire, and when Raleigh's men got alongside their prize was a blazing mass of flaming perfumes and crackling spices. More fortunate a little later, the "Warspite" was able to secure another richly-laden Spanish carrack, and then, after sharing in the varying fortunes that befel the expedition, the "Warspite" headed for home to reach Plymouth finally early in October.

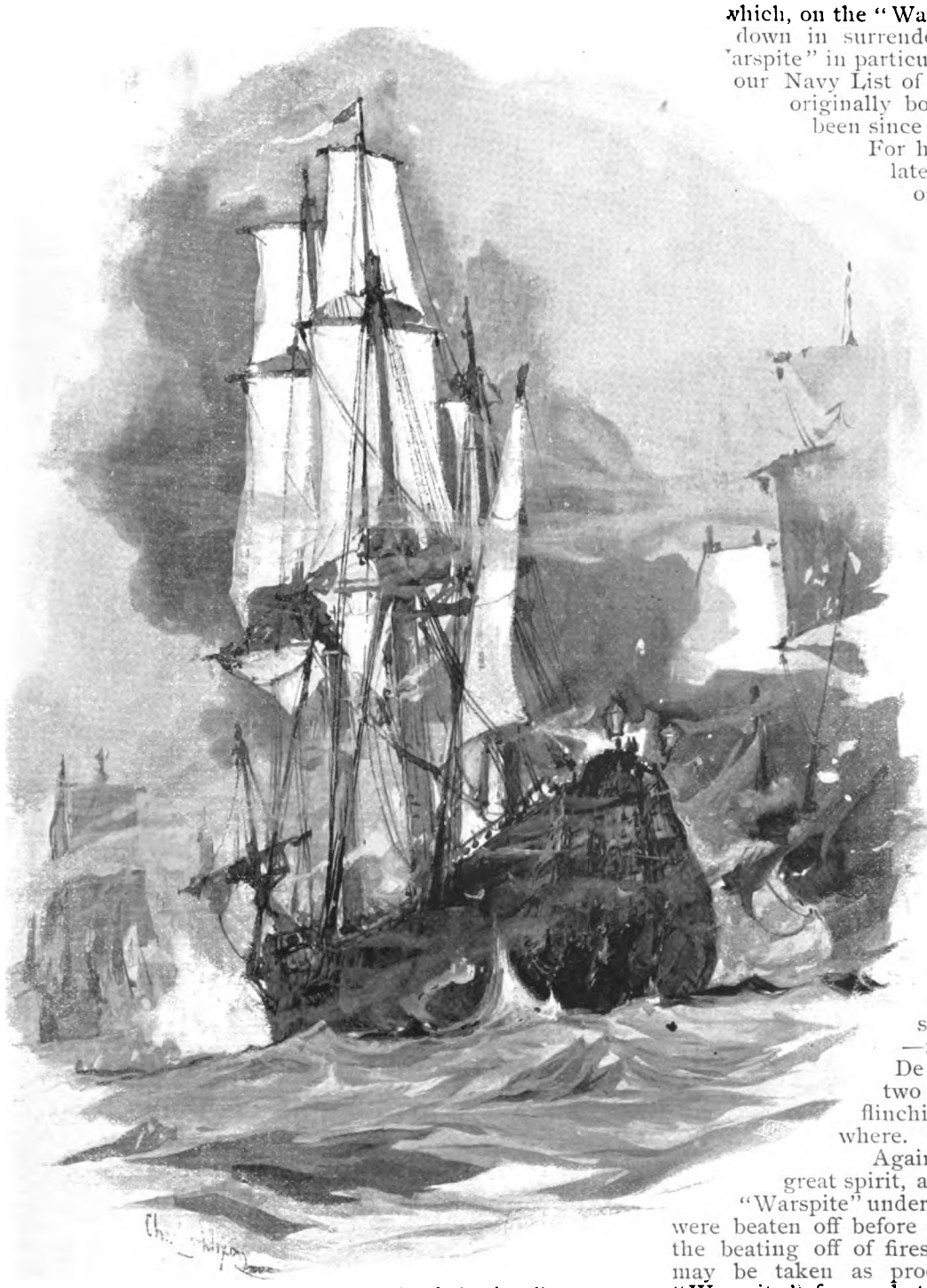


Capture of a Spanish Carrack.

The remainder of the "Warspite's" story need be but briefly told. In 1599, the year of the third great scare of a Spanish invasion, the "Warspite" was stationed as one of the squadron posted to keep watch in the Narrow Seas. When Queen Elizabeth lay dying she was specially commissioned to serve in the Downs on similar duty, there being some uncertainty as to whether Philip of Spain might not dispute the right of the Queen's successor to the throne. Lastly came the Rochelle Expedition of 1627, the "Warspite's" final recorded service. Seven years later the "Warspite," by a King's order, was cut down and converted into a lighter for harbour service at Portsmouth, in which humble post Raleigh's old favourite, the last survivor of our old Elizabethan men-of-war, passed away.

To James, Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, is due the credit of replacing on the Navy List the name "Warspite." It was in 1664, just thirty years after the old "Warspite" passed out of the Service, when, in view of war with Holland, new ships were being laid down to reinforce the fleet. Sent afloat in the spring of 1666, the "Warspite" made her entry among our ships of war just after the great four days' battle off the North Foreland, joining the fleet at the Nore on 12th of July, 1666, just before it sailed to deliver battle in the great engagement known as the "St. James's Day Fight."

Digitized by Google



"The 'Warspite' was in the thick of the fray."

Proceeding from the Nore to the open sea off Orfordness, at four o'clock on the morning of the 25th of July, the British fleet discovered the Dutch approaching them in line of battle, less than four leagues off. Promptly all cleared for action, and getting within range towards ten o'clock, "the flagg of defyance was spread and wee all bore in." The White Squadron opened the action and "engaged hot," and at eleven o'clock the Red—to which belonged the "Warspite"—took up the battle, attacking De Ruyter and the Dutch centre squadron along their line "hand-to-hand." The "Warspite," commanded by Captain Robert Robinson, was in the thick of the fray, keeping up from first to last a desperate encounter, gun muzzles almost touching, with several of the enemy's most powerful men-of-war. Under cover of the smoke of battle two Dutch fireships attempted her, but the "Warspite" beat both off, dismasting one before the fireship could run in alongside, and driving the second away to find a weaker foe elsewhere. After a five hours of hard pounding, ship to ship, the Dutch line gave way and withdrew, followed in close pursuit by the English Squadrons of the Red and White, until the defeated enemy took refuge finally behind the shoals and sandbanks of their own coast.

There was a second day of distinction for the "Warspite" a little later, when lying off Dungeness with Sir Thomas Allin's squadron on the look out for a squadron of French men-of-war, reported on the way to join De Ruyter. It was a dark and squally afternoon, and the "Warspite" and her consorts were lying at anchor with topmasts struck, when suddenly one of the largest of the French ships came in sight standing right for them. The French captain had mistaken Sir Thomas Allin's squadron for his own, from which he had been separated in the storm, and only discovered his error when too late. Slipping anchor, the "Warspite" and two other ships made for the French ship and cut her retreat off, which, on the "Warspite" getting the chase under her down in surrender came the frigate's flag. To the "arspite" in particular it is that we owe the existence on our Navy List of the name "Ruby," which name, originally borne by the "Warspite's" prize, has been since continued in the fleet to this day.

For her next action, fought three months' later, the "Warspite" may claim to be one of the few men-of-war that ever fought a battle on Christmas Day. While cruising with a small squadron off the coast of Norway she fell in, on the 25th of December, with a Dutch squadron of equal strength in charge of a convoy of merchantmen. Captain Robinson attacked the enemy at sight, and, after a sharp action, captured three out of the five Dutch men-of-war, together with the Dutch commodore in command.

Five years' later we again meet the "Warspite" in action—at the great fleet battle fought in Solebay off the Suffolk coast, on the 28th of May, 1672, when De Ruyter surprised the Duke of York and his captains while sleeping off the effects of a night's banqueting in honour of the approach of Oak Apple Day. The "Warspite" was with the Blue Squadron, headed by the Earl of Sandwich in the "Royal James." When the surprise of the British fleet took place she was one of the few ships able to get at once into line and head out of the bay, and came almost immediately into close action with the enemy, the fight opening a little before eight in the morning. The odds at the outset were desperately against the "Warspite" and her consorts, all the ships who were able to get out at first—for on these, some twenty in number, De Ruyter threw the full force of his two leading squadrons: but there was no flinching among our gallant fellows anywhere.

Again the enemy used their fireships with great spirit, and made two daring attempts on the "Warspite" under cover of the smoke; but both attempts were beaten off before the fireships could grapple. What the beating off of fireships in such circumstances meant may be taken as proof of the discipline on board the "Warspite," from what Pepys—speaking of the "dreadfull effects of these fire-shipps," said to Evelyn the diarist. "When an enemy's fire-ship approached, said Pepys: the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns and boomes, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul, and they slunk about, forsook their guns and worked as in despair, everyone looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though to be drowned if they did so." Just as the second fireship had been beaten off came a boat alongside the "Warspite" from Lord Sandwich's flagship, the "Royal James," asking for assistance, and informing Captain Robinson that the "Royal James" was disabled and in danger of being overpowered. Unfortunately, the "Warspite" herself for the moment, was only with great difficulty holding her own. It was quite beyond Captain Robinson's power just then to help his flagship, and before he could try, the flagship was beyond all aid. Within a few minutes of the barge of the "Royal James" pushing off from the "Warspite," the lurid glow of a vast blazing mass not far ahead of them alarmed all on the "Warspite's" quarter-deck for the safety of the "Royal James." They feared the worst for their hard-pressed flagship, and unfortunately with reason. One of the Dutch fireships had accomplished her fell errand, and set the "Royal James" on fire, with the calamitous result—it is a matter of history—of the complete destruction of the magnificent vessel, and the loss of the veteran Sandwich and the greater part of his crew.

This was not long after noon, and from then until past five in the evening the "Warspite's" men continued to fight with first one Dutch ship and then another, sometimes within pistol shot, until at the close of the long and hard-fought fight the Dutchmen drew off eastward, and the day's work came to its end. For the stand that he made in the Solebay fight Captain Robinson was knighted by the King.

Digitized by Google

Again, in the three drawn battles of the year 1673, fought off the Dutch coast between Prince Rupert and De Ruyter, the "Warspite" took her full part, as various State Papers recording the numbers of the men sent on shore wounded after the actions, tell us. It is particularly unfortunate that the captains' accounts of what their ships did in each fight were officially suppressed, together with Rupert's letters and full report. All that we know for certain of the "Warspite's" individual share in the battles of 1673 is that in the second action, that of the 4th of June, off Schönevelt, the "Warspite" fought in the Vice-Admiral's division of the Red Squadron, and that her captain, Sir Robert Robinson's successor, Captain Thomas White, gave his life for his country, struck down dead by a cannon-ball on his own quarter-deck.

Next, the "Warspite" is entitled to record the battle off Beachy Head as an honour, thanks to the handling of the ship by her commander, Captain Stafford Fairborne. Stationed ahead among the van ships of Torrington's fleet, to the stand that the "Warspite" made it was to a great extent due that the French leading ships, as they pushed ahead and tried to "corner" the British fleet, were made to keep their distance until the safe retreat of our out-numbered fleet was ensured. Captain Fairborne faced every enemy in his way at close quarters and brought his ship through safely, finally arriving in the Thames with the "Warspite's" nettings and barricades honeycombed with shot holes and musket bullets, a circumstance that the news-letters of the time made public far and wide to the fame of the future Admiral Sir Stafford Fairborne.

After Beachy Head the "Warspite" next records her presence in the great battle of two years later off Cape Barfleur; but no chance of winning distinction would appear to have come her way in Russell's victory of the 19th May, 1692. Throughout the opening hours of the battle the squadron of the fleet in which the "Warspite" was posted was far to leeward, and though all the ships had boats out towing hard, they could not get up in time. During the afternoon a fog hid friends and foes from one another and stopped all firing. It was only towards six in the evening that the fog lifted, and showed the French within range of the "Warspite" and her consorts, who after that until nightfall had a busy time exchanging broadsides with several of the biggest ships of the enemy's fleet—among them Tourville's own flagship, the "Royal Sun." In the two short hours before darkness came on, however, there was little time for decisive action, and after dark both sides drew off. All next day was spent in attempts to close with the scattered groups of ships into which the French fleet had broken up The Blue Squadr n, to which the "Warspite" belonged, made every effort to cut off a large group of the enemy near the Race of Alde.ney, but the French pilots, knowing the rocks and currents of the passage better than ours, managed under cover of the following night to slip through and gain the shelter of St. Malo. Rejoining Admiral Russell and the main body, the "Warspite's" men had a share in Rooke's historic boat attack in the Bay of La Hogue on the French men-of-war that had taken refuge under the batteries in the bay, and did good work in destroying several French ships.

In the four years that followed La Hogue, what is most of interest in the "Warspite's" story is, perhaps, the personality of her captain, Robert Simcock, an officer among the bravest of the brave of his day; whose name was a household word in England for an exploit that had raised him at one step from boatswain to Post Captain. He was the celebrated boatswain of the "Nonsuch" who, after his ship had been attacked by two French frigates of stronger force, that thought to make her an easy prize, on the Captain and second in command being shot dead, took charge of the ship as senior officer, and handled her with such skill and pluck that in turn first one French ship and then the other hauled down their colours. In commemoration of that feat, the captain of the "Warspite" had received his commission as Post Captain. Captain Simcock commanded, the "Warspite" until nearly the end of the war, at first as a Channel cruiser, and then with Russell in the Mediterranean, finally bringing his ship home to pay off and be taken to pieces.

Our third "Warspite" may be called the "Warspite" of the War of the Spanish Succession, for her service afloat almost exactly covered the period of the Great War of Queen Anne's reign. She was launched from a private shipbuilder's yard on the Thames at Rotherhithe, a two-decker of seventy guns, as the opening shots of the war had fired: she hauled down her last pennant just as *pourparlers* were beginning to pass between St. James's and Versailles as to the terms of peace. The "Warspite" began her service by helping, with two other ships, to run down and capture, after a fierce action, a French fifty-four gun ship, the "Hazard," in November, 1703, and then she joined Admiral Rooke in time to be present at the capture of Gibraltar, where her men played a part among the landing parties sent in to assist in the storming of the Old Mole. On that followed the long day's battle with the French fleet off Malaga—the only general action between fleets, by the

From an Engraving by W. WOLLETT. THE BATTLE AT LA HOGUE. After BENJAMIN WEST, R.A.

Digitized by Google

way, in all the war. No British ship at Malaga, we have it on the authority of Sir Cloudesley Shovell himself, rendered better service than did the "Warspite." She was in the van of our leading squadron, Shovell's own command, and from the opening shot until after the enemy had drawn off, not for a moment were the "Warspite's" guns left to get cool. The "Warspite's" list of casualties—sixty-one men killed and wounded—is sufficient testimony of what the ship did that day. So pleased, indeed, was Sir Cloudesley Shovell with the way that the "Warspite's" Captain, Edmund Loades, had fought his ship that at the first opportunity that offered, when he himself was appointed to the chief command of the Mediterranean fleet, Sir Cloudesley selected Captain Loades to be his Flag-Captain, in which post the gallant ex-captain of the "Warspite" shared in the sad doom which so untimely ended the great Admiral's brilliant career. Shovell and Loades went down side by side on that terrible October night in 1707, when the "Association" and her whole ship's company perished on the Bishop Rock.

In the naval brigade operations on the Spanish coast during the two years between the battle of Malaga and the "Warspite's" return to England her men were actively employed attacking forts and batteries on shore and serving in the siege batteries before Barcelona and Alicant. The "Warspite" then passed to the Channel for duty there in assisting to escort merchantmen convoys passing within reach of hostile interference from the French Channel ports. On one of these cruises a misfortune befel that for the time was reckoned almost a national calamity. While convoying a fleet of thirty-three merchantmen outward bound, in company with the "Swiftsure" another seventy-gun ship, the "Warspite" fell in with a French fleet of seventeen large men-of-war. In the presence of so formidable an enemy, both escort and convoy had to scatter and fly, arriving eventually at Lisbon, their rendezvous, with half the merchantmen taken. Angry questions were asked in Parliament about the affair, but the captains of the two men-of-war of the escort were in the end held blameless. It is, however, a curious coincidence that when, five years later, at the end of the war, the "Warspite" and the "Swiftsure" went into the dockyard to be repaired, the names of both ships were changed, the "Swiftsure" being re-named the "Revenge," and our "Warspite" the "Edinburgh."

The restoration of the name "Warspite"—for nearly half a century went by before the old name reappeared on the Navy List—we owe to the great Admiral Lord Anson, who was at the head of the Admiralty at the time of the Seven Years' War. Anson, furthermore, on the launch of the "Warspite" in April, 1758, gave the first command of her to an officer who was a special favourite of his own, his old flag-captain in the battle off Finisterre—Captain John Bentley. No better choice could have been made, for the captain of the new "Warspite" was an officer of the highest ability and energy, with a record of service that hardly another man of his rank could come near. He had been a lieutenant of the old "Namur" in Admiral Mathews' action off Toulon; he had been Anson's flag-captain in 1747; he had taken a distinguished part in Hawke's dashing battle of the same year; he had been Boscawen's flag-captain in the Channel Fleet; he had sat on the court-martial that tried Admiral Byng. In the "Warspite" Captain Bentley was to add to his record, and, through the gallant services of his ship, to win a knighthood—the second of the "Warspite's" captains, as we have seen, to be so honoured. It is a story of what our ancestors used to call "The Wonderful Year," or "The Year of Victory"—a period of particular interest in the "Warspite's" story, for it saw the two great sea battles of the Seven Years' War, the one fought by the Mediterranean Fleet and the other by the Channel Fleet, with the "Warspite" in the thick of the fray in both. As our ancestors of the days when George the Third was king used to recall over their cups:—

"The year '59 was the bravest then going,
When an English invasion was all the world's talk;
But La Clue in the Straits was well bang'd by Boscawen,
And Conflans on a lee shore was run by bold Hawke."

On board the "Warspite," first of all at the "banging" of La Clue in the battle of Lagos Bay, on the 19th October, 1759. Hardly forty-eight hours before, Boscawen with his fleet was lying in Gibraltar Bay, most of the ships with upper yards and topmasts struck, when suddenly, just at nightfall, the alarm was given that the French fleet from Toulon were slipping by bound for Brest. "All hands prepare for sea" was the instant order, carried out with such smartness to the

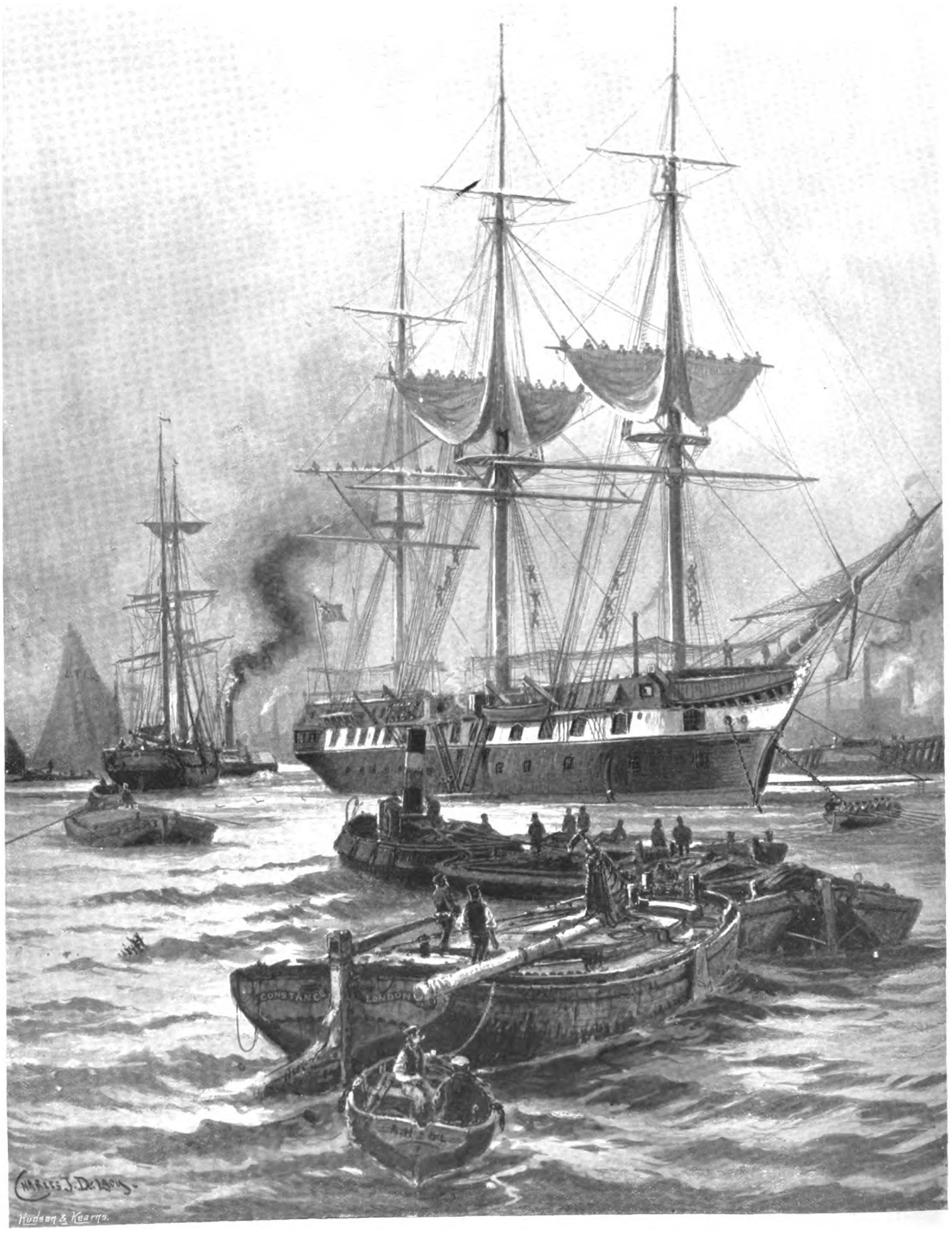
Sir Cloudesly Shovel in the Association with the Eagle, Rumny, and the Firebrand, Lost on the Rocks of Scilly, October 22, 1707.

"All hands prepare for sea" Gibraltar Bay, October, 1759.

Digitized by Google

THE "WARSPITE" IN THE BATTLE OF SOLEBAY. 1672.

Digitized by Google



THE "WARSPITE," TRAINING SHIP IN THE THAMES, BURNT IN 1875.

Digitized by Google

"delivered his sword in person to Captain Bentley."

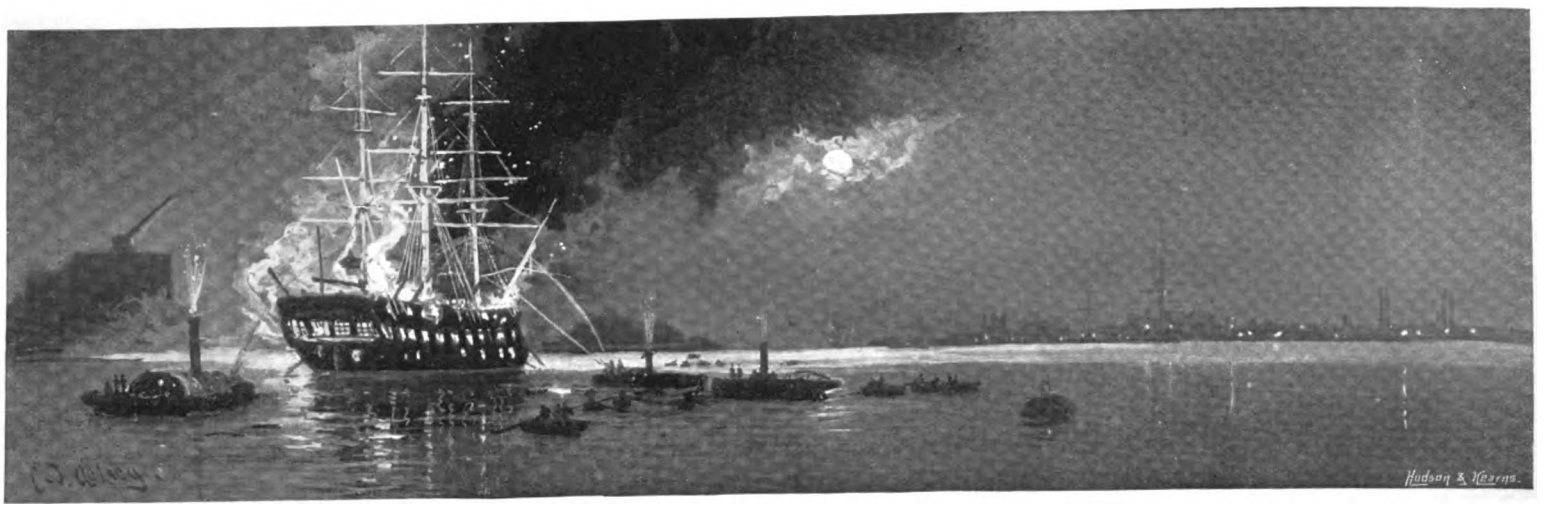
light of flares and torches that within three hours every anchor was at the bows, and ship was following ship in line ahead working seaward out of the Bay. All night they groped westward and then north-west, into the open Atlantic, a brisk Levanter following hard astern, until with the light of early morning a cluster of small specks on the horizon far to the north told the admiral that his smartness had done its work. Boscawen had "got clutch" of Monsieur La Clue. By noon the hulls of the chase could be made out from off the deck in the "Warspite," and then as it got towards two o'clock the headmost of our flyers were drawing near enough to clear for action. The "Colloden" led, with the "Intrepid" following her close, and the "Warspite" third ship Astern of the "Warspite" followed the "Namur," the British flagship, with Boscawen's blue flag at the main. Gradually we closed on the French, until about an hour later, between three and four o'clock, the bow chase guns of the "Warspite" began to open fire on the three rear French ships, in one of which, as the white flag at the masthead told, was the French Admiral, Monsieur La Clue, himself. All was so far going well, the enemy being surely, if slowly, overtaken, when of a sudden the wind began to fail, and then falling lighter, it died away altogether. Try his hardest, as Captain Bentley did, he could push the "Warspite" in no nearer to the French rear ships, and the game had to go on at long bowls, until, towards dusk, the uncertain light brought the order to stop firing. The wind freshened somewhat after sunset, and the fleet was able to hold its course in pursuit steadily all night, although there were no lights in the French ships to guide them. The French were running straight for the land, bent, it was evident, to seek sanctuary in the shelter of Portuguese neutrality, in Lagos Bay. But Boscawen,—"Old Dreadnought," the Navy called him,—was in no mood to pay heed to territorial rights. His guns were double-shotted, and he stood on. By nine in the morning the three leading Frenchmen, La Clue's flagship at their head, were seen to be almost with the breakers. Five minutes later the catastrophe came. The "Ocean," La Clue's ship, was seen to suddenly bring up all aback with a terrible shock that sent masts and spars crashing together in wreckage over the side. The leading British seventy-four, "America," was promptly signalled to stand in and settle with the "Ocean," and then a minute or two afterwards the "Warspite's" pennants went up on board the "Namur," with an order to stand in and attack the headmost French ship, a seventy-four that had passed the "Ocean" as she struck and was in the act of letting go anchor close under a Portuguese cliff fort. Captain Bentley and his men were ready, and quickly the "Warspite's" head was put for her allotted foe. Ten minutes later she had ranged alongside, greeting her antagonist with a smashing broadside, every shot of which went home. With all her consorts round her hauling down their flags it was soon seen to be but useless slaughter for the "Warspite's" antagonist to prolong the fight; and then, finally, having done enough to save her captain's honour, the French ship—which proved to be the Téméraire—lowered her colours from the ensign staff. A boat from the "Warspite" was in due course sent on board the prize and the French captain brought over to deliver his sword in person to Captain Bentley;—and at the same moment the battle ceased.

For one moment we may shift the scene to the Presence Chamber in the Palace of St. James's, and see the "Warspite's" captain on bended knee before the King as the flat of a light sword taps lightly on his shoulder and the Royal words are spoken, "Rise up, Sir John Bentley." That is enough, and then back to the open air again and to Spithead, where, riding at single anchor, the "Warspite" has been lying meanwhile, awaiting Sir John's return on board.

From Spithead the "Warspite" made her way round to Torbay, where she took her berth among the ships of Hawke's Channel Fleet, waiting there, weather bound, until the south-westerly gales, which had forced them off the French coast, should moderate and let them make sail for Ushant to resume their watch on Brest. Half-way to Brest the news was brought Hawke by the "Gibraltar" frigate that the French, taking advantage of the gale that had blown the British fleet off, had put to sea. "When last seen," the Captain of the "Gibraltar" added, "they were standing for Belle Isle." At once Hawke changed his course to pass clear of Ushant and follow the French, whose objective, Quiberon Bay, the rendezvous of the French transports collected for the invasion of England, he guessed at once. No further tidings of the French were obtained for the next two days, until suddenly, on the morning of the 20th of November, at half-past eight, Belle Isle by reckoning being about east by north, Hawke's leading frigate, the "Maidstone," made signal for a strange fleet in sight; news that was supplemented by another ship a little later with the information that the strange fleet were the enemy from Brest. Promptly signal flags ran up at the "Royal George's" masthead for Hawke's ships to form in line abreast, to bring the fleet, hitherto somewhat scattered, closer together, and then we continued to near the enemy, until at ten o'clock the weather—it was a squally November morning, blowing up for a stormy day—momentarily cleared and showed the French well in with Belle Isle and running in the direction of Quiberon Bay, under all sail that their masts could stand. We had overhauled them well since half-past-eight, but there still seemed a chance that the enemy might get into Quiberon before

The "Warspite" and "Formidable" at Quiberon, 1759

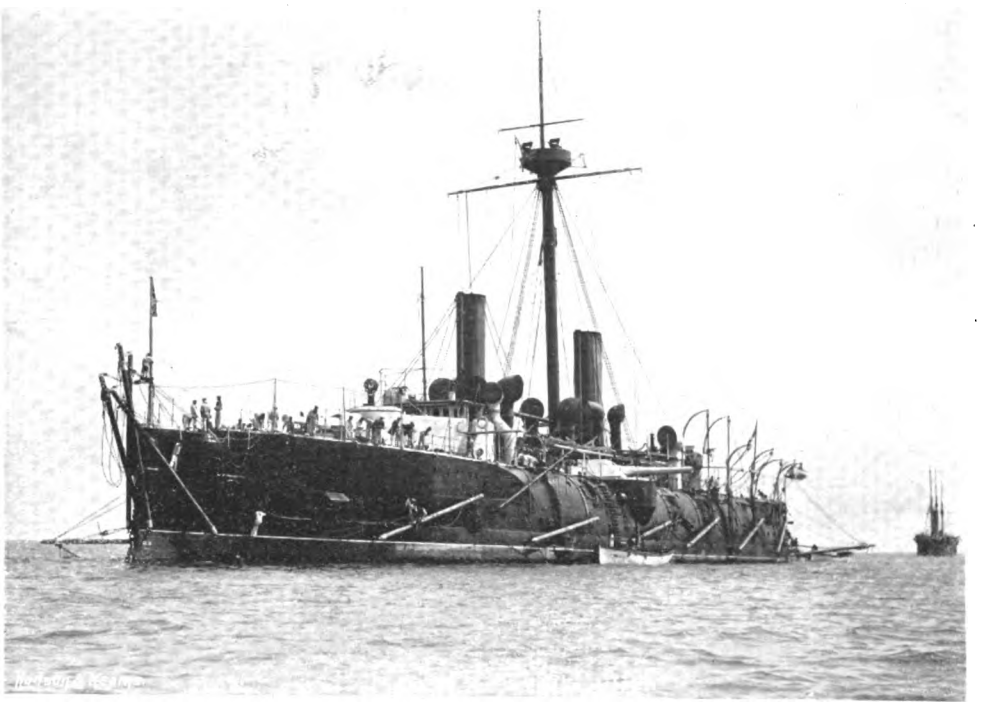
Digitized by Google



Burning of the "Warspite" in the Thames, 1875.

Hawke could catch them up. Recognizing this the Admiral hauled down his signal for the line, and signalled instead to the seven swiftest ships in his fleet to push ahead and do all they could to delay the enemy. Headmost of the seven dashed away the "Warspite." It was a pell-mell, headlong chase, with the gale from the north-west astern blowing up harder and harder, bringing Hawke's ships down on the enemy fast.

By half-past two the "Warspite" and the ships next to her, the "Dorsetshire," the "Montague," and Lord Howe's "Magnanime," had begun to draw close up with the stern-most ships of the straggling French line, and within a few minutes the opening shots from Captain Bentley's bow-chase guns informed the Admiral and the British fleet following, that the battle had begun. Quickly the two French rear ships were passed, with a saluting broadside from the "Warspite" into each that made the white splinters crackle and fly. Then a little ahead loomed through the flying foam the towering bulk of the French Rear-Admiral's ship, the big "Formidable," of 80 guns. Drawing up fairly alongside the "Formidable," again a burst of flame points spurted from the "Warspite's" double tier of guns, and a second crashing broadside, fired within half-pistol shot, carried death and destruction among the enemy. From the "Formidable" the "Warspite" passed on to tackle the French ship next ahead, the "Thesèe," to give her in turn a broadside:—but at this point an unexpected mishap checked Captain Bentley's ship. Close astern of the "Warspite," as she had led the chase, had been following the "Montague," and Lord Howe's dashing seventy-four, the crack "Magnanime." They had been racing the "Warspite" hard for the leadership all through, until just as the "Warspite" came up on the quarter of the "Thésèe," the "Montague" drove in between and right abreast of Captain Bentley. This made the "Warspite" swerve off a point or two from her course, and in the result, a moment afterwards, she came into collision with the advancing "Magnanime." The damage done on either ship, happily, was not serious; but, while it was being repaired, the "Warspite" had to drop back until as many as five of the ships following her had passed ahead. Then, returning, she joined the leaders, and again fought her way forward with ship after ship of the French until, at length, just as the "Warspite" was nearing the enemy's van ships, the short November evening closed in murk and gloom, and as darkness fell the "Royal George" made signal for the fight to close and all ships to let go anchor where they were. By this time the gale had risen to a storm and was blowing furiously; and more than one of our ships had come within measurable peril of disaster among the reefs. "When I consider," wrote Admiral Hawke a day or two later, in his official letter to the Admiralty, "the season of the year, the hard gales on the day of action, a flying enemy, the shortness of the day, and the coast we are on, I can boldly affirm that all that could be done has been done."



The "Warspite" preparing against Torpedo attacks.

The remaining years of the war the "Warspite" spent with the Mediterranean Fleet, and then, after lying up at Plymouth for a time, she became first signal ship at that port, and then a receiving ship, until finally, after 1802, the old "Warspite" of Boscawen and Hawke passed into the hands of the ship breaker.

The boys' training ship "Warspite," burnt on the Thames off Charlton just twenty-one years ago, was our fifth man-of-war of the name. Laid down at Chatham Dockyard in the year of Trafalgar, and launched two years later, the "Warspite" for upwards of seven years did good service—first in the Channel, then the Mediterranean, then in the Channel again;—commanded for the greater part of the time by the celebrated Captain Sir Henry Blackwood, Nelson's friend, and the captain of the frigate "Euryalus" at Trafalgar. With Captain Blackwood, the "Warspite" was present at the fireship affair in Aix Roads in 1809, and, just a year after that, while in charge of the inshore squadron blockading Toulon, she gained some distinction in a skirmish off Cape Sicie with a squadron of the French fleet. After 1815, for thirty years on and off, the "Warspite" was almost continuously employed on service all the world over, two of her captains during this time being two officers who afterwards became Admirals of the Fleet:—Sir William Parker, "the last of Nelson's Captains," who commanded the "Warspite" in the Mediterranean at the time of Navarino, and only just missed taking part in that battle; and the late Sir Provo Parry Wallis, who commanded the 'Warspite' in the Mediterranean in the Forties. In 1863 the "Warspite" was made over to the Marine Society as a boys' training ship, in which service she met her end by fire in 1875.

The present boys' training ship "Warspite," the successor to the ship destroyed by fire, is also our sixth man-of-war of the name, for during the first six years of her service in the Thames, there was no other "Warspite" borne on the list of the fleet. She was originally the old three-decker "Waterloo," launched in 1834, cut down to a two-decker and renamed "Conqueror" in 1862, and "Warspite" in 1876.

Our seventh "Warspite" was recently the flagship at Queenstown. She is a first-class cruiser, launched at Chatham in 1884, a sister ship to the "Impérieuse," and a vessel of 8,440 tons displacement, with engines of 10,000 horse power, armoured amidships, and carrying four heavy guns in barbettes. The "Warspite" was first commissioned in 1890, as flagship in the Pacific, and on her return home in 1893 she was selected to carry the flag of the senior naval officer on the Irish coast.

The next Special Number of this Series will contain the Histories of the Inniskilling Dragoons and the "Undaunted."

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 32.] FRIDAY, MARCH 5th, 1897.

From a Painting. *Photographed by L. WESTON, Folkestone.*

LORD HOOD OF AVALON, G.C.B.

ADMIRAL LORD HOOD OF AVALON entered the Royal Navy exactly sixty years ago on the 3rd of last August. His war experiences began early. After seeing the last of the war in Spain in 1837, he was present, three years later, at the operations on the coast of Syria, including the bombardment of St. Jean d' Acre in 1840. In the Russian War he was actively employed on shore with the Naval Brigade at the Siege of Sebastopol, being promoted to commander for his services. As commander he, after that, took an active part in the China War of 1857. In 1871 he was promoted to C.B. From January, 1877, to September, 1879, Lord HOOD, or, as he then was, Rear-Admiral ARTHUR WILLIAM ACLAND HOOD, served as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, leaving Whitehall to hoist his flag as senior officer in command of the Channel Squadron, which command he held until April, 1882. From 1885 to 1889 Lord HOOD OF AVALON was First Lord of the Admiralty. He became K.C.B. in 1885, G.C.B. in 1889, and was raised to the peerage in 1892 under his present title.

Digitized by Google

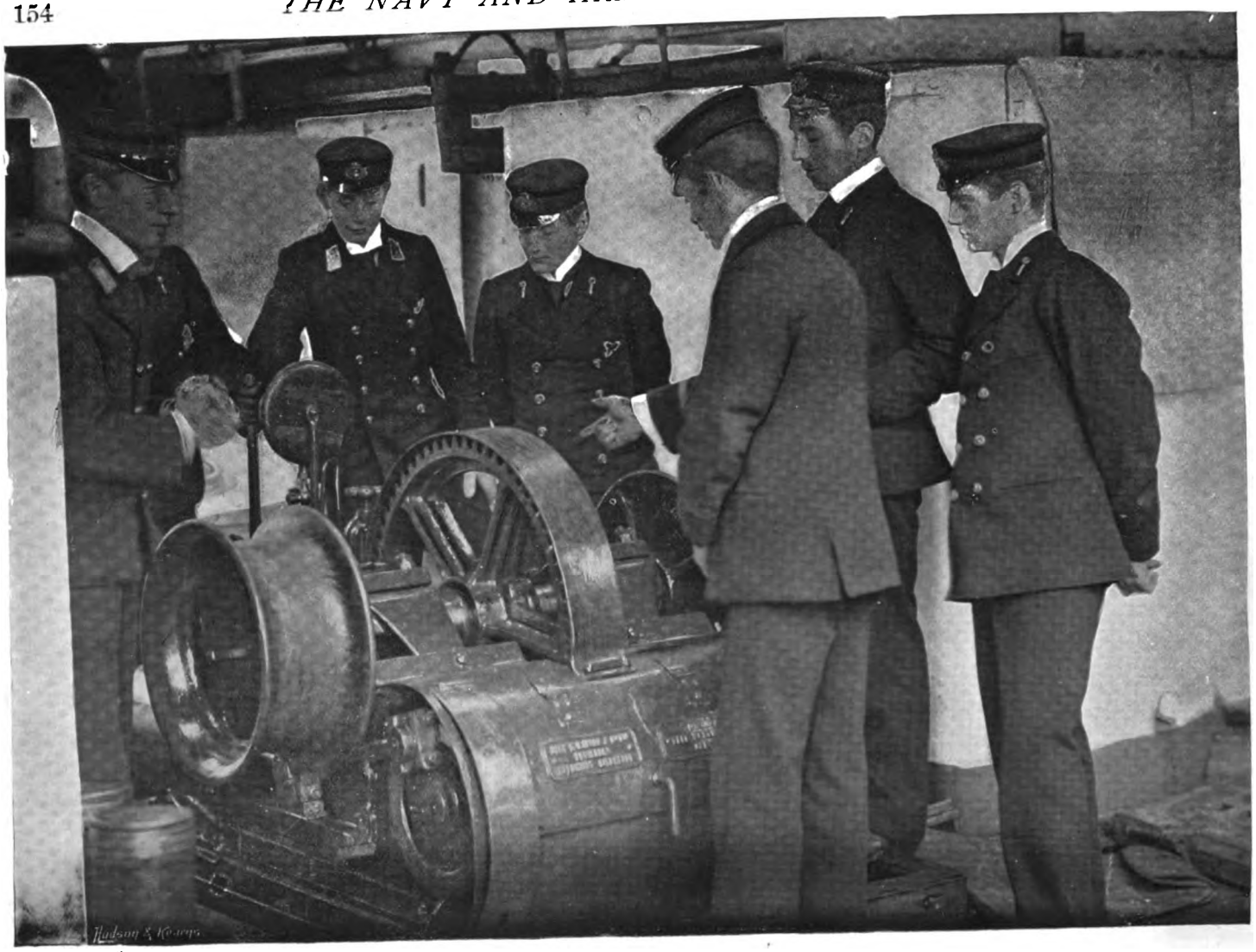


Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., 31, Strand. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

MIDS. OF THE "THESEUS" UNDER INSTRUCTION.

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

CAPTAIN FOOTE AND OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "FORTE."

THESE two photographs are of particular interest inasmuch as they were taken on board the two cruisers "Theseus" and "Forte," which have been detached from the Mediterranean Fleet, for special service off the West Coast of Africa in connection with the Benin Expedition. The "Theseus," some of whose midshipmen and naval cadets we see here being instructed by an assistant engineer, is a first-class cruiser of 7,350 tons, carrying 540 odd officers and men, and one of the ships specially commissioned last year for the Flying Squadron. In the lower photograph we see Captain RANDOLF F. O. FOOTE, who commands the second-class cruiser "Forte," with his officers grouped round him on the quarter-deck. Captain FOOTE is the officer shown seated in the centre, wearing four stripes of distinction lace on his sleeve, and readily recognisable by the gold lace oak-leaf embroidery on the front edge of the peak of his cap. The "Forte" is a ship of 4,360 tons, carrying a complement of 270 odd officers and men.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAINING OF THE MODERN TAR.

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE TRAINING BRIG "MARTIN" UNDER SAIL.

A WELL-KNOWN sight to summer visitors to Southsea is the passing to and fro at Spithead of the little training-brig that acts as tender to the "St. Vincent," and other small vessels similarly employed. They present on a breezy day, with their well-filled sails, one of the most pleasing of marine spectacles. Every morning, as a rule, during the summer training season, one or other of the little vessels, and sometimes more than one, leaves her moorings in Portsmouth Harbour for a day at sea, returning by nightfall, unless as sometimes is the case, still longer cruises are made. The "St. Vincent's" special brig at Portsmouth, the "Martin," which we show here under sail, and also with yards manned and "dressed" in honour of some special occasion, such as a Royal review or the Queen's birthday, is, like her congeners elsewhere, in charge of a lieutenant. There are in all some seven of these training brigs regularly attached to the various boys' training ships stationed round our coast. The "St. Vincent" at Portsmouth has attached to her, as we have seen, the "Martin," a vessel of 508 tons, and with a complement (exclusive of the boys on board) of twenty-seven all told. The "Martin" was launched six years ago under the

Digitized by Google

historic name of the "Mayflower," a name that, apart from its associations with the "Pilgrim Fathers," has been known in the Sea Service of England for small craft ever since the fourteenth century. At Plymouth there are the "Nautilus" and the "Pilot," each of 501 tons and twenty-seven men, tenders to the training ship "Impregnable"; and the "Liberty," a similar brig of 447 tons and twenty-seven men, tender to the "Lion." Two vessels, the "Wanderer" and the "Seaflower," do duty at Portland as tenders to the "Boscawen," training ship; and the "Caledonia," the training ship for North Britain, gives employment to another, the "Sealark," a brig of 311 tons. There are, in addition, for carrying out duties of a similar kind at home, the "Racer," a small steam vessel that serves in succession to the well-known old "Wave," as tender to the cadets' training ship "Britannia" at Dartmouth; and, in the Mediterranean, the sailing sloop "Cruiser," at Malta, which serves as a sea-going training vessel for ordinary seamen. The "Wave" and the "Cruiser," though, come within a somewhat different category to the training brigs whose particular function we have here to deal with. The men of the "Cruiser," having, of course, most of them, in the earlier part of their career, previously gone through the course of training on board one or other of the brigs at home. During the season, from April to October, each brig takes to sea for a course of six weeks training under sail batches of about one hundred boys at a time, from the parent training-ship." All the boys have previously served upwards of nine months preliminary training in the "St. Vincent" before embarking in the training-brigs, and the particular end in view is to give them an experience of work at sea, and practical instruction in sail-drill and every-day routine on board under the actual conditions in which the seaman passes his life. Each brig carries, in addition to its Lieutenant-Commander, a Sub-Lieutenant, a boatswain, and a number of instructors, with, generally, two or three midshipmen going through the last stage of their training before examination for

Photo. GREGORY. *Copyright—H. & K.*

THE OLD STYLE:—Splicing a Hemp Rope.

THE MODERN STYLE:—Serving a Wire Rope.

Sub-Lieutenant. On board the brigs the leading principle of the training is the instilling into every lad of a sense of his individual responsibility in the conduct of his ship. The boys are treated exactly as the crew of the ship, and are divided into watches and regularly quartered in man-of-war fashion in the various parts of the ship—as "forecastle boys," "foretop boys," "maintop boys," "quarter-deck boys" and so forth. All are carefully drilled in the handling of the ropes and tackles and other ship's gear belonging to their special parts of the ship—and taught what their work means, the effect in each case of the tightening or the slackening of that rope or of this being practically explained. At the same time, the sail and spar drill aloft on board the brigs is of invaluable moral effect for hardening the "nerve" of the boys and teaching promptness, presence of mind, and that self-reliance that is all in all to the sailor. Ordinarily the day's work begins just before five o'clock, the boys being kept constantly at the duties of the ship until every boy has gone through a regular routine of drills during his six weeks—in reefing and furling; unbending, shifting and bending sails; sending up and down and shifting spars; sounding; steering; rescue work; signalling; and the various other every-day ship duties, with once or twice a week a spell of rifle and gun drill. Breakfast is at half-past five; dinner at noon; tea at four; and supper at seven or thereabouts, and the food supplied the boys is plentiful and excellent in quality and well cooked. Each boy is allowed weekly for victuals 11¼ lbs. of bread (which is issued fresh immediately before each meal), 12½ ounces of sugar, 5½ ounces of chocolate, 7 lbs. of meat (fresh beef and mutton, and salt pork), 5¼ lbs. of potatoes, and a liberal supply of pudding and so forth. Every attention is paid to cleanliness, and at every meal the boys are asked if they have any complaints to make, which complaints, when reasonable, are attended to on the spot. The most kindly care is shown to the boys and proper treatment given in cases of sea-sickness—by no means uncommon with those on blue-water for the first time in their lives. Particularly is care taken as to sea-sickness when the boys affected happen to be at work aloft. The commonest complaint of the young sailor, though, is not sea-sickness. As on board ship in a man-of-war so in the brigs, boots and stockings are not worn on deck, with the result that during the first week at sea the feet of many of the lads become sore and give trouble. The tender feet, however, are carefully seen to, and nursed, with the result that in a short time the soreness goes, and the boys' feet become hard and fit for any usage. From the training-brig the sailor-boy returns to his training-ship, where he receives a complete sea-kit and then enters on the concluding stage of his noviciate until his turn comes to be drafted, as the case may be, to the Training-Squadron or a sea-going battle-ship or cruiser. An interesting point

Digitized by Google

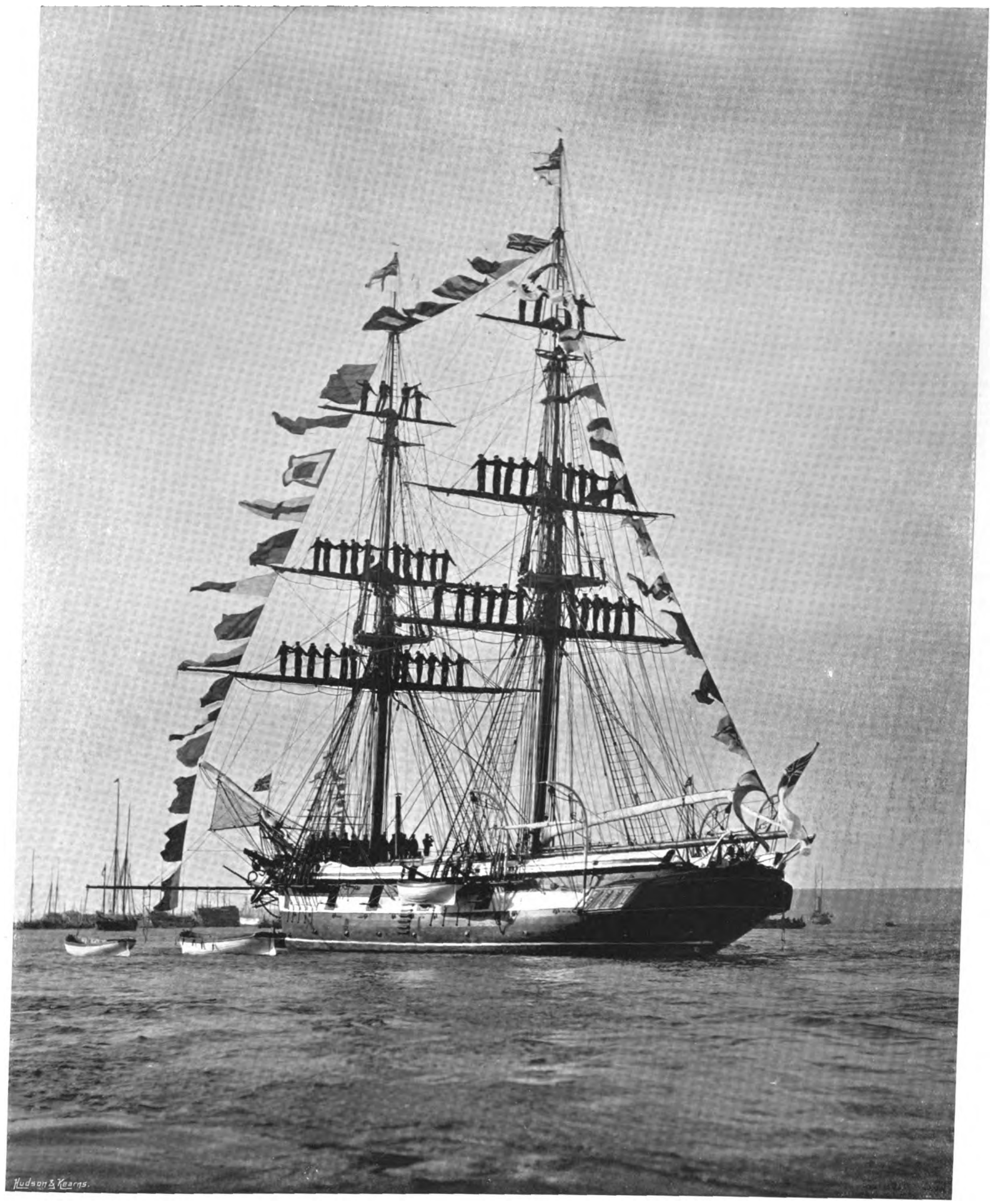


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE TRAINING BRIG "MARTIN" DRESSED AND WITH YARDS MANNED

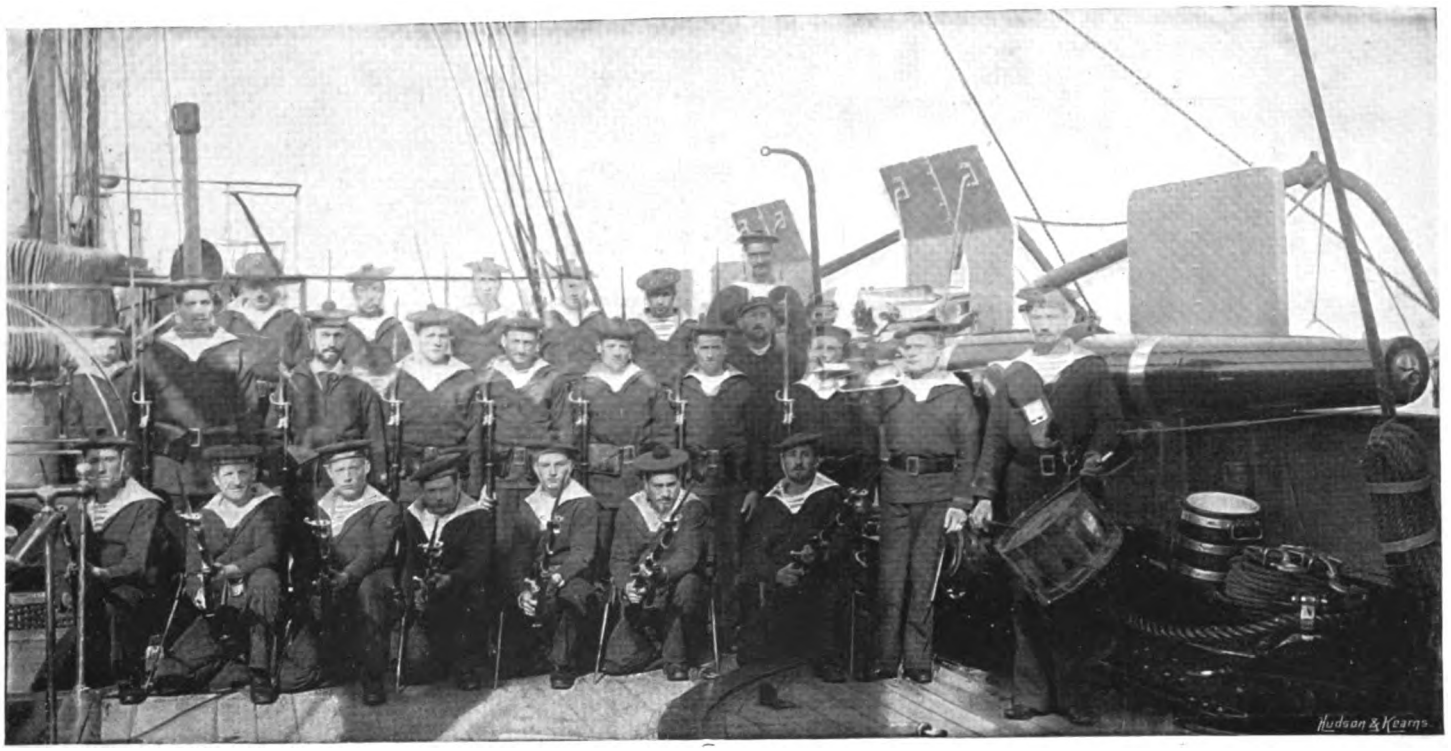
of difference between life in the Royal Navy of the olden-time and in our modern steam fleet of to-day is exemplified in the two photographs that we give showing bluejackets at work: three "splicing" a hemp-rope, and two "serving" a steel rope. In other words, winding spun yarn or thin wire round a rope to prevent it being chafed. All standing rigging is "served," the "service" or material used for the purposes of protection being "put" or "hove on" by what is called a "serving mallet,"—a mallet specially grooved in the under-part so as to fit on the rope. The "service," by the way, is always wound on against the lay of the rope:—as the old saw has it—

"Worm and parcel with the lay
And serve the rope the other way."

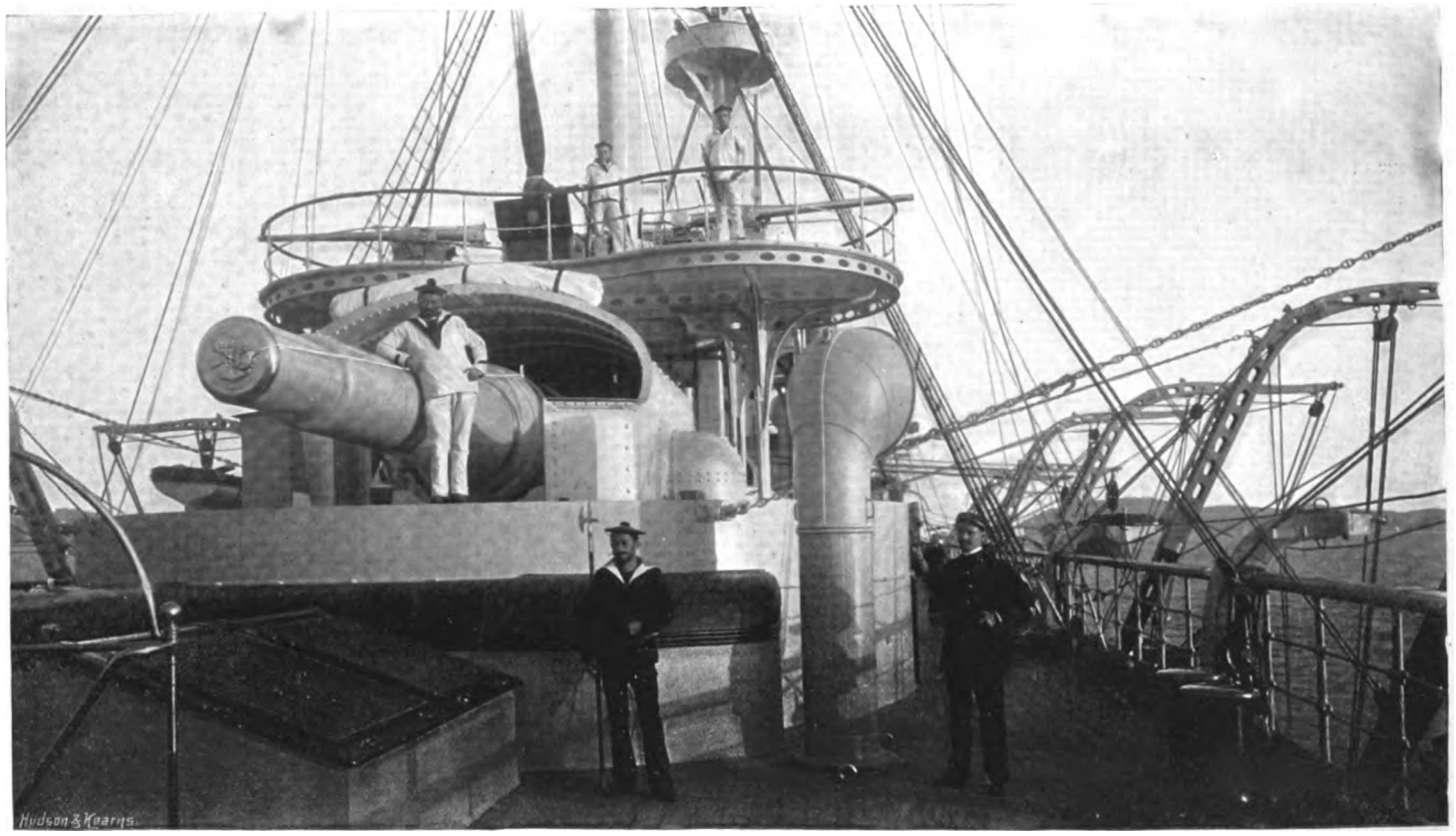
One of the men "serving" passes the ball of spun yarn or hank of wire, taking the turns well out of it while standing clear of the man who is "serving" the rope. When the required length of service is put on, the end is put under the last two turns, hauled taut and cut off

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH NAVY.



BLUEJACKETS OF THE "REDOUTABLE" AT DRILL.



ON BOARD THE "AMIRAL DUPERRÉ."

IN the great and momentous struggles which England and France waged in former times, their Navies were the chief instruments of their power, and, fighting with equal gallantry in causes that were honourable, each learned to know and respect the other. They are now the great Navies of the world, the patterns upon which almost all others are formed, and the pictures which we publish of scenes in the French fleet cannot fail, therefore, to interest our readers. It will not be forgotten that in the decisive victory of Trafalgar the "Victory" and "Redoutable" fell foul of one another, and that it was from the Frenchman's mizen-top the ball was sped which laid our great seaman low. The first of our pictures is a scene on board the French "Redoutable" of to-day, which is one of the oldest battleships in the fleet, having been launched in 1876, but still in the Mediterranean Squadron, under command of Captain Mallarmé. A number of bluejackets—or, as Frenchmen will sometimes familiarly call them, *mathurins*—armed with the rifle and short sword bayonet, and in their very workmanlike rig, are being drilled on deck as if for a landing operation, and they have with them their tambour and clairon, ready to inspire them with the martial sounds of the drum and bugle. In the next picture we are on board the "Amiral Duperré" at Toulon. She is an iron and steel battleship, launched in 1879, and now flies the flag of an admiral in the Reserve Squadron of the Mediterranean. We are looking at the after-barbette with its 13·3 in. gun, and the peculiar character of the protecting hood or cowl, unlike anything in our Service, will be noticed, with the small quick-firers above, and the masts and fighting tops rising behind. The boat gear is here very well seen. But what will most impress the spectator by its unfamiliarity is the singular figure of the sentry standing with that old-time weapon, the halberd, which has entirely gone out in our Service, but has been retained as a ceremonial arm by the French through all the changes of the Revolution, and the complete alteration in the equipment

Digitized by Google

and arms of seamen. The officer standing near is a lieutenant.

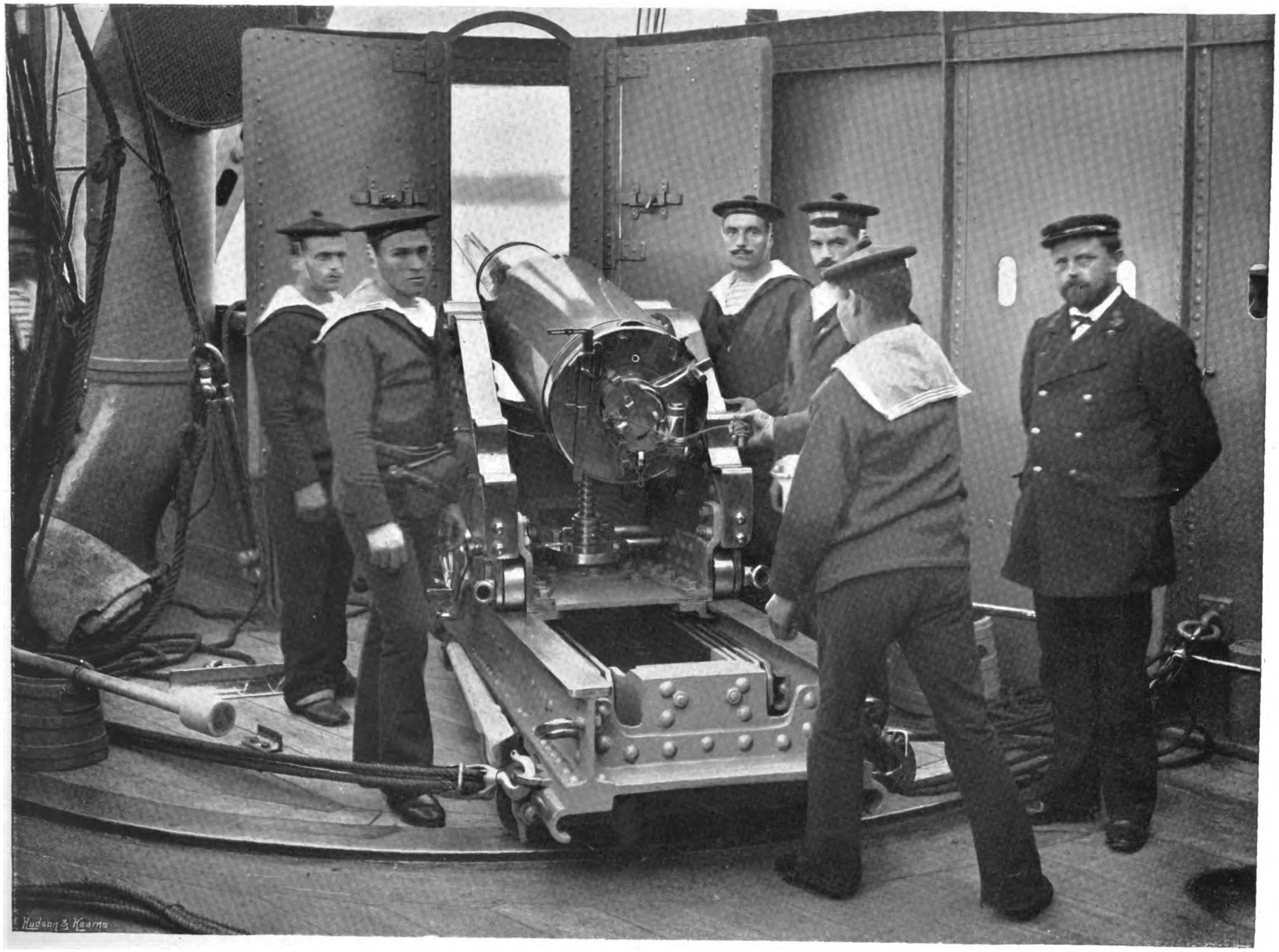
The two battleships which we have glanced at represent the older types in the French Navy, which are being replaced by such vessels as the "Hoche," "Brennus," and "Charlemagne;" but the "Suchet," on board which we find our next subject, is a modern vessel, a second-class cruiser built at Toulon in 1893, displacing 3,430 tons, and carrying four 6·2 in. and as many 3·9 in. quick-firers, besides a number of smaller guns. She has engines of 9,000 horse-power, and is credited with a speed of 20 knots. The picture explains itself. A couple of bluejackets, one in the ordinary blue costume and the other in white, have been joined by an artificer from the engine-room, who leans upon a stand of rifles behind. They are quite representative of the fine and intelligent class of men found in the French fleet, ready as seamen and gunners, and filled with a spirit that makes them dance when their comrades play upon the curious pipe known as the *biniou*, or sing sentimental songs at twilight on the forecastle, or listen with enthusiasm to the moving strains of Yann Nibor, their sailor poet, when he comes on board. Seaman are all the world over the same. A chest exists through which, when serving abroad, the Frenchman can secure part of his earnings to his relatives, but it is the practice to pay him only one month's wages abroad to two due on his return. Father, mother, sister, sweetheart are not forgotten; but it is a strange sight to see the men enjoying themselves. Nothing will content them but groaning boards flowing with champagne--for every man is for the moment a Crœsus--and revelry continues for a day or two until the bluejacket falls back into a simple *mathurin* again. The "Suchet," in which the men depicted are serving, has just been despatched to the Levant. The words "Honneur" and "Patrie" are always before the eyes of French seamen, and one of them may be seen in this picture. A not less representative set of men is seen on board the "Amiral Duperré," where our second scene was taken. They are grouped on deck engaged in splicing and rope-work, and make an interesting picture. Above may be seen the ship's boats resting on the chocks, one of them being the steam pinnace, of which the screw is presented to the spectator.

A GROUP IN THE CRUISER "SUCHET."

SEAMEN OF THE "AMIRAL DUPERRÉ"

Digitized by Google

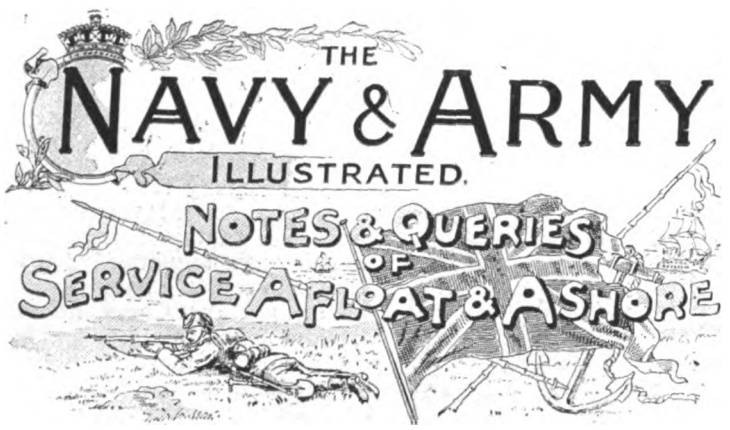
THE FRENCH NAVY.



A GUN CREW ON BOARD "THE DÉVASTATION."

LIKE the "Amiral Duperré," the "Dévastation," which dates from 1879, flies an admiral's flag in the French Reserve Squadron in the Mediterranean. A party of her men, with a warrant officer, are working one of her 14 cm., or 5·5-inch guns, of which she has six, as secondary armament to four 12·5-inch and as many 10·6-inch guns. The gun depicted does not belong to the modern ordnance of the French fleet, It is a piece of the 1870 "jacketed" model, and readers may find it interesting to compare the breech with other guns of our own Service which we have depicted. The breech is closed and the man only awaits the order to fire. The actual velocity of the projectile of this gun is 1,529 feet, which is much below that of modern ordnance. Many French vessels have received quick-firing guns in substitution for their older pieces, but this has not been done in the "Dévastation." It may be interesting to mention that she is a sister ship of the "Redoutable," on board which our first subject was taken.

Digitized by Google



I SUPPOSE that every Englishman knows that red is the national military colour. In early days, when the soldier was summoned to the standard of his chief, he came in his own clothes and brought his own equipment, and he was then placed with, and paid on the same scale as, men of similar equipment. And here we get the first approach to uniform. In the campaign in Spain, in 1367, the English soldier was dressed in white, with a red cross of St. George on his back and breast. In 1461, when a contingent for the Army of the Earl of Warwick was sent from Rye, the men were dressed in red; and in 1470 a detachment sent from Canterbury for the Calais garrison wore red "jakettis." When the Yeomen of the Guard were instituted in 1488, their dress, as it still continues, was in red; but when Henry VIII. sent some troops to Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, the latter, on their return to England, gave every man a coat of woollen cloth of red, yellow, white, and green. It sounds like Joseph's coat, but the white and green were the colours of the House of Tudor. Towards the end of the sixteenth century red began to be looked upon as the English colour. In the seventeenth century the variety of colours worn became endless, and during the Civil War almost every colour was to be found in each of the two opposing forces; but at the Restoration, in 1660, red became the national colour for the Army. The introduction of hussars and riflemen brought in blue and green, and the artillery seem always to have worn blue. Nevertheless, red has, since the introduction of a standing Army, been the distinguishing British colour, and the "thin red line" will for all time convey to the world the idea of England's soldiers and England's glory.

* * * *

In the Navy long service is the system of engagement for nearly all ranks, domestics being almost the only ones excepted. The seamen and many of the bandsmen enter as boys, the remainder, such as stokers and artificers, as men, from the age of eighteen. The seamen joining as boys, at the age of fifteen, engage to serve for tweve years from the age of eighteen, when they are rated men; until that age they are continually under training, are given excellent schooling, taught gun, cutlass and rifle drill, besides everything a seaman requires to know, and sent for cruises in sailing brigs and the training squadron of masted vessels. A very strict discipline is instilled into them, and excellent habits of cleanliness and order. At the end of twelve years they may re-engage to complete their twenty-one years for pension. This system came in after the Russian War, and the service is now feeling the benefit of the system in the excellent class of seamen we have. The stokers, artificers, and other grades also join on the continuous service system. Domestics only join for the commission of the ship they are in, but can make up their time for pension if they wish. Chief officers of the Coastguard do most of the recruiting, also recruiting officers of the Marines at different places, the recruits being finally passed at the depôt ships. The supply, certainly for the seamen line, I should say, is almost inexhaustible. There would be little difficulty in raising any number that were voted for.

* * * *

IN the days when infantry regiments were known by numerical titles, before the territorial system was introduced, their nicknames were much more generally used and understood, not merely by soldiers, but by civilians, than they are at the present day. Nearly every corps in the Army List has a sobriquet, the origin of which in most instances was due to a peculiarity in the uniform and facings, or to some feat of arms or deed of daring; in some cases to a regimental custom. The 29th Foot, now the 1st Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment, possesses more than one nickname. In 1770, when the disturbances commenced which were the forerunners of the American War, this regiment was the first to draw blood, and, in consequence, were dubbed "The Vein Openers" by the inhabitants of Boston in America. It was also known as "The Ever-Sworded Twenty-Ninth," from the fact that for a number of years the officers always sat at mess with their swords belted on. This custom arose from the fact that when a part of the regiment was quartered at St. John's Island, in the eighteenth century, they were all surprised when unarmed and slaughtered in the most treacherous manner by Indians, hounded on by the French. About forty years ago the custom was so far modified in that only the captain and subaltern of the day dined at mess armed with their swords. At the present time this is still carried on.

* * * *

UNDOUBTEDLY many officers in the Royal Navy do suffer from sea sickness. A notable example was Lord Nelson whom, we are told, was invariably held in the throes of this misery-producing and incapacitating malady every time he put to sea. However, that he did not permit it to overcome his indomitable energy and pluck is a matter alike of history and for congratulation to our country. It is a fact that the amount of work there is every day to be got through on board a man-of-war does not allow of much time for the sufferer to think of his own feelings; neither would it matter a great deal if it were otherwise, for "duty first and self afterwards" has ever been the motto of Britain's defenders, afloat as well as ashore. There can be no doubt whatever but that the distressing symptoms of *mal de mer* are sometimes absolutely prostrating in their effect; but it is equally certain that the only known remedies for it are fresh air, hard work, and plenty of both. These, though not positively a panacea, may be safely recommended as more efficacious than all the drugs and nostrums in the Pharmacopœia Britannica—or out of it, for that matter. Those, then, who—like my correspondent "J.S.," have frequently to make sea voyages, are advised to emulate the naval officer in his restless activity, and they will soon find that the fresh breezes and exercise will act as a preventive as well as a cure.

* * * *

WITH the profession of arms, as history shows us, music has, in some way or another, been invariably associated from the very earliest times. Both the Greek and Roman armies were accompanied by musicians; and the stirring effect of music upon troops has always been acknowledged. While the Greeks used flutes of various kinds, the Romans preferred the trumpet: and it is certain that in the latter days of the Roman Empire, trumpet or bugle calls were used for manœuvring troops. But until comparatively recent times the only musical instruments that could be called purely military were the fife, the trumpet, and the drum. During the last century military music consisted almost entirely of flutes, trombones, and trumpets, with reed instruments and drums. The band of drums and fifes, too, seems to have been of great antiquity in England; and "phifers or whifflers," as they were sometimes called, appear to have been persons of some importance in their way. With the commencement of the present century came the invention of keys to instruments with cup-shaped mouth-pieces. Experiments of various kinds were made in Austria and Russia, but the credit of the invention of the keyed bugle, in 1810, rests entirely with an Englishman, Mr. Halliday, bandmaster of the Cavan Militia. The invention once established, keyed chromatic instruments were rapidly received into military bands, and to their introduction we can date the regeneration of military music. Amongst old military musical instruments still preserved are a side drum of the 25th Regiment of 1796; two kettle-drums used in the Royal Horse Guards, 1805; a bass drum of the 7th Hussars, and bassoon of the Black Watch, both used at Waterloo; and a key bugle used in the Rifle Brigade in 1804.

* * * *

What was Keel-Hauling? asks L.B.B. This punishment, so often mentioned in old Naval stories, consisted in suspending the culprit by a rope from the fore yard-arm. The rope was fastened to his back, and a weight was attached to his feet. Another rope, passing under the ship's bottom and leading through a block at the opposite end of the yard, was fastened to the feet. Everything being thus arranged, the man was dropped into the sea, hauled under the ship's bottom, and hoisted up to the other yard-arm. This punishment was often inflicted in the old Dutch Navy. Although it is mentioned by English novelists as having formerly been in use in the British Navy, we are happy to say that, as far as the Navy of England is concerned, there is no certain proof that this cruel punishment was ever inflicted. So far we have always failed in our endeavours to unearth the account of a genuine case of keel-hauling either in the English Navy, or in the French Navy.

* * * *

"ERROLL" wishes me to give him an account of the life, pay and prospects of a private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry. To thoroughly do this would fill a small volume, but

Digitized by Google

I will endeavour to tell him briefly what he desires to know. A private in the Marines has his clothing given to him free, as also his food, when afloat. The training he receives is practically identical with that given to a soldier ashore, but in addition, he is taught the working of the great guns he will find on board the ship in which he happens to be. He takes turn with the bluejackets in most of the work on board; and, if he is a smart and efficient soldier, has very good chances of promotion. The pay when he joins is one shilling and twopence a day, but he can rise until this is more than doubled—a colour-sergeant receiving three shillings and threepence per day. "Erroll's" prospects and chances of promotion in the corps should be excellent, considering his education, and I certainly think it would be worth his while to join, if he has any desire to try the life of a "sea-soldier." The maximum pension he can receive amounts to three shillings per day. It will not be particularly difficult for him to obtain the certificates he mentions. My correspondent will learn very much concerning the Marines in a series of articles entitled "The Sea Regiment," the first number of which appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY of October 30th. Further articles on the same subject will appear shortly.

* * * *

What a pity it is that greater trouble is not taken to instruct our soldiers in the history and traditions of the corps to which they respectively belong! I once attended a drumhead service of the 1st battalion Scottish Rifles, the old Cameronians, and found the men, to my astonishment, standing round the preacher *under arms!* I asked several officers and men what was the meaning of this apparently unique privilege enjoyed by the Cameronians in this country—for in India, of course, all our troops now go to church under arms, but no one could give a satisfactory reply to my enquiry. Reflecting on the matter, I came to the conclusion that the Cameronians were the descendants of an old Covenanting regiment raised by Richard Cameron; and that as the Covenanters, for fear of the bloody Claverhouse and his men, invariably attended their "conventicles," or hill-side prayer-meetings, under arms, so this unique practice had descended to their modern representatives in the British Army. But it is a pity that, if this be so, the Scottish Rifles themselves should be left in ignorance of the interesting fact. Much more solicitous about the military education of their recruits, the Germans carefully instruct them in the history of the regiment they belong to, in the achievements of which the new men are taught to take an emulous pride. Surely that is the proper thing for us to do also! How many men, for example, of our "Minden battalions," who still decorate their colours on the 1st of August, could relate the circumstances under which their predecessors gained so much glory? How many men of the Scots Greys could precisely explain the fact of their wearing a French eagle on their appointments, or give the name of the heroic sergeant who captured it at Waterloo? On joining his regiment, every British soldier ought to be furnished with a little printed history of his corps, of a popular and picturesque kind.

* * * *

MEDALS were and always have been given in the British Navy, though not to the same extent as in the Army. I must refer H. P. for further details to the late Mr. W. H. Long's book on "Medals of the British Navy, and how they were Won," (Norie and Wilson). From this work I am sure he will gather all the information in connection with Naval medals that he can possibly desire. It is a book which, in my opinion, occupies an important position in our Naval literature. The volume is a companion to "Medals of the British Army, and how they were Won," by the same author, and is a concise and simple, yet comprehensive record of pluck and bravery, afloat and ashore, by our bluejackets. It is teeming with narratives of individual gallantry and heroism, and I can only regret that space does not permit me to deal more fully with the volume. It contains a full description of the medals given from the time of Queen Elizabeth down to last year. The illustrations of the medals are superb, the greater part being exact representations in colour of the decorations nobly won by our sailors.

* * * *

I am always ready to read articles submitted by naval and military officers, and to accept them if suitable for the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. They should be either of an anecdotal nature, or descriptive of professional matters in a manner interesting to the general public. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each article for return in case of non-acceptance.

THE EDITOR.

PUNISHMENTS: Service and Otherwise.

By LIEUT. STUART D. GORDON, R.N.

PROBABLY many readers of the "NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED" are aware that punishments in the Navy are regulated by scale: that is to say, if a man commits an offence, the Commander or Captain, as the case may be, has power only to award him such punishments as are included in the list drawn up by the Admiralty This scale is cut up into divisions and sub-divisions as, for instance, 10a and 10b, of which, as with other punishments, a man may be given three, seven, or ten days, according to his deserts and his previous character; the number or class of his punishment being regulated by that which best "fits the crime." Every offence a man is guilty of is recorded against his name in what is termed the defaulters' book, and even the most trifling punishment carries with it disabilities which not only affect his earning of good conduct badges, but also, ultimately, his pension.

The punishments themselves range from flogging to standing on the quarter-deck facing the ship's side, for an hour. The first is now never inflicted, except for open mutiny, or some equally heinous crime, and then only with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief of the station. The other punishments consist chiefly of stoppage of leave, grog, and pay, extension of working hours with a corresponding curtailment of meal hours, and the time—such as Thursday afternoons, devoted generally to making and mending clothes—which a man would, in ordinary circumstances, have to himself; also, there is the "facing of the paint-work" above referred to. Imprisonment, and confinement in the cells on board, may be awarded by the Captain only, the terms being limited—in the former case to ninety days, and in the latter to ten days—with never more than three consecutive days on low diet (bread, or biscuit, and water).

Since it was forbidden to mast-head the subordinate officers, and now that the days of masts and yards are gone for ever, practically the only punishment they are subjected to at the present time (for slackness, or neglect of duty, etc.), is the stopping of their leave for short periods The writer, however, once came across a midshipman who differed from all others in that he was so attached to his ship, that it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to land at all: in his case, the Commander (now a flag-officer of great distinction) having occasion to punish him, had no alternative but to give him orders that "he should go ashore twice a-week, for three months."

The discipline obtaining on board a man-of-war is proverbial; but perhaps it is not generally known that those who are most in touch with the men in the carrying out of this system were themselves once bluejackets or marines. The Master-at- Arms, and his staff of ship's police, have, in fact, the immediate superintendence of the men, more especially on the lower deck; and that they possess authority, and that it is not disregarded with impunity, may be gathered from the following incident.

On board a certain ship, one of the ship's corporals was the object of a good deal of chaff—carried on behind his back, mostly—because of his proclivity for using long words, the meaning of which he did not always understand.

One day, hearing the first lieutenant reprimand a man for not "moving with alacrity" when given an order, he made a mental note of the long word, determining to use it on the first possible occasion. The desired opportunity presented itself that very afternoon (Saturday), when, as he was going along the lower deck, he noticed a man scouring and polishing one of the bright steel stanchions in an extremely leisurely manner.

"Now then, B———," cried the corporal, "you're not polishing that stanchion with alacrity!"

"'Course I aint," returned the bluejacket, "I'm a-cleanin' it with brick and oil."

It is said: "He laughs best who laughs last." In this case the corporal got chaffed for a day or so afterwards, but the bluejacket got ten days cells—as he was a bad character.

On the subject of ship's police it may be interesting to note that almost the last man flogged in the Service was a man belonging to the "Newcastle"—of the Flying Squadron—in 1875, his offence being knocking down the Master-at-Arms, and his punishment two dozen with the "cat." Actually the last instance of corporal punishment in the Royal Navy occurred about ten years ago, on the Pacific station. In this case the offender was a Marine, who—in

Digitized by Google

circumstances which endangered the safety of the ship—struck a lieutenant. The "cat" used on this occasion has probably been seen by many readers of this journal, as it was on show in the Naval Exhibition.

For floggings, imprisonments, cells, disratings, and deprivation of good-conduct badges, a warrant is necessary. These documents, awarding the punishment, are always read out by the captain to all hands assembled on the quarter-deck; and they invariably take for their authority one or more of the Articles of War, a code absolutely unique, in so far as it embraces and provides punishment for every conceivable crime committed by any possible person.

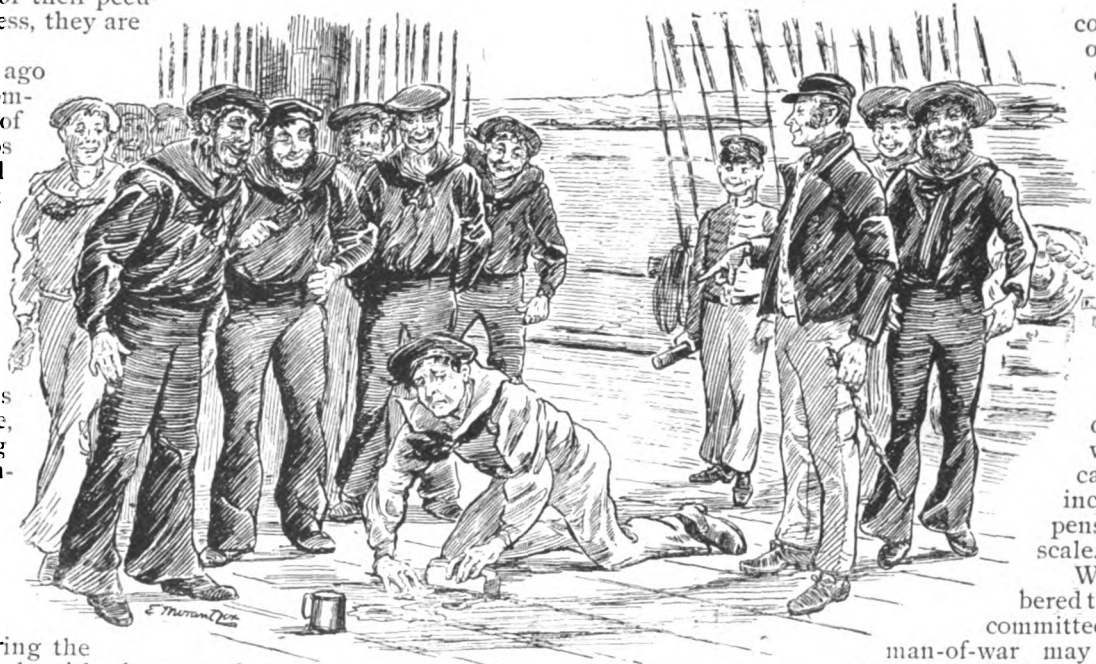
First, there are a certain number commencing and ending like the following, which, although quoted from memory, may be accepted as being almost word for word. "Any person subject to this Act who shall strike, offer to strike, draw, offer to draw, or lift up any weapon against his superior officer, he being in the execution of his duty, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned."

Then, there are many Articles dealing with "persons not subject to this Act;" and then, to provide against all contingencies, the compilers of this comprehensive disciplinary Act, determined that any oversight on their part should be rectified, close with the following masterpiece. "Any person subject to this Act, or not subject to this Act, who shall be guilty of any crime, offence, or misdemeanour, not before provided for by this Act, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as is herein after mentioned.

Only those arraigned on the more serious charges, or persistent offenders, are brought before the captain, the minor offences being dealt with by the commander (or executive officer). Moreover, the officer of the watch has power to stand a man on the quarter-deck for an hour for missing his muster, and so forth.

Again, the officer of a man's division may order him to "muster his bag" (containing all his kit) in the dinner-hour. These slight punishments are not entered in the defaulters' book, not being on the scale; but nevertheless, as they are never given except in the case of habitual offenders, and also because of their peculiar appropriateness, they are found effective.

Some years ago there was a commander in one of Her Majesty's ships who was pretty well known throughout the Service for the aptitude and ingenuity he displayed in inventing original and suitable punishments for such common offences as using bad language, carelessly upsetting paint pots, and such-like articles, and so making a mess on the deck, etc., etc.: and as his inventive genius generally hit upon something that would bring the offenders into ridicule with the rest of the ship's company, the punishment was invariably successful as a deterrent.



"Wasting his precious rum-and-water"

One of his patent punishments for the latter offence was certainly on the Gilbertian principle. Should he ever discover a man in the act of transgressing in this particular manner, he would instantly order the Corporal of the watch to fall him in on the quarter-deck, and after upbraiding him soundly for his neglect, and giving him quite a lengthy lecture, taking for his text that a man-of-war's deck should always be clean enough to eat one's dinner off, would give orders that for a week should he scrub that very spot *with his grog*. So, on each of the seven following week-days, the unfortunate offender might be seen busily engaged with a scrubbing-brush, wasting his precious rum-and-water in the vain endeavour to erase a mark which had long since disappeared; whilst in the waist and on the foc'sle the other bluejackets enjoyed a laugh at his expense, which, if possible, was harder to bear than the loss of his grog.

Notwithstanding that this officer would himself frequently make use of a big, big D——, yet he would invariably cause a man to suffer whom he heard interlarding his speech with foul language or *unnecessary* oaths; and this was his novel punishment. He would make the offender stand in the hammock-netting for the first two hours of the first watch, and as each bell struck, call it out at the top of his voice, following (in the same tone) with a detailed description of his offence. When there were several men thus stationed in the nettings, they would be distributed about the ship, the hailing commencing with that man furthest aft on the starboard-side.

At half-past eight in the first watch (say), something like this might be heard.

"One bell in the first watch! I'm John Snooks, and I'm here for calling so-and-so a blankety-blankety blank, and telling him to dash, dash, dash. One bell in the first watch."

After each man had thus hailed his misdeeds, a roar of jeers and laughter would go up from the foc'sle; and it can be imagined—as is a fact—that on board *that* ship, at least, the pernicious habit in question was literally killed by ridicule; for, not only did the offenders become the laughing-stock of the ship's company for the remainder of the evening, but all hands had an object lesson in—and time to reflect on, the inutility and offensiveness of the practice.

With regard to the above, it may be well to point out that the habit in question is, happily, every day becoming less common in the Service, although there still remain a certain class of men who never seem to be able to call a spade a spade, but insist upon terming it an "adjectival" shovel.

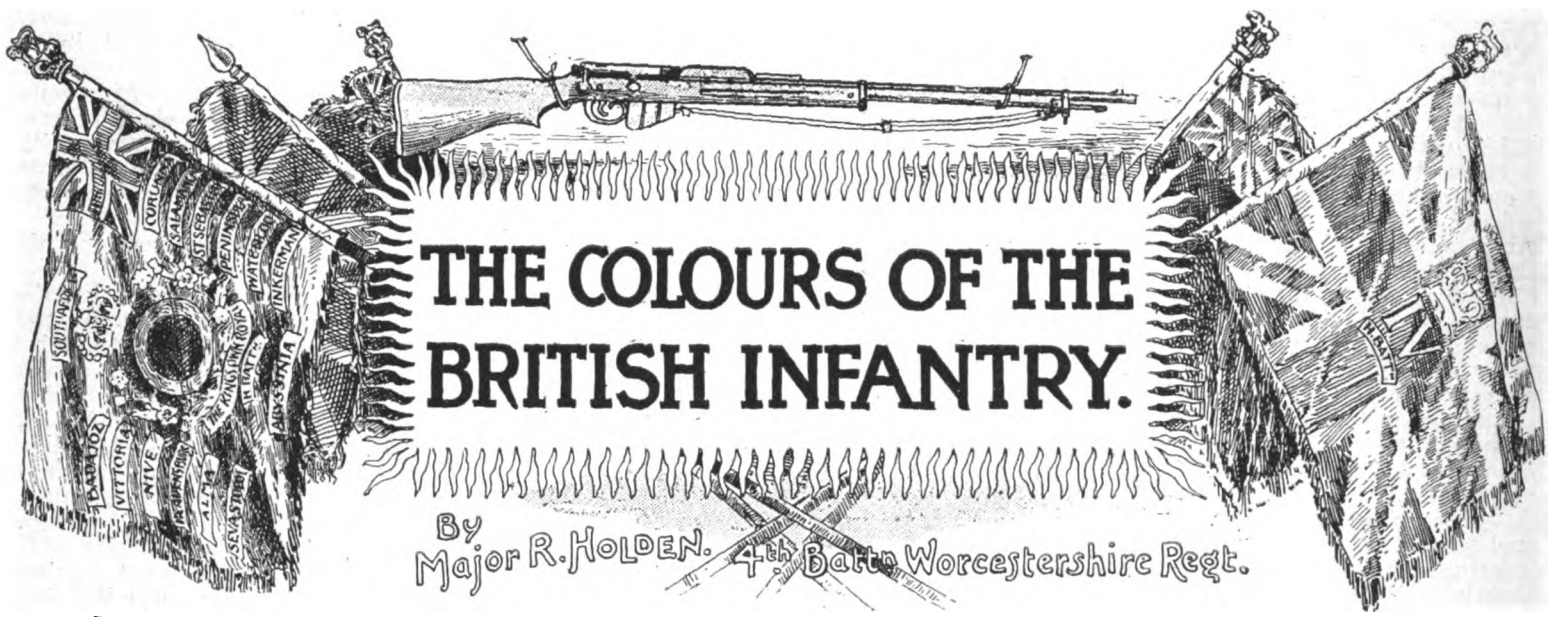
This being the case, it is seldom found necessary to award punishment for this class of offence; and when occasion does arise, no such mode of correction is ever employed; in fact, it belongs to a bygone time, and savours more of the days of Marryat; indeed, it is important to remember, when, considering this subject, that whereas in those times it was customary—and often necessary—to enforce dicipline by such harsh measures as flogging and the like, in the present day the system is rather to encourage—by rewards to be earned by all—those who conform to the regulations, and besides doing their duty in a smart manner, rule their conduct to the best interests of themselves and the Service in general

These rewards consist of (among other things) good conduct badges—for each one of which a man receives a penny a day extra pay, more frequent leave to go ashore, rapid advancement to a higher rating (for all promotion amongst the men is by merit or selection), which again carries with it an increase of pay and pension on a higher scale.

When it is remembered that every offence committed on board a man-of-war may be classed as being, which it undoubtedly is, prejudicial to the interests of the Service, and contrary to good order and dicipline, it will be seen that it is scarcely possible to say where the line should be drawn which distinguishes the offences that would be penalised on shore from those which merely offend against the discipline of the ship. However, mutinous or disrespectful conduct towards a superior may be taken as illustrating the latter, and it is consequently fully met by the punishments in the disciplinary scale; whilst the former class of offence may be represented by theft, which crime is of very rare occurrence in the Service, for as it is almost always punished by imprisonment, whether dismissal from the Service forms a part of the immediate punishment or not, it is seldom for long that a thief remains on board a ship.

To sum up the subject, the system of punishments now in vogue in the Royal Navy is based upon the principle of making the chief part of all of them consist of the preventing or limiting the offenders' participation in the rewards held out for good service and conduct, which latter are of so substantial and valuable a character that the greatest possible punishment a man can have inflicted upon him is to be dismissed the Service.

Digitized by Google



THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY.

By Major R. Holden, 4th Batt. Worcestershire Regt.

As was explained in my article on Cavalry Standards, it has been customary from the earliest periods for soldiers to carry flags, banners, or colours on the field of battle, to remind the officers and men of their duty, to serve as rallying points, and to show the positions of the various commanders and their troops. In the infantry these flags are known by the name of colours. Originally a very large number were borne on the field; then one colour only was permitted to each company. In William III.'s reign the number was reduced to three per battalion, and finally in Queen Anne's reign to two.

For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the colours of the Army, it may be well to explain that at the present time every infantry battalion of the line and militia carries two colours. These colours are made of silk, and measure three feet nine inches flying, and three feet deep on the pike. The poles are surmounted by the royal crest, a crown and lion, *passant gardant*. The first flag which is known as the royal or Queen's colour, is the great union, originally designed by James I. in 1606: On the union with Ireland in 1801 it was decreed that the cross of St. Patrick, as the banner of Ireland, should be laid over that of St. Andrew of Scotland, and that both should be covered by the red cross of St. George; and thus the union flag was formed. The second, or regimental colour, is of the colour of the facings of the regiment, except in those corps which are faced with white, in which it is the red cross of St. George, on a white ground. The regimental colour bears the ancient badges and mottoes, as well as the names of the various victories in which the regiment has borne a part.

In the brigade of Foot Guards the regulations are somewhat different from those which prevail in the infantry, for the Queen's or royal colour is crimson, while the regimental colour is the great union. In the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Rifle regiments, and departmental corps, colours are not carried.

It is a matter of regret that in the case of the Foot Guards their colours are taken into use without any ceremony; they are issued like ordinary stores every five years. But with the infantry of the line and militia a very impressive ceremony is observed. The colours are presented to the battalion on parade by some distinguished personage, and are consecrated by the highest dignataries of the church, and from that day the colours accompany the battalion wherever it goes. The soldier venerates them to an extent which is difficult of comprehension to the civilian mind. They are to him what the Cross of Christ is to the Christian. The devotion which their eagles inspired among the soldiers of the Roman legion is not greater than that with which all followers of the Queen's drum regard their colours at the end of the nineteenth century. To them these mere bits of silk, as they appear to some minds, are a sacred symbol, an inspiration to do what is right, and an incentive to duty in its highest and noblest sense; ever reminding those serving under them of their loyalty to God, Queen, and Country, ever to be guarded with jealous care in moments of peril, not to be yielded save with life, in times of peace to be pointed to with honourable pride, and in time of danger and trouble a solace and comfort. "You are to consider them as your headquarters," said the Iron Duke, in presenting new colours to the present 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders half a century ago; "and in every circumstance, in all times of privation and of distress, you will look to them as your rallying point."

It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be a something, difficult in itself to explain, about his colours, which appeals forcibly to the soldier. When Colonel Alexander Milne, commanding the 19th, now the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment, fell a victim in 1827 to the deadly climate of the West Indies, it was that peculiar reverence for the old colours of the regiment he loved which prompted his last dying request that he might be buried with them wrapt round his body: and his request was complied with. When Lieut.-Colonel Miller, of the 3rd Battalion 1st Foot Guards, now the Grenadier Guards, was mortally wounded at Quatre Bras, he sent for his brother officer and friend, Colonel Thomas, and said faintly:—"I should like to see the colours of the regiment once more before I quit them for ever!" They were brought and waved round his wounded body. His countenance brightened, he smiled, declared himself satisfied, and was carried off the field to die.

The last moments of the great and good General Sir Charles Napier have been vividly described. He passed away on the morning of the 29th June, 1853. The full light of the summer morning was streaming into the room; the old colours of the 22nd, now the Cheshire regiment, rent and torn by shot, moved gently in the air; wife, children, brothers, servants, and two veteran soldiers who had stood beside him in battle, watched—some praying, some weeping, some immovable, and fixed in their sorrow—the final dissolution; and just as the heroic spirit passed to Him who had sent it upon earth, filled with so many aspirations aud generous sympathies a noble man who stood near caught the old colours of the 22nd from their resting place and waved these shattered emblems of battle above the dying soldier.

It is because these incidents, more than anything else, seem to impress the general reader with the peculiar sentiment which surrounds the colours of the Army, that I am tempted to quote other instances. At the battle of Albuera, in 1811, the King's colour of the Buffs, now the East Kent Regiment, was miraculously preserved from capture by Lieut. Latham, in circumstances rarely equalled, but never excelled, for bravery. The whole side of his face and nose was severed by a sabre cut which disfigured him for life, and a second stroke struck off his left arm and the hand in which he held the colour. He was pierced with lances, thrown down, trampled upon, ridden over, and left for dead. But exerting what little strength remained in him, he tore the colour from the pole and concealed it under his body, where it was found after the battle saturated with blood. The conduct of the officers of the Buffs in this battle will never be forgotten. When the regiment was broken by the French cavalry, the command of one of the companies, on the captain being wounded and taken prisoner, devolved upon Edward Thomas, a young ensign of fifteen years of age. "Rally on me, men," shouted the brave lad to his disorganized company. He was carrying the regimental colour, and was soon surrounded by the enemy, but when called upon to surrender his charge replied "Never, except with my life." Pierced with many wounds the young officer paid with his life for his bravery, and the colour was for a time captured, but recovered. In the dim of the evening, a sergeant and a private with tears in their proud eyes, buried their boy officer in a shallow grave; they were the only survivors of the company, which went into action sixty-three strong.

In the officers' mess of the 1st battalion of the Essex regiment at Warley, may be seen the fragment of one of their old colours, which has a story attached to it. At Quatre Bras, Ensign Christie, carrying the King's colour, was attacked by a French lancer, who severely wounded him by a thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the left jaw. The Frenchman endeavoured to seize the flag, but the English officer, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, flung himself upon it. As the colour fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off, with the point of his lance, the actual piece now preserved in the mess. But he never carried it beyond the ranks of the regiment, for, shot and bayonetted by the nearest of the men, the French lancer rolled from his horse, dead.

The colours of a battalion are, as a rule, carried by the two senior second lieutenants, and they are escorted by a

Digitized by Google

detachment of selected non-commissioned officers. One sergeant stands between the two officers, while in their rear are two non-commissioned officers, or steady men, with a sergeant between them. But it has often occurred that, in consequence of all the junior officers being killed or wounded, the honour of carrying the colours has fallen to the lot of non-commissioned officers and even private soldiers. And right gallantly they have carried and defended them. Take for instance the Crimean campaign. At the battle of the Alma, when the officers carrying it were killed or wounded, the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers was carried by a sergeant named Luke O'Connor, who was shot in the breast and fell, but recovering himself would not relinquish the colour, and carried it till the end of the battle. The sergeant is now a major-general and wears the Victoria Cross. The regimental colour of the regiment was on the same occasion carried out of action by Sergeant H. Smith. At the soldiers' battle of Inkerman the dangerous duty of bearing the colours of the 63rd, now the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, when the subalterns were killed or wounded, fell to the lot of Colour-Sergeant J. Brophy and Sergeant A. Roberts, and these two brave non-commissioned officers, though both severely wounded, carried them for the greater portion of the day.

At the battle of Salamanca so many officers and sergeants fell under the colours of the 61st, now the 2nd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, that they were carried for sometime by private soldiers; six reliefs of officers and men were shot under them. But it would require a book devoted to the subject to describe the many occasions on which officers and other ranks have fallen round their colours. Great danger surrounds those on whom the duty falls, for the colours naturally form conspicuous targets for the enemy's artillery and infantry. Frequently the colours have been riddled with bullets or entirely shot away and nothing but the poles left.

In time of peace there is not so much romance associated with regimental colours, but they, nevertheless, have an important part to play in the daily life of the Army. On all parades of ceremony they occupy a conspicuous position, and are treated with the highest military honours. They are invariable brought on parade under an escort, and received by the regiment with a salute; they are similarly honoured when leaving the parade ground. When a guard of honour attends on a distinguished or royal personage it is accompanied by one of the colours of the battalion which furnishes it; but the Royal, or Queen's colour, is only carried at State ceremonials or on occasions when the guard is in attendance on a member of the Royal Family or Viceroy. On these occasions, and at reviews, the colours are lowered to members of the Royal Family, and to Field Marshals when no member of the Royal Family is present; but to all other ranks of inspecting officers they are held erect in the belt and allowed to fly. It is customary on the Queen's Birthday to carry out what is called the Trooping of the Colours, one of the few impressive and pretty ceremonies which remain in our Army. The colour, after being received on parade with every honour, is escorted in slow time past every man in the battalion. Nowhere can this ceremony be seen to greater advantage than in the month of May on the Horse Guards' Parade at Whitehall, where it is daily rehearsed by the Foot Guards preparatory to the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday.

The colours of the Army have had their misfortunes and their vicissitudes, and though soldiers of all ranks and all ages have freely shed their blood in defending them, circumstances have occurred in which a cruel fate has decreed that the colours should fall into the hands of the enemy. In the British Army, fortunately, these rare occasions have never involved any stain on the honour of the regiments concerned. I will go further, and say that in nearly every instance the details might be honourably recorded in letters of gold. Take, for instance, the most recent occasions, the disastrous fights at Isandhlwana and Maiwand. Probably every British soldier is familiar with the circumstances under which the 24th Regiment, now the South Wales' Borderers, lost the colours of its second battalion on the fatal 22nd of January, 1879. "Overwhelmed by countless numbers," I am quoting the words of the late Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, "and with ammunition exhausted, the gallant regiment fell in the ranks in which they had fought, dauntless to the last, and surrounded by the enemy's slain." The last survivor of this massacre was a drummer-boy of the regiment, who was seen to fling his short sword at a Zulu before he fell pierced with assegais. Five hundred and eighty-five non-commissioned officers and men, five band and drummer-boys, and twenty-one officers were killed in action on the field of Isandhlwana and in the defence of Rorke's Drift in two days. Probably every Englishman knows how Lieutenant and Adjutant Melvill and Lieutenant Coghill died in endeavouring to save the Queen's colour of the 1st battalion of the regiment on the same occasion; how, some days after their death, the colour was discovered in the Buffalo river; and how it was subsequently honoured by Her Majesty the Queen, with her own hands, decorating it with a wreath of *immortelles*. To this day the regiment has the unique distinction of bearing round the top of the Queen's colour a silver wreath in commemoration of the event.

The other and the last occasion upon which the colours of a British regiment have fallen into an enemy's hands occurred during the Afghan War of 1878-80. The battle of Maiwand was a humiliating disaster, but the last stand of the small remnant of the 66th Regiment stands out in bold relief. History does not reveal any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and country than that displayed on the 27th July, 1880. The regiment, now known as the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire, lost no fewer than twelve officers, and three hundred and five non-commissioned officers and men in killed and wounded; but I am concerned more with the determined stand of the last surviving group, which must evoke everlasting admiration from all Englishmen. One hundred officers and men, surrounded by the whole of the Afghan Army, fought on until only eleven men were left. These eleven men charged out of the garden and died with their faces to the foe, fighting to the death. Such was the nature of their charge and the grandeur of their bearing that, although the whole of the Ghazis were assembled around them, not one dared approach to cut them down. Thus, standing in the open, back to back, firing steady and truly, every shot telling, surrounded by thousands, these eleven officers and men died; and it was not until the last man had been shot down that the Ghazis dared advance upon them. The sole survivor of this little group was a dog, which fell into the hands of the Afghans; but it was subsequently recovered, only to meet its death by being run over in the streets of London. The regiment lost both its colours on this occasion, but what glory surrounds the event! They were carried by two young second lieutenants named Barr and Honywood. The former, true to the last, fell dead across his colour; while young Honywood, wounded early in the engagement by a bullet in the leg, managed to struggle to the garden where the last brave stand was made. On that spot, which has become sacred to the memory of the little band of heroes, who, in their determination to sell their lives dearly, watered it so copiously with their blood, he was shot down whilst holding the colour high above his head, shouting "Men, what shall we do to save this?"

It will be easily realized that the colours of a regiment, from rough usage and even ordinary wear and tear, cannot last very long. In accordance with the regulations, a battalion is entitled to a new set every twenty-five years, but some regiments are very loth even then to part with the old flags under which they have so long served.

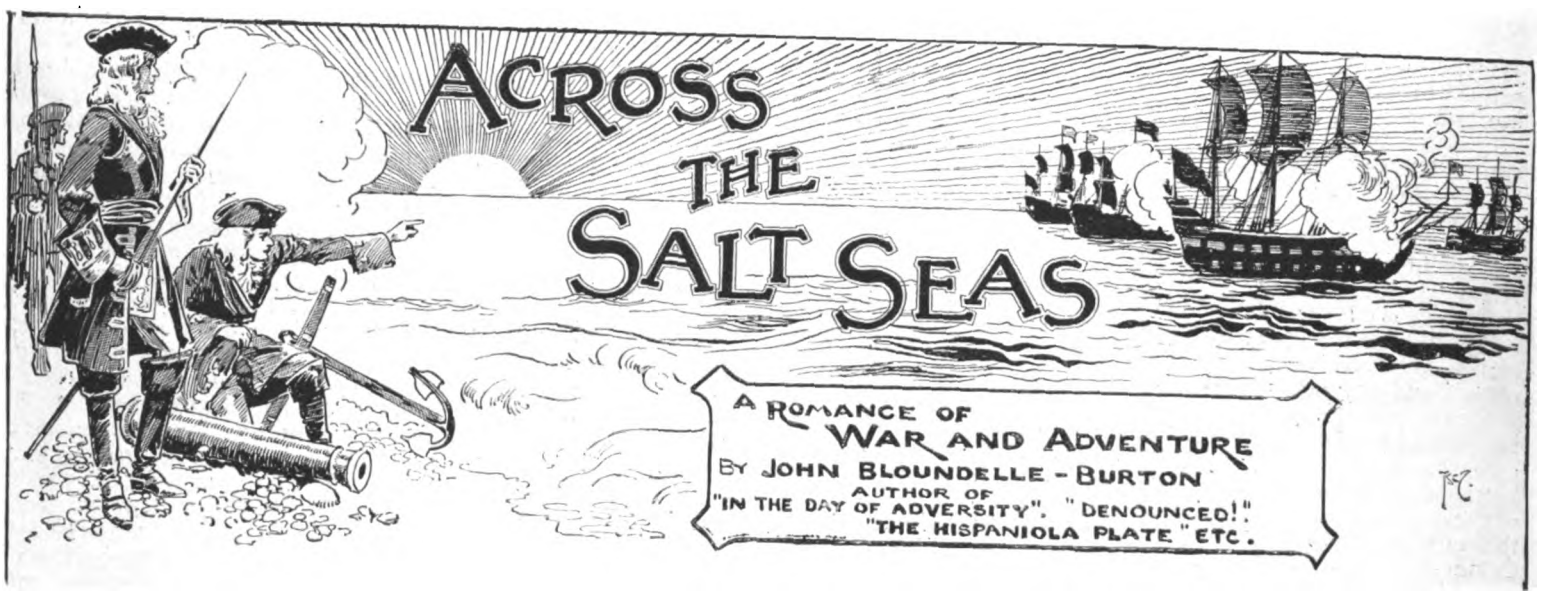
The 45th, now known as the 1st Battalion the Sherwood Foresters, still clings to the colours, or what little remains of them, which were presented as long ago as 1839. And the old 29th regiment, the 1st Battalion of the Worcestershire, prides itself on using the colours presented in 1841, and carried through the Punjab campaign. But "the Sons of the Brave," the young soldier boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Chelsea, have a greater distinction: for they still carry a set of colours which was presented to them over 70 years ago. And this is an honour of which they are justly proud, and one, mark you, which soldiers do not think lightly of, for there is scarcely a regiment in the Army which has not at one time or another been proud to claim as its own some hero who first learned a soldier's duty, and how to love and honour his Queen and country, under the little pair of colours which are carried in the school to this day.

When the time does arrive for the colours of a regiment to bid adieu to the Army and retire from active life, the same reverence and honour which have been accorded throughout their active service attend them in their retirement. The parting ceremony is a sad one. The old, faded, and tattered remains of what were once bright and beautiful silk flags are borne in slow time through the ranks, and, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," are removed from parade for ever. As the colours on their entry into service receive the blessing of the Church, so on the completion of their service, they as a rule, find a resting place in the Church. Anyone who has visited St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, the Chapel of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, or the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, which was till recently the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, will have noticed the old faded and time-worn colours of famous regiments which hang like silent witnesses of the greatness of England and the bravery of her sons:—

"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul;
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff, and the rag was a flag."

Under these old tattered remains, generals and drummer boys have alike distinguished themselves. Men taken from behind English ploughs and from English workshops, and those trained in the best schools and colleges have displayed equal heroism when the emergency arose. Private soldiers who had been inured to a life of hardship, and young officers who had been nursed in luxurious homes, have alike faced fever, wounds, and death from the same sense of duty and loyalty to their colours.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, the hero, who has been sent by the Earl of Marlborough with secret information to the English Admiral attacking Cadiz, from which he has retired, is now in touch with three ships of the Fleet which have come into Lagos, in the south of Portugal, for water—Portugal being neutral territory at the commencement of the War of Succession. He left Rotterdam in a small trading vessel in the hopes of reaching Sir George Rooke at Cadiz but, failing that, he has, by good fortune, picked up some of the squadron in the above manner. During the voyage, the vessel he was in was attacked by a French ship of war which was, in its turn, attacked by two of Queen Anne's ships of war, and driven on to a reef. On board was a dissolute old man, calling himself Carstairs, who has property in the galleons returning from the Indies, and whose actions are extremely suspicious. Later on in the story he appears again, and plays a conspicuous part.

CHAPTER VII. *(continued).*

I jumped into the shore boat, I say, as soon as it came alongside "La Mouche Noire," and was quickly rowed into the port, observing as I went that there were a considerable number of craft moored in the Bay—many of which had doubtless run in there during the storm of a night or so ago, while, also, there were some sheltering in it which would possibly have been lying in other harbours now—and those Spanish ones! —had it not been for the war and the consequent danger of attack from the English and Dutch navies in any other waters but these of Portugal—she being, as I have said, neutral at present, though leaning at this moment to our—the Allies'—side. To wit, there were some German ships, also a Dane or two, a Dutchman and a Swedish bark here.

And now I stepped ashore on Portuguese ground, and found myself torn hither and thither by the most ragged and disorderly crowd of beggars one could imagine, some of them endeavouring to drag me off to a dirty inn at the waterside—in the front of which there sat two priests a-drinking with some scaramouches, whom I took to be Algarvian soldiers—while others around me designed, I did believe, serious intentions on my pockets had I not kept my hands tight in them. Also, which hearted me up to see, there were many of our English sailors about, dressed in their red kersey breeches with white tin buttons, and their grey jackets and red welsh kersey waistcoats, all of whom were bawling and halloaing to one another—making the confusion worse confounded—and using fierce oaths in the greatest good humour. And then, while I stood there wondering how I should find those whom I sought for, I heard a voice behind me saying in cheery tones, in my own tongue, "Faith, Tom, 'tis an Englishman, I tell you. No doubt about that. Look to his rig—observe also he can scarce speak a word more of the language of the country he is in than we can ourselves. Does not that proclaim him one of us? Except our beloved friends, the French, who are as ignorant of other tongues as we are, we are the worst? Let's board him—we are all in the same boat."

Now, knowing very well that these remarks could hardly be applied to any but me, I turned round and found close to my elbow a fat, jolly-looking gentleman, all clad in black and with a black scarf slung across him, and wearing a tye-wig which had not been powdered for many a day—a gentleman with an extreme red face much pitted with the small pox. And by his side there stood four or five other gentlemen who, 'twas easy to see at a glance, were of my own trade—their gold-laced scarlet coats—the aiguillettes of one, the cockades in all their hats, showed that.

"Sir," said he who had spoken first, taking off his own black hat—which, like his wig, would have been the better for some attention—and bowing low, "I fear you overheard me, yet I meant no offence. And, since I am very sure you are of our country, there should be none. Sir, I am, if you will allow me to present myself, Mr. Beauvoir, chaplain of Her Majesty's ship 'Pembroke.' These are my friends, officers serving under his Grace of Ormond, and of my lord Shannon's grenadiers and Colonel Pierce's regiment"; whereon he again took off his hat to me, in which polite salutation he was followed by the others, while I returned the courtesy.

And now I knew that I had found what I wanted—knew that the road was open to me to reach the Admiral, to tell my tale. I had found those who could bring me into communication with the fleet: be very sure I should not loose sight of them now. But first I had to name myself, wherefore I said:

"Gentlemen, I am truly rejoiced to see you. Let me in turn present myself. My name is Mervyn Crespin, Lieutenant in the Cuirassiers, or Fourth Horse, and it is by God's special grace that I have been so fortunate as to encounter you. For," and here I glanced round at the filthy crowd which environed us, and lowered my voice a little, "I am here on a special mission to your Commander from my lord Marlborough, yet I had thought I had failed when I heard you were off and away from Cadiz."

Now, when I mentioned the position which I held in the army all looked with increased interest at me, and again took off their hats; while, when I went on to speak of my mission from the Earl of Marlborough, there came almost a dazed look into some of their faces, as though 'twas impossible for them to understand what the Captain-General of the Netherlands could have to say with the fleet that had been sent forth from England to Cadiz.

"A message to our Commander!" Mr. Beauvoir said. "A message to our Commander! By the Lord Harry, I am afraid 'tis even now a bootless quest, though. Our Commander, with all his fleet, is on his way back to England—and pretty well dashed, too, through being obliged to draw off from Cadiz, I can tell you. I fear me you will not see him this side of Spithead, even if you go with us who are about to follow him."

That I was also "pretty well dashed" at this news needs no telling, since my feelings may be well enough conceived; yet I plucked up heart to say:

"I do think if your captain but hears the news I bring, he will endeavour to catch the fleet and turn it from its homeward course—ay, even though he set sail again to-night without so much as a drop of fresh water in his casks. 'Tis great news, news that may do much to cripple France."

"Is it private, sir?" the chaplain asked, "for the ears of the admirals alone?"

"Nay," said I, "by no means private from English ears. Yet," I continued, with still another glance around, "not to be spoken openly. Is there no room we can adjourn to?"

"We have been trying ourselves for half an hour to find an inn," said one of the grenadiers, with a laugh, "which swarms not with vermin of all sorts. Yet, come, let us endeavour again; even though there is nought for gentlemen to eat or drink, we may at least be alone and hear this news. Come, let us seek for some such spot," and he elbowed his way through the waterside crowd which still stood gaping around us, and which, even when we all moved away, hung on our heels staring at us as though we were some strange beings from another world. Also, perhaps, they thought to filch some scrap of lace or galloon from off our clothes.

"Away, vagabonds—what in Heaven's name is Portuguese for 'away, vagabonds?'" muttered Mr. Beauvoir, making signs to the beggarly brood who—perhaps because often our ships put in here for water and they are accustomed to seeing the English—held out their dirty claw-like hands and shrieked "Moaney, moaney—Englese moaney"—"away, I say, and leave us in peace."

And gradually, seeing there was nothing more to be gotten after one or two of us had flung them a coin or so, they left us to our own devices, so that we were able to stroll along the few miserable streets which the town possessed; able to observe, also, that there was no decent inn into which a person

Digitized by Google

who valued his future comfort and freedom from a month or so of itching could put his foot in safety.

But now we reached a little open spot, or *plaza*, a place which had a melancholy, deserted look, there being several empty houses in this gloomy square, while on another mansion we saw the arms of France stuck up—a shield with a blazing sun upon it—the emblem of Louis! and the lilies on it also, and guessed it must be the consul's place of business. And here it seemed to me as if this was as fitting an opportunity as I should find for making the necessary disclosures; disclosures which, when these gentlemen had heard them, might induce them to hurry back to the "Pembroke," bring me into communication with the captain, and lead him to put to sea in the hopes of picking up the remainder and chief part of the English fleet, which was but twenty-four hours ahead of him.

"Gentlemen," I said, "here is a quiet spot," as indeed it was, seeing that there was nothing alive in this mournful *plaza* but a few scraggy fowls pecking amongst the stones and a lean dog or two sleeping in the sun—"Let me tell you my news."

Whereupon all of them halted and stood round me listening eagerly, while I unfolded my story and gave them the intelligence that the galleons had gone into Vigo escorted by, as the Earl had said while we rode towards Rotterdam, a large French fleet.

"'Fore George, Harry," said Mr. Beauvoir, turning towards the elder of the officers with him, a captain in Pierce's regiment, "but this is mighty fine news. Only—can it be true? I mean," he went on with a pleasant bow to me, "can it be possible that the Earl of Marlborough is not mistaken? For, if 'tis true, and we can only communicate with Sir George Rooke—get him back again—'twill be a fine thing. Wipe out the scandal and hubbub that will arise over our retreat from Cadiz, go far to say parliament enquiries and the Lord knows what—to say nothing of court martials. Humph?"

"Why should the Earl be mistaken in this?" asked one of the others. "At least he was right in judging they would not go into Cadiz."

"We must take you at once to Captain Hardy, of our ship," said the chaplain. "'Tis for him to decide when he has heard your story. Come, let us get back to the pinnace—no time must be wasted."

"With the very greatest will in the world," said I. 'Tis for that I have travelled from Kaiserswerth. And pray God I have not come too late. Success means much for me, as well as all."

"Then we turned to go, while the officers attacked me on all sides for an account of the siege of Kaiserswerth, of which they had not yet heard full accounts, and we were just leaving the square when there appeared at the door of the French Consul's house a man who, no sooner did he observe us and our English appearance (which betrays us all over Europe, I have noticed, tho' I know not why) and also the brilliancy of the officers' dress, than he set to work bowing and grimacing like a monkey. Also he began calling out salutations to us in French, and asking us how the English did now in the wars? and saying that, for himself, he very much regretted that France and England had got flying at one another's throats once more, since, if they were not fools and would only keep united as they had been in the days of him whom he called *le grand roi, Charles Deux*, they might rule the world between them. Which was true enough as regarded their united powers (if not the greatness of that late king of ours) as many other people more sensible than he have thought!

"Bowing and Grimacing like a monkey."

"'Tis a merry heart," said Mr. Beauvoir, smiling on the fantastic creature as he jibbered and jumped about on his doorstep, while the others looked contemptuously at him, for we soldiers had but a poor opinion of the French, though always pleased to fight them; "a joyous blade! Let us return his civility," whereupon he took off his hat—which courtesy we all imitated—and wished him "Good day" politely in his own language.

"Ha! you speak French, monsieur," the other cried at this," also you have all the *bonne mine*. English gentlemen is always gentlemen. Ha! I ver please see you," he was himself now speaking half English and half French. "*Je vous salue*. Lagos ver triste. I always glad see gentlemens. *Voulez vous un verre de vin? C'est Français, vrai Français!* Ver goot."

"'Tis tempting," said the chaplain of the "Pembroke," his face appearing to get more red than before at the invitation—"well, we can do no harm in having a crack with him. Only—silence, remember;" and he glanced at the officers. "Not a word of our doings—lately, now, or to come."

"Never fear," said the eldest. "We can play a better game than that would be," whereon the chaplain, after bowing gracefully to our intending host, said in very fair French that, if he desired it, we would all drink a glass of wine with him, only he feared we were too many. "Not a jot, not a jot," this strange creature cried, beckoning all of us into the house and forthwith leading us into a whitewashed room, in the middle of which was a table with, upon it, a great outre of wine, bound and supported by copper bands and flanked with a number of glasses, so that one might have thought he was ever offering entertainment to others. Then with great dexterity he filled the requisite number of glasses and, after making us each touch his with ours, drank a toast—

"*A la fin de la guerre*," he cried—after screaming first: "*Attention, messieurs*," and rapping on the table with his glass to claim that attention, "*à l'amitié incassable de la France et d'Angleterre. Vive, Vive, Vive, la France et l'Angleterre!*" and down his throat went all his wine.

"A noble toast," said Mr. Beauvoir, with a gravity which—I know not why!—I did not think, somehow, was his natural attribute, "a noble toast. None—be he French or English—could refuse to pledge that," and with a glance at the others away went his liquor, too, while my brother officers, with a queer look upon their faces which seemed to express the thought that they scarce knew whether they ought to be carousing in this manner with the representative of an enemy, swallowed theirs.

"Ha! goot, ver goot," our friend went on, "we will have some more," and in a twinkling he had replenished the glasses and got his own up to, or very near to, his lips. And, catching a glance of Mr. Beauvoir's grey eye as he did this, I felt very sure that the reverend gentleman knew as well as I did that these were by no means the first potations our friend had been indulging in this morning.

"Another toast," he cried now. "*Sacré nom d'un chien*," we will drink more toasts. *A la santé*——" then paused and muttered. "No, no, I cannot propose that. No, *ce n'est pas juste*."

"What is not just, monsieur?" asked Mr. Beauvoir, pausing with his own uplifted glass.

"Why, *figurez-vous*, I was going to commit an impoliteness—what you call a rudesse—rudeness—in your English tongue. To propose the continued prosperity of France—no, *vraiment il ne faut pas ça*. Because you are my guests—I love the English gentlemens always—and it is so certain—so very certain?"

"The continued success of France is very certain, monsieur?" said one of the grenadiers looking darkly at him. "You say that?"

"*Sans doute*." It cannot be otherwise. On sea and land we must triumph now—and then—then—we shall have *la paix*

Digitized by Google

incassable. Oh! yes, now that Châteaurenauld is on the seas we must perforce win there—win everything. And for the land, why——"

"Châteaurenauld is on the seas!" exclaimed the chaplain looking very grave. "And how long has that been, monsieur?"

"Oh, sometime, sometime." Then he put his finger to his nose and said—looking extremely cunning in his half-drunkenness—"And soon now he will be free to scour them, to turn his attention to you and the Dutch—curse the Dutch always, they are *cochons*!—soon, ver soon. Just as soon as the galleons are unloaded at Vigo—when he need protect them no more."

Swift as lightning all our eyes met as the good-natured sot said this in his boastfulness; then Mr. Beauvoir speaking calmly again, said:

"So he is protecting them at Vigo, eh? 'Tis not often they unload there."

"Ah, *non, non.* Not ver often. But, you see, you had closed Cadiz against them, so, *naturellement,* they must go in somewhere."

"Naturally. No—not another drop of wine, I thank you!"

Chapter VIII.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "PEMBROKE."

A good snoring breeze was ripping us along parallel with the Portuguese coast, a fortnight later, every rag of canvas being stretched aloft,—fore-top gallant royals, mizzen-top gallant royals, and royal staysails. For we had found the main body of the fleet at last—after eleven days search for them—and we were on the road to Vigo.

Only—should we be too late when we got there! That was the question!

Let me take up my tale where I left off. Time enough to record our hopes and fears when that is told.

Our French friend, whose boastfulness had increased with every drop of Montrachet he swallowed (and 'twas real good wine! vastly different, the chaplain, who boasted himself a fancier, said afterwards, from the filthy concoctions to be obtained in that part of Portugal), had been unable to hold his tongue, having got upon the subject of the greatness of his beloved France, and the consequence was that every word he let fall served but to corroborate the Earl of Marlborough's information and my statement. Nay! by the time he allowed us to quit his house, which was not for half an-hour after he had first divulged the neighbourhood of Châteaurenauld and the galleons, and during which period he drank even more fast and furious than before, he had given us still further information. For, indeed, it seemed that once this poor fool's tongue was unloosed, there was no bounds to his vaunts and glorifications; and had it not been that he was our host and, also, that every word he said was of the greatest value to us, I do indeed believe that one or other of the officers would have twisted his neck for him, so exasperating was his bragging.

"*Pauvre Angleterre! Pauvre Angleterre!*" he called out, after we had refused to drink any more, though he himself still kept on furiously, "Poor England! Ah! *mon Dieu,* what shall become of her! Beaten at Cadiz——"

"Retired from Cadiz, if you please, monsieur," one of Pierce's officers said sternly, "because the Dutch ships had run out of provisions, and because, also, the Admiral and His Grace could not hope to win Spain to the cause of Austria by bombarding their towns and invading their country. Remember that, sir, if you please."

"Oh, la, la! *C'est la même chose*—It matters not." Then the talkative idiot went on. "I hope only that the fleet is safe in England by now. Ver safe, because otherwise——"

"Have no fear, sir," the officer said again, though at a sign from Mr. Beauvoir he held his peace and allowed the Frenchman to proceed.

"Ver safe because, otherwise, Châteaurenauld will soon catch them—poof! like a mouse in grimalkin's claws. The *debarquement* must be over by now—oh, yes, over by now!—l'amiral will be free to roam the seas with his great fleet. *Tiens! c'est enorme!* There are, for instance, 'La Sirène,' 'L'Espérance,' 'La Superbe,' 'Le Bourbon,' 'L'Enflamme'—all terrible vessels. Also many more, 'Le Solide,' 'Le Fort,' 'La Prompte'—*fichtre!* I cannot recall their names—they are fifteen in all. What can you do against that?"

"What did we do at La Hogue?" asked Mr. Beauvoir quietly.

"Ha, La Hogue; La Hogue. *Voilà, Faute de Bassesse, faute de*——"

"Sir," said the chaplain interrupting, "let us discourse no more on this subject. If we do we shall but get to quarrelling—and you have been polite and hospitable. We would not desire that to happen. Sir, we are obliged to you," and he held out his hand.

The strange creature took it—he took all our hands and shook them; he even seemed about to weep a little at our departure and muttered that "Lagos was *ver triste.*" He loved to see anyone, even though a misguided enemy.

"And," said Mr. Beauvoir, as we made our way down to the Quai where the pinnace was to take them off, "to chatter to them as well as see them. Forgive him, Lord, he is a madman! Yet, I think," turning to me, "you should be satisfied. He corroborated you, and he has told us something worth knowing. Fifteen ships of war in all, eh?" whereon he fell a musing. "A great fleet in truth—yet ours is larger and we are English. That counts."

It took us very little while to fetch off to the "Pembroke," and on arriving on board Mr. Beauvoir instantly sent to know if he could see the captain, since he brought great news from the shore. The sentry would not, however, by any means undertake to deliver the message, since Captain Hardy was now abed, he having been on the poop all night while the ships were coming in, whereon Mr. Beauvoir, saying that the business we were now on took precedence of sleep and rest, pushed his way into the great cabin and instantly knocked at the door outside the captain's berth. Also he called to him to say that he had news of the galleons and the French admiral's fleet, and that there waited by his side an officer of the land forces charged with a message to him from the Earl of Marlborough.

"What!" called out the captain, as we heard him slip his door open, after hearing also a bound as he leaped from his bunk to the floor. "What!" and a minute after he stood before us—a fine, brave-seeming gentleman, without his coat or vest on.

"What! News of the galleons? Are you the messenger, sir?" looking at me and returning my salute. "Quick. Your news. In as few words as may be."

And in a few words I told him all while he stood there before me, the chaplain supplementing of my remarks in equally few words by a description of what the drunken French Consul had maundered on about in his boastings.

And the actions of this captain showed me at once that I was before one of those sea commanders who, by their daring and decision, had done so much to make our power on the ocean feared, nothwithstanding any checks, such as that of Cadiz, which they now and again have to submit to.

"Sentry," he called out, running into his cabin to strike upon a gong by his bedside at the same time, "sentry." And then when the man appeared, went on, "Send the yeoman of the signals to me at once. Away with you."

"Make signal," he said to the lad, who soon came tumbling down the companion ladder, his glass under his arm, "to Captain Wishart in the 'Eagle' and the other captains in the squadron to repair here for consultation without loss of time. Up, and waste no moment."

And sure enough—for in Her Majesty's Navy they are as prompt as we of the sister Service, if not prompter, since to a sailor minutes are sometimes of as much importance as hours on land—ere a quarter of an hour had passed, the waters of the harbour were dotted with the barges of the other captains making for our ship, and, five minutes after that, all were assembled in the great cabin listening to my tale. And all were at once agreed on what must be a-doing.

"'Tis of vast importance," said Captain Wishart—who I think was the senior, since he presided, "that the Admiral is acquainted with this—'tis for him to decide what shall be done when he has heard the mission on which this officer has come, and heard, also, the words of the Frenchman. Now, who has the fastest sailer? You, I think, Hardy."

"True enough," replied the Captain, "as for speed, I can sail two feet to every one of all the rest. Yet the head of the ship is somewhat loose, which may endanger the masts; she is a trifle leaky and our food is short. Nevertheless, since the intelligence has been by good luck brought to my hands, I am loth indeed to resign the honour of finding Sir George."

"Nor shall you resign it," exclaimed the other Captains.

"The chance is yours—succeed in it, and you will get your flag.—Hardy, you must take it."

Enough that I say he took it—had he not done so he would not have been worth one of his ship's biscuits, the casks of which were, as it happened, now running extremely low. Took it, too, in spite of the murmurings of some of his men, who said that they had signed only for the expedition to Cadiz, and for that alone, and, therefore, it was plainly his duty to return to England. But Captain Hardy had a short way with such as these—a way well enough known to sailors—while to others—with whom he thought it worth while to explain at all—he pointed out that there must be in the galleons, if they could only get alongside of them, sufficient to furnish good prize-money for all.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

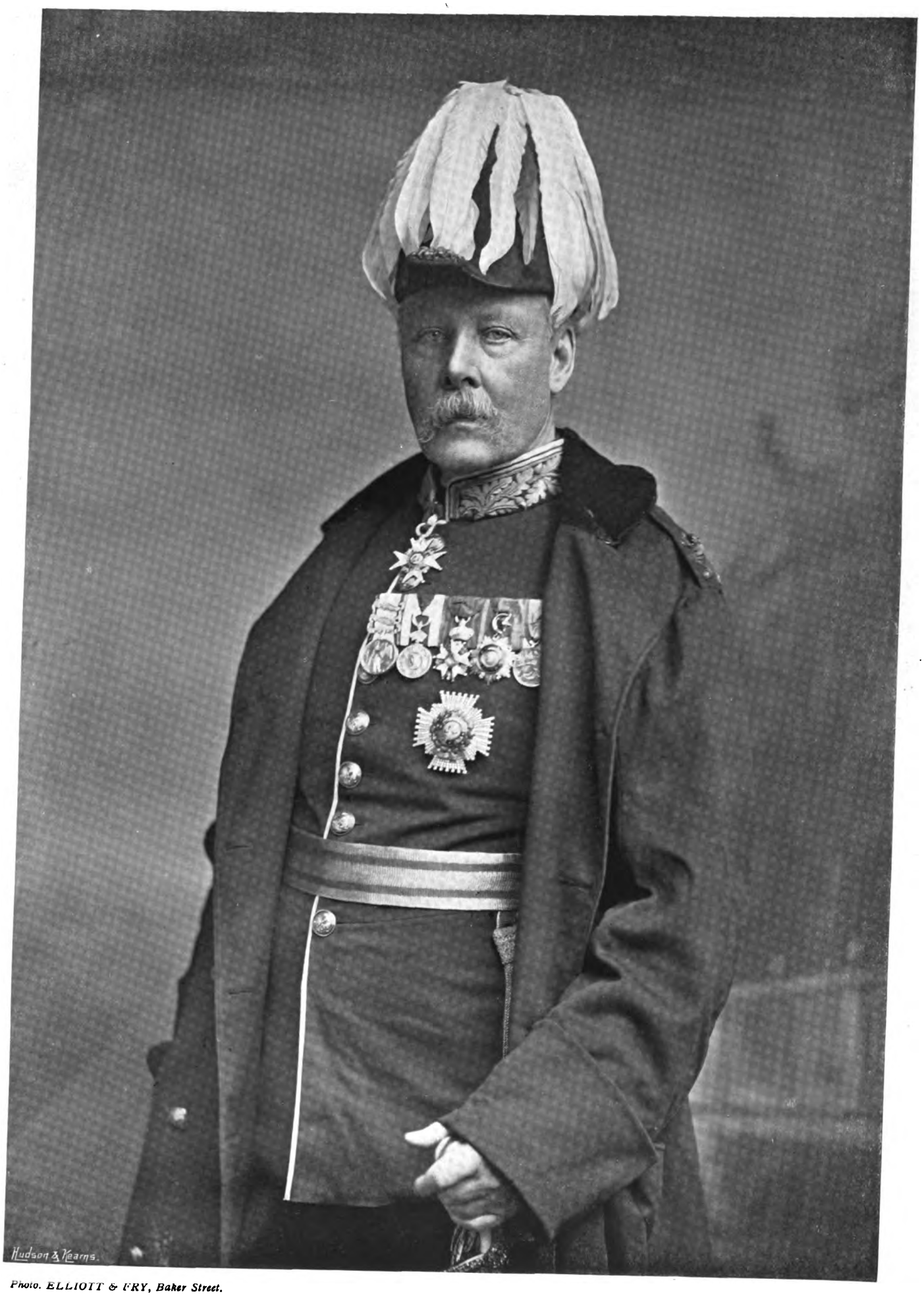


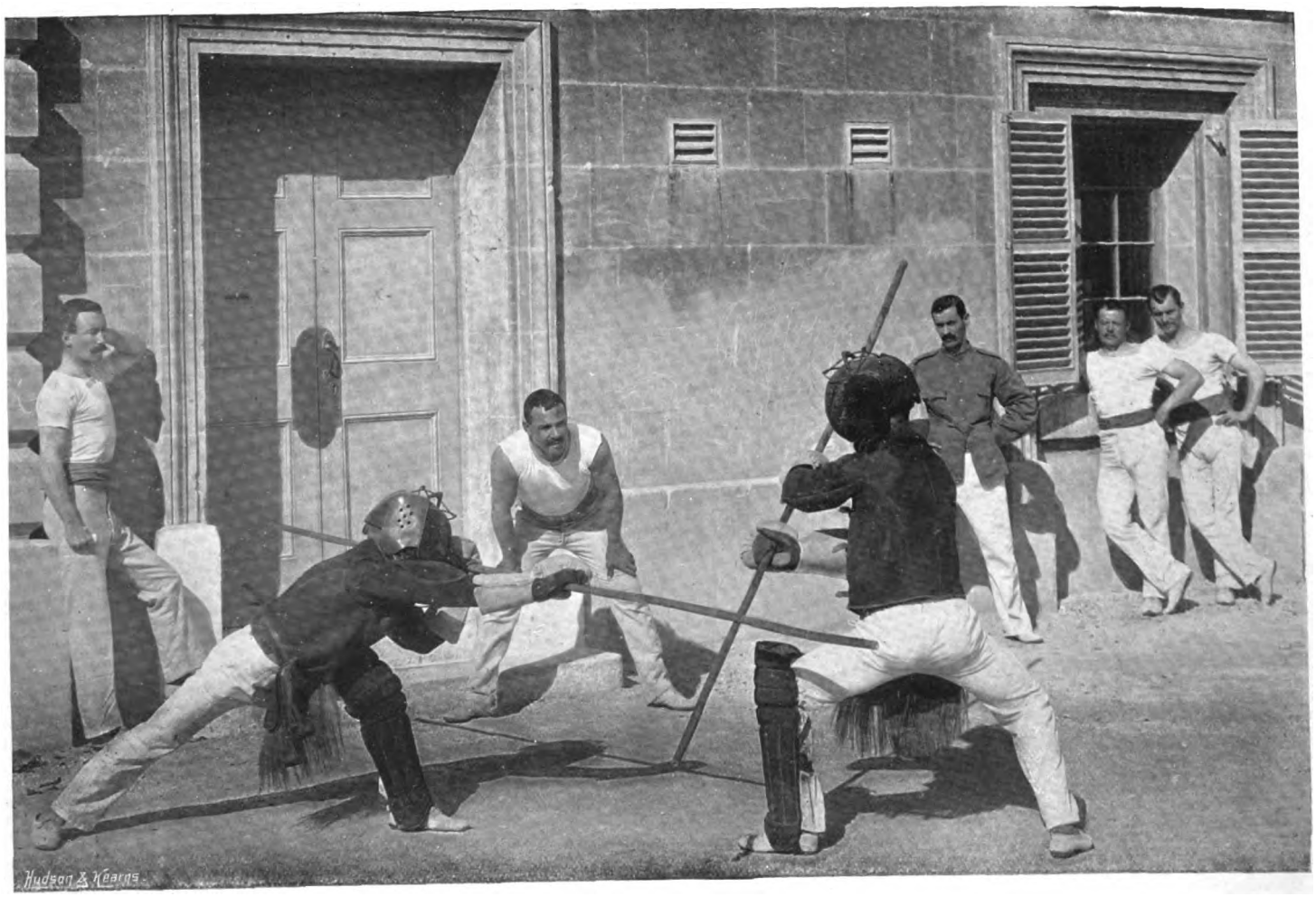
Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GORDON CAMERON, K.C.B.

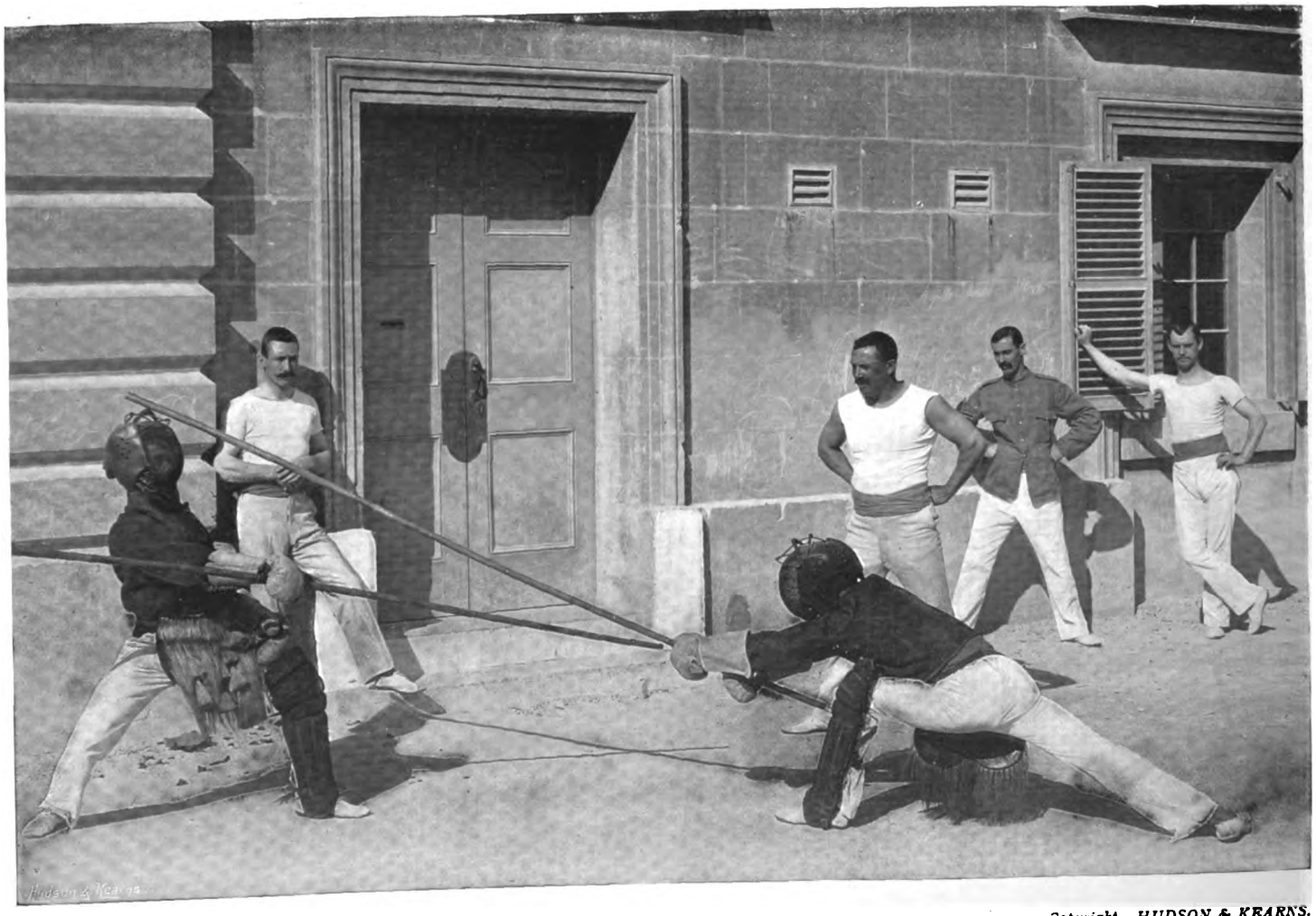
THE subject of our portrait this week has a particularly distinguished fighting record. He saw his first serious fighting during the Crimean campaign, where he was severely wounded while in command of the Volunteer Sharpshooters of the First Divison. As a reward for his services on this occasion he received the Crimean medal with two clasps, the Turkish medal, the Order of the 5th Class of the Medjidie, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France. He commanded the 1st Battalion of the King's Own throughout the Abyssinian campaign, and was present at the action of the Arogee and the capture of Magdala, and for the part he took in this expedition Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA said in his despatches "that he had won his admiration by the manner in which he has commanded his excellent regiment, and the soldier-like spirit which, by his teaching and example, he has so well fostered and maintained." He was also made a Companion of the Bath at the same time. He attained the rank of General in January, 1893.

Digitized by Google

A BOUT AT QUARTERSTAFF.



JUST IN TIME.



Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta

THE END OF THE BOUT.

THESE two photographs, representing as they do a bout at quarterstaff, were taken at the Headquarters Gymnasium during the weekly practice of the Army Gymnastic Instructors at Malta. To a great extent they speak for themselves, but a word or so of explanation concerning them will not be out of place. In the first picture, showing the earlier part of the bout, one of the combatants has just parried a blow dealt by his opponent, and in the second the same man has succeeded in breaking down his adversary's guard and treating him as Friar TUCK treated his antagonist under the greenwood tree. The superintendent, who has the whole of the Gymnasium under his control, is seen watching the men, ready to check or approve, as occasion demands. Quarterstaff, although not strictly included in the *regime* of military gymnastic training, has much to recommend it, bringing as it does every muscle into use. It trains the eye and arm to act in unison, and is an aid in producing that endurance, suppleness, and rapidity so essential to a fencer. Moreover, it affords a somewhat welcome variety to the ordinary course. It is an essentially English game, and it is much to be regretted that it should have been allowed to drop into almost entire disuse.

Digitized by Google

Photo. R. ELLIS Malta.

THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA AND HIS STAFF.

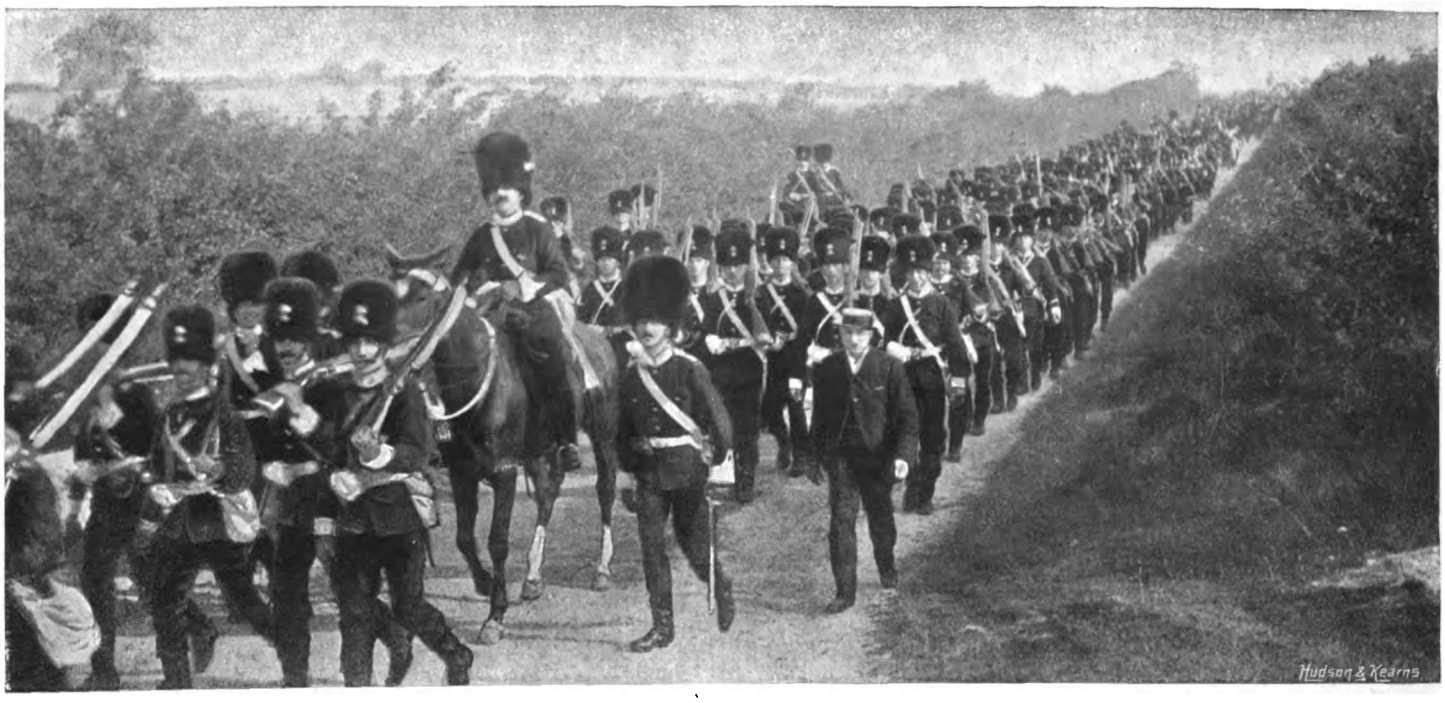
Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

WE have here General Sir ARTHUR JAMES LYON-FREMANTLE, K.C.M.G., C.B., the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, together with the officers who hold command under him and form his personal staff. The garrison of the Fortress of Malta comprises from five to six thousand troops of all arms, distributed into eight companies of Garrison Artillery, three companies (fortress and submarine mining) of Royal Engineers, six battalions of Infantry, besides detachments of the Army Service and Ordnance Store Corps, with the Colonial Corps—the Royal Malta Artillery and Militia. Sir ARTHUR LYON-FREMANTLE, who has held the Command at Malta since January 1894, is a Guardsman, and an officer of considerable staff experience. He has seen war service in the Soudan; as a Brigadier in 1885, and later as a General of Division. He is a Lieutenant-General on the Active list, and while holding the Malta Command, bears the local rank of General.

Digitized by Google

MARCHING OPERATIONS ROUND ALDERSHOT.

WELSH FUSILIERS AT THE END OF A LONG MARCH.



FIELD DAY ORDER—"THE OLD AND BOLD."

Photos. CUMMINGS, Aldershot.

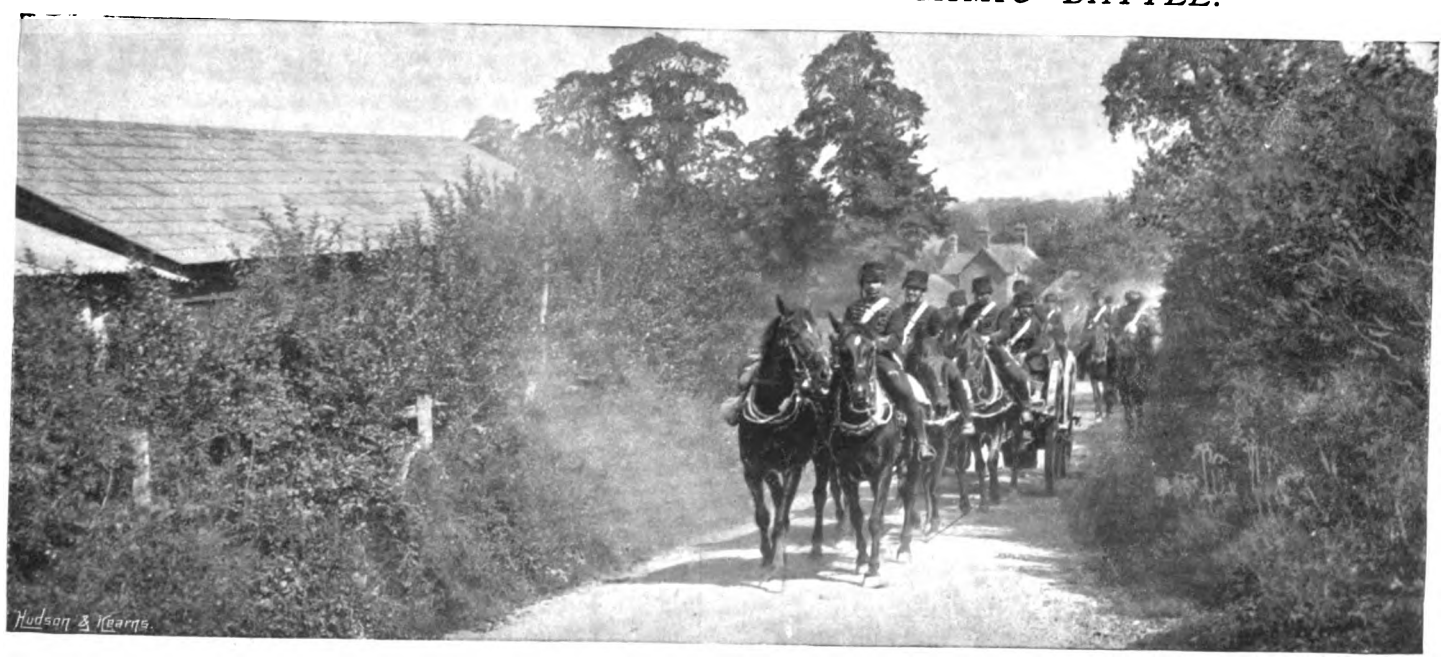
HIGHLANDERS ON THE MARCH.

EVERYBODY who prides himself on the fact that his country has a well-equipped and efficiently-trained and organised Army will scan these two pages with the greatest interest. The pictures are well worthy of attention as showing the different orders of marching, and as illustrations of incidents happening during the manœuvres constantly taking place near Aldershot. The first picture shows the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers entering Crookham after a long, trying march. The troops are in service marching order, wearing their busbies and leggings, and carrying water bottles, besides their valises containing a field kit. Some of the "raw material," judging by appearances, are standing by, doubtless according their comrades a hearty welcome. The second picture is that of the 5th Fusiliers (now the Northumberland Fusiliers) in field day order, taking part in manœuvres at Swindon. The 5th, known throughout the Service as the "Old and Bold," has a splendid record of war service, and is the only Fusilier regiment that has the distinction of wearing in their busbies a red and white plume. The third picture gives us a glimpse of the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. They are shown in drill order, marching through one of the quiet country roads of East Meon, headed by the pioneers, signallers, and band. This famous regiment, as the old 93rd, formed the

Digitized by Google

HUSSARS RETURNING TO CAMP.

THE SCOTS GREYS AFTER A MIMIC BATTLE.



Photos. CUMMINGS, Aldershot.

HOME-COMING OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

historic "thin red line" immortalised by Sir W. H. RUSSELL in his letter from the Crimea, and is the only infantry regiment in the Service that bears "Balaclava" on its colours. Next come the 4th Hussars, and is an illustration of a squadron leisurely returning to the cavalry barracks at Aldershot, after drill in the Long Valley. All are in drill order, and as they appear pretty free from the dust they may not have had a very stiff morning's work. The statue in the background is that of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. The fifth picture is another cavalry regiment, the Royal Scots Greys. They have just taken part in a big "battle." Their losses on this occasion—if there were any—do not appear to have damped their spirits. The white band round their busbies is the badge used when the opposing forces at manœuvre time both wear the dress known as "field day order," and denotes that the Greys have been the opposing troops in a fight in which the "enemy" were similarly equipped, but minus the white bands. The last picture shows a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery in field manœuvre order, returning from an engagement on the neighbouring downs. Owing to the terribly bad state of the roads and the wet weather, the Artillery horses have had a wretched time of it, and have frequently been standing up to their knees in mud and water, in spite of the efforts of their drivers, who do all in their power to make their charges as comfortable as possible.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH ARMY.

FRENCH and English soldiers fought side by side in the Crimea, undergoing the same hardships and privations —though the French fared less badly than our brave fellows in the winter—and it is to be hoped that the time is far distant when they will meet as aught but friends. Since the day in 1870 when the French went to war, "with not a button wanting from their gaiters," an enormous change for the better has come over the French army, and we propose to illustrate its character and life in such a manner as will make Englishmen see what French soldiers of these days really are. Our first picture takes us to the snowy steeps of the Alps and the mountains of Savoy, where French Alpine Chasseurs keep their lonely watch and ward, looking out across the frontier towards where the Italian *Alpini* are stationed on the other side. They are stalwart, hardy fellows, well trained as mountaineers, and with a uniform (worn by the man who holds the officer's horse) admirably adapted for their work on the hills and in the remote forts in the mountains. It is a life of much hardship in winter weather, subjecting them to some danger. The officer depicted is a "médecin aide-major" of the second class, or, as we should call him, "surgeon-lieutenant," of the Alpine Chasseurs. He is a mounted officer, like all French army doctors, and bears the Geneva cross on his arm as the mark of his vocation.

From the snowy heights of Alpine mountains our next picture takes us to the scorching sands of Algeria. Very picturesque these sun-burned Spahis are, and they have the reputation of being terrible fighting fellows. The Algerian Turcos are the plebians of the forces there, but these Spahis are regarded as the native aristocracy; and, when an imposing military show is to be made, as was the case when the Czar visited Paris, their dark faces, turbans, and white burnouses go fleeting by on mettlesome steeds, and have a very impressive effect on the populace. After the conquest of Algeria a number of native chiefs and others were embodied in the Chasseurs d' Afrique, but in 1834 General Clausel ordered a regular formation of them. A chief named Yusuf was the organizer, and it has ever since been the policy of the French to bind these sturdy warriors to themselves as a means of influencing the native population. Honours have accordingly been showered upon the chiefs, and the force is highly esteemed, though its organization is not yet complete.

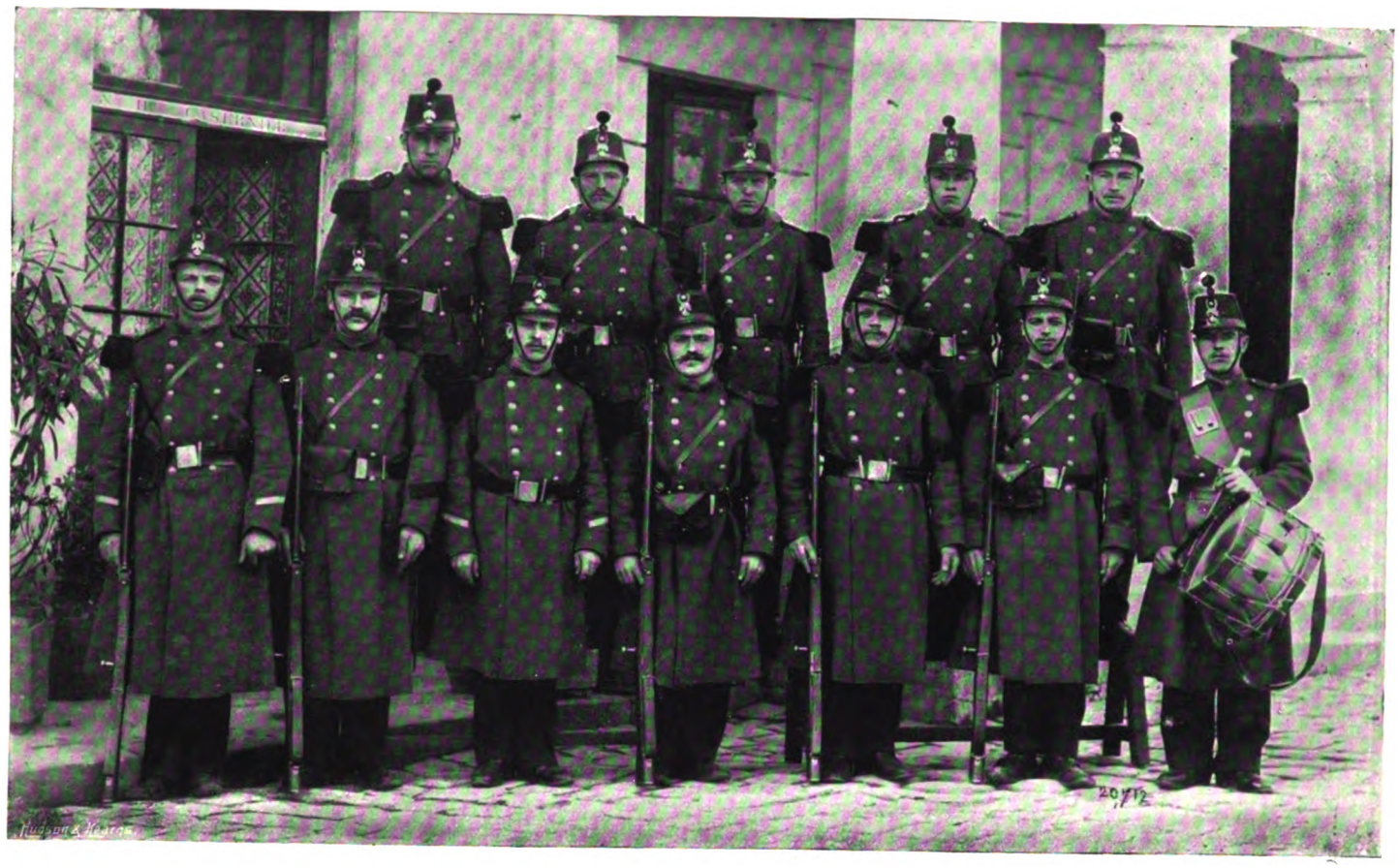
Two other of our pictures are of the regular regiments of the French infantry, fully representative groups of the 5th and

INFANTRY:—89th DE LIGNE.

MEDICAL OFFICER of the CHASSEURS ALPINS.

ALGERIAN SPAHIS.

Digitized by Google

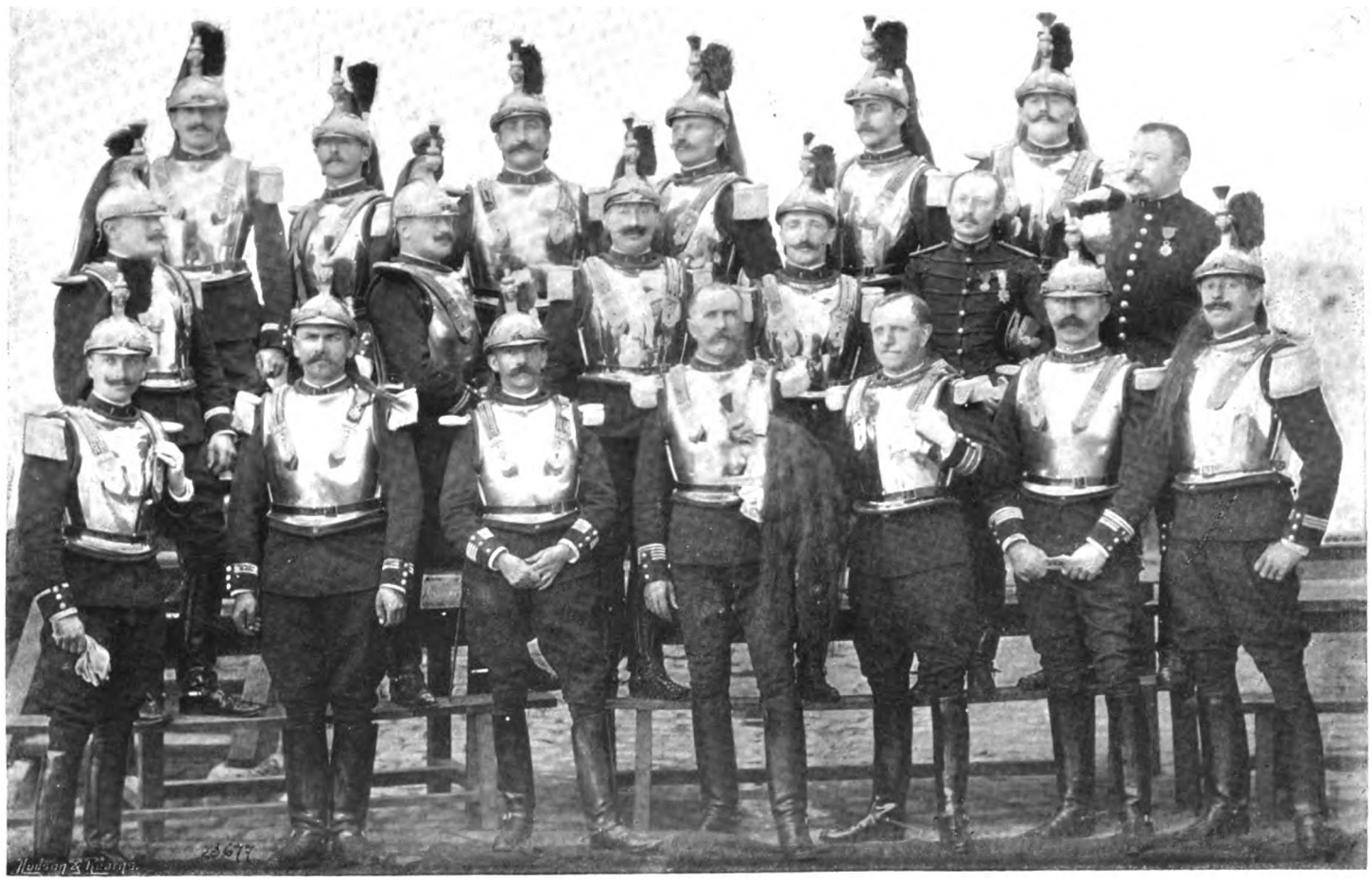


INFANTRY: 5th DE LIGNE.

CHASSEURS À PIED ON PARADE.

89th regiments of the line. The service of these men with the colours is of three years, with a remission of one or two years in the case of students at professional and other academies. But an agitation is now going forward to reduce the service to two years, with more stringent conditions, in imitation of Germany. The men in both groups are in full marching order, and the uniform they wear, with its képi, or cap, its epaulettes and red trousers, is that which prevails, with minor differences, throughout the French infantry. The history of the 5th regiment is typical of that of many others in the French army. It was formed in 1820 out of the existing legion of the Aveyron and Drôme, and has seen a good deal of service in Africa and in the war of 1870. The Chasseurs à Pied, whom we depict in full formation on parade, are a separate branch of the French infantry. Their formation was distinct, and they have a special uniform, but their organization is precisely that of the regiments of the line. Raised originally as part of the African Rifles, six companies were embodied in 1839, and, being stationed at Vincennes, became known as the "Chasseurs de Vincennes," and were nick-named the "Vitriers," or "Glaziers," by the people of Paris. Marshal Soult had a high opinion of them, and said he would like to see thirty battalions. They fought like heroes in the memorable conflict of Djemma Ghazouat in 1845, which, under the name of Sidi Brahim, awakes glorious but mournful memories in the French army. Eleven chasseur regiments fought in the Crimea, ten in the campaign of Solferino, and the whole twenty in the war of 1870. Our other illustrations are of two cavalry regiments. The 1st Cuirassiers belong to the *élite* of the army, and were

Digitized by Google



OFFICERS OF THE 1st CUIRASSIERS.

BAND OF THF 9th DRAGOONS AT LUNÉVILLE.

known long ago as the "Cuirassiers de la Reine." Their uniform is splendid and imposing, and they are familiar to the sight-loving Parisians on the occasion of the reception of ambassadors at the Elysée, and on other public functions. The officers we depict are *en grande tenue*, or full uniform, the brilliant character of which is well shown in the illustration. The other cavalry picture is very striking. It represents the band of the 9th Dragoons in the courtyard of the splendid barracks of Lunéville, in French Lorraine. This is one of the greatest cavalry centres in France, where many regiments are stationed within a march of the German frontier. The Dragoons are a very fine force, and became famous under the First Empire. The magnificent building depicted was originally the palace of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, built in 1702. Here was born his son Francis, husband of Maria Theresa, and progenitor of the Imperial House of Austria: and within its walls Stanislaus, King of Poland, died.

Digitized by Google

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12th, 1897.

THE BRITISH FLAG-SHIPS.

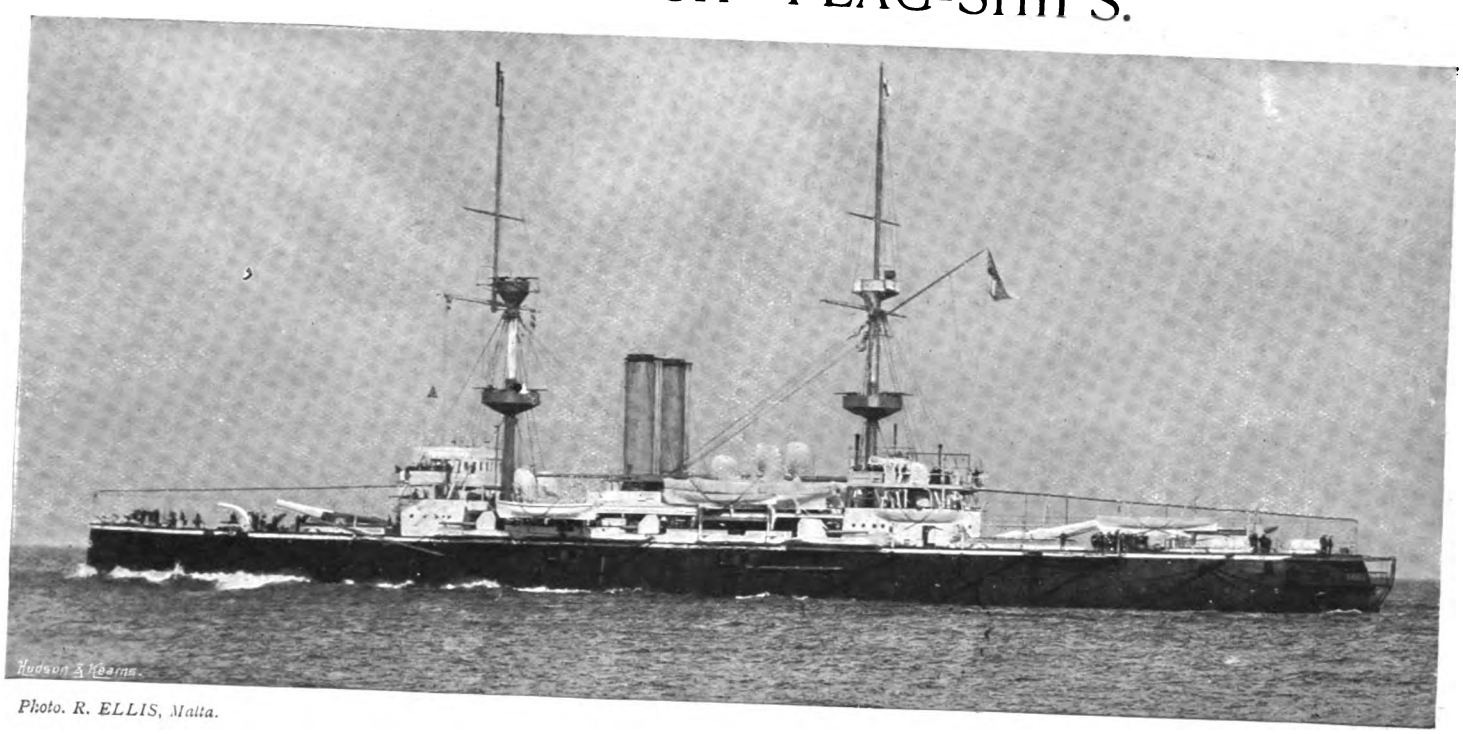


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

H.M.S. "RAMILLIES."

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

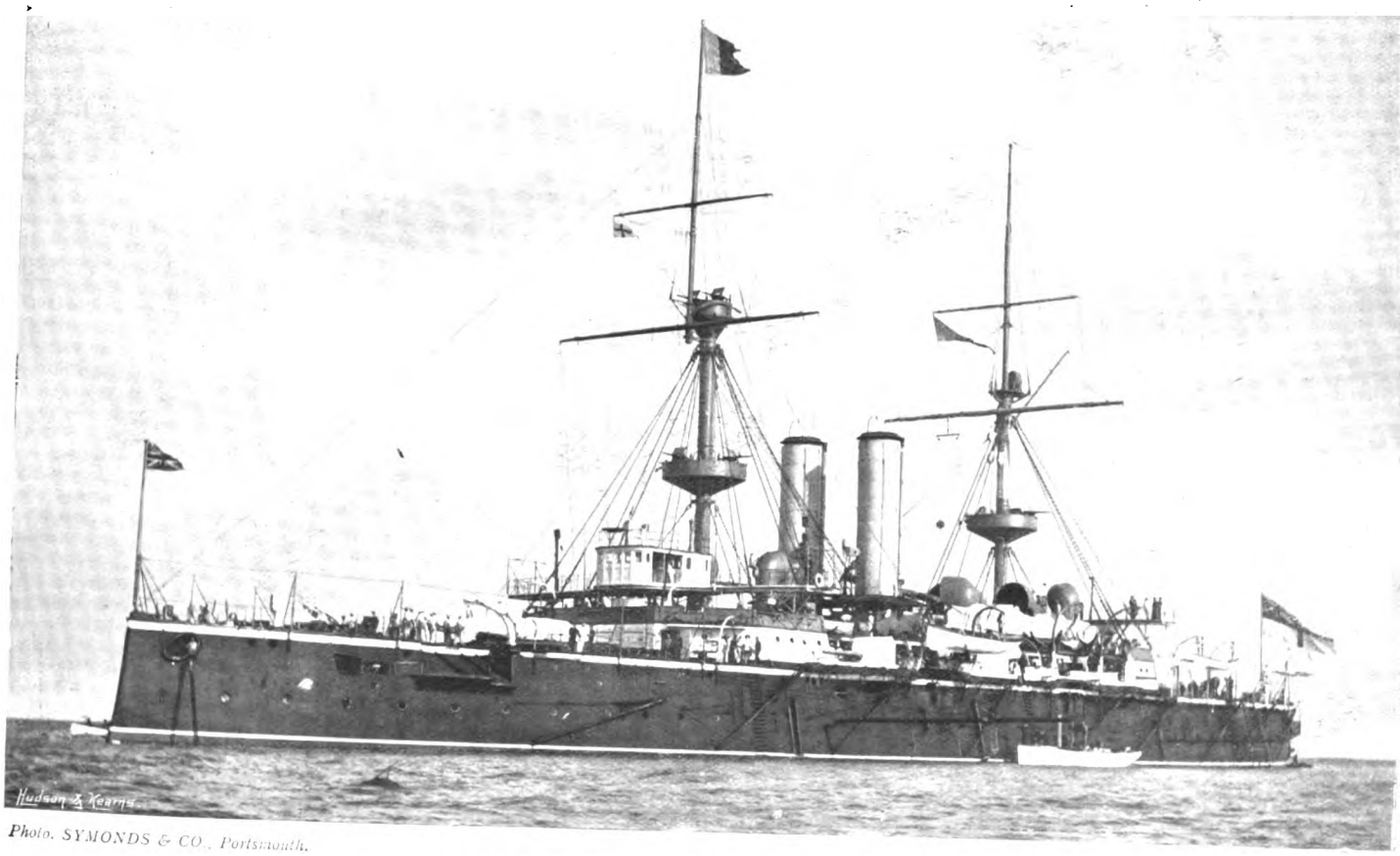


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

H.M.S. "REVENGE."

THE "Ramillies" and the "Revenge" are the two flag-ships of the British Mediterranean Fleet, the "Ramillies" flying the flag of Admiral Sir JOHN O. HOPKINS, K.C.B., the Commander-in-Chief, and the "Revenge," the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral ROBERT H. HARRIS, the second in command. The two ships are sister first-class battle-ships of the "Royal Sovereign" type, of 14,150 tons each, and identical in speed and manœuvring capabilities—most important points for two ships which might lead separate groups of ships in action. In action, each flag-ship's place would ordinarily be at the head of her own squadron. From the senior flag-ship all orders and signals would be made; and should it become impossible for signalling to be carried on, owing to masts, etc., being shot away, each group of ships would simply watch and follow the movements of their own flag-ship, the Commander-in-Chief's flag-ship setting the example for her group of ships, and the second in command in his flag-ship following suit.

Digitized by Google

THE BRITISH FLEET.

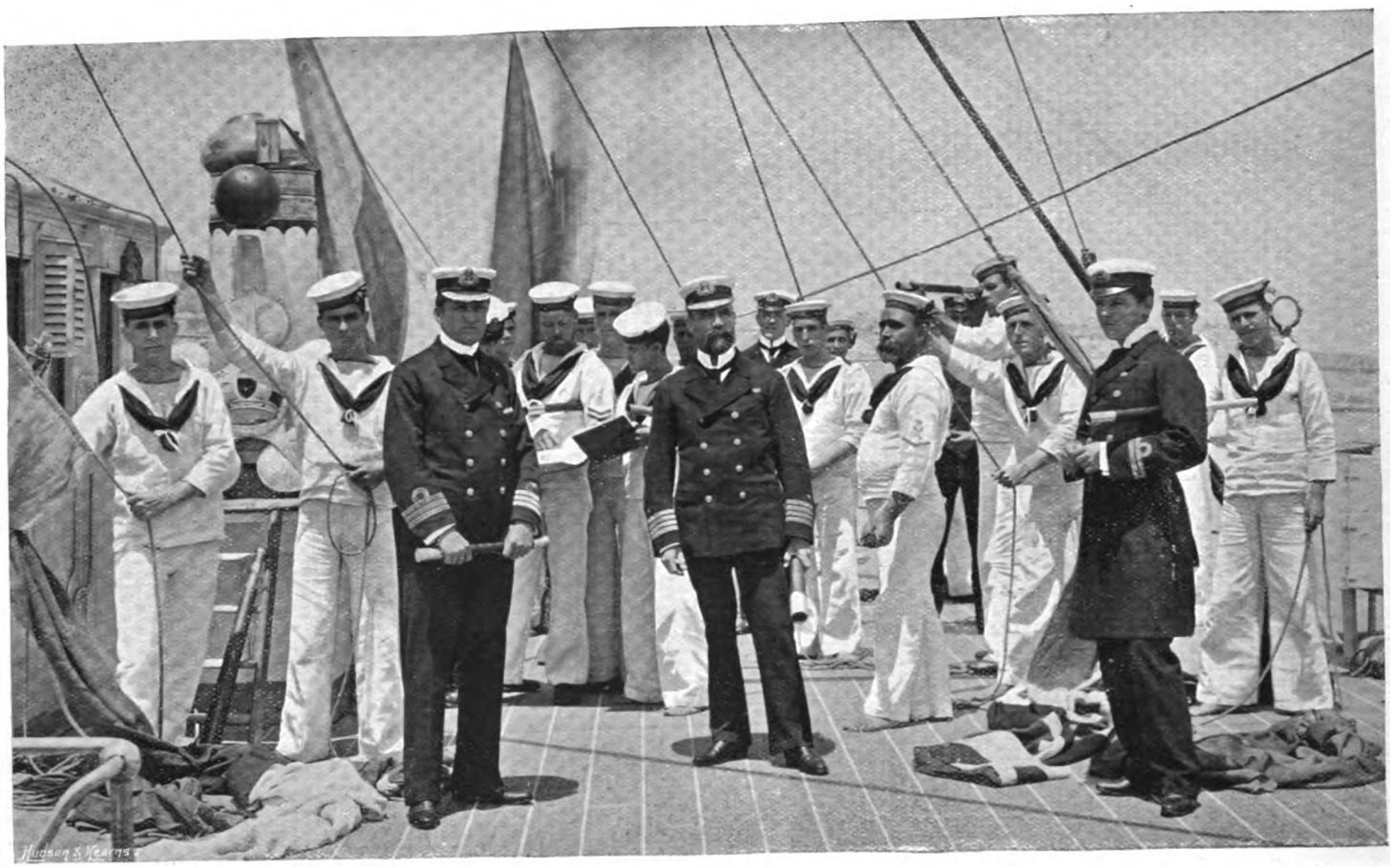


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

WATCHING FOR A SIGNAL FROM THE FLAG-SHIP.

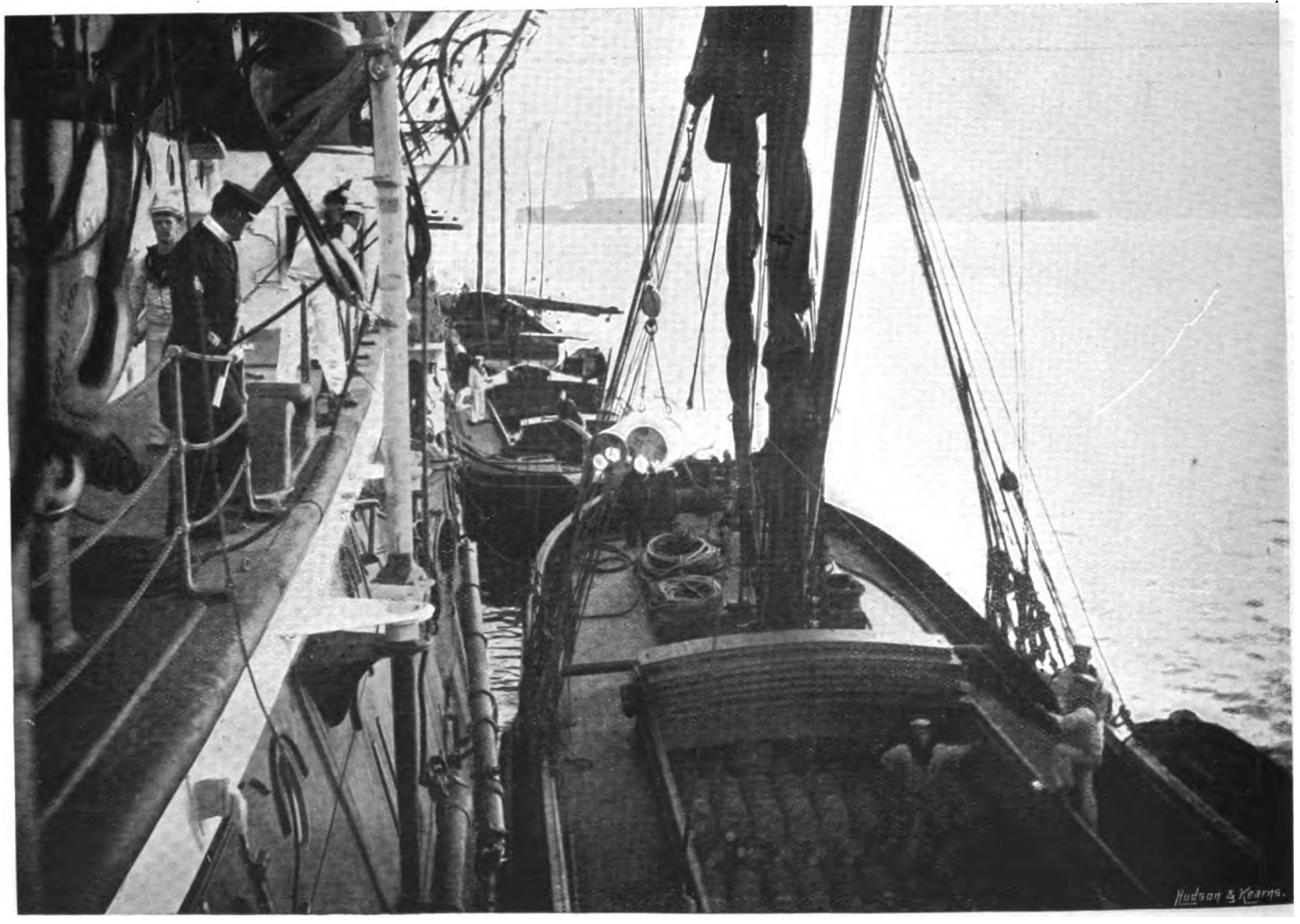


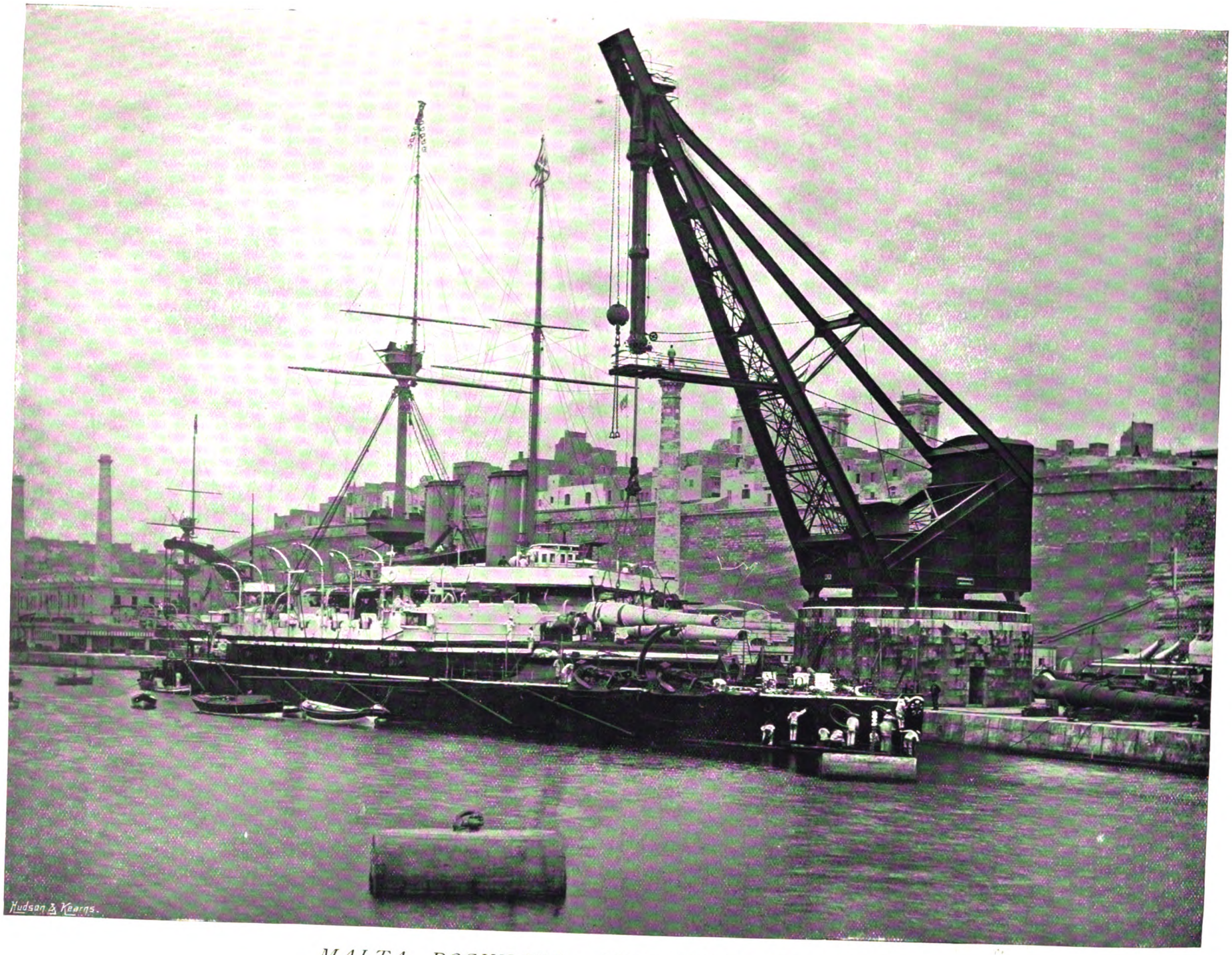
Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

SHIPPING AMMUNITION AND STORES.

HERE we see some of the incidents that would attend the setting out of a British Fleet for active service, the ships being ready coaled, and having all hands on board and sea stores taken in, ready for the receipt of final sailing orders. The last thing done when a warship goes to sea is to take in powder, which is received on board after a ship has left her harbour moorings and is clear of the port. In the dockyard, where each ship has been fitting, for the last twenty-four hours before unmooring, the officers and men of the ship have always a busy time, drawing stores and provisions, fetching torpedoes from the torpedo store, while gangs of men pass and repass trundling casks and cases of necessaries of every kind, and artificers hurry to and fro seeing to the finishing touches to the electrical appliances. In our pictures, however, that is now all over, and the last of the powder and shell is coming on board, while anxious groups of officers and signallers keep their eyes on the masthead of the flag-ship for the signal to weigh anchor and head for the open sea.

Digitized by Google

THE BRITISH FLEET.

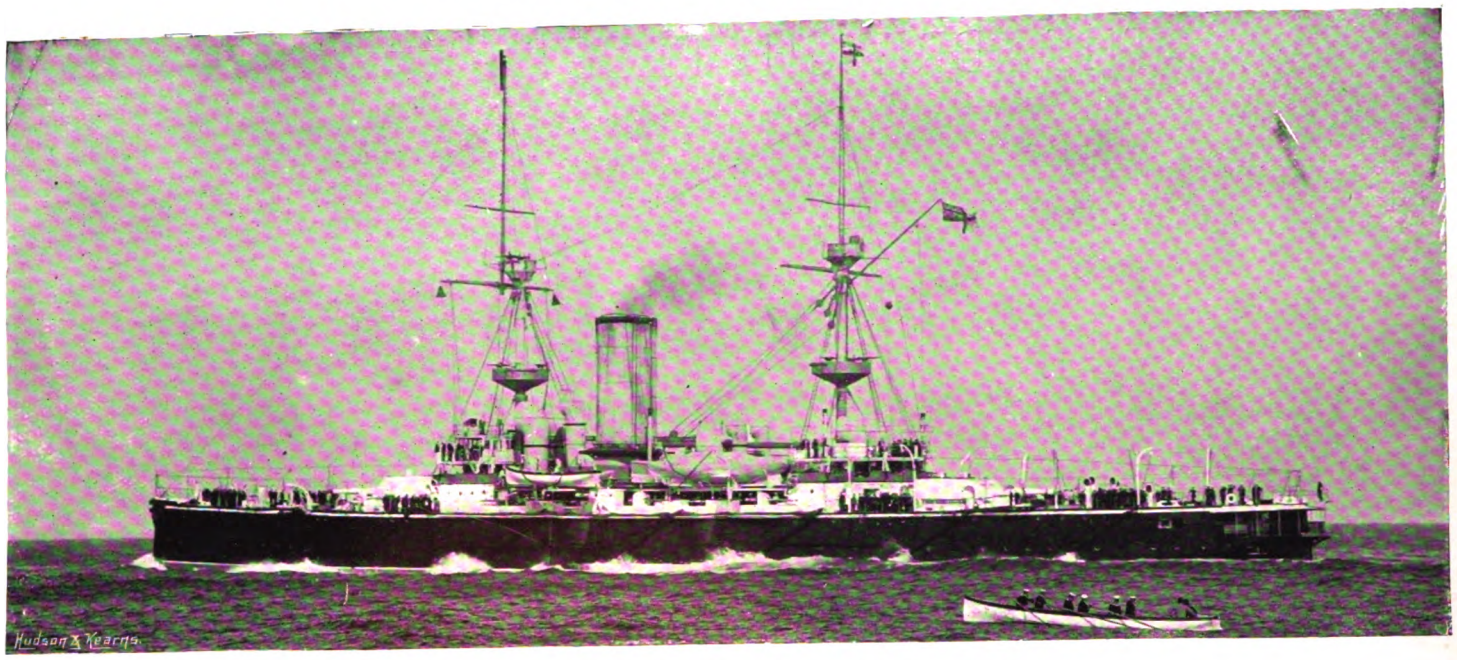


MALTA DOCKYARD:—PREPARING FOR SEA.

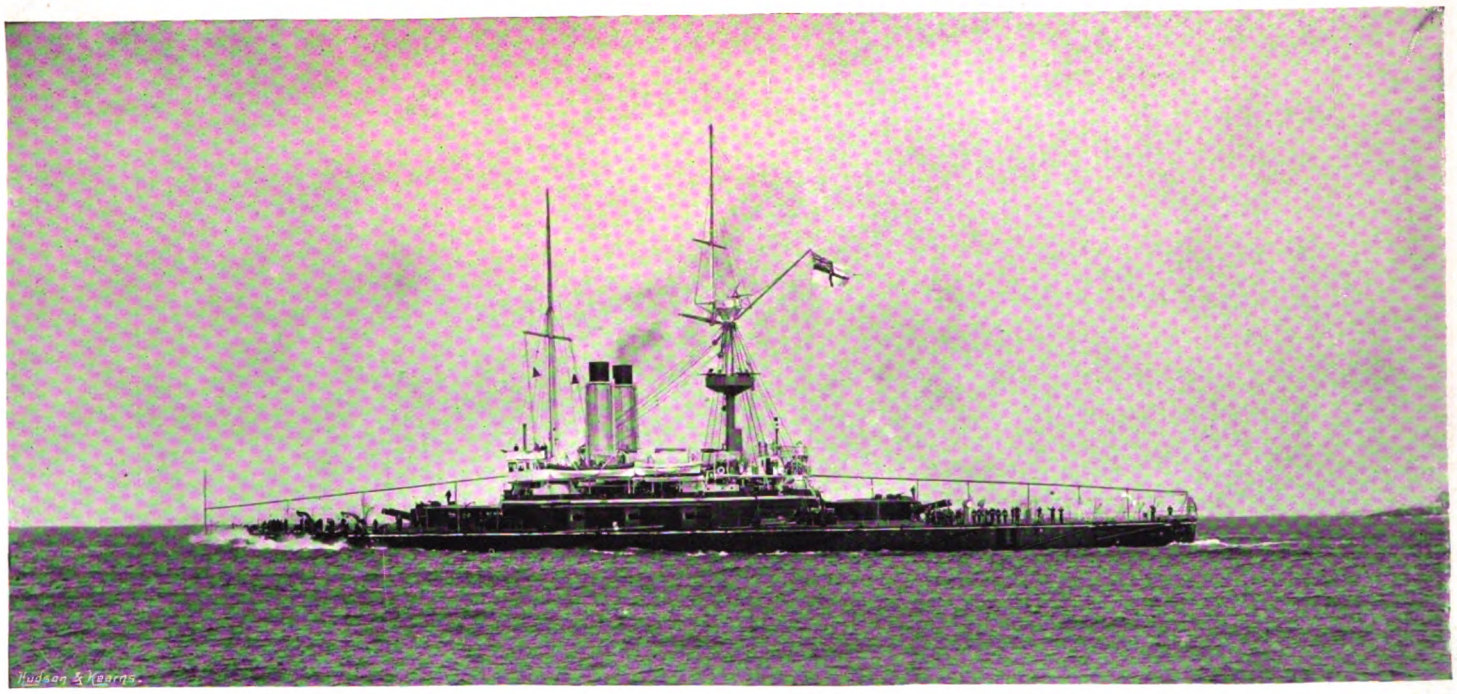
THESE are incidents that attend a Fleet mobilization, or the arrival in port of a ship, after spending a cruise at sea, for a refit, before returning to rejoin her consorts. The scene is in Malta Dockyard, and the particular ship shown is the battle-ship "Camperdown," of the Mediterranean Fleet, having one of her 67-ton guns replaced by a similar piece from the Gun Wharf reserve. Another battle-ship of the Mediterranean Fleet, the "Trafalgar," may also be seen in dock, having her bottom scraped and under water fittings examined and repaired, to go out at the first opportunity. These are both necessary operations that have to be performed periodically, for the bottoms of ships rapidly grow foul after keeping the sea for any length of time, with consequent loss of speed and waste of engine-power. Of the two ships here seen, the "Camperdown" belongs to the "Admiral" class now being withdrawn from the Mediterranean and replaced by the vessels of the "Royal Sovereign" class.

Digitized by Google

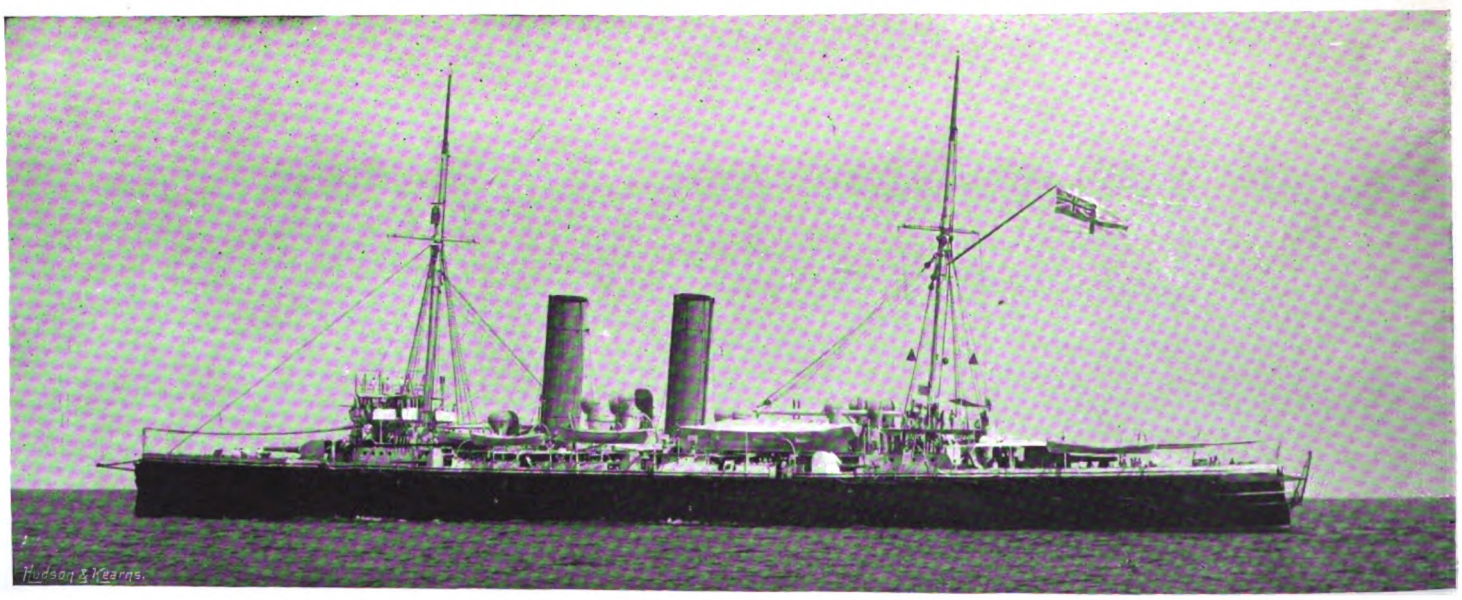
THE BRITISH FLEET.



H.M.S. "BARFLEUR."



H.M.S. "NILE."



Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

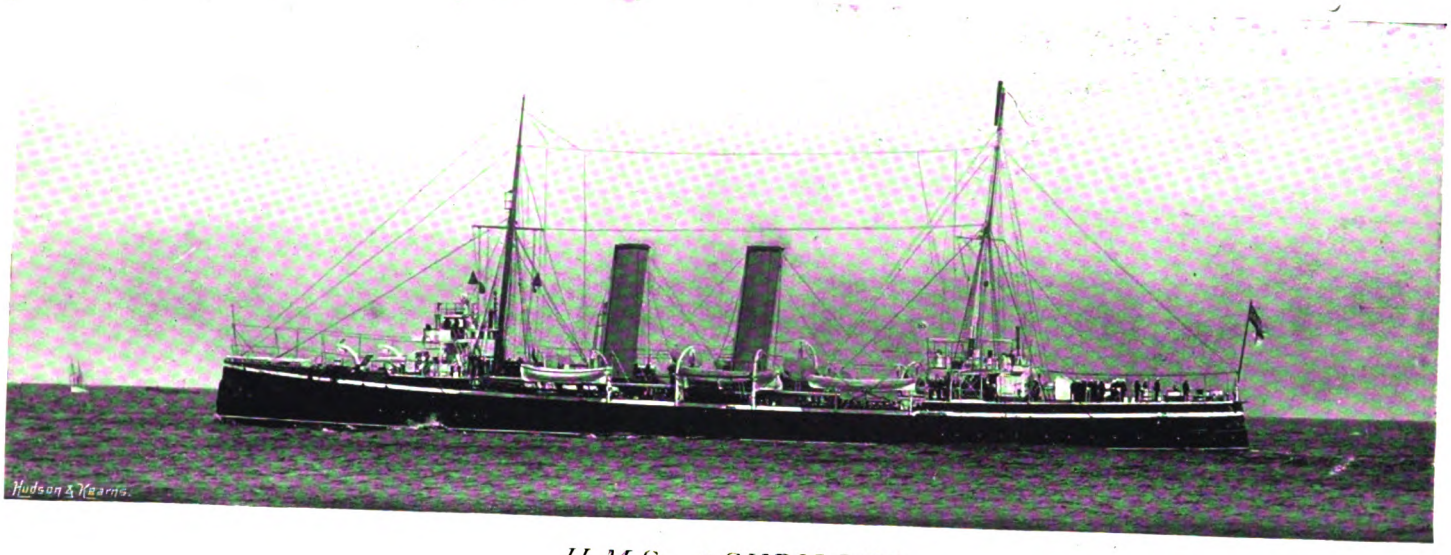
H.M.S. "HAWKE."

ON these two pages are shown ships of practically every type of man-of-war at present employed in the British Mediterranean Fleet. First of all comes the "Barfleur," a first-class battle-ship of 10,500 tons and 18·5 knots maximum speed, with her guns in hooded shields above the barbettes; built in 1892 as a somewhat smaller edition of the big 14,190 ton battle-ships of the "Royal Sovereign" type. The "Barfleur" is one of the very fastest battle-ships afloat, her only rivals being found in the Italian Navy, and is considered in all essentials an ideal ship of war. The "Nile" is an older ship, but equally, if not more, powerful; a sister to the "Trafalgar," of 11,940 tons and 17 knots speed. She is a turret ship, and very strongly armoured While the heaviest guns in the "Barfleur" are 10-inch 29-ton guns, those of the "Nile" are 13·5-inch 67-ton guns, the same as are carried by ships of the "Admiral" class—except the "Collingwood"-and those of the "Royal Sovereign" class The "Hawke," the third ship shown, is a

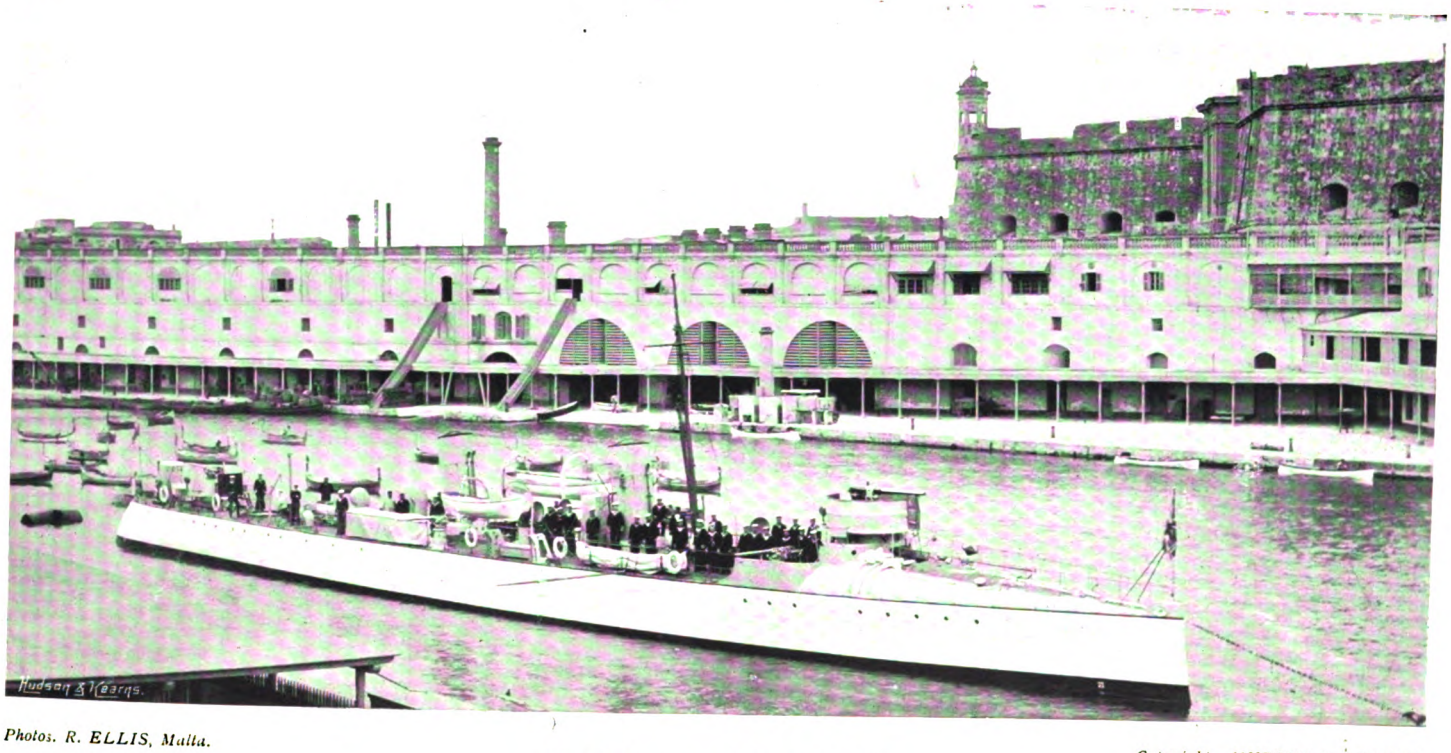
Digitized by Google

THE BRITISH FLEET.

H.M.S. "ASTRÆA."



H.M.S. "SYBILLE."



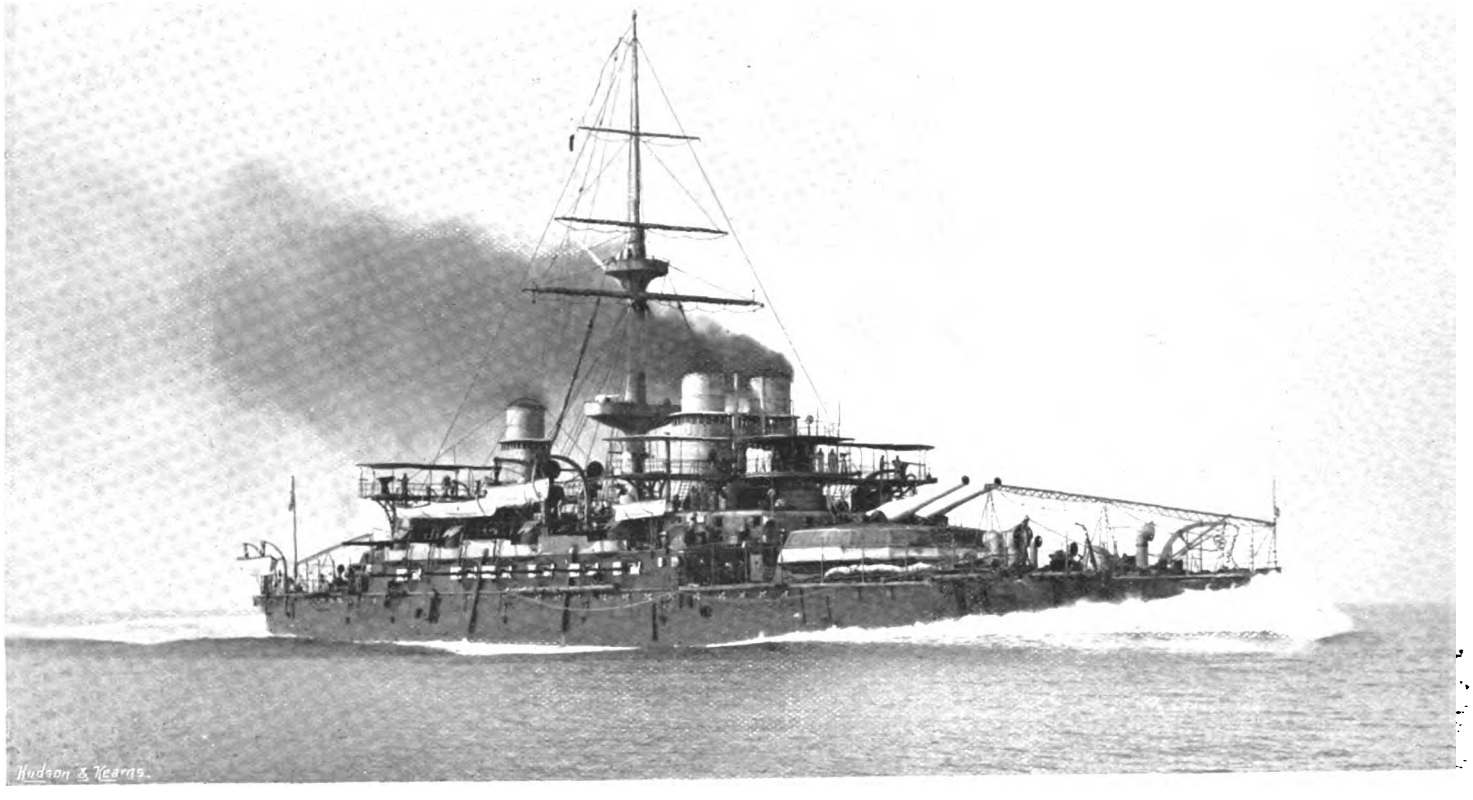
Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

H.M.S. "ARDENT."

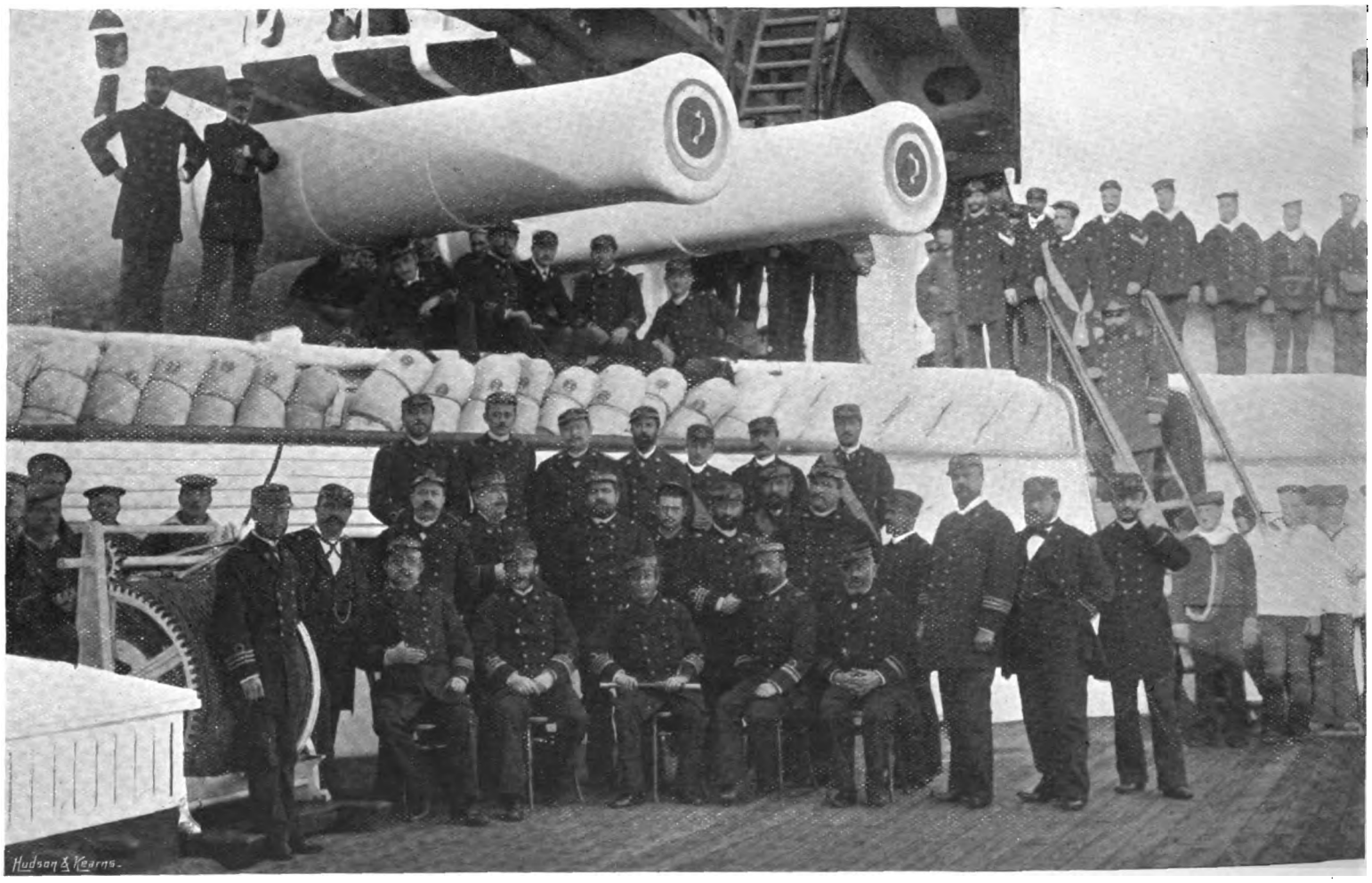
first-class cruiser, of the highly successful "Edgar" type, a vessel of 7,350 tons and 20 knots speed, and capable of rendering immense service on reconnoitring duty. The "Astræa" and the "Sybille" are second-class cruisers, the former of 4,360 tons, and the latter of 3,400 tons, but both of 20-knot speed. They are two recent additions to the Mediterranean Fleet, and in the event of war would prove helpful auxiliaries to the British Admiral, particularly at present when, by the detachment on special service of the first-class cruiser "Gibraltar" (to the East Coast of Africa), and of the first-class cruiser "Theseus," and the second-class cruiser "Forte" (to Benin), Sir JOHN HOPKINS' Fleet is, temporarily, somewhat below its normal strength in cruisers. Lastly, we have the torpedo-boat destroyer "Ardent," one of the five vessels of her class now doing duty in the Mediterranean. The "Ardent" is a 28-knot boat of 265 tons, and has throughout, so far, proved herself reliable, and one of the best of her class.

Digitized by Google

THE ITALIAN FLEET.



THE BATTLESHIP "SICILIA."



Photos. CO.-TI VECCHI, Spezia.

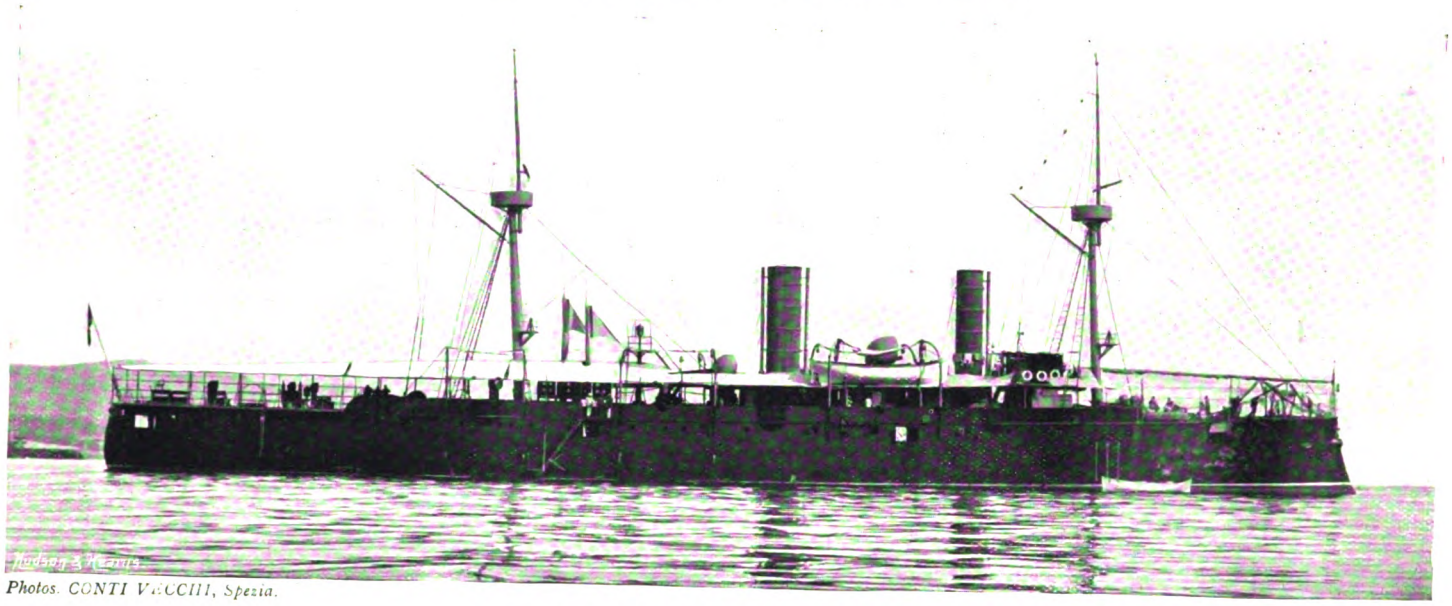
ADMIRAL CANEVARO AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "ITALIA."

ADMIRAL CANEVARO is well known to the officers of our Mediterranean Fleet, for he was one of the most prominent Italian officers concerned in making the arrangements for the reception of Sir MICHAEL SEYMOUR'S squadron, at Leghorn and Naples, in the summer of last year. He is in command of the first or active squadron of the Italian Fleet; and, in connection with the present crisis, is in charge in Cretan waters, not only of his own squadron, but as senior officer on the spot of all the ships of various nationalities there assembled. The "Sicilia" is one of the newest and most powerful of the modern first-class battleships of the Italian Navy, and carries Admiral CANEVARO'S flag in the Levant. In respect to speed she may be said to dispute with our "Barfleur" the palm of being the fastest battle-ship in the world. When launched at Venice, in July, 1891, the "Sicilia" was christened by Queen Margherita herself, who, after the benediction had been pronounced on the vessel by the Patriarch of Venice, attached a consecrated ring by a ribbon to the stern as the ship entered the water, according to the old Venetian usage of "wedding the ship to the sea."

Digitized by Google

THE ITALIAN FLEET.

THE CRUISER "MARCO POLO."



Photos. CONTI VECCHI, Spezia.

THE CRUISER "LIGURIA."

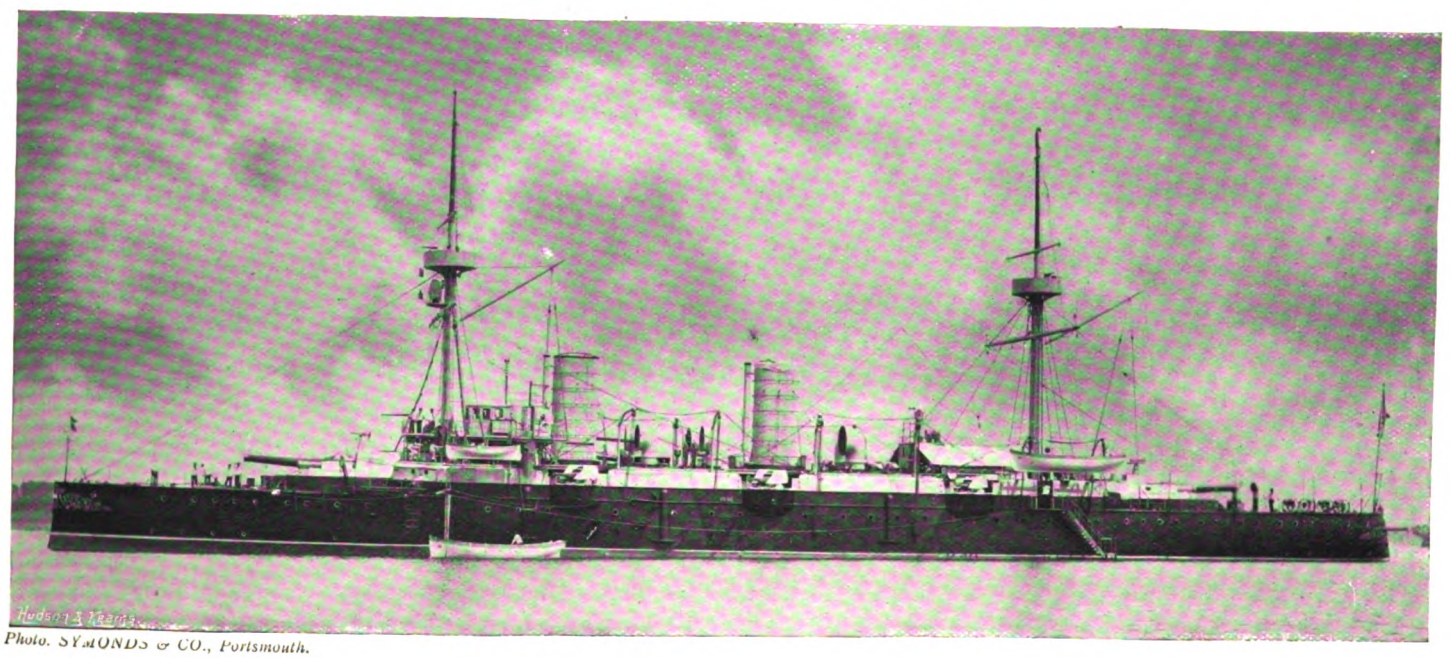


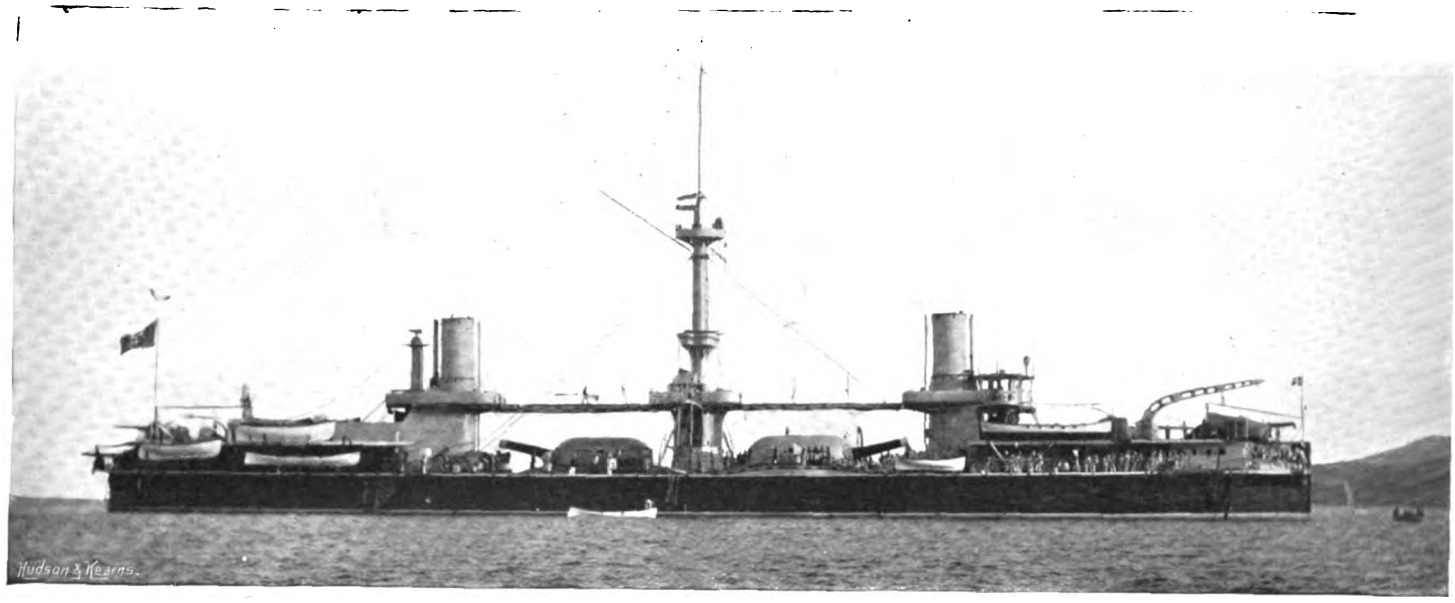
Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE CRUISER "STROMBOLI."

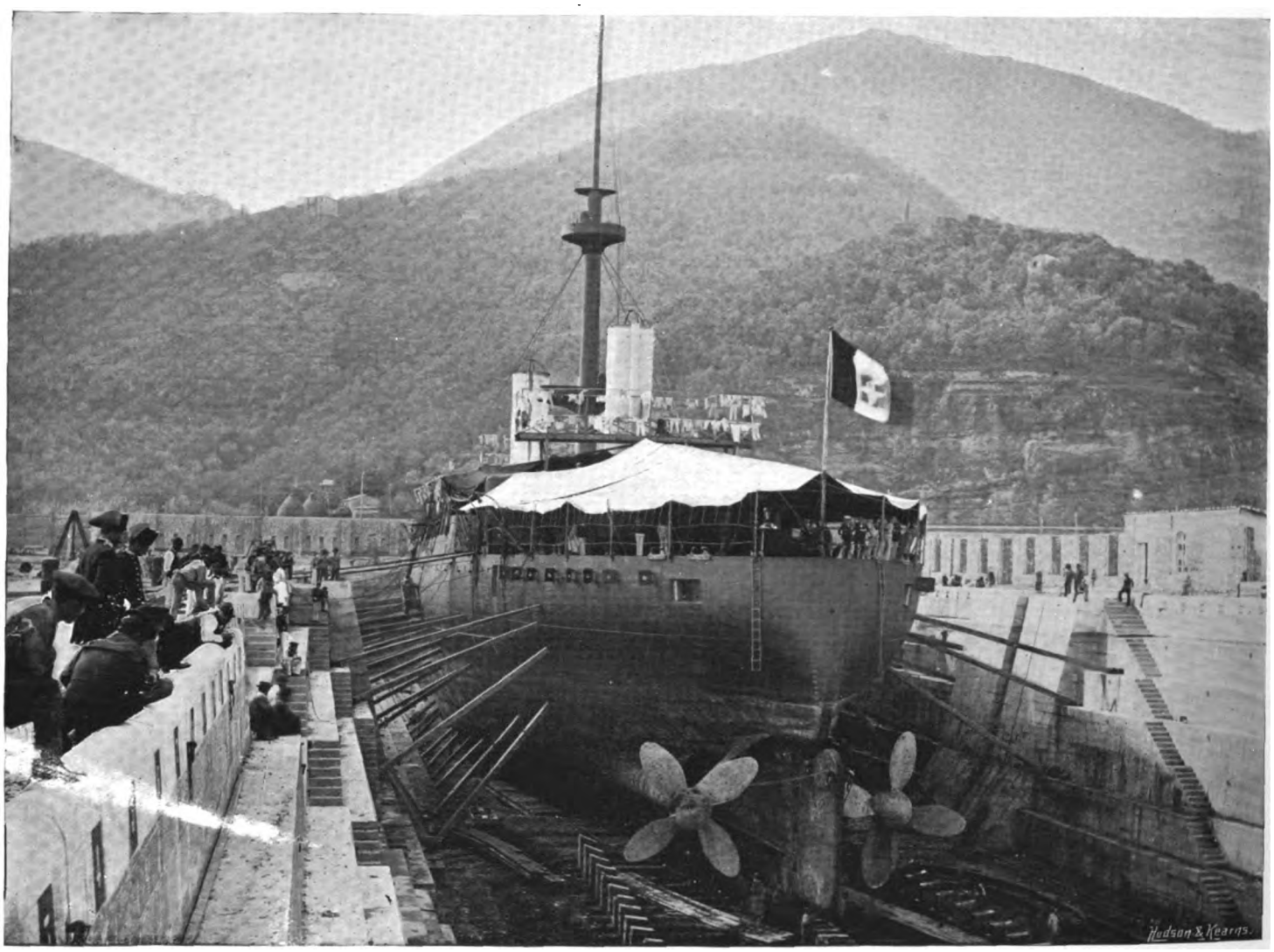
THESE three ships, the "Marco Polo," "Stromboli," and "Liguria," belong to the Italian Flying Squadron of fast cruisers which is permanently kept in commission as a Training and Emergency Squadron in the Mediterranean. The "Marco Polo," the first of these ships, is an armoured cruiser, built in 1892, of 4,583 tons and 19 knots speed; the "Stromboli" is a deck-protected cruiser of 3,427 tons; the "Liguria," a similar vessel, of 2,281 tons, of between 18 and 19 knots speed. An important fact about the Italian Navy to be remembered in connection with the present crisis is the large number of ships which, during the last three years, the Italian Admiralty have kept permanently commissioned and actively employed afloat, thus affording the best possible training for officers and men. In this the Italians have followed the example of our own Admiralty.

Digitized by Google

THE ITALIAN FLEET.



THE BATTLESHIP "ANDREA DORIA"



Photos. CONTI VECCHI, Spezia.

THE BATTLESHIP "RE UMBERTO" IN DOCK AT SPEZIA.

SPEZIA, in the Riviera of Genoa, where we show the Italian first-class battle-ship "Re Umberto" in dock, is the chief of the three great Naval Dockyards and Arsenals of Italy. All the largest and most powerful ships of the Italian Fleet are invariably fitted out at Spezia, where there are five dry docks, three of them capable of taking the largest first-class battle-ship afloat, with two building slips. Every care also has been taken to supply Spezia Dockyard with workshops of the most modern type, which are fitted-up with the very best machinery obtainable from England, Germany, and elsewhere. Spezia Dockyard, which covers an area of about 629 acres, including basins, dry docks, and so forth—employs in ordinary times as many as four thousand hands. Of the ships shown on the page above and on the following page the "Re Umberto," named after the King of Italy, is a sister (with minor modifications) of the "Sicilia" and the big "Sardegna." She, with the "Ruggiero di Lauria," "Sicilia" and "Lepanto," at present form the First Division of the Active Squadron of the Italian Fleet kept in permanent commission at Castellamare, in the Bay of Naples. The "Ruggiero di Lauria" is a battle-ship of 11,000 tons, built in 1884. On the opposite page is an upper deck view of her showing the points of her construction and the arrangement of her main armament, which was modelled after the British "Inflexible," with an armoured central citadel and diagonally-placed turrets. The "Andrea Doria," of which we give a view, is a sister ship to the "Ruggiero di Lauria," and like her named after a famous naval commander of the Middle Ages. The "Sardegna" and "Francesco Morosini"

Digitized by Google

THE ITALIAN FLEET.

ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP "RUGGIERO DI LAURIA.

Photos. CONTI VECCHI, Spezia.

Typical Italian Sailors, with a Lieut.-Commander and Torpedo-Boat Crew.

(now in Cretan waters, flying the flag of Admiral GUALTERIO) belong to the Second Division of the Italian Active Squadron. We also show some typical Italian sailors and a Lieutenant-Commander, with a torpedo-boat crew. The Italian Fleet is recruited by conscription, an annual draft being made from men of twenty years of age who have been employed at sea as fishermen, and in coasting and other craft, for upwards of eighteen months. Only a part of each draft is required annually for the 24,000 men that the Italian Navy needs each year, and the men taken up serve, as a rule, four years. Those not required comprise the Reserve, liable to be called out in the event of war. At the same time, to ensure a supply of petty officers, a special enlistment of boys is made every year, those selected being educated and drilled in the training-ships of the Italian Training Squadron, which, under a Rear-Admiral, is kept permanently in commission.

Digitized by Google

THE GREEK FLEET.

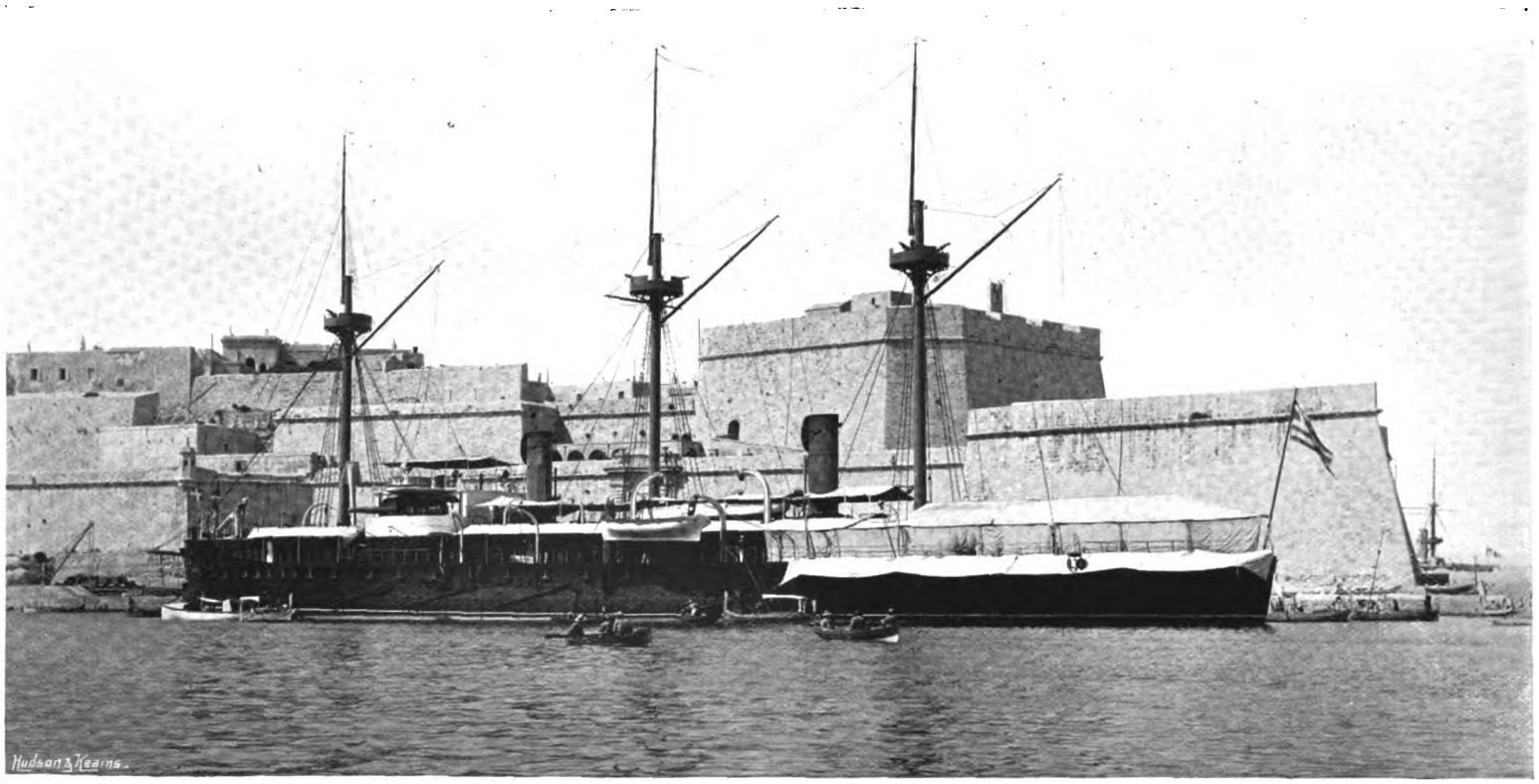


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE BATTLESHIP "SPETSAI."

THE FLEETS OF THE POWERS

THE Fleets of the Powers in the Mediterranean, and the adjacent waters of the Atlantic and the Black Sea, constitute a very formidable array of colossal strength, and include the finest modern ships afloat. The Navies of the two Powers immediately concerned are the smallest and least modern of all, for neither Greece nor Turkey has lately done anything considerable in the way of Naval expansion. There is a difference between them, however. While the well-built Hellenic Fleet has been kept efficient and in sea-going order, that of Turkey has been allowed mostly to lie idle in the inner waters of the Golden Horn, and the vital parts of the ship have so far rusted into uselessness that the recent order issued for the mobilization of two squadrons awoke positive derision. The Greek ships can certainly give a good account of themselves. There are three small armour-clads, the "Hydra," flag-ship of Commodore Reineck, which played the principal part at the opening of hostilities by the Greeks in Crete, the "Spetsai," and the "Psara." These are steel vessels of 4,885 tons, with engines of 7,000 horse-power, and are credited with a sea speed of some 13 knots. They carry a couple of 10·6-in. Canet guns forward, protected by a breastwork of 13·7-in. steel, and another aft with somewhat slighter protection. The flag-ship has a powerful quick-firing armament, and, when hostilities broke out, her two sisters were at Toulon, just about to be put in hand to be similarly provided. They were at once ordered to proceed to Greek waters. The Hellenic Fleet also includes two other armoured vessels, the "Georgios" and "Olga," but these are thirty years old, and probably would only count in coast defence, though something has been done to modernize the last-named. Of unarmoured vessels there are none more recent than 1885, but the corvette "Nauarchos Miaulis" (1,800 tons), with a powerful armament of 6-in. guns, and the "Mykale" and "Sfaktirea" (both 1,000 tons) are effective vessels; and there are the gunboats "Ambrakia," "Acheloos," "Aktion," "Alphios," "Eurotas," "Pinios," and some others of 440 tons and less, all more or less effective, but built more than a dozen years ago.

As to Turkey, her list presents a considerable array, but she possesses only a single comparatively modern armour-clad, the "Hamidieh," of 6,700 tons, launched in 1885, which carries a number of Krupp guns. Although she took the water twelve years ago, she is really of older type, for she was long in building at Constantinople. The "Abd-el-Kader" is uncompleted, and likely to remain so, for work has ceased upon her. She was laid down a great many years ago, and was intended to be built to a displacement of over 10,000 tons. Turkey seems to count mostly on her four ironclads of 6,400 tons, built on the Clyde and the Thames in 1864, for an attempt has been made to modernize them, and one at least has had barbette turrets built into her fore and aft, carrying 9·4in. Krupp breech-loaders. These are well-kept vessels above water, but it may be questioned whether they can get up steam. They are named "Azizieh," "Mahmoudieh," "Orkanieh," and "Osmanieh." They were included with the "Hamidieh," and the "Nedjim-i-Shevket, which was built in France thirty years ago, in the recent order for mobilization. Outside these Turkey has some other old ironclads, of which the largest is the "Messoudieh," built on the Thames in 1874, but these are probably ineffective; while the unarmoured vessels are of small fighting power, and are mostly adapted for and used as transports. On the occasion of the naval celebration at Kiel the only Turkish ship which was found fit for the cruise was the despatch boat "Fuad," the same which, as a transport, was lately fired upon by the "Nauarchos Miaulis," as she attempted to leave Candia for Canea with troops.

Of the fleets of the Great Powers in the Mediterranean, the French, British, and Russian are all imposing squadrons. Our own fleet includes 62 vessels, of which nine are battle-ships, the splendid vessels "Ramillies" (flag of Sir John Hopkins), "Hood," "Revenge," "Trafalgar," "Nile," "Barfleur," "Camperdown," "Rodney," and "Anson," the three last being of the "Admiral" type. The "Prince George" replaces the "Collingwood," which has come home. The "Revenge," Admiral Harris' flagship, with the "Dryad," and "Harrier," took part in the bombardment of Sunday, February 21st, as well as the German cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta," the Russian battleship "Alexander II.," and the Austrian cruiser "Kaiserin und Konigin Maria Theresia." The cruisers of the squadron are all modern vessels, of high speed and sufficient armament—the "Hawke" (7250 tons), "Astræa" and "Cambrian" (4360 tons), "Sybille" and "Scylla" (3,400 tons), and the smaller cruisers "Scout," "Fearless," and "Blanche." A number of other powerful cruisers, passing through the Mediterranean, are also available in case of need, but it is unnecessary to enumerate these. Among the other vessels attached to the Mediterranean Squadron is a flotilla of destroyers — the "Dragon," "Ardent," "Bruiser," "Banshee," and "Boxer," with the "Dryad," "Harrier," and "Hussar" gun-boats. No record of floating strength in the Mediterranean can be made complete without taking account of the Channel Squadron, which has proceeded to Gibraltar. It is enough to say of this magnificent force that it includes the "Majestic" (flag-ship of Lord Walter Kerr), "Magnificent," "Empress of India," "Repulse," "Resolution," and "Royal Sovereign," making a homogeneous battle squadron without a rival, and the "Blake," "Blenheim," "St. George," "Bellona," "Charybdis," and "Hermione," cruisers, with gun-boats.

The French have also a formidable force in commission. At the opening of the Cretan difficulty, Rear-Admiral Pottier, in command of the Levant Division of Vice-Admiral Cavelier de Cuverville's Active Squadron, had come home in the

Digitized by Google

THE TURKISH FLEET.

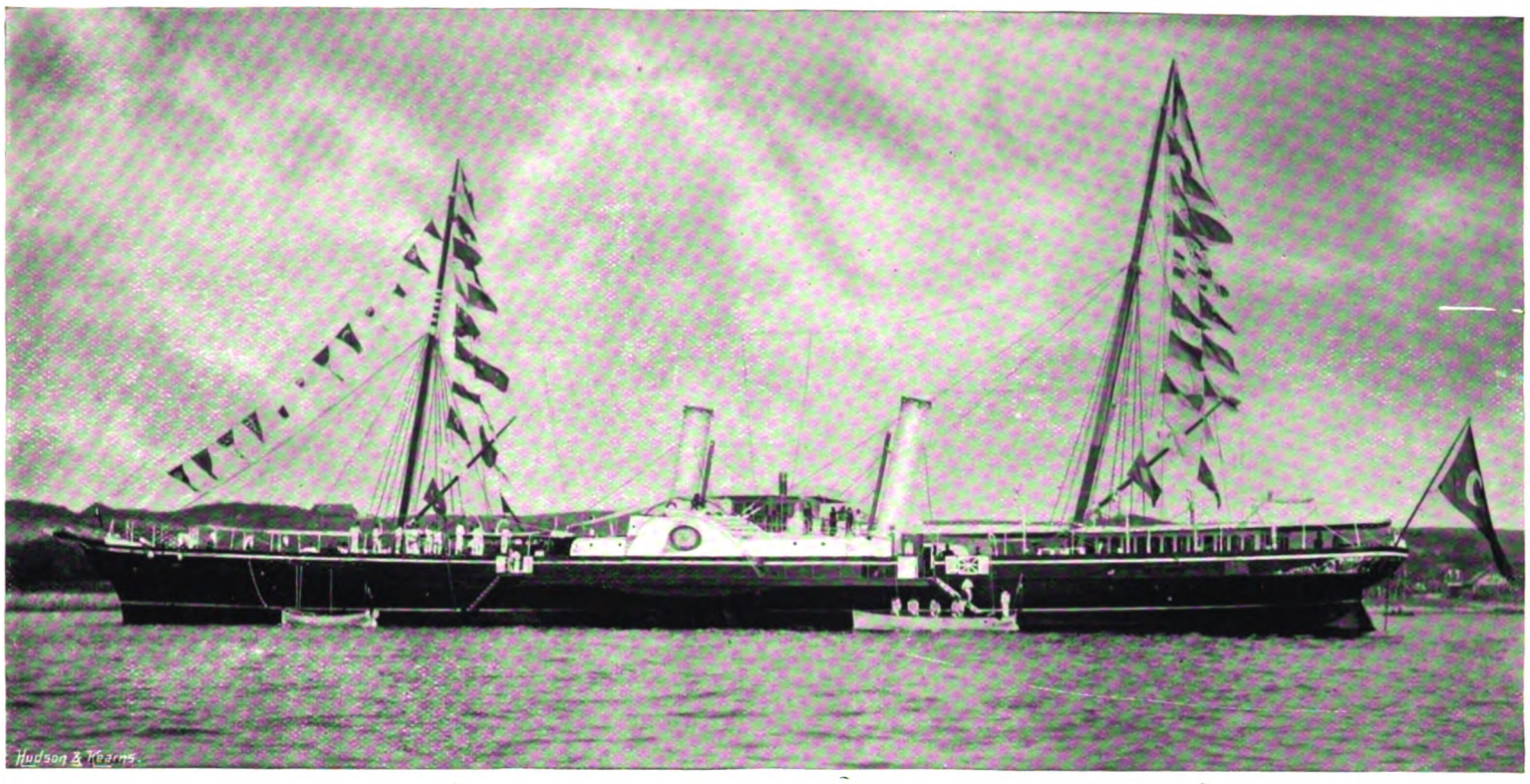


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE DESPATCH BOAT "FUAD."

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"Dévastation," but he immediately returned to Cretan Waters in the cruiser "Troude." Admiral de Cuverville, who flies his flag in the "Brennus," is receiving new vessels hastily commissioned in his command, and early this month will have with him—or immediately available—in addition to the "Magenta," "Neptune," "Marceau," "Amiral Baudin," "Redoutable," and "Dévastation"—which now constitute, with some modifications, the standing Mediterranean squadron—the splendid new ships "Carnot," "Jauréguiberry," and "Charles Martel." These ten vessels form the finest fleet which has flown the French flag for many a day—the two last-named are illustrated on other pages—and the "Carnot" belongs to the same class. She was built with an after fighting mast, but this has been, or is about to be, removed. To these ten battleships of the Active Squadron must be added those of Vice-Admiral Humann's Reserve Squadron, now at Toulon, the "Admiral Duperré," and "Friedland," and the so-called coast-defence battleships "Caïman" and "Terrible." The principal cruisers attached to one or the other squadron are the three armoured sister vessels of 4,750 tons, "Amiral Charner," "Chanzy," and "Latouche-Tréville. The first of these, in which Admiral Pottier hoisted his flag, is illustrated on another page. Within a few days the protected cruisers and torpedo-cruisers "Suchet," "Bugeaud," "Troude," "Forbin," "Cosmao," "Wattignies," "Faucon," "Vautour," "Casabianca," and "D'Iberville," with the "Lévrier" and six sea-going torpedo-boats, will be with the squadrons; and, with the greatest ease, the cruisers "Tage," "Cécille," "Lalande," and "Sfax," the "Alger," returned from China, and the "Pascal," just completing her trials, can be added. Thus France is in a very strong position, and the vessels named do not exhaust the resources of Toulon.

Russia has lately reconstructed her Mediterranean Squadron, and has a powerful force in the Levant. The "Navarin," flag-ship, of 9,476 tons, which carries a principal armament of four 52-ton guns, has with her the "Nicholas I." and "Alexander II." (both of 8,440 tons), as well as the "Admiral Seniavine" (4,126 tons)—one of several sisters, spoken of as "coast defence" vessels—and the small battle-ship "Sissoi Venky" (8,880 tons). Both these are new vessels. The Squadron also includes the armoured gun-vessel "Grosiastchy" (1,492 tons), the small cruiser "Zaporozetz," the sloop "Viestnik" and the gun-boat "Possadnik," with a couple of torpedo-boats, which have just joined the flag. The Russian Black Sea Fleet, which will be a powerful factor in any European complication, is under command of Admiral Kopitoff, and was lately reported at Sebastopol ready for sea. It consists of the "Catherine II.," "Tchesme" and "Sinope," sister ships of 10,180 tons, carrying six 12-in. guns coupled at the angles of a triangular redoubt, and the three new and powerful battle-ships "Tri Sviatitelia" (Three Saints), "Georgi Pobiedonosetz" (George the Victorious) and "Dvenadzat Apostoloff" (Twelve Apostles), as well as a number of gun-vessels, torpedo gun-boats and torpedo craft. Within recent years the Russian strength has rapidly grown, and is now being steadily increased.

The Italian Fleet in the Mediterranean is strong and efficient, and has taken a prominent position in the Cretan events, owing to Admiral Canevaro, in command, being the senior officer in the Levant. His squadron consists of the sister ships "Sicilia" (flag), "Sardegna" and "Re Umberto" (13,295 tons), the third-class cruiser "Bausan," and the torpedo gun-boat "Euridice;" and the cruiser "Vesuvio," which was lately placed in Reserve, is attached to it. Rear-Admiral Gualterio commands the Second Division, which includes the "Morosini," "Andrea Doria" and "Ruggiero di Lauria," three sisters, of 11,000 tons, which carry each four 103-ton Armstrongs, with a considerable quick-firing armament, and are well protected amidships. The Division is further constituted of the cruisers "Etna" and "Stromboli" and the gun-boat "Urania;" five sea-going torpedo-boats are also commissioned with the squadron. The Flying Squadron, which was reconstituted on February 1st, is under command of Rear-Admiral Palumbo, and consists of the cruisers "Marco Polo," "Umbria," "Liguria" and "Dogali." Many more vessels are also in commission—the "Piemonte," "Elba," "Fieramosca," "Governolo" and others smaller. Admiral Morin commands the Reserve.

Admiral Hinke lately took out several Austro-Hungarian ships to the Levant, thus bringing up the squadron to a respectable force. It includes the small battleship "Kronprinzessin Stefanie," 5,150 tons; the armoured cruiser "Kaiserin Maria Theresia," which is a very swift and powerful vessel of 5,270 tons; the second-class protected cruiser, "Kaiser Franz Josef I.;" the torpedo gun-boat "Sattelit;" and the "Sperber," "Elster," and "Kibitz," torpedo boats. The Austrian Navy is maintained in a state of high efficiency, and may be trusted to do well when called upon. The resources of Pola are great, and, in addition to the vessels named, there are other armoured and protected cruisers of modern construction, with gun-boats, and a torpedo flotilla.

No German squadron is regularly maintained in the Mediterranean; but the training ships, "Stein," "Stosch," "Moltke," and "Gneisenau," which have a certain fighting value, have lately been cruising there, and should now be homeward bound. The new and splendid cruiser, "Kaiserin Augusta," was despatched from Kiel, and now flies the Imperial flag in the Levant. The vessels of the United States now in the Mediterranean are the cruisers "San Francisco," 4,083 tons; "Minneapolis, 7,475 tons; and "Cincinnati," 3,183 tons; with the gun-boat "Bancroft." All are modern vessels, well armed and protected in proportion to their displacement.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH FLEET.

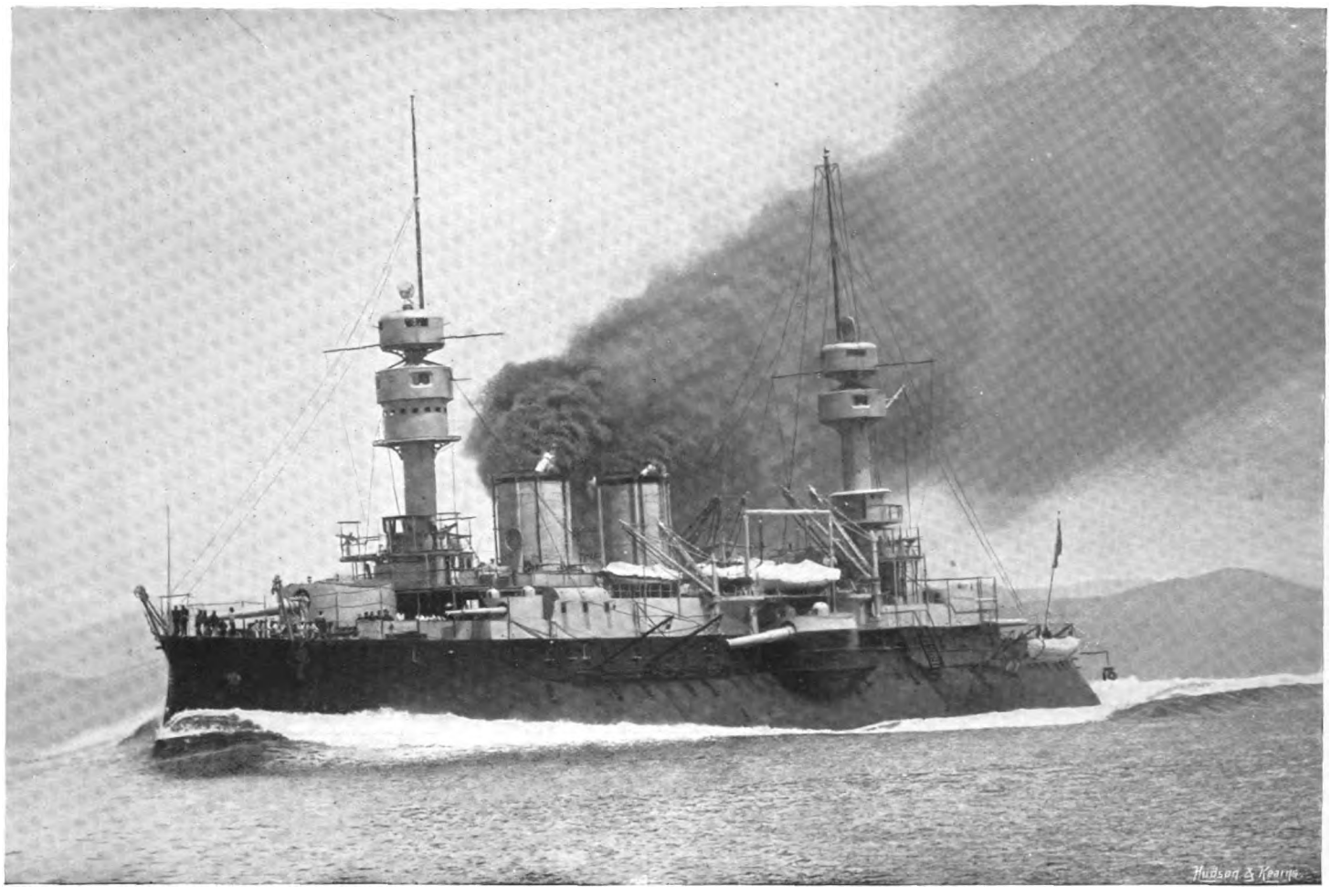


Photo. M. BAR, Toulon

THE BATTLESHIP "JAUREGUIBERRY."

SEAMEN OF THE "AMIRAL DUPERRE."

THE "Jauréguiberry," 11,824 tons, is one of the most modern French vessels, and, having completed her trials on February 11th, has joined the flag in the Mediterranean. She is unlike anything in the British Navy, for her big guns are disposed singly in heavily-armoured turrets, with electric mechanism for turning them, one fore, one aft, and one sponsoned out on each side. The same arrangement of the heavy armament is found in the "Carnot" and other French ships, but has been abandoned for our system in the ships now building. The "Jauréguiberry" carries an armament of about forty quick-firing and machine guns. The trials of the ship resulted very satisfactorily. She is fitted with every modern appliance, and nothing seems to have been omitted for her efficiency. She has an end-to-end belt of steel. The other picture shews a typical group of French bluejackets on board the "Amiral Duperré."

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH FLEET.

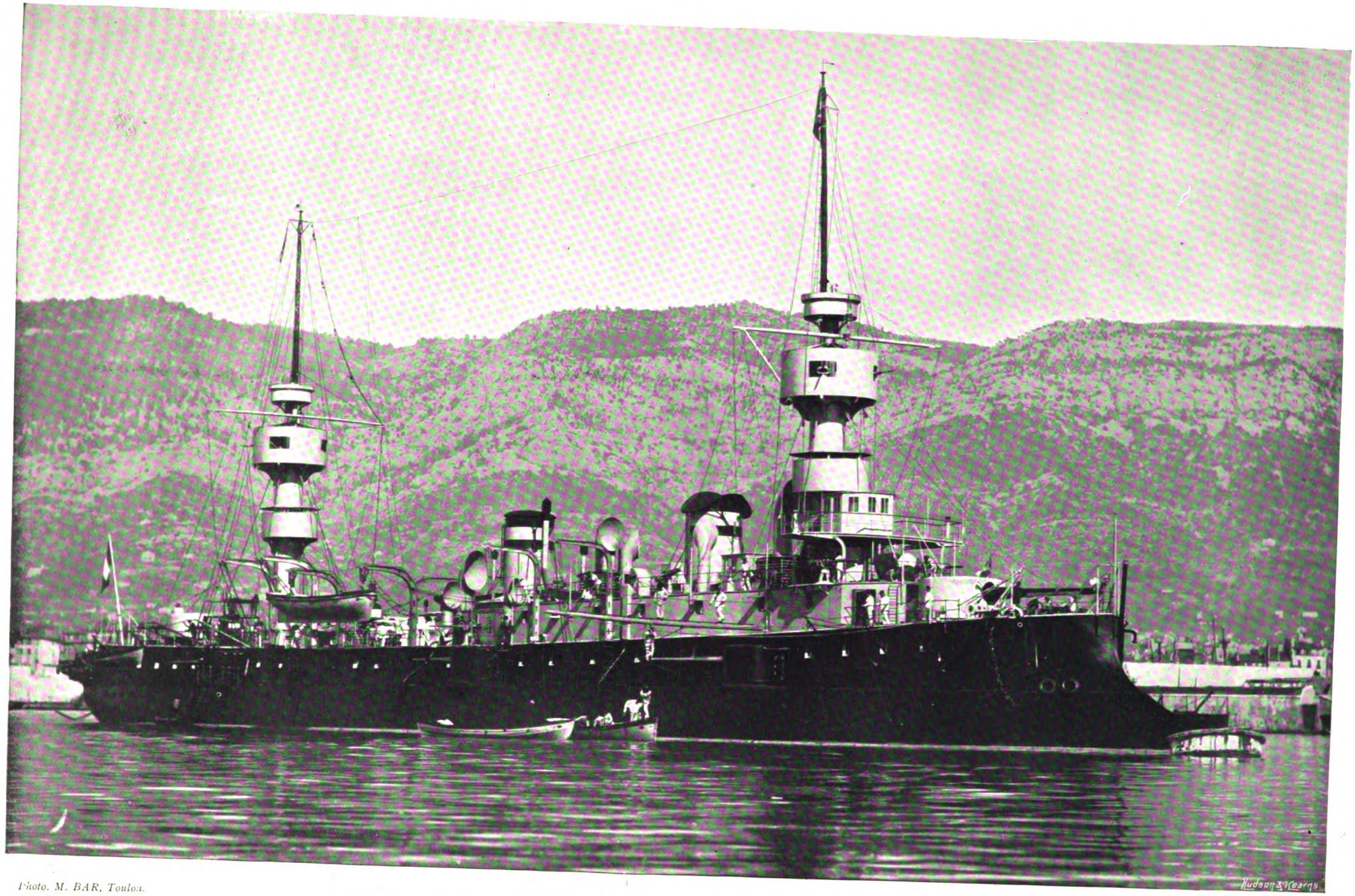


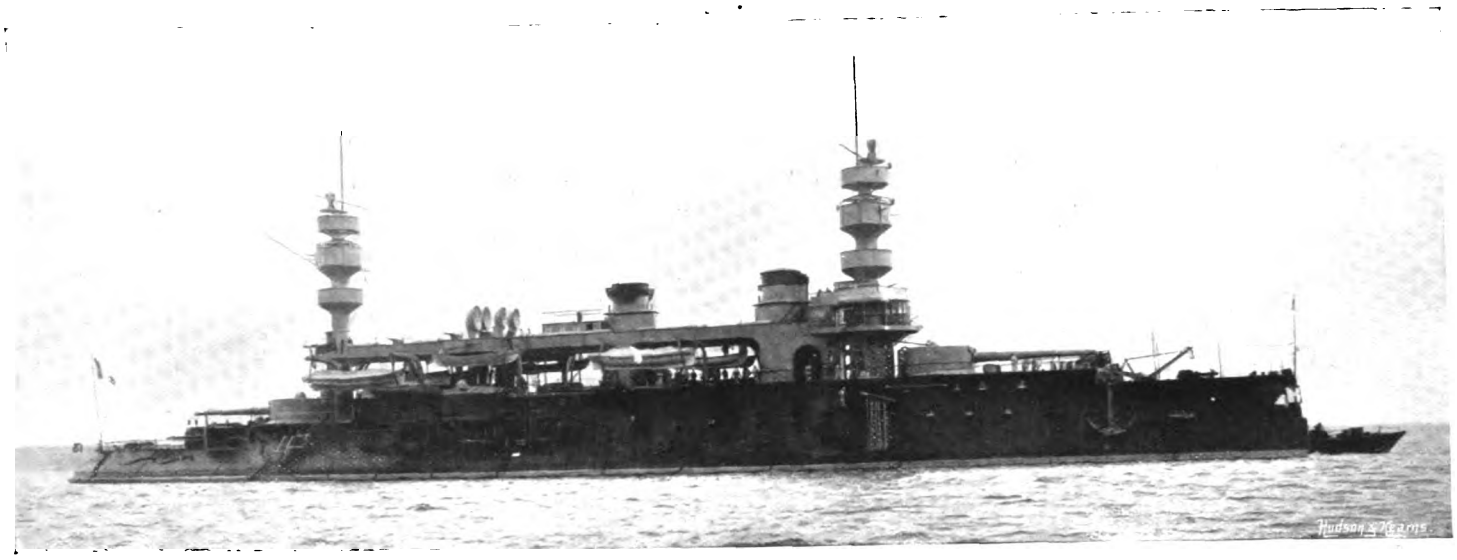
Photo. M. BAR, Toulon.

THE ARMOURED CRUISER "AMIRAL CHARNER."

THIS ship is one of four, of which the "Chanzy" and "Latouche-Tréville" are in the Mediterranean, and the "Bruix" in the Channel. The "Charner" is the cruiser in which Rear-Admiral POTTIER has hoisted his flag. She displaces 4,750 tons, and, being built upon fine lines, has a speed of 18·2 knots. The type is very much appreciated in the French Navy, and certainly the class has given excellent results. There is the protection of a 3½-in. steel belt of considerable breadth, from end to end, of 2-in. plates on the two larger gun turrets, and of a 2-in. deck. The main turrets mount each a 7·4-in. long-range gun, and six medium quick-firers are also in as many turrets, three sponsoned on each broadside. This arrangement is unusual. Twelve smaller quick-firers are on the deck and in the fighting tops. The cruiser is fitted with engines of 8,300 horse-power, and has given very little trouble since she was built at Rochefort in 1893.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH FLEET.



THE BATTLESHIP "CHARLES MARTEL."

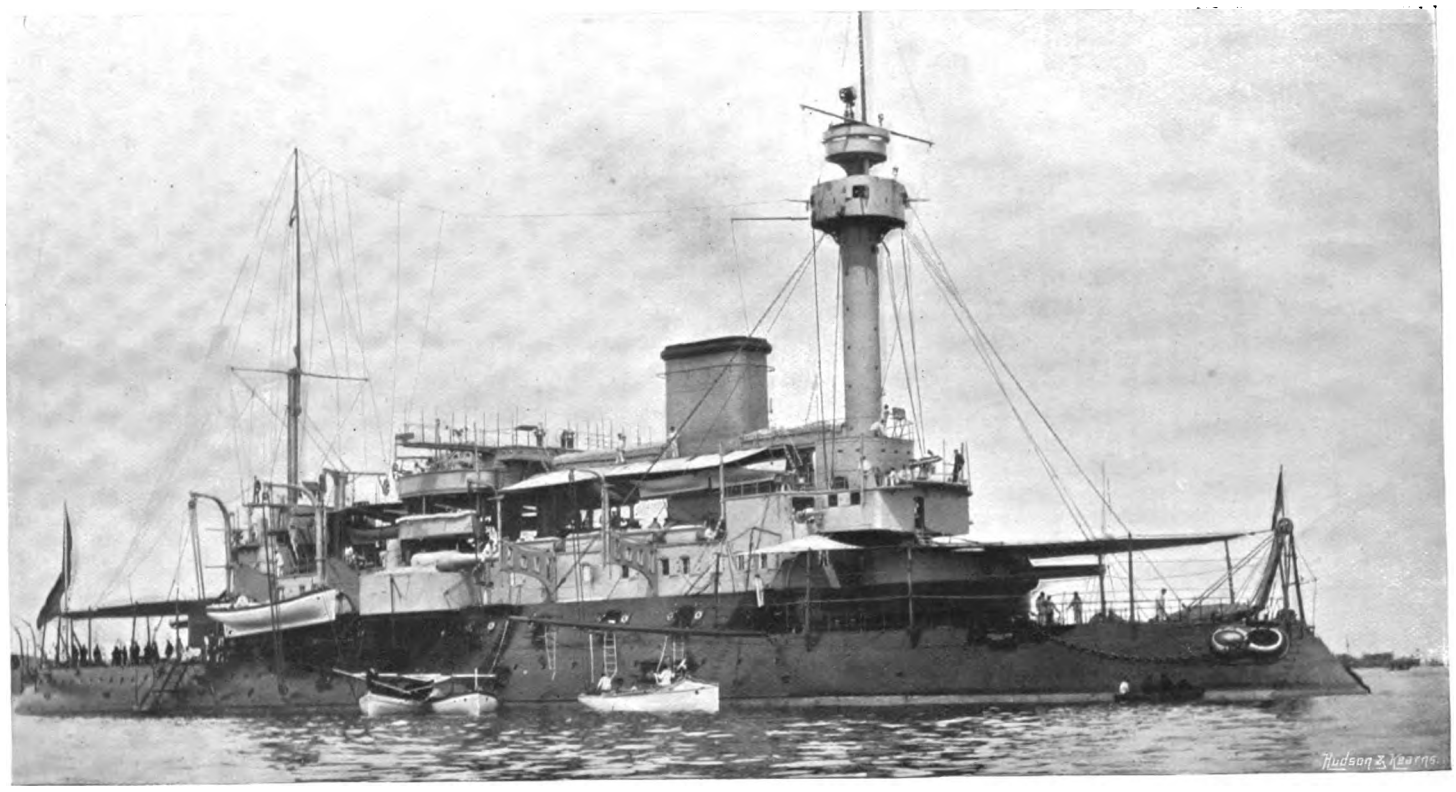
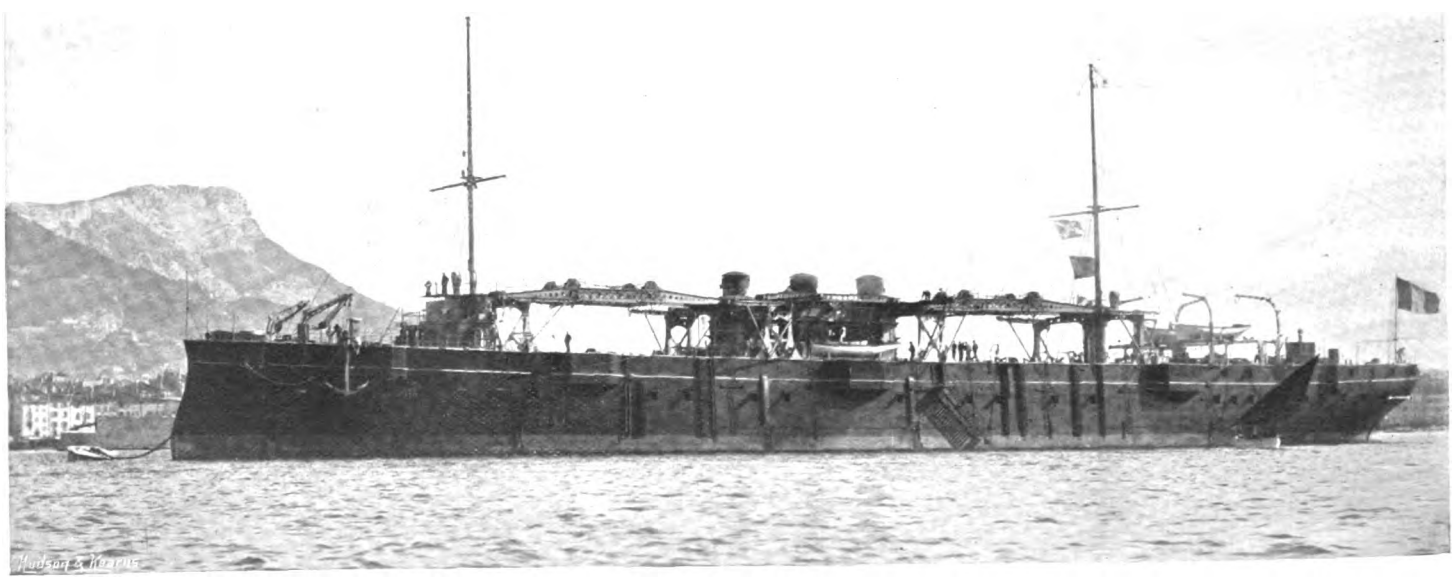


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE BATTLESHIP "HOCHE."



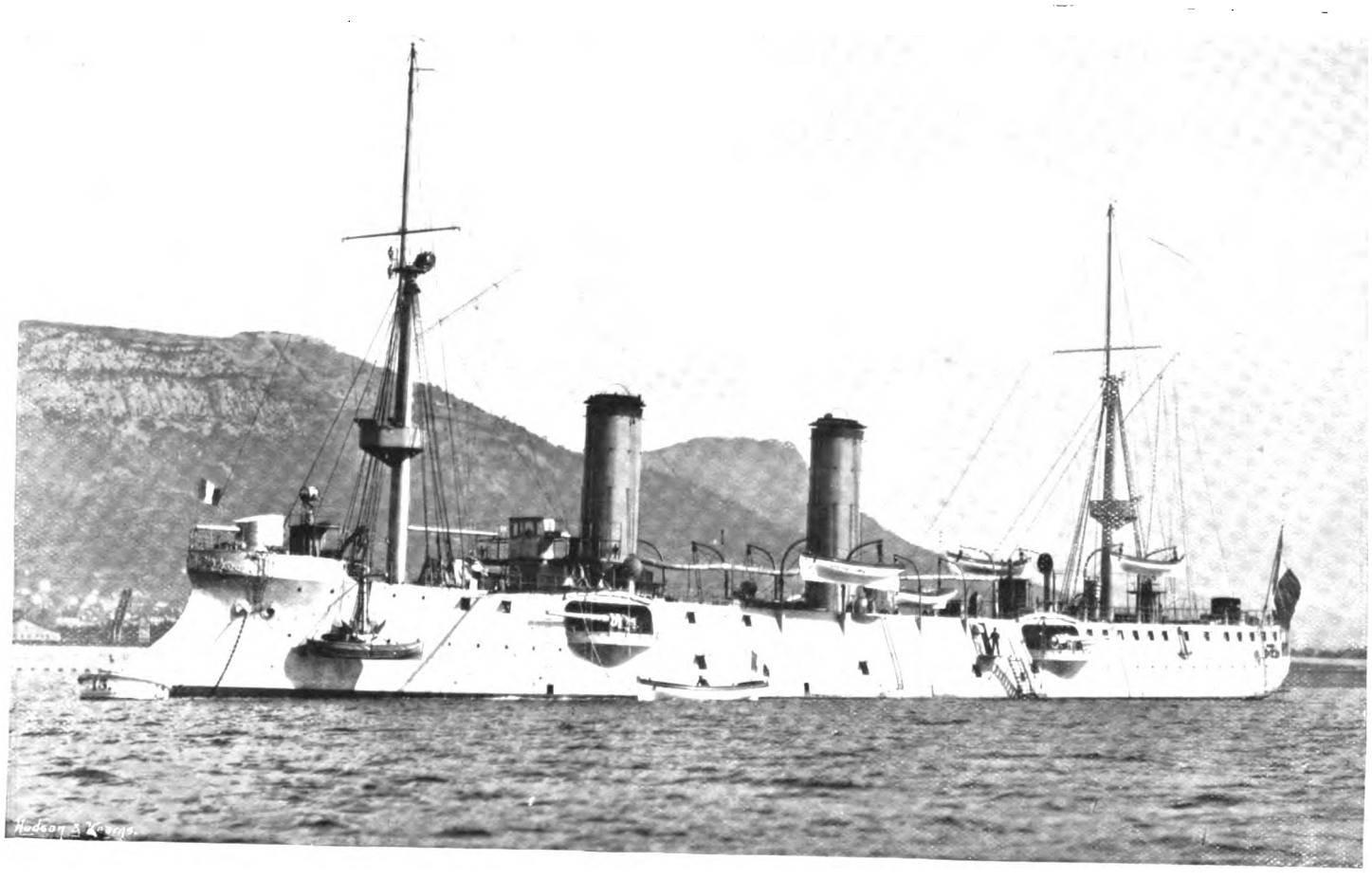
Photos. M. BAR, Toulon.

THE TORPEDO TRANSPORT "FOUDRE."

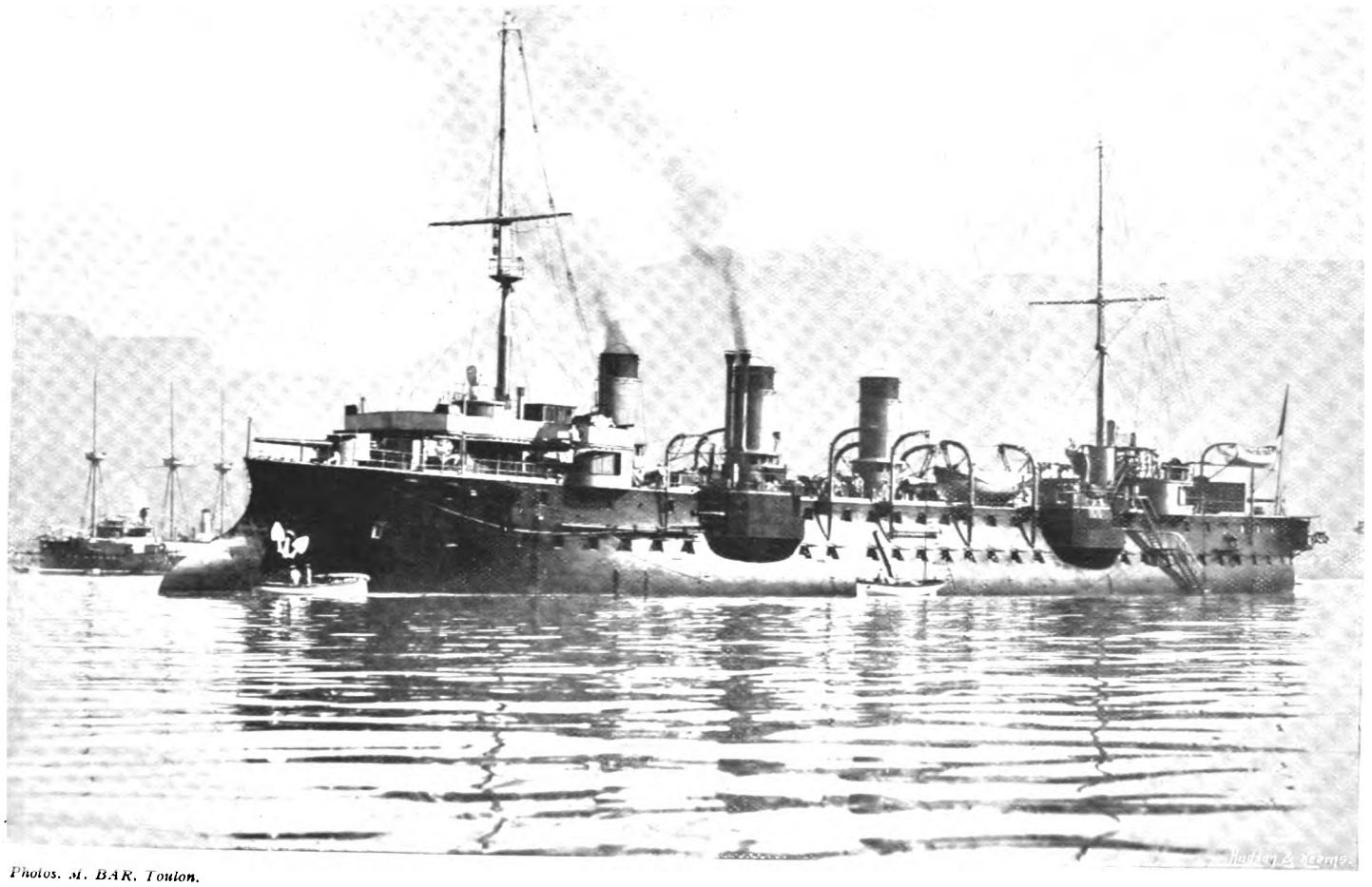
HERE we see three very notable French vessels. Like the "Jauréguiberry," the "Charles Martel" has just been commissioned in the Mediterranean. She displaces 11,880 tons, and, closely resembling the other ship named in general disposition of armament, she carries two 12-in. and two 10·6-in. guns in four turrets, besides a large number of quick-firers. The "Hoche," which is flag-ship in the Channel at the present time, is an earlier ship of similar type. All vessels of this class present a very formidable appearance, with their heavy upper works; but several of them have been over-weighted in building, and the "Hoche" is an example of one of them which have had her superstructure cut down, and her after fighting-mast removed. The "Foudre" is a torpedo-transport, of 5,875 tons, inspired by our own "Vulcan," and was intended for the transport of ten vedette torpedo-boats, of which the pattern was built by

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH FLEET.



THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "LINOIS."



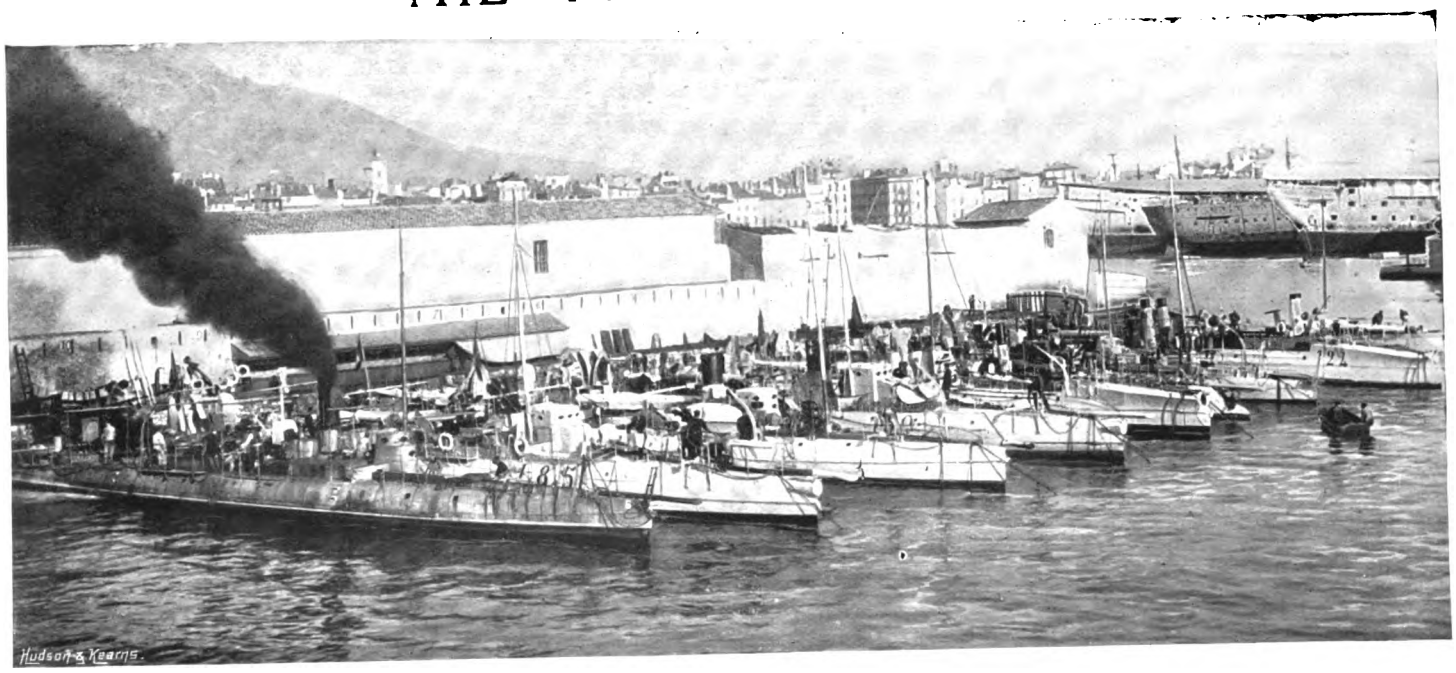
Photos. M. BAR, Toulon.

THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "BUGEAUD."

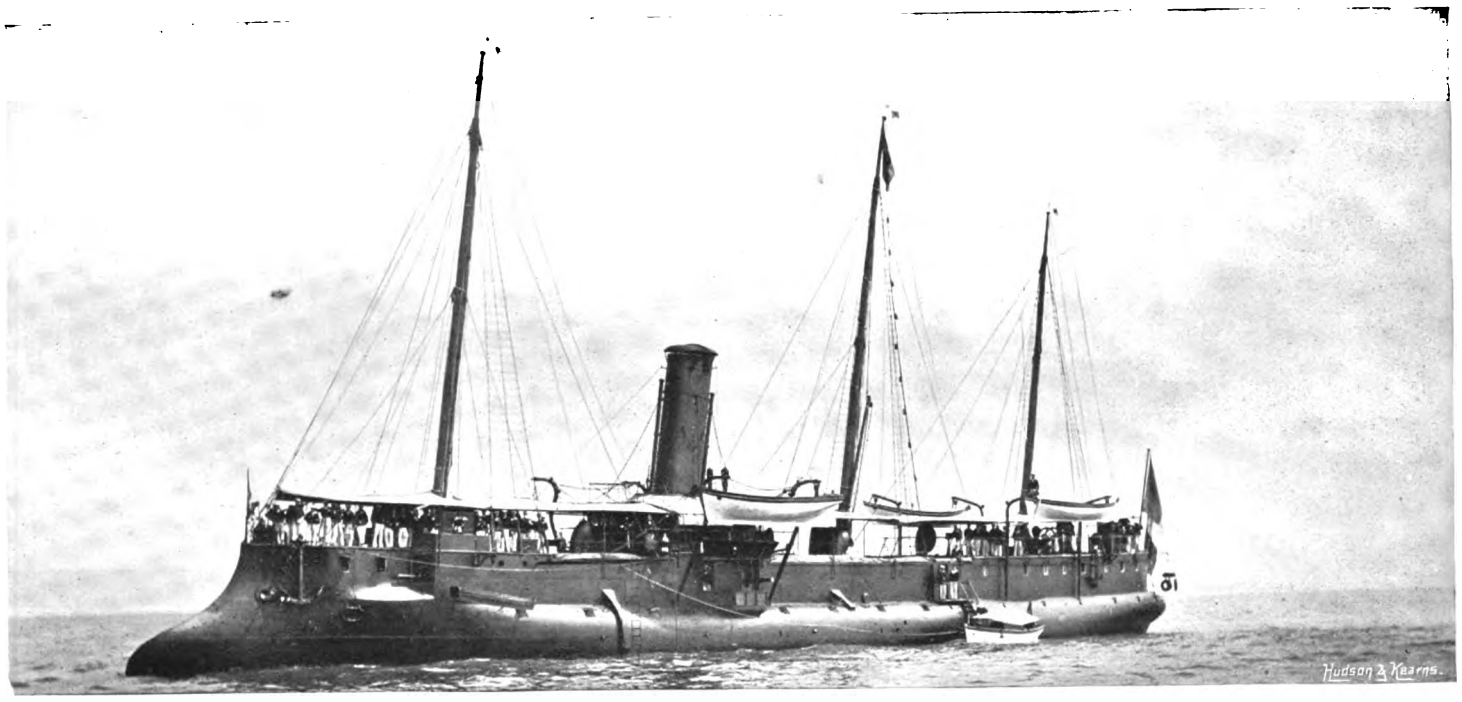
Messrs. YARROW, of aluminium, at Poplar. The ship gave satisfaction at her trials, attaining a high speed, and it is possible that she may be converted from her original purpose and be changed into a cruiser. She is at present at Toulon. The "Bugeaud" and "Linois" are excellent types of the smaller cruisers of the French Navy. The former is a second-class vessel, of 3,740 tons, built at Cherbourg, in 1893. She is protected by a steel deck 4-in. thick amidships, and there is equal protection for the four 6·2-in. quick-firers which are in sponsons at the sides. Two other guns of the same calibre are mounted fore and aft, and there are more than twenty other pieces. The cruiser has engines of 9,000 horse-power, and she attained the high speed of 19·25 knots at her trials. The "Linois" is a smaller cruiser, of 2,345 tons, modern, like the last, having been launched at La Seyne in 1894. She has a large quick-firing armament, and a considerable range of action. At her trials she attained a speed of 20·5 knots with very small coal consumption. These two vessels are, therefore, well fitted to be the "eyes" of the French Mediterranean Fleet.

Digitized by Google

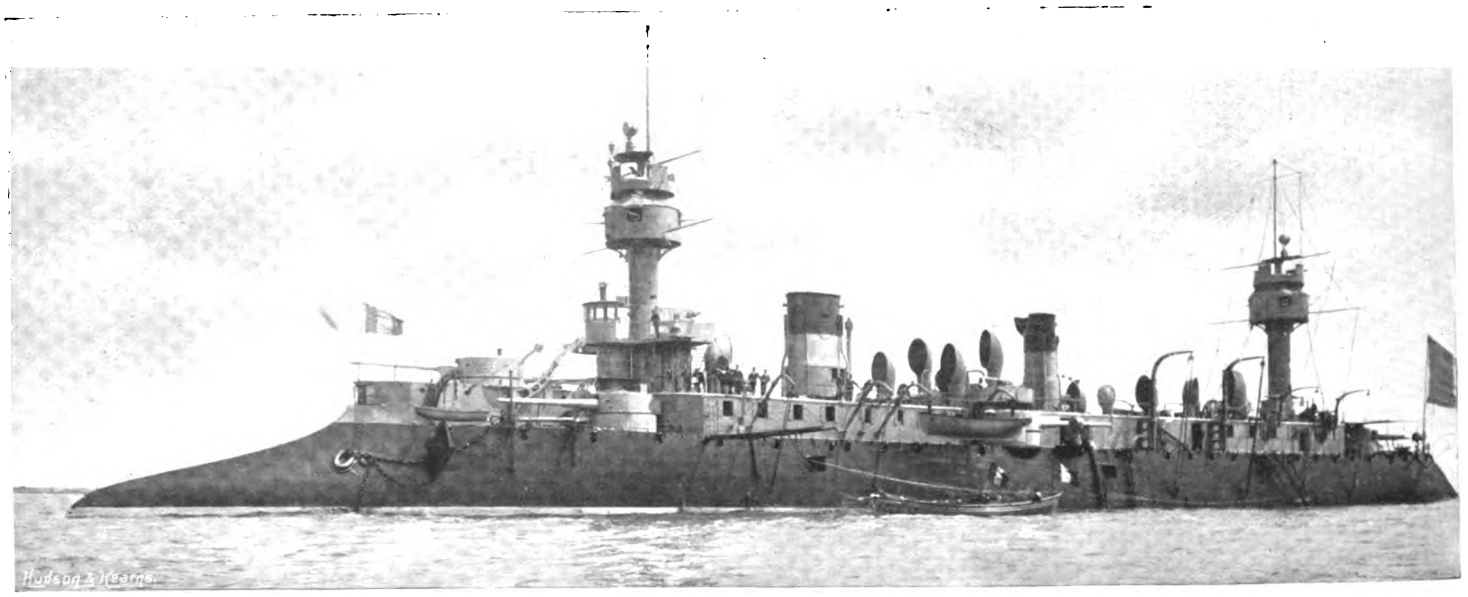
THE FRENCH FLEET.



TORPEDO BOATS AT TOULON.



THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "WATTIGNIES."



THE ARMOURED CRUISER "DUPUY DE LOME."

A GOOD deal has been heard of French torpedo boats at Toulon: how that they were in very bad condition, and unfit for sea. This may be true of some of the older ones, but it does not hold good of those upon which the French depend. Torpedo warfare seems congenial to French Naval Officers, and they never lose an opportunity, when the squadrons are at sea or at anchor in the roads, of making night attacks upon them This has been going on within the last month, and the boats scored some remarkable successes, even the "Brennus," Admiral DE CUVERVILLE'S flag-ship being "torpedoed." The "Wattignies" is a third-class cruiser of 1,310 tons, and a very handy vessel, with a speed of more than 18 knots. The "Dupuy de Lôme," which is seen above, is a most formidable vessel, and her long ram and peculiarfeatures give her an impressive appearance. That sheath of armour is four inches thick, and the hull is greatly subdivided. The armament is very powerful, and though the cruiser was visited by a sad disaster, she has given full satisfaction in regard to speed, having attained over 20 knots.

Digitized by Google

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE ARMOURED GUN VESSEL "GROSIASTCHY."

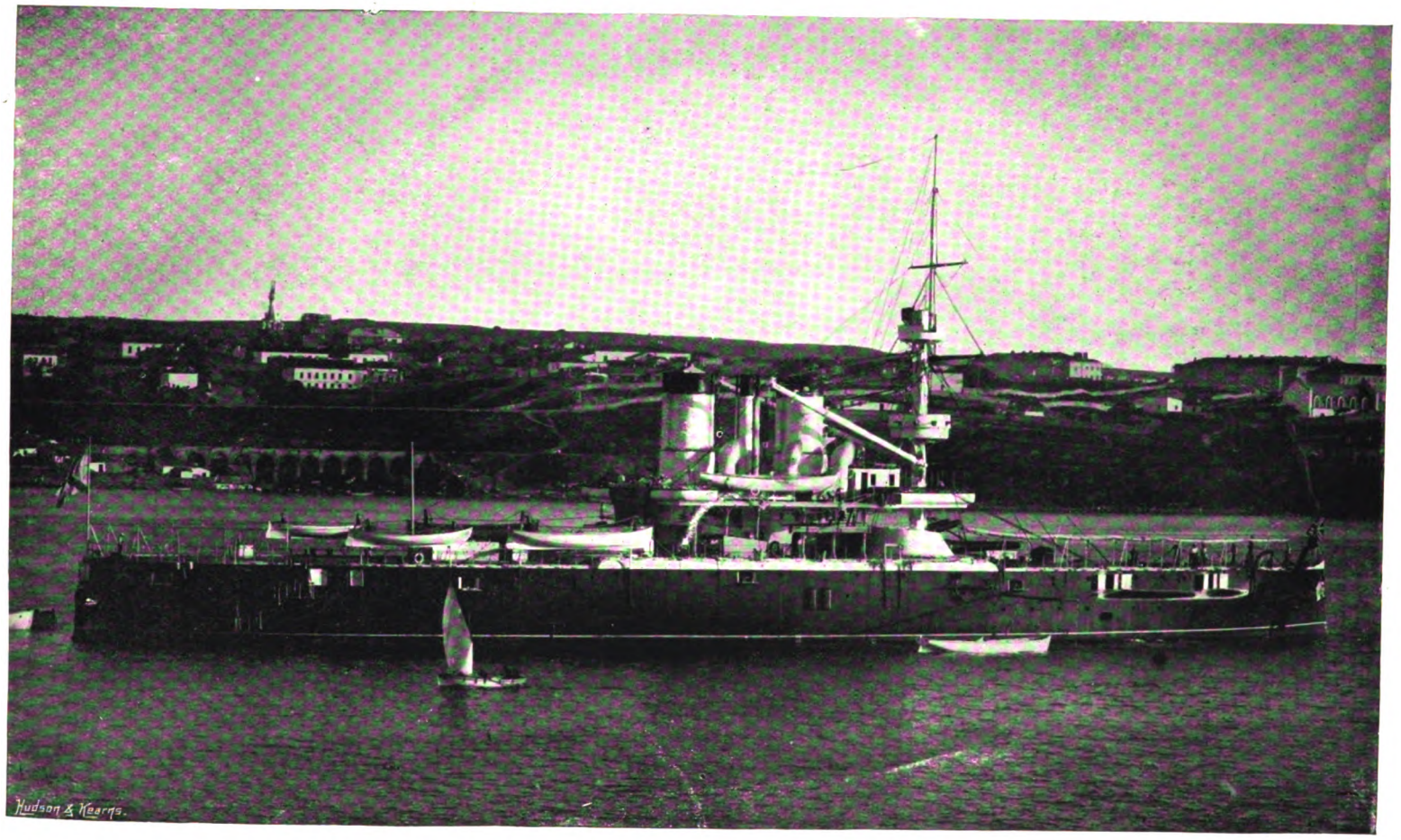


Photo. A. ZIMERMAN, Sebastopol.

THE BATTLESHIP "GEORGI POBIEDONOSETZ."

THE ship which is seen here lying in harbour is the "George the Victorious," one of the most modern of Russian battle-ships, and, except the "Tri Sviatitelia," or "Three Saints," the most powerful ship in the Black Sea. She was laid down at Sebastopol, in 1889, and launched in March, 1892. Upon a displacement of 10,280 tons she carries a heavy armour belt, 15·7 thick amidships, 12 inches of steel on her barbettes and bulkheads, and almost as much over the battery, while the deck is two inches thick. The three barbette turrets are on a triangular plan, as in the old ships in the Black Sea, so that four 12-inch guns are coupled forward, while two are in the after barbette. The secondary armament is of seven 6-inch breech-loaders, and there are fourteen small quick-firers. The torpedo armament is large, there being seven tubes, all submerged. The engines were built in England by Messrs. MAUDSLAY, and, with forced draught and 16,000 horse-power, give a speed of 17·5 knots. In the "Grosiastchy," we have one of a small class of armoured gun-boats, of which three are afloat and another building. They carry a 9-inch gun forward and a 6-inch gun aft, besides many smaller guns.

Digitized by Google

THE GERMAN FLEET.

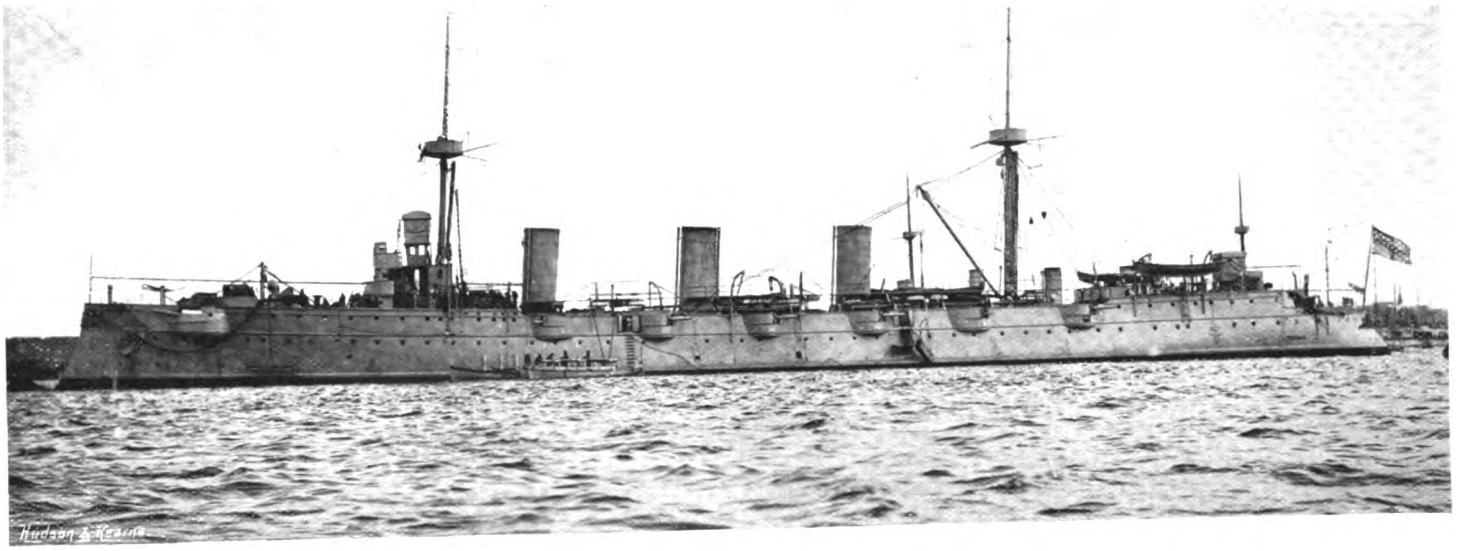


Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE CRUISER "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."

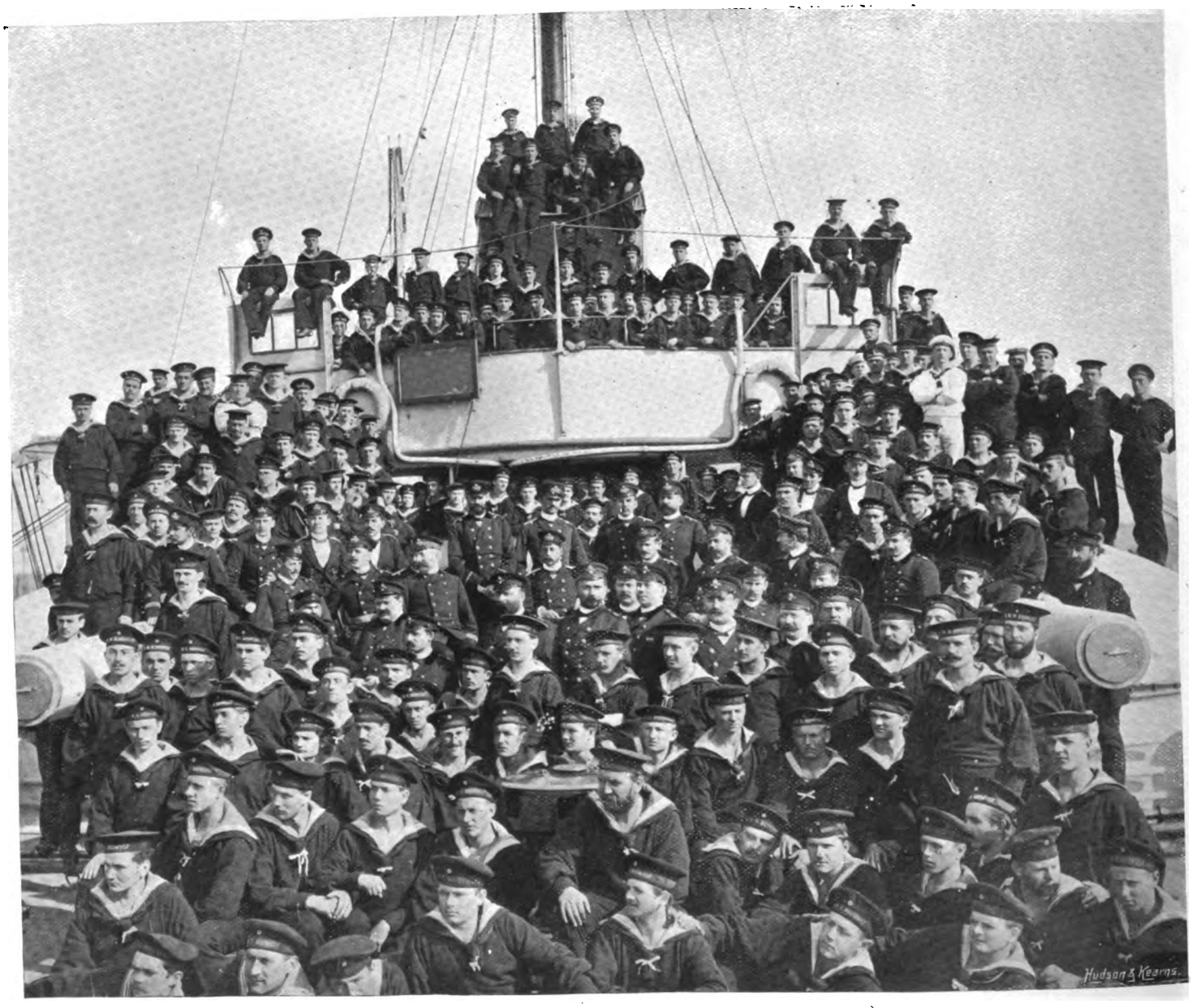


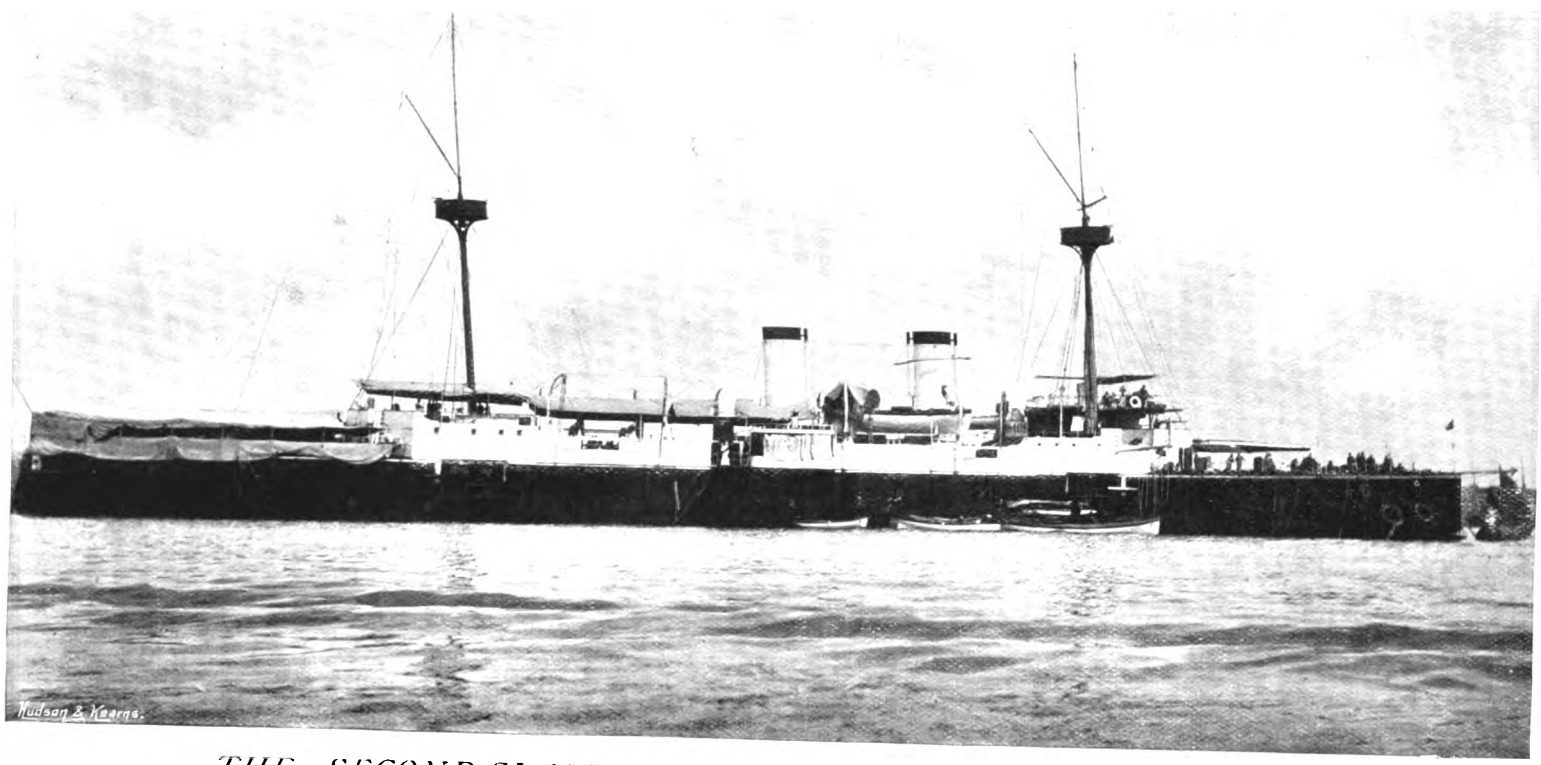
Photo. SCHMIDT & WEGENER, Kiel.

TYPICAL NAVAL OFFICERS AND BLUEJACKETS.

OUR two photographs show a typical group of German officers and sailors and a view of the German cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta," a triple-screw ship, of 6,300 tons and 20 knots speed, protected by an armoured deck on the lines of our own first and second-class cruisers. The German Navy is manned on a system designed on the lines of the French *Inscription Maritime*, by which every man of the sea-faring population in northern Germany serves seven years in the Fleet (three years in ships in commission and four years in the Reserve), and five years in the Seewehr (analagous to the Landwehr, or Second Reserve of the German Army). After reaching the age of thirty-two, the German seaman becomes enrolled in the Landsturm, and is only liable to be called out in national emergencies. In round numbers, the modern German Navy is manned by 21,500 men, including commissioned officers, whose training and professional attainments are looked after with a thoroughness unequalled outside our own Service.

Digitized by Google

THE AUSTRIAN FLEET.



THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "KAISER FRANZ JOSEF."

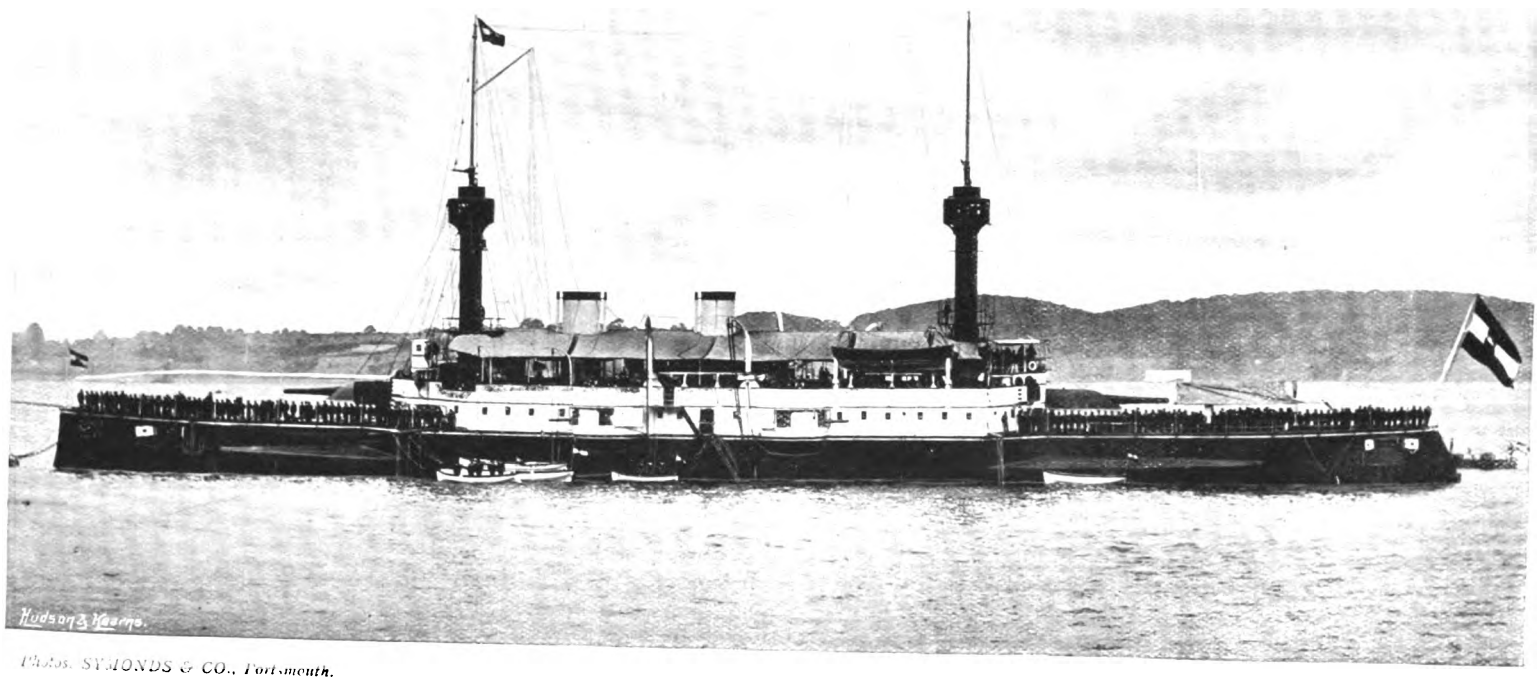


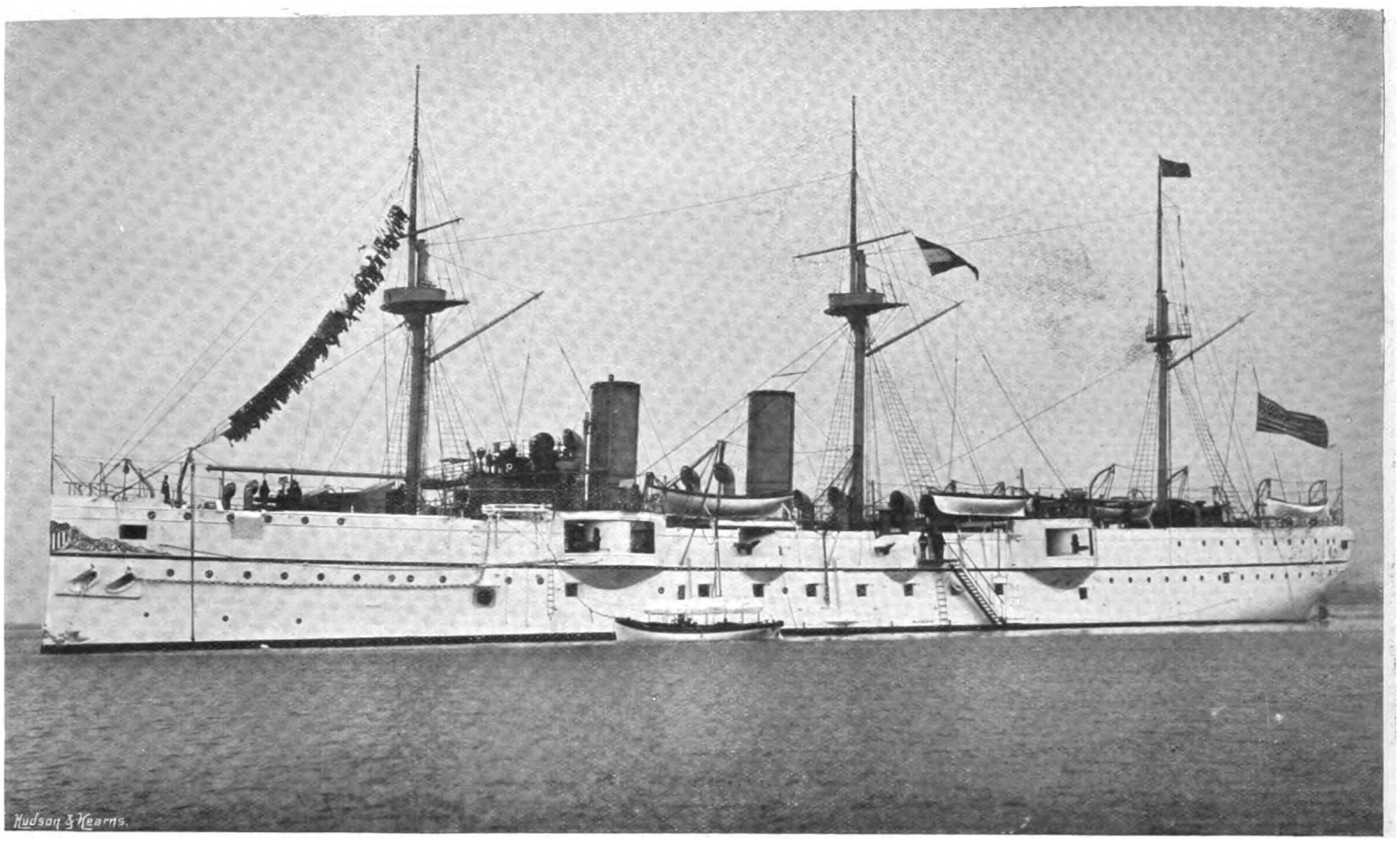
Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE ARMOURED CRUISER "KAISERIN MARIA THERESIA."

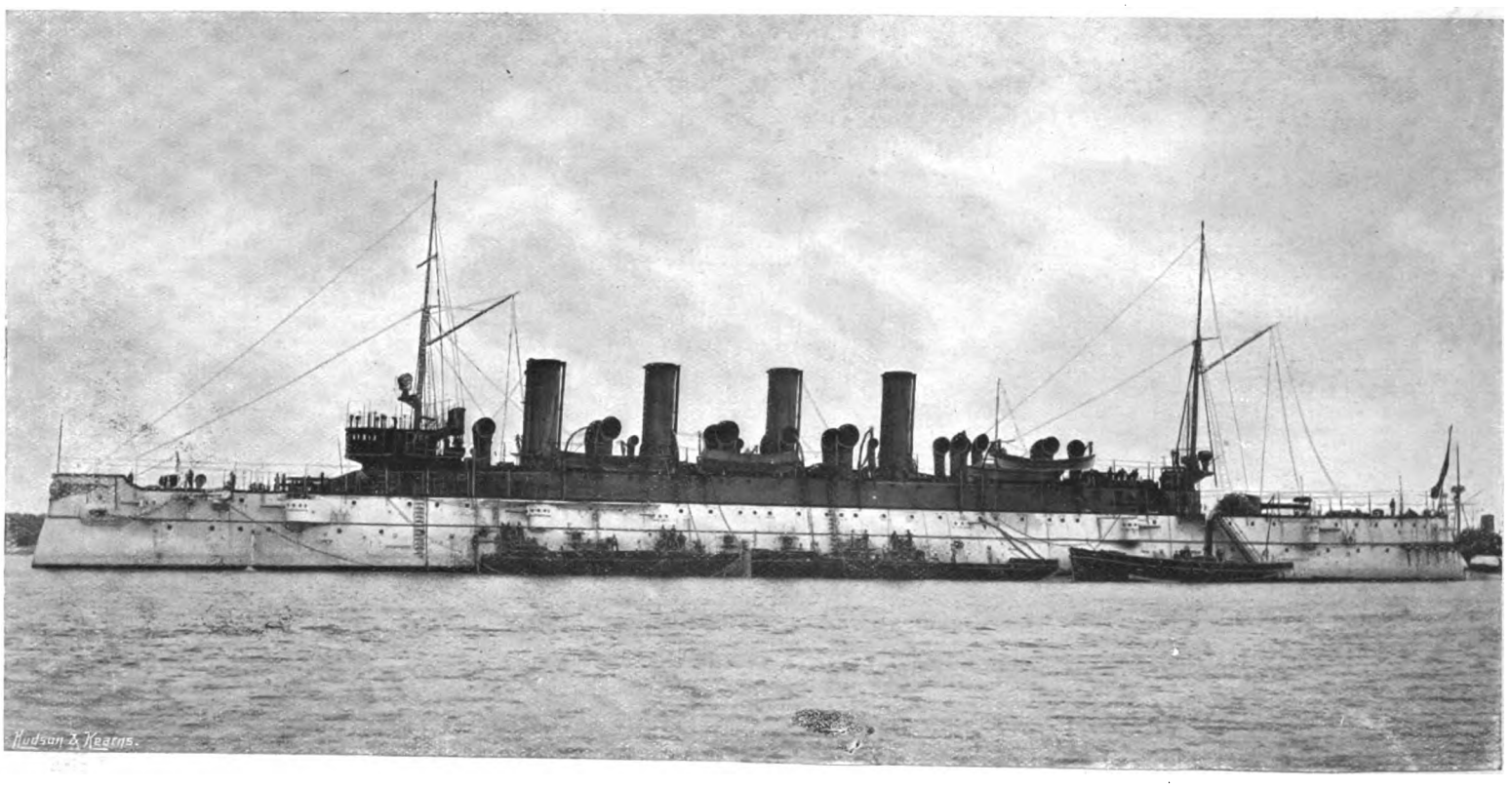
HERE are two typical and very fine modern vessels of the Austrian Navy. Both were built at Trieste, and have given much satisfaction, and they help to form the main force of the Austrian Division in the Levant. The "Maria Theresia" is an armoured cruiser, 5,270 tons, with 4-inch partial side protection, 4-inch of steel in the chief gun positions, and a 2-inch deck. Armoured turrets and breastworks fore and aft mount a 9·4-inch gun and two 5·9-inch quick-firers severally for bow and stern fire, and four others of the smaller calibre are distributed in sponsons on the broadsides. The lesser armament includes eighteen other quick-firers. The cruiser has obtained a speed of 19·3 knots. The "Franz Josef" is a little older, having been launched in 1889. Like her sister, the "Kaiserin Elizabeth," she has been a most successful ship. She displaces 4,030 tons, and carries two 9·4-inch Krupps, singly, in protected barbettes, fore and aft, and six of 5·9-inch in sponsons on the broadsides, besides many smaller guns, and she has five torpedo tubes. Much sub-division of the hull and a 2½-inch steel deck add to her safety. She has engines of 9,000 horse-power, which give a speed of 19 knots. So well pleased are the Austrian authorities with their ships lately constructed that they are preparing for others of the same classes, while the work of building coast-defence armour-clads goes on.

Digitized by Google

THE UNITED STATES FLEET.



THE CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS."

IN former times the United States played a part in Mediterranean politics, and, within recent years, a fleet of new vessels has been constituted and maintained there. The two which are here depicted are excellent types. The "Minneapolis" (7,475 tons) is an especially remarkable example of the class sometimes known as commerce-destroyers. Built upon very fine lines, and provided with engines of vast power, she is capable of steaming at from 22·8 to 23 knots. The armament is light —one 8-in. breech-loader, two 6-in. quick-firers, and 16 smaller. Vertical 2-in. and 4-in. plating covers the quick-fire and machine guns, and the big guns have shields. Americans are very proud of the "Minneapolis" and her sister, the "Columbia," illustrating what they could accomplish in the building of swift war-ships. They have found imitators in the French. The other ship, the "San Francisco," is a sister of the "Newark." She is a barque-rigged vessel of 4,083 tons, and attained a speed of 19·6 knots at her trials. She has large coal-capacity, and will steam 10,700 miles at her economical speed. She has deck protection, and carries twelve 6-in. breech-loaders and a considerable smaller quick-firing armament. The cruiser was lately at Villefranche, and exchanged salutes with the French Mediterranean Squadron there.

Digitized by Google

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 33.] FRIDAY, MARCH 19th, 1897.

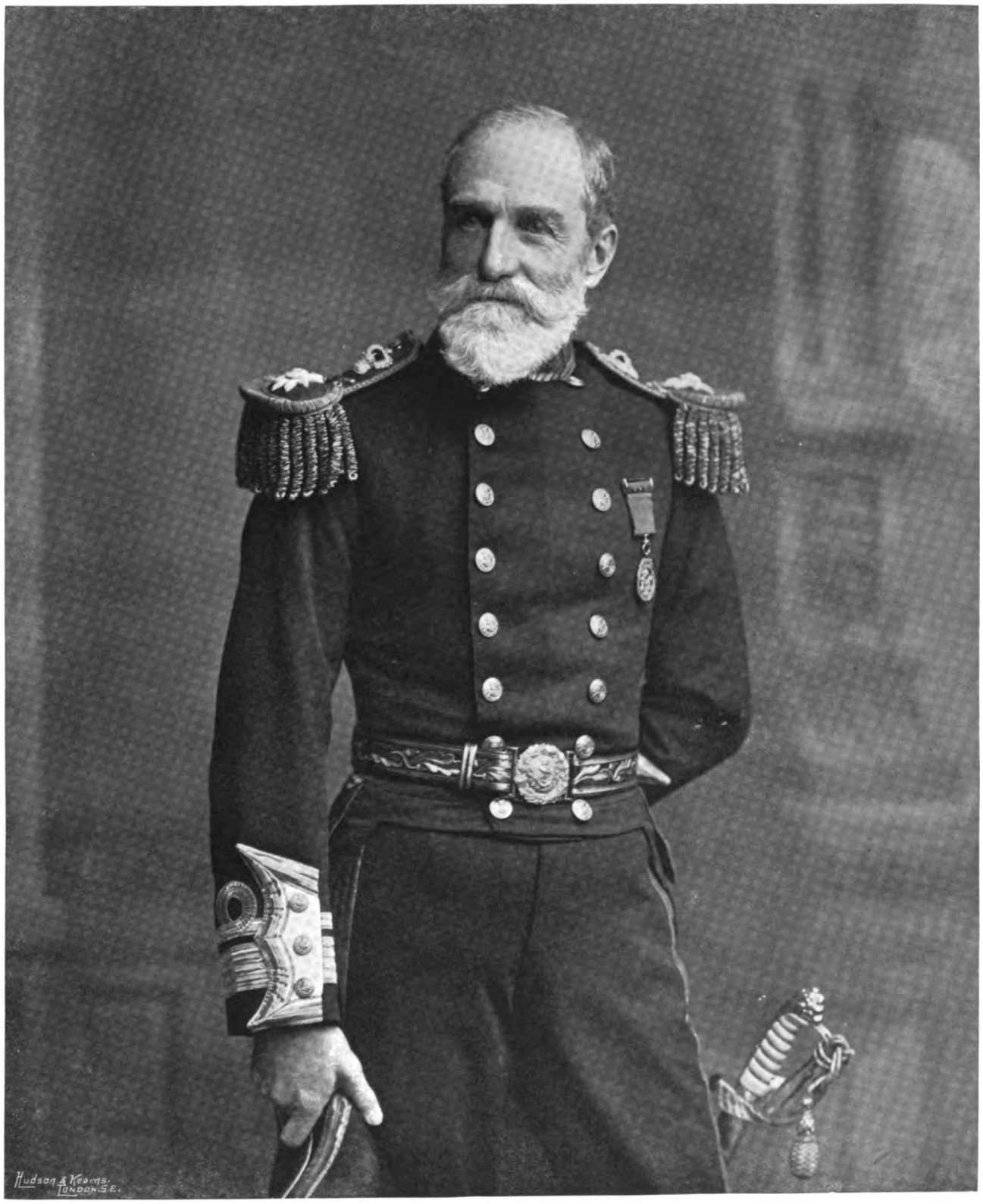


Photo. WALERY, Regent Street.

REAR-ADMIRAL W. J. L. WHARTON, C.B.

THE Hydrographer of the Navy entered the Service in 1857, and gained the Beaufort testimonial in 1865, being promoted to Lieutenant in the same year. He was Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Sir JAMES HOPE at Portsmouth from 1869 to 1872, and was promoted to Commander in the hauling down vacancy. He was made Captain in 1880, and Rear-Admiral in 1895. Admiral WHARTON joined the surveying branch of the Navy in 1865, being employed from that year to 1868 in the "Garnet" on surveying duties in the West Indies and on the coast of North America. He commanded the "Shearwater" and "Fawn," employed on surveying service in the Mediterranean and East Coast of Africa, from 1872 to 1881; and "Sylvia," employed surveying in the Magellan Straits from 1882 to 1884. He is the author of "Hydrographical Surveying" and other works. The Admiral was appointed Hydrographer of the Admiralty in 1884, a post he still holds. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, 1886, he has since served on the Council, and is also a Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, and was made C.B. (Civil Division) two years since.

Digitized by Google

NAVAL OFFICERS as CYCLISTS and SPRINTERS.

Photo. MILLS & CRIBB, Portsmouth.

READY FOR A SPIN.

TO show the extent of the hold which cycling has upon our future Admirals here are two photographs of the students at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. In the first picture we have a group of twelve acting sub-lieutenants who at the time the picture was taken were studying pilotage at that establishment. These officers have recently finished their examinations, and, with one or two exceptions, have since been appointed to various ships. In the lower picture we have a group of all the acting sub-lieutenants in the college. A good many of them are in flannels, and have just returned from the gunnery classes at Whale Island. Bicycling is a pastime which one would not suppose had the least connection with ships and the sea. On the contrary, this is a form of recreation which is particularly affected by the Naval officer. When a ship arrives in harbour, instead of being restricted to the neighbourhood of the port, an officer can throw his leg over his bicycle and in a very short time be miles away amid "fresh fields and pastures new." It is, therefore, not surprising to find so many officers accomplished cyclists, and it may be added that it is not only the young ones but many of their seniors who are experts in the use of the wheel. The middle picture admirably illustrates the inherent love of sport in the Navy. The two men shown are waiting the word "Go!" from the starter, before engaging in a race round the upper deck, which, when clear of all obstacles, makes a first-class track, and an excellent substitute for the usual cinder or grass track used ashore.

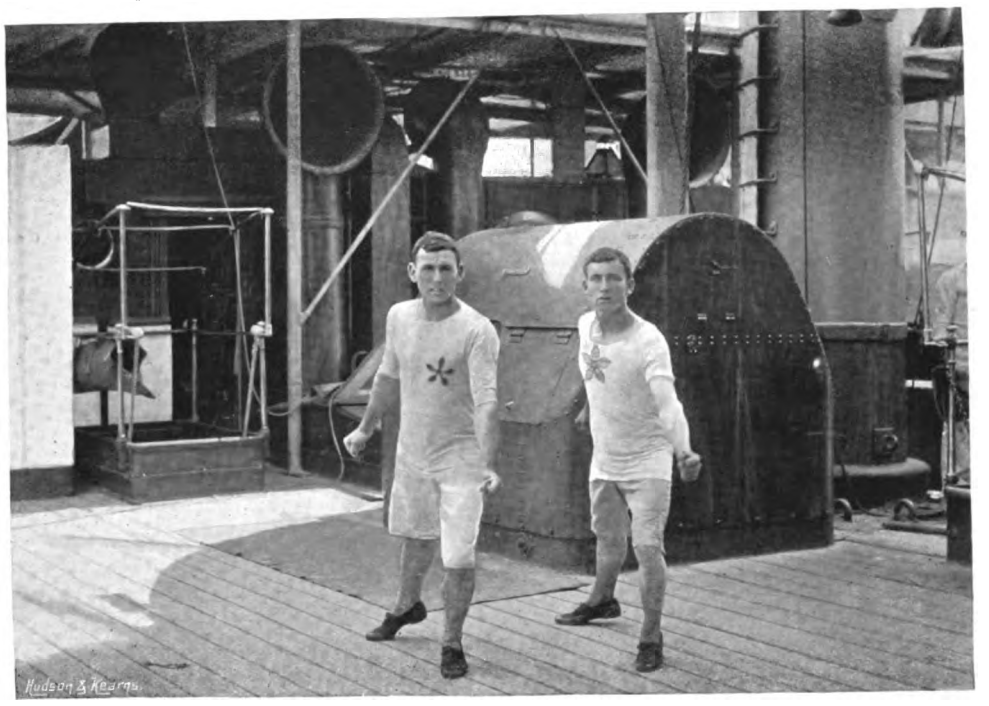
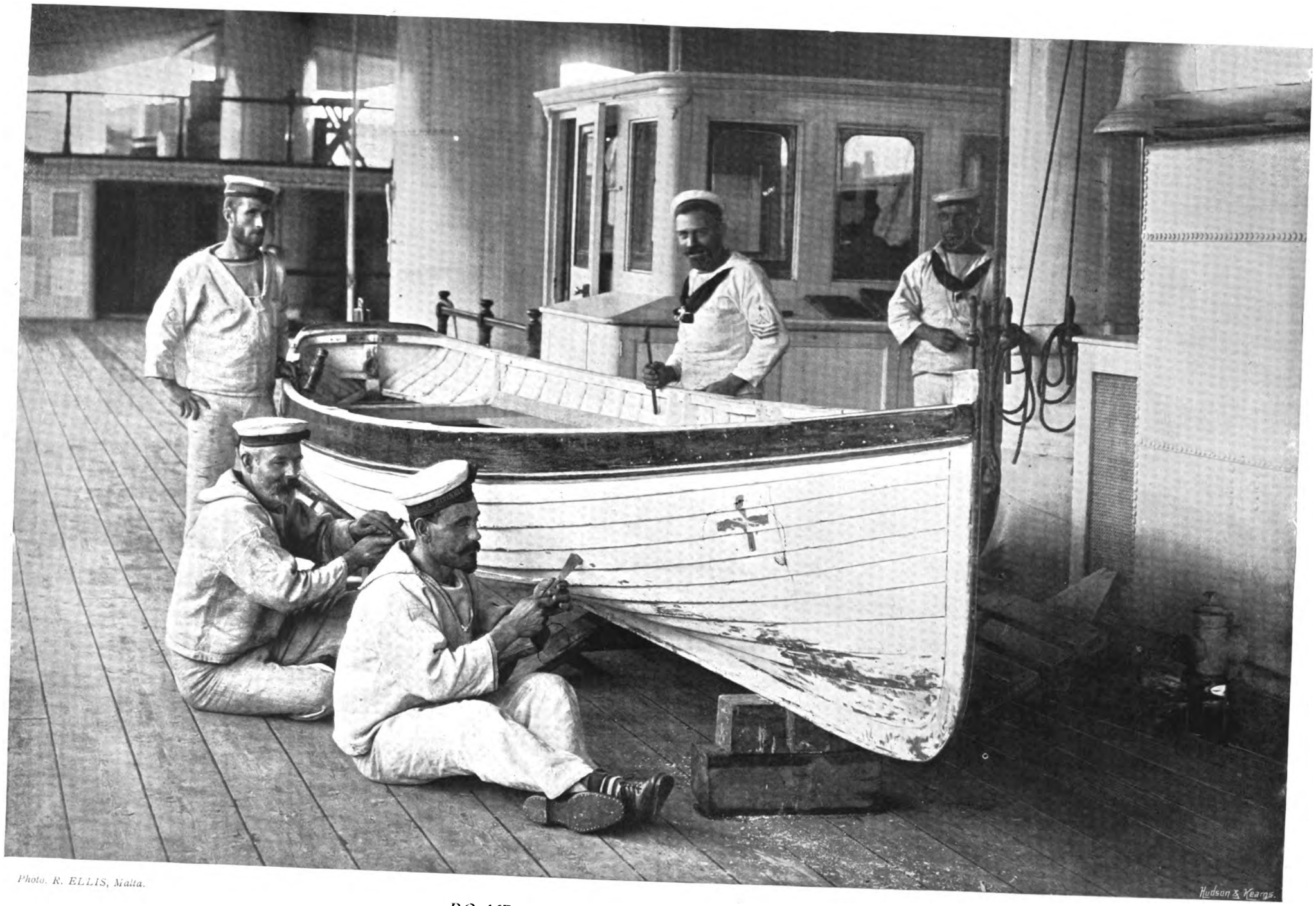


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *"ARE YOU READY?"* *Copyright H. & K.*

Photo. MILLS & CRIBB, Portsmouth.

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE NAVAL COLLEGE.

Digitized by Google



BOAT REPAIRING AT MALTA.

THE above scene depicts a man-of-war's boat being painted and repaired on the upper deck of H.M.S. "Hibernia," the receiving ship at Malta. There is a regular staff of men carried in every ship, called the carpenter's crew, to do work of this description. Their duty consists in seeing that the woodwork, and in some cases the ironwork; paint, etc., of the vessel is kept in good order. The men who attend to this work must know much more than did the same class of men of former times. The carpenter of to-day has to pass an examination before the dockyard officials, to satisfy them that he is fully conversant with the construction of the steel monsters which form so large a part of our Navy. Boats of different vessels of the Mediterranean Fleet are repaired on board the "Hibernia," those especially which have no large staff of artificers on board bringing their damaged boats to Malta, where they can be taken in hand by the carpenter of the receiving ship.

Digitized by Google

THE DIVERS OF THE NAVY.

Photo. GREGORY. Copyright—H. & K.

A DIVER GOING DOWN.

A VERY useful and important person on board the modern man-of-war is the diver, and his special functions are constantly in requisition. Every ship, down to the smallest torpedo-boat destroyer, carries at least one complete diving equipment of dress and pump, the larger battleships and cruisers, indeed, being supplied with three or four. Every ship practically requires to have from two to six qualified divers on board—men trained in the first place at one of the three schools of diving and submarine engineering, at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Sheerness, where both bluejackets and artificers are trained for the work. The men who have gone through the course of training at the schools are specially encouraged to keep up their proficiency on board ship, a penny a day retaining money being given to every man holding a diving school certificate, while there is also a fixed scale of pay in addition for the men when at work under water. At work at from 1 to 6 fathoms, 4s. for the first hour is allowed, with 1s. extra fee for every additional half-hour; at work from 6 to 12 fathoms, 4s. 6d. is allowed for the first hour and 1s. 6d. extra for every additional half-hour; at work from 12 to 20 fathoms (the regulation limit for ordinary diving), 5s. is allowed for the first hour and 2s. extra for every additional half-hour. In

DRESSING FOR A DESCENT.

Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth

A DIVER COMING UP.

the Navy much important work is done by the diving staff in the way of wreck examination; while on other occasions, where damage has been done to the propellers or to a ship's bottom after some accident, work of equal responsibility is allotted to the divers. In regard to these last particulars our photograph of a class of stoker-artificers at practice in a diving pinnace is specially in point:—the men of the rating, shown under instruction, having among other things to prove themselves competent to rivet sheets of metal together under water, and to fasten a sheet of iron or copper on a ship's bottom.

Photo. A. WILDMAN, Plymouth.

AN ARTIFICER'S DIVING PINNACE, WITH A PARTY UNDER TRAINING.

Digitized by Google

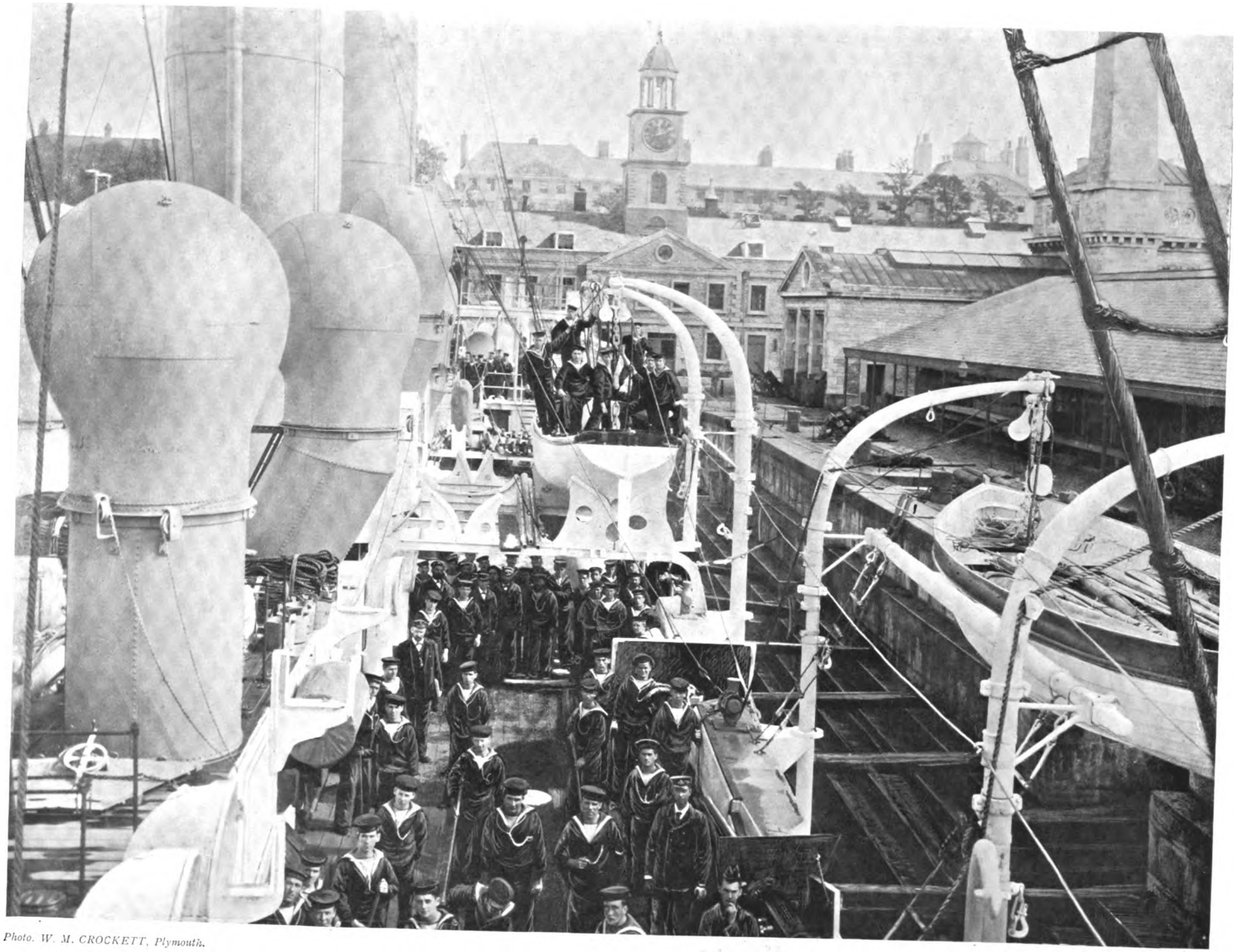


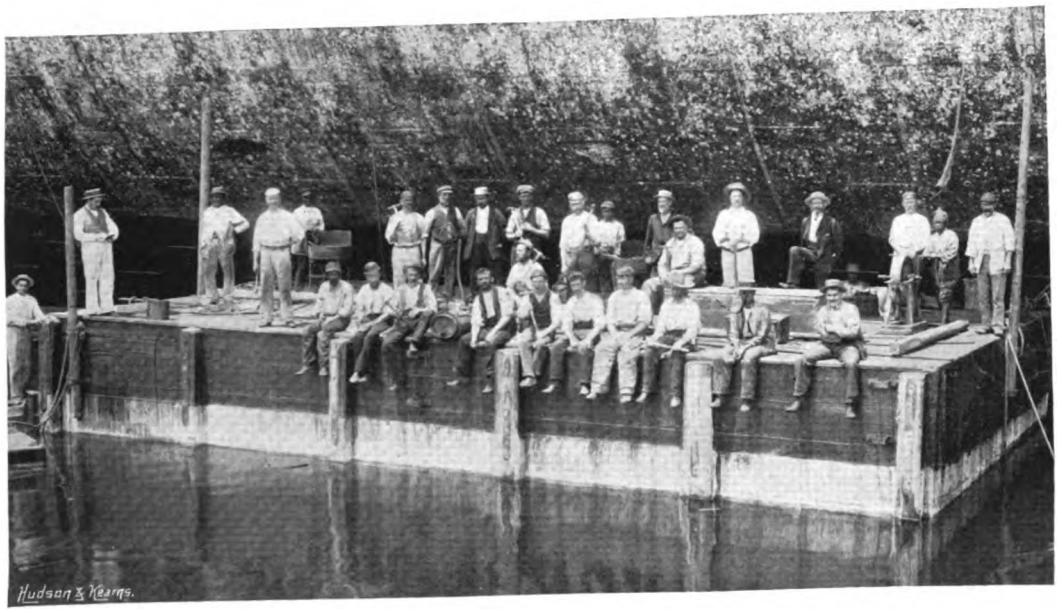
Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

GETTING READY FOR SEA IN DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

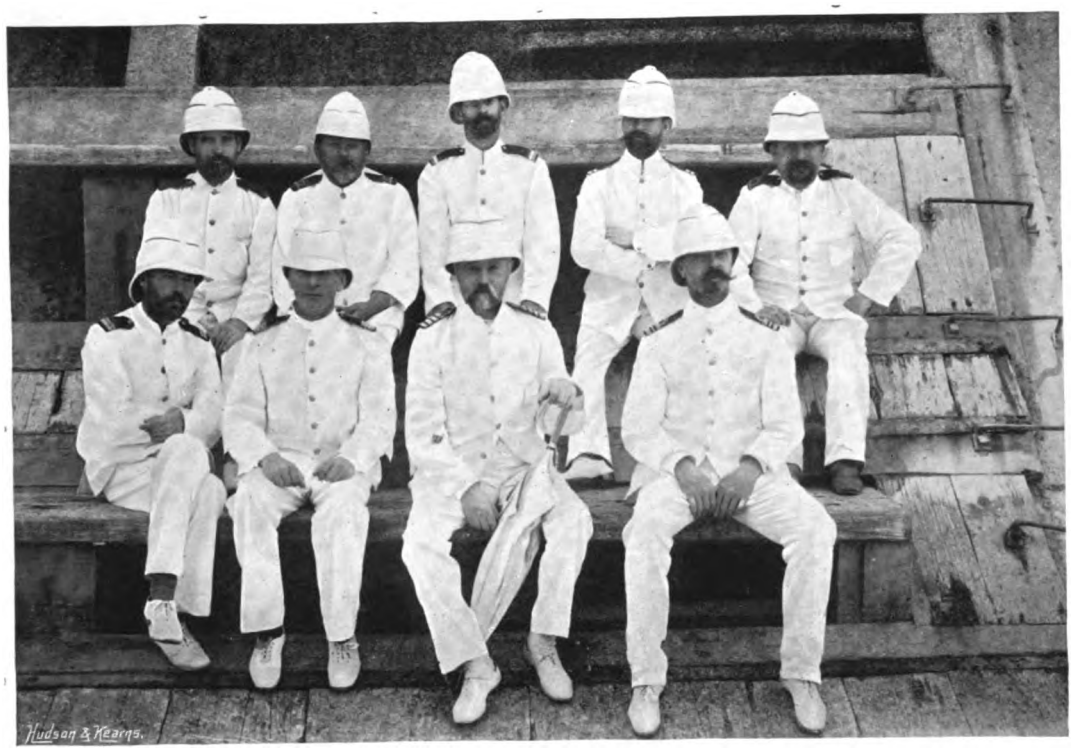
THE scene of our photograph is Devonport Dockyard, the storehouses of which—some of them date back to the reign of WILLIAM III. and QUEEN ANNE, when Devonport Yard or "Plymouth Dock," as it was then called, was first established—form the background of the picture. In the immediate foreground is shown one of our newest and most successful second-class cruisers being fitted out and got ready for sea after commission, and the men that we see variously employed on her upper decks form part of the company of 437 who man the vessel. The special ship here shown is the fine cruiser "Talbot," which recently hoisted the pennant at Devonport to join Admiral ERSKINE'S Squadron in the North American waters. A very prominent feature of the scene is formed by the gigantic ventilating cowls—visible to the proper left of the photograph—which are such a noticeable feature on board all our modern fast ships, both battle-ships and cruisers, their special function being to keep up the high pressure inrush of air to the stoke-hold furnaces which has become an absolute necessity for rapid steaming.

Digitized by Google

H.M.S. "TERROR" AT BERMUDA.

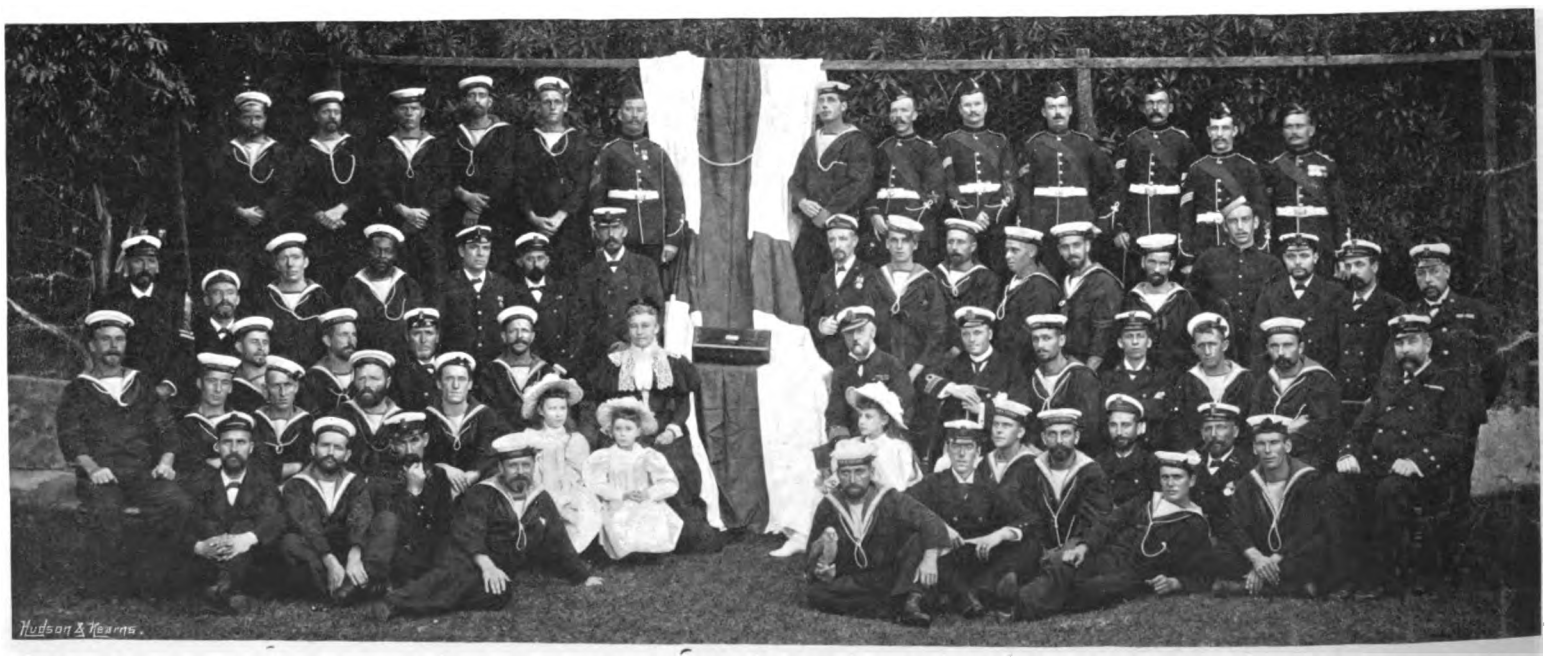


THE FLOATING DOCK AT BERMUDA.



THE OFFICERS, H.M.S. "TERROR."

THE three pictures given here are all connected with H.M.S. "Terror," at present stationed at Bermuda. The first picture was taken in the dockyard, and shows the shipwrights and the men who were employed at the time in repairing the dock, which three times a year undergoes the process of cleaning, and, for this purpose, is turned on her side in order to allow the bottom to be thoroughly overhauled. The second picture is that of the officers of the "Terror." This was taken in the same place, and the white dress in which the whole of the officers appear is that used in hot climates by the Navy. It consists of a white undress coat, or tunic, with shoulder straps, white trousers and a helmet or cap. The use of this tropical suit is left to the discretion of the senior officer. With this dress it is the rule to also wear white shoes, such as Rear-Admiral BRACKENBURY and his fellow officers have on. The third picture is that of the Admiral and the whole of the petty and non-commissioned officers of the "Terror." The occasion is immediately after the presentation to the Admiral, who was promoted when captain of the "Terror," of his "First Flag," which was made of silk, and measured fifteen feet by eleven and a-half. It was presented to him in a box made of cedar wood inlaid with English oak taken from the "Terror," the top being ornamented with a silver plate bearing the inscription: "Admiral BRACKENBURY's First Flag. Presented by the petty and non-commissioned officers of H.M.S. 'Terror,' 1896." It may be explained that usually, when a warship is placed in commission, the first outward and visible sign of that fact is the display of a pennant; but if she is to carry an Admiral she flies, instead, the St. George's Cross, on a white ground, known as the Admiral's "Flag." Of course, it is usual for the Admiralty to supply every ship with whatever flags she requires; but it also often happens that when a popular officer obtains the rank of Admiral, his officers and crew buy and present him with his "first flag." The presentation in this case was made in the grounds attached to the Admiral's house.



Photos. E. LUSHER & SUN, Hamilton, Bermuda.

REAR-ADMIRAL J. W. BRACKENBURY'S "FIRST FLAG."

Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF THE "THESEUS."

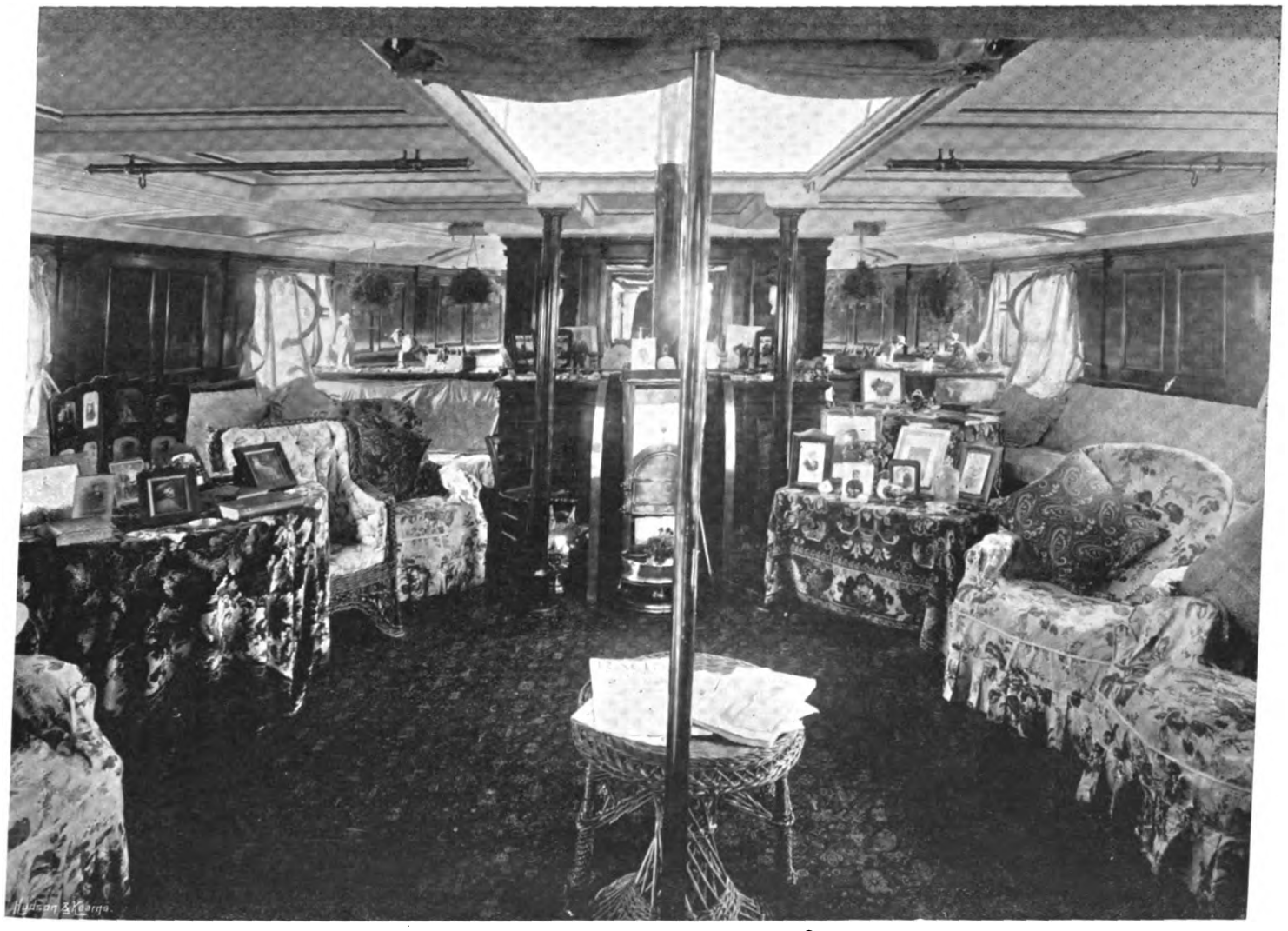


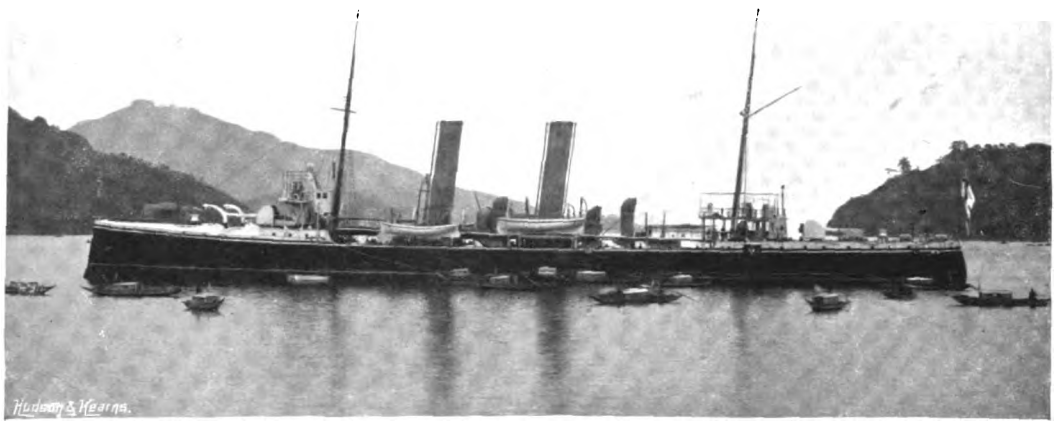
Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF THE "SURPRISE."

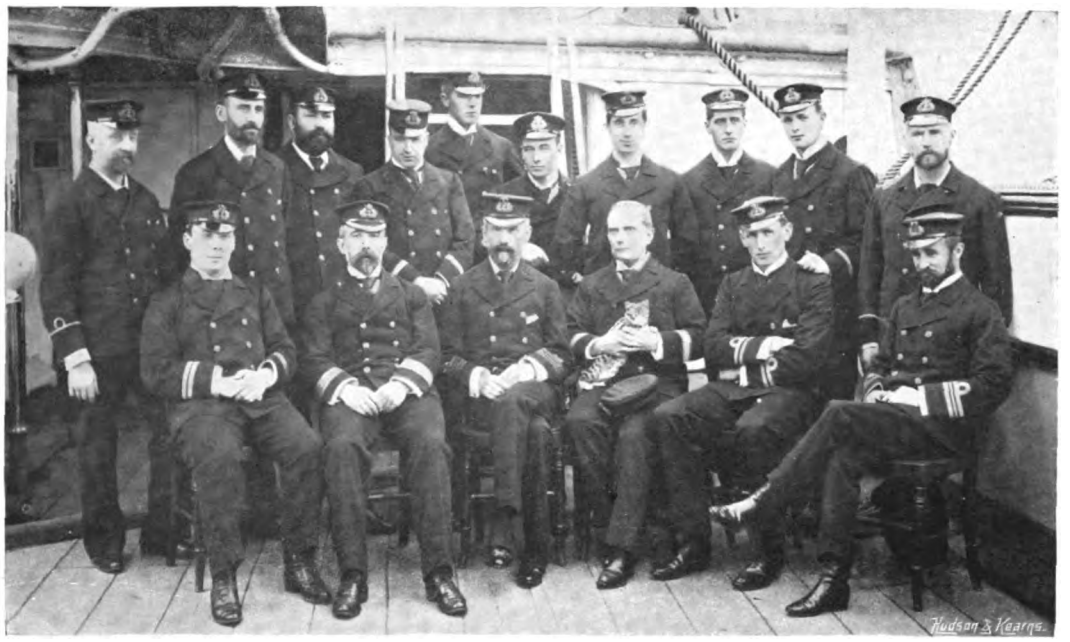
THE two officers' cabins shown here are those of the "Theseus" and the "Surprise" respectively. The name of the former ship will be readily remembered because of its connection with the expedition fitted out against the KING OF BENIN, and the latter ship is the despatch vessel in the Mediterranean. It will astonish many people to know that the cabins allotted to the executive *personnel* of Her Majesty's Navy are so handsomely and tastefully decorated, and this in spite of the fact that the work of cleaning and arranging the cabins has to be done by men. But all this is not at the Government expense; it depends almost entirely upon the length of the officers' purses and their artistic or luxurious inclinations. Such a cabin as that of the "Surprise" must seem the most comfortable spot on earth to the tired officer after two or three hours' duty in rough weather.

Digitized by Google

H.M. CRUISER "ÆOLUS."



THE "ÆOLUS" IN NAGASAKI HARBOUR.



THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS, H.M.S. "ÆOLUS."

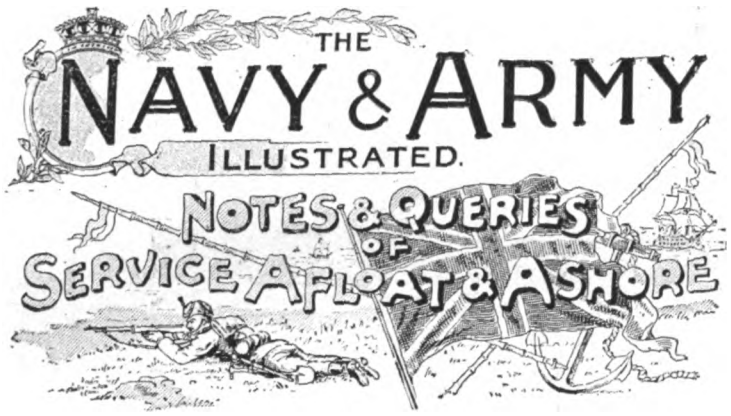
WHEN one glances through the Navy List and catches sight of the words "China Station," one naturally associates them solely with pigtails and almond-eyed Celestials; but perhaps it is not generally known that part of this station is situated in the tropics, and that it extends up into the Arctic regions. It is only natural that both the officers and men of the ships that happen to be stationed in the former portion should be glad to escape from the heat there into the cooler climate of Japan, in order to recuperate. One of the loveliest harbours in Japan is that of Nagasaki, and it is here that the picture shown of the British cruiser "Æolus" was taken. The next photograph, taken on board the same ship, shows her captain in the centre of the group, and the rest of the officers on either side of him. The third picture is that of the petty officers and the crew, assembled on the upper deck, fore bridge, and charthouse.

The "Æolus" was commissioned on January 6th, 1894, by Captain R. M. GROOME, with a company of 273 officers and men, for the Mediterranean Station, whence a few months later, at the time of the Chino-Japanese war, she was despatched to China. There she will remain, until the arrival of her sister cruiser, the "Iphigenia," now on her way out, when she will return to England to pay off.

Photo. TAMEMSA, Nagasaki.

PETTY OFFICERS, SEAMEN, AND MARINES OF THE "ÆOLUS."

Digitized by Google



As to how Naval officers are messed on board a man-of-war, that entirely depends on themselves, and not upon a paternal country, as D.I.L., in common with other correspondents, supposes. On a ship commissioning, the officers comprising each mess meet together and elect a committee, who in turn engage a steward or messman from the shore. If the former, he is put on the ship's books, and besides service pay, receives a salary from the officers. His duties are to purchase all provisions, etc., for the mess, superintend the cook and his mates, and to arrange everything in connection with the officers' meals. He gets his orders, and his purchases are regulated by the mess caterer, one of the committee. The messman, on the other hand, is more or less a private individual. He is not on the ship's books, and receives neither service nor private pay; his duties, however, are the same as those of the steward. But whereas in the former case each officer pays in his mess money to the caterer; when there is a messman it is paid him, and for this certain sum he contracts to feed the members of the mess in a stipulated style. All wines, &c., are paid for by the officers individually, as also is the entertainment of visitors to the ship, even though they may be on board in an official capacity.

In short, everything beyond the service ration, which is common to all on board, of whatever rank, is paid for out of the pockets of the officers themselves.

* * * *

How many people who talk so glibly of conscription as that to which we must ultimately come if the Army Recruiting Department is unable to compete on even terms with its rivals in the labour market—how many know that by the simple process of *not* introducing yearly an Act for Suspension of Ballot for the Militia we should have conscription, to a certain extent, in our midst without further notice? That is to say, all alike, high and low, peer and peasant, would have to ballot and chance whether they must do their annual training with the county Militia. It is, perhaps, rather an exaggeration to include the peerage, as they, with, unfortunately, very many others, can claim exemption—among them, of course, all efficient Volunteers. One result of this Militia conscription would certainly be to send every able-bodied man helter-skelter to the head-quarters of the nearest Volunteer corps for prompt enrolment among its members. It seems, therefore, somewhat doubtful if the Suspension of the Ballot Act would have the desired result, as more Volunteers are certainly not at present required; and unless, with more Militiamen, Militia regiments are called up for embodiment and more or less active service, this form of conscription would not benefit the regular Army nor its auxiliaries. Such being the case, we may therefore take it that for the present, at all events, the yearly Suspension of the Ballot Act will continue.

* * * *

An old shipmate of mine submits the following novel suggestions for new ammunition belts and pouches, false bottoms for ships' boats, and working the search-lights for signalling purposes. He proposes, in place of the present ammunition belt and pouches, a pneumatic, collapsible belt, made of thin leather, lined with waterproof sheeting, with pouches similarly fitted. The shoulder-belt he would treat in the same manner, but to be attached to the waist-belt by brass eyelets, or some arrangement which would not allow the passage of air. To inflate the belt, in order to make use of it as a life-buoy, he suggests a valve on the shoulder-belt fitted so as to enable the wearer to expand it himself when needed. Such a belt would satisfy all the requirements for active service, he contends, and would be especially valuable to those employed in torpedo-boat destroyers and other small craft. Another of his notions is to have false bottoms for all boats, made of waterproof canvas; these to be stowed away below like hatchway covers, but when the engagement is finished, to be brought up and fitted on such boats as have been damaged by quick-firing guns, so as to prevent them from sinking. He proposes to use the search-light by having the rays thrown on a mirror at the topmast head with a shade to it, also made of looking-glass, to prevent the rays from going up into the sky. This, according to my correspondent, could be utilised for signalling as the rays of the sun are utililised in the heliograph by day. These ideas might be turned to some practical use if properly worked out.

* * * *

It is the fact that three British Infantry regiments bear on their colours and appointments as distinctions the names of two naval battles. The regiments in question are the Welsh Regiment, the Rifle Brigade, and the Royal Berkshire Regiment, and they bear, the first one "St. Vincent," and the second and third "Copenhagen" as battle honours. The Welsh Regiment were granted the honour in commemoration of the fact that their present 2nd Battalion—then the 69th—had a detachment doing duty as Marines on board Nelson's own ship, the famous "Captain," at the great battle off Cape St. Vincent on "Glorious Valentine's Day" 1797. They had previously served with Nelson in his famous "Agamemnon" and have obtained from that, in addition, the sobriquet of the 'Old Agamemnons." The Royal Berkshire Regiment and the Rifle Brigade bear the distinction "Copenhagen" as a record of their presence at the "Battle of the Baltic," where the present 2nd battalion of the Royal Berkshire—then the 49th foot—and the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade—then called "Colonel Manningham's Corps of Riflemen"—had detachments serving as Marines on board various vessels in Nelson's squadron. The Rifle Brigade detachment, under command of a captain, was serving on board Nelson's own flagship.

* * * *

There can be no doubt but that in sustained action between fortifications and ships—weight of armaments and skill of gunners on both sides being equal—the former must always have the advantage; though in merely steaming full speed past the shore batteries to force a passage, undoubtedly the ship—being a moving target—is the more favourably placed. But in an engagement lasting over any length of time, the fortress built to resist the fire of the heaviest ordnance—unrestricted in this respect as is the floating battery—and having uninterrupted communication with their base of supplies, must ever hold the advantage over the war-vessel. The case of the bombardment of Alexandria is hardly a fair criterion; for it is a matter of history that a large proportion of the gunners in the forts were raw recruits, and only prevented from forsaking their guns outright by the line of regulars which Arabi—with generalship born of experience—had drawn up in their rear with orders to shoot down any who showed signs of wavering. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the feeble and unskilled resistance, our loss, after the four hours' bombardment, was five killed and twenty-eight wounded, the ships being struck in the hulls some ninety times. With a more organized opposition, superior armament, and qualified artillerists, it is probable we should have suffered the loss of several fine ships, indeed, as it was, some of the fleet were getting uncomfortably short of ammunition.

* * * *

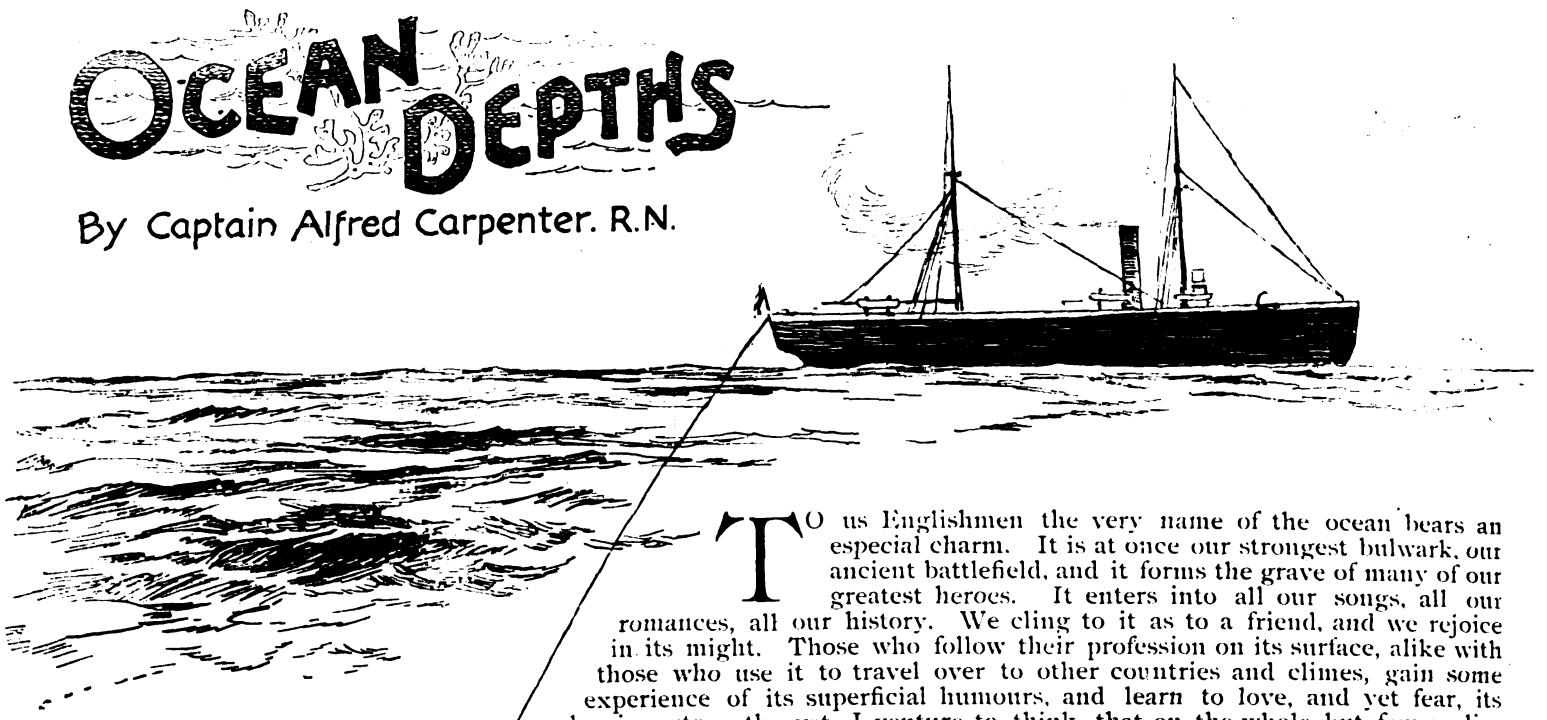
Those who made their first acquaintance with the famous trio, Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, in the ragged volumes they purchased at dusty Indian bookstalls, recall the keen enjoyment with which they received these fresh presentments of Tommy Atkins from the unknown hand of a new power in literature. At home, the pleasure came later; but here, not less surely, did Rudyard Kipling establish his title to a marked place in modern literature. Firm grasp of character, a rare sense of humour, facility of expression, and richness of style—albeit a little unchastened—were his distinction. Few suspected that he knew seamen as well, or almost as well, as soldiers. This was revealed in the recent volume, "The Seven Seas" (Methuen). McAndrews, the Calvanistic ship's engineer, is a character every whit as good as Mulvaney, but with an individuality absolutely distinct from anything Mr. Kipling has done before. Seeing, in every beat of his engines, and the unfaltering movement of complex parts, the type of predestination and order in human affairs, he cries out bitterly against those who hold that romance has gone out of the story of the sea, and craves "a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song o' steam." There is a stirring song of the Marines, too, more in the style of the soldier ballads, as well as a strange, weird pleading of the "souls of the jolly, jolly mariners," that the Lord will not "gather up the sea." On the whole, it must be said that Mr. Kipling is impressed more with a certain mysterious solemnity in seafaring things than with the jovial freedom of the seaman's life. It is not so in these new "Barrack Room Ballads," where we have Tommy Atkins in all his diversions pictured to the very life. They will add much to their author's reputation, and should be read by all who love the Service, either by sea or land.

The Editor.

Digitized by Google

OCEAN DEPTHS

By Captain Alfred Carpenter. R.N.



TO us Englishmen the very name of the ocean bears an especial charm. It is at once our strongest bulwark, our ancient battlefield, and it forms the grave of many of our greatest heroes. It enters into all our songs, all our romances, all our history. We cling to it as to a friend, and we rejoice in its might. Those who follow their profession on its surface, alike with those who use it to travel over to other countries and climes, gain some experience of its superficial humours, and learn to love, and yet fear, its sleeping strength; yet, I venture to think, that on the whole but few realize what interest it bears within its bosom, what strange conditions reign below, on has been formed in its depths. For, although great changes of climate due to the consequent denuding action of rain, frost, and sun, have, assisted by the hand the face of the dry land, yet the great oceans remain, as far as we can judge, in very in remote ages, so that perhaps we are still able to explore and investigate the same habitants thereof, that existed before mankind was evolved.

and to what extent the dry land they stand perturbations of the earth's axis, and of ubiquitous man, very greatly altered much the same condition as they were element, and the same kind of in-

And first, let me pay tribute to that mysterious element and sailed returned with tales of wonder and smaller than coasting craft of many terrors, such as whirl- meteorology, of the advantage latitudes, so that it is heart- the year been chosen, they was then looked upon as cation between them; and, is only then likely to be

And now let me probe its depth, our curiosity *Office* tells us that the it would take fourteen averages 2½ miles' degrees South lati- land and ice, and is fathoms, or about an ice cap, has

These great scientific atten- is scanned one plateaux. It is connecting are told that or depression

For the and for pro- called Naval retired list, at work which, with and waters Hydrog-

Some rope and line still now sup- wire is contact nicety to a surface of water

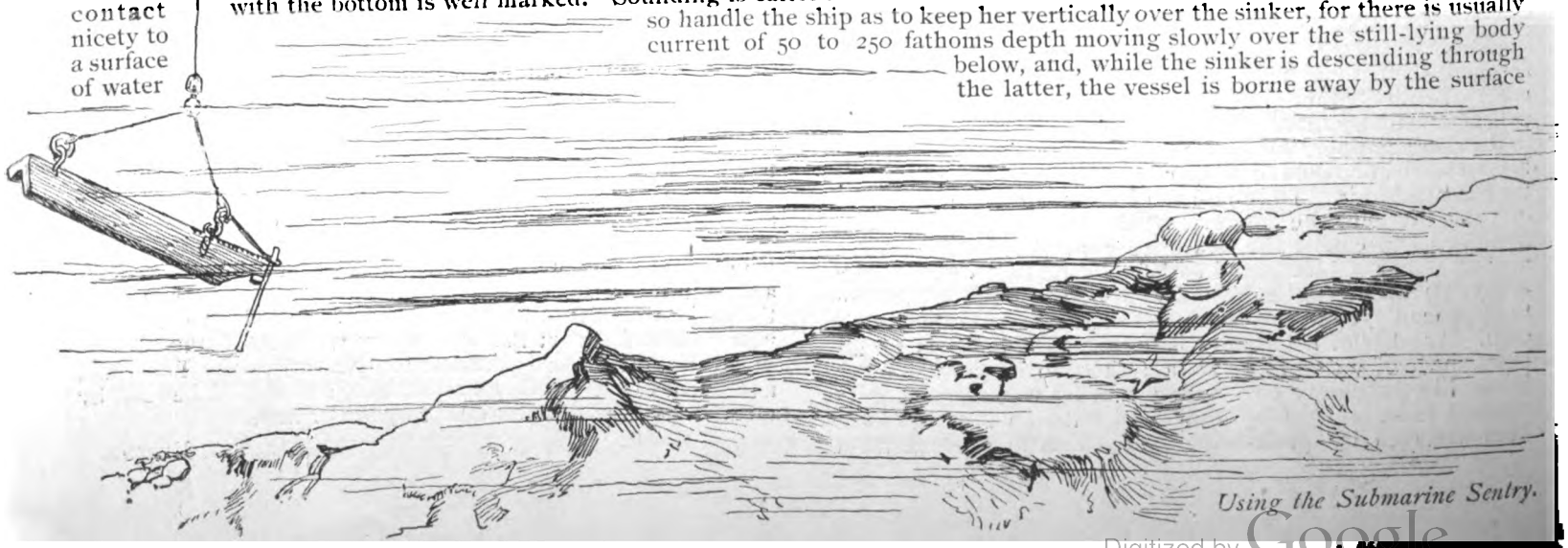
the memory of those great men who, in an age of many superstitions, boldly launched on away to unknown seas. Every navigator that spent a few days out of sight of land of peril. Indeed, the peril must have been frequent, for their barks were fragile, and the present day. Charts and maps were scarce and ill-formed, and had depicted on them pools, waterspouts, sea serpents, and ship-eating whales. Nothing was known of ocean- of working with the trade winds and monsoons, nor of the westerly winds of the higher rending to read of vessels beating for months against a monsoon, when had another season of would have reached their port in a few weeks. Owing to this want of knowledge the ocean the great barrier between nations, whereas now it is seen to be the great means of communi- indeed, that country prospers best which has most harbours and a convenient sea-board, for it fully developed.

into its mysterious abyss and tell of the conditions that reign therein. Our first interest lies in is for that which is hidden, we want to get to the bottom of it. Well, the Challenger Expedition average depth of the great ocean basins, neglecting all enclosed seas, is roughly 2½ miles; and that times the volume of the dry land above sea level to fill those great basins. Of these, the North Atlantic depth, the South Atlantic 2¾ miles, the North Pacific nearly 3 miles, the South Pacific down to 40 tude 2¾ miles, and the Indian Ocean 2½ miles. The Arctic Ocean is of course much broken up with in many places shallow, but Dr. Nansen has lately shown us that there are long stretches of 1,800 two miles' depth. The Antarctic Ocean, which appears to surround some polar continent buried under been yet sparsely sounded; but, as far as we can judge, it appears to average 1¾ miles' depth.

sea spaces occupy three-fourths of the surface of the globe, and of late years they have exercised the tion of many nations, especially of England and America. When a contour chart of ocean depths sees that many groups of islands are joined either together, or to neighbouring continents, by submarine found that groups thus connected frequently bear similar fauna and flora, and we are led to reason that the plateaux were once above water. It is not difficult to realize that such may once have been the case when we the greatest elevation or depression on the surface of the globe is not greater in proportion than an elevation of one-third of an inch on a globe 40 feet in diameter.

purpose of investigating and exploring these great ocean expanses, for discovering dangers to navigation, per delineation of islands, coasts, and harbours on our charts, the Admiralty utilise several small men-of-war, Surveying vessels. This service is presided over by Rear-Admiral James Wharton, C.B., who is now on the but who still holds the important position of Hydrographer to the Admiralty. The surveying vessels are wherever they are most needed, whilst in India there is a special vessel built and manned by the Indian Marine the assistance of detached working parties and steam launches, is making an excellent survey of the coasts of our Indian possessions. This survey is presided over by a Royal Naval officer who is in touch with our rapher to ensure speedy publication of all new and valuable discovery.

most remarkable soundings were recorded in the old days when rope was used. Air filled the interstices of the made it buoyant, and the more line that ran out the slower it travelled. After the weight touched the bottom the ran slowly out, so that it was difficult to tell the moment of impact. Our surveying and telegraph ships are plied with neat little three-cylinder deck engines, which reel in the Lucas Sounding-wire very rapidly. The fine, and gives but little friction as it passes through the water, and the pace increases as more goes out, so that its with the bottom is well marked. Sounding is carried out from either the bow or the stern, and it requires great so handle the ship as to keep her vertically over the sinker, for there is usually current of 50 to 250 fathoms depth moving slowly over the still-lying body below, and, while the sinker is descending through the latter, the vessel is borne away by the surface



Using the Submarine Sentry.

Digitized by Google

movement. Space will not permit me to touch on the many ingenious devices that have gradually led up to the instruments now in use. Not a hundred years ago a reel of marked silk was used with a weight attached. This was too heavy to lift again after the bottom was reached, so the silk was cut and another reel prepared for the next cast. Twenty years ago the "Challenger" was using a line of Italian hemp, which, on some occasions, took several hours to make the cast; but, by means of a slip hook, the weights were left at the bottom and the line reeled up again, bringing up with it a specimen of the bottom mud.

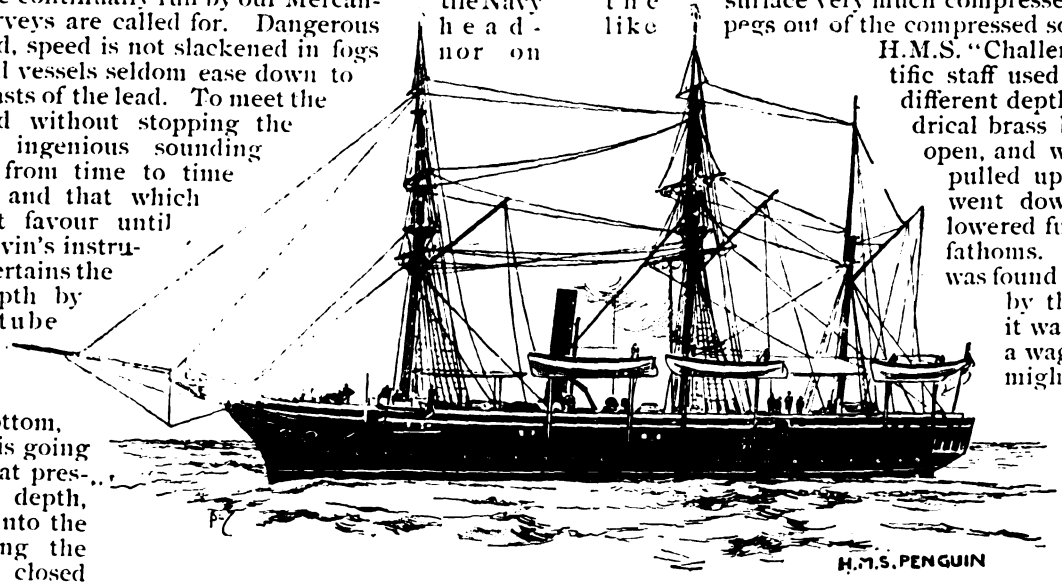
The "Challenger" expedition, notwithstanding, was a great success, and it traced out the form of the great basins, laying a basis on which subsequent research has built up the now well-known contours. Owing to a mistaken method of illustrating these results in many published works a false idea has been formed as to submarine gradients. These are never steep, but, on the contrary, are of the gentlest nature. When the Atlantic cable was first laid from Ireland to America it was feared that the sudden fall from the plateau on which Great Britain stands to the floor of the North Atlantic Ocean, would form a cliff below water that would sever the cable when led over it. But if we draw this change of elevation upon a paper of equal squares we find the slope to be only about ten degrees from the horizontal at its steepest point. The great continents rise thus gently out of water, and there they come under the influence of the sea surface motion, of the weather, and of man, all of which score their surfaces.

Captain A.F. Balfour R.N.

Captain Andrew Balfour, R.N., on board H.M.S. "Penguin," lately got a reliable cast of 5,100 fathoms off the Society Islands in the North Pacific. This is the deepest sounding ever obtained; and if Mount Everest of the Himalayas could be deposited at that spot, one might take a sounding of 300 fathoms over the top of its submerged peak. The "Penguin" lately conveyed a party of explorers to Funafuti Island, who have been there engaged upon an interesting investigation into the formation of coral reefs. This was carried out by boring down through a reef so as to obtain samples of the successive steps by which the coral insect built its way up to the surface of the sea. The unexpected results obtained may cause some change of opinion as to the formation of reefs.

The American Government have added considerably to our knowledge of ocean depths, having generally had a research vessel, either investigating the depths of the sea, or dredging up life from the bottom. To them we owe many of our best instruments for sounding and dredging, the inventions of their young Naval officers receiving early consideration and trial, whereas in our Naval Service it is very difficult for a young officer to push any suggestion forward.

Owing to the increased competitive traffic as years go on, greater risks are continually run by our Mercantile Navy and further surveys are called for. Dangerous headlands are shaved, speed is not slackened in fogs nor on dark nights, and vessels seldom ease down to make reliable casts of the lead. To meet the desire to sound without stopping the vessel, several ingenious sounding machines have from time to time been invented; and that which has found most favour until now is Lord Kelvin's instrument, which ascertains the approximate depth by lowering a tube closed at one end, rapidly, by means of a weight, to the bottom, whilst the ship is going ahead. The great pressure due to the depth, forces the water into the tube, compressing the air against the closed end, a clever arrangement showing how far the water has entered, and thus the depth can be ascertained. But the successive loss of such fine vessels as H.M.S. "Serpent," the "City of Chicago," the "Roumania," and the "Drummond Castle," and others, with the attendant appalling loss of life, has turned public attention to the necessity of some continuous safeguard against approach to shallow water, in place of such intermittent soundings. For it is obvious that a vessel may easily run into danger between the intervals of sounding, especially as these intervals are frequently prolonged owing to the scarcity of deck hands.



H.M.S. PENGUIN

An instrument for continuous sounding, which has met the approval of many well-known naval and mercantile experts, is known as the Sub-Marine Sentry. It is probably the instrument of the future.

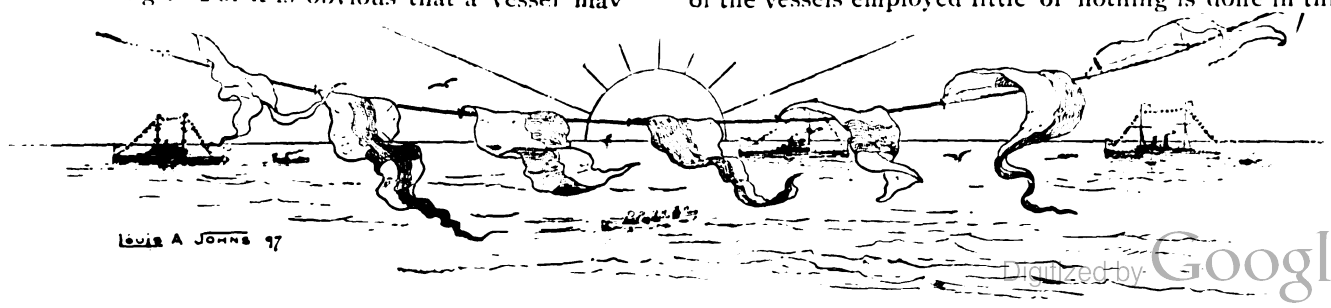
Perhaps the next most interesting feature of the ocean is its weight or pressure, which of course depends directly on its depth, and also partly on the pressure of the air above it. The pressure increases very rapidly. At five fathoms depth, only 30 feet, it will make a swimmer's ears tingle should he venture down so far. On board H.M.S. "Iron Duke," in China, some of us used to dive right under the ship and grab at oyster shells, thrown in from the other side, as they wended slowly down. But this amusement had a permanently bad effect on my hearing.

At 35 fathoms no diver can work, not even in a properly fitted dress, because at that depth the pressure is over 80 lbs. on the square inch; and, even if the dress and tubes would stand that pressure, the diver would have his body too compressed to be able to work. How then do the fish stand it? The answer is, because they can breathe water, which penetrates all their tissues, as we do air, which enables us to stand the atmospheric pressure outside us.

The weight of a column of water one inch square and a mile deep is, roughly, one ton; at two miles two tons, and so on, making the pressure on the square inch at the greatest depth, 5,100 fathoms, to be no less than six tons.

In the early days of this century it was considered that no life could exist at the bottom for these reasons. Fancy a small crab walking about with a 6-ton weight on its back! It seemed preposterous. I think Jules Verne in his delightful book "10,000 Leagues under the Sea" refers to the great muscular development necessary to life at the bottom of the ocean. But we know better now. Another old fallacy perpetuated by Jules Verne, and which has not yet died out, was that things thrown overboard in deep water did not reach the bottom. Somewhere or other they would hover in mid depths, neither rising nor falling. What really happens is this:—As the article sinks the water presses into and through the whole of its structure. It becomes water-logged. The weight of the object then asserts itself, for, although the water may be very dense immediately under it, the water above it is not perceptibly less dense, and there is nothing to prevent it from sinking. Even the delicate little surface creatures that fill the upper stratum, delighting in the sunlight by day and covering the surface with phosphorescent glow by night, organisms that are mostly microscopic in size, even these sink to the bottom when dead, the great ocean deposits being mainly composed of their skeletons.

If, in the absence of a seasoned trawl beam, a spar is temporarily used at depths over 100 fathoms, it comes to the surface very much compressed, and the knots stand like pegs out of the compressed softer tissue. On board H.M.S. "Challenger" one of the scientific staff used to collect water from different depths by means of a cylindrical brass bottle that went down open, and which closed on being pulled up. On one occasion it went down reversed, and was lowered full of air down to 400 fathoms. When hauled up it was found to have been flattened by the pressure, although it was so stoutly made that a wagon, loaded with coal, might have passed over it without injuring its shape. It hardly comes under the Naval Surveyor's province to investigate pressure, but I have touched on it as the subject is full of interest. The article by Lieut. Gleig that appeared in the issue of this paper on 24th July last, went exhaustively into a Naval Surveyor's duties, and showed what splendid opportunities such an officer has for zoological and ethnological research. In a few vessels naturalists have been carried who have done good service, notably the great Darwin and Sir J. Hooker, and the surveying vessel in India carries one permanently; but in most of the vessels employed little or nothing is done in this way.



Digitized by Google

Netley Hospital

By Lieut Col. John Graham

THE Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley is an appropriate monument of our gracious Queen, and at this period of her long and glorious reign some mention of it will doubtless be welcome to the public. The grand range of buildings at Netley owes its origin to Her Majesty's care for her sick and wounded soldiers. Soon after the beginning of the Crimean Campaign it became apparent that the accommodation for men invalided in war was altogether insufficient. The late Prince Consort then undertook the congenial task of providing a place for their comfort; the Netley site was chosen, and the plans of the present building were approved. It was begun in 1856 and finished in 1863, the cost being £350,000.

Standing in the midst of beautiful grounds, and overlooking the Southampton Water, from which its noble frontage of nearly 480 yards can be seen to the best advantage, it proves to the world that faithful service is not forgotten by Queen or country. What a contrast it presents to the recent surroundings of its worn and wounded inmates! Here there are peace and quietness, lovely scenery by land and water, the best nursing, and the most skilful medical care.

These blessings are enjoyed by invalids who arrive from India by hundreds at a time, and who are placed under the care of the Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Victoria Hospital. It is, however, thought that for some classes of patients the site is not all that could be desired. There is insufficient shade and shelter, and although the corridors are warmed with hot water pipes, and protected by glass from the full force of the blasts that come from the sea, the place is said by some medical authorities to be rather more exposed than is desirable for invalids who have just returned from a long sojourn in India. That idea may be open to question, and it is of course impossible to find a site that would please everybody, and be in all respects the most suitable for every kind of patient. In any case it can safely be affirmed that nowhere are greater care or more skilful attention bestowed on the sick.

Here flourishes the Army Medical School, an institution second to none of its kind in the world. The Senate, by which it is governed, is composed of the Director General of the Army Medical Department, as President, the Physician to the Council of India, the Professors of the School, and the Principal Medical Officer of the Hospital. This School was established for the purpose of training surgeons, on probation, for the Army Medical Service. Its duties are carried out by four professors, four assistant professors, and a secretary, all of whom are either on full or retired pay of the Army Medical Staff or the Indian Medical Service.

The lectures and practical instruction given in this School are well fitted to prepare probationers for their future duties. Young surgeons become acquainted with nearly all the wounds and special diseases from which the British soldier suffers, and they have the advantage not only of learning the discipline of the Service, but of intercourse with the distinguished medical officers who are always present at Netley. Contact with men like the late Dr. Parkes, Sir T Longmore, and others who follow in their steps, cannot fail to have a valuable educational effect.

Among the means by which the lectures are illustrated, is the Museum of Military Surgery. This interesting collection was commenced in Dublin by Professor Tufnell, was removed to Chatham in 1860, and to Netley in 1863. It contains three classes of specimens:—the first being weapons by which wounds are inflicted; the second consists of such articles as are supplied for the use of surgeons in the field; and the third, the means at their disposal for transporting the wounded to places where they can be surgically treated.

The last of these three divisions has recently become extremely important, because the developments, of late years, in artillery and infantry fire increase the proportion of the wounded, and render necessary their prompt and systematic removal from the fighting line. Hence the great attention to "Stretcher Drill," and other exercises which in former days were considered outside a doctor's proper province.

The Army surgeon has now to organise not only the purely medical treatment of the sick and wounded, but also the means by which they can be transported, with the greatest rapidity and the smallest amount of suffering, to positions of comparative safety. "Bearer Company" drill is, therefore, a prominent feature on the Netley parade ground, and no one can estimate how much pain has been alleviated or how many lives have been preserved by the adoption of such measures.

Among the "weapons by which wounds are inflicted" is shown a lance that went right through the body of a lancer. It was carried by one of our own men, when his horse became unmanageable and threw him. The lance had to be sawn in two before it could be withdrawn, but marvellous to relate, the man survived and was perfectly cured. The Pathological and Hygienic departments complete the museum, which contains all that is required for the purposes of instruction, and makes the Institution so fully equipped as to attract the attention of the military medical profession throughout Europe.

In such a place the Nursing Sisters necessarily play a very important part. Their smart white caps and little scarlet capes, surmounting a dress of grey, flit like sunshine through ward and corridor; but the secret of their healing power lies not so much in their wholesome presence and their medical training, as in the fact that they belong to the same class as the officers who have faced death and danger side by side with their patients. With these ladies the idea of duty is supreme and sacred. Many of them are decorated for foreign service, and they do their work in that cheerful, hopeful, and determined spirit that wins against odds, and that has many a time put new life into the weary sufferer. It is needless to say that with convalescent soldiers they have their work cut out.

Tommy Atkins, unless fatally smitten, has an irrepressible vitality that is bound to come to the front in one form or another. Sometimes he amuses himself by taking off his splints when unobserved, even if he has soon to expend the utmost pains in replacing them to avoid detection. At other times he is so consumed with thirst, or so carried away by the memory of foaming tankards, that he risks health and freedom for a good drink of beer; not very often, but sometimes, he has been known to disguise himself and walk, with impunity, the two and a half miles into Southampton, to have what he considers a proper drink for once.

Digitized by Google

In the matter of eating, as well as of drinking, Tommy is a fruitful source of anxiety to his nurses. When once he has turned the corner of a dangerous course of illness, he becomes utterly reckless in his feeding, if only he can get hold of anything eatable, and of course he is not above supplementing his meals from those of his less appetised comrades. But after all his freaks are comparatively few, and he generally leaves Netley both regretfully and regretted.

All, however, are not in the same category. It falls to the lot of some to pine and die, notwithstanding the care bestowed upon them. When Netley patients are invalided from the Army, and are too ill to be passed out of the Hospital, they are allowed to remain on a free list until they die, or are sufficiently restored to travel. This is a fact that ought to be more widely known than it is. Paragraphists are so apt to pounce on cases of seeming hardship, as if our methods of dealing with old soldiers were totally unfeeling. Such is not the case. Our regulations may be rather wooden occasionally, but they are not conceived in any spirit of harshness.

There is accommodation for sick officers as well as soldiers at Netley. Not a few officers, apparently sent home to die, have been restored to vigorous health under its careful regime. It is not given to every officer to possess a commodious home where a long case of illness can be conveniently treated, or a serious operation can be properly undergone. For those officers who require them there are comfortable quarters at Netley, and every help that medical science can afford; while, in the absence of their own near relatives, the ladies of the nursing staff are not Sisters in name only, but in deed and in truth.

During the year 1895, ninety-nine patients had surgical operations performed at the Hospital. Of these, seventy were cured, twenty-six partially so, and three died. In the same year ninety-six samples of water, food, and other matters were analysed and reported upon.

A Departure

Breakfast is served to the patients at half-past seven, dinner at half-past twelve, and tea at half-past five. It is just within the bounds of possibility that the large gap between half-past five p.m. and half-past seven a.m. may account for some of the voracity with which convalescents are credited. At least, very few of us would go on without a grumble if required to make our last meal at 5.30, and to take nothing more till 7.30 next morning.

On the ground floor the wards are kept for convalescent patients. The first floor is assigned to what are called "medical cases," and the second floor to surgical cases. The chapel, swimming bath, library, and recreation room for the Medical Staff Corps, and quarters for staff sergeants, are situated on the lower floor. At the end of a long walk, and right in front of the centre of the building, is a pier which presumably was intended originally as a landing place for troops, and which might still be so used after some expenditure. The present arrangement, unless there be some reason for it, which is not apparent on the surface, is indefensible, because invalids have to be landed elsewhere and brought to the Hospital by rail. In order to be available for the landing of invalids the pier would have to be extended to more than double its present length. It would then reach the deep water channel and troopships could touch at it, but it appears that the harbour authorities would object to the carrying out of this alteration.

Near the pier stands the Crimean Cross, erected in memory of the medical officers who died in the Crimea, the first stone of which beautiful memorial was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1864.

Accommodation is provided for cases of mental disease in a Military Lunatic Asylum, which is isolated from the other buildings.

A few extracts from the "Standing Orders of the Royal Victoria Hospital" may help readers to form an estimate of the strict and well-considered manner in which the duties are arranged. Under the heading of "Duties of the Orderly Medical Officer" it is laid down that "He will, when inspecting rations or hospital supplies tendered for acceptance, in addition to a careful general examination of each article, cause each carcass of mutton to be cut across, and satisfy himself that there is not an undue proportion of fat. He will also cause one or two of the fowls tendered to be opened down the backbone, and ascertain that the bird is not tainted inside."

The following clause throws some light on the training of probationers. "When a surgeon on probation is performing the duty of supernumerary orderly medical officer from 3 p.m., the orderly medical officer to whom the surgeon on probation becomes supernumerary will, accompanied by the surgeon on probation, inspect all rations or hospital supplies tendered for acceptance during the time in which the supernumerary is doing duty as orderly medical officer."

The orderly medical officer has invariably to wear his sword when inspecting armed parties, he has to attend the instruction class of the Medical Staff Corps, and "to inspect all men for discharge from hospital, to ascertain whether they are fit to proceed on their journey, and whether they have any complaints to make or not."

Under another heading it is ordered that "The officer in medical charge of the staff, troops, and families, will also act as sanitary officer," and that "sanitary defects, overcrowding, uncleanliness, faulty conservancy, or any circumstances detrimental to health, should be at once reported to him for investigation."

Reveille is sounded at 6 a.m. in winter and 5.30 a.m. in summer, "fall in" for commanding officers' parade at 2 p.m., and "lights out" at 10.15.

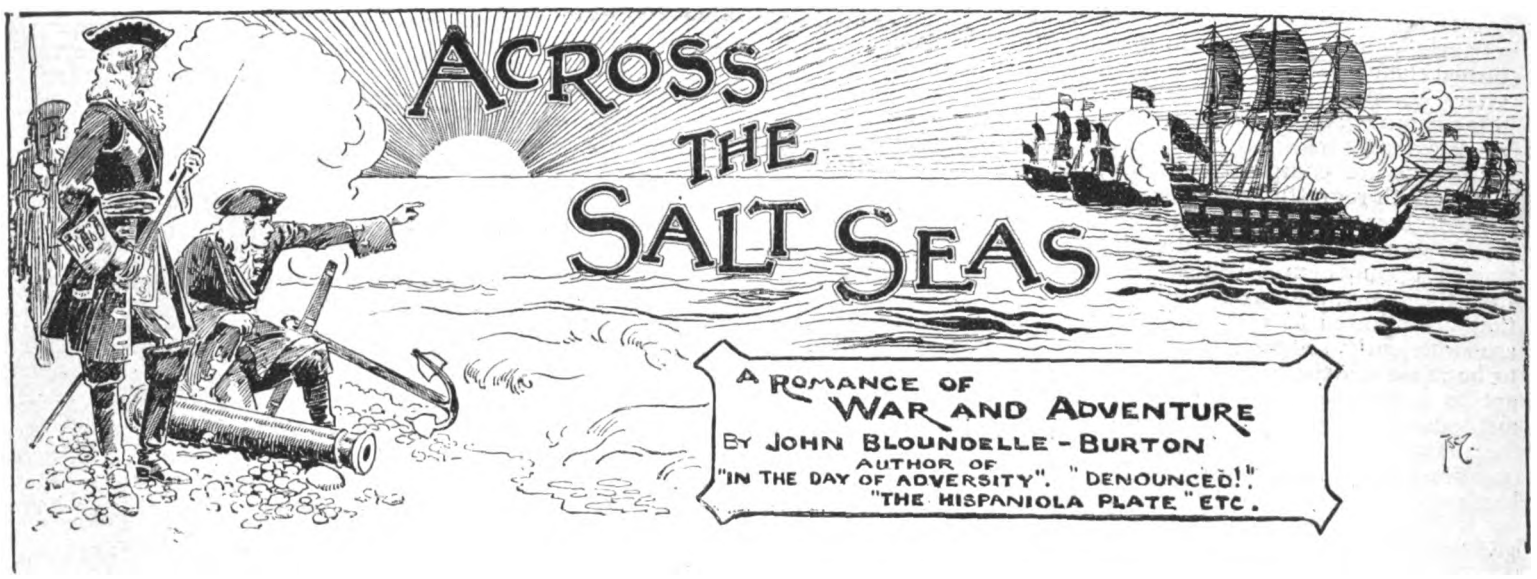
Sick officers have breakfast at 9 a.m., dinner at 2 p.m., and supper at 7 p.m. They are "prohibited the use of beer, wine, or spirits, except when ordered by the medical officer in charge and provided from the hospital stores."

Other orders apply to ward-masters, non-commissioned officers on day and night duty, orderly sergeants, corridor orderlies, compounders, officers and non-commissioned officers entrusted with the detraining of invalids, and so forth.

It is an interesting fact that ladies, whose merciful ministrations are so much prized "when anguish wrings the brow," have always occupied an important place in connection with the Netley Hospital. First of all, the Queen herself gave it its origin and its name, and has always taken a warm interest in the welfare of its inmates. Then its nursing staff was superintended by Mrs. Deeble, for many years the only lady, besides the Queen, whose name appeared in the Army List. The present occupant of the post which Mrs. Deeble held, is a daughter of the distinguished Sir Henry Norman. Miss Norman's services are spoken of in the highest terms, and her example is loyally followed by the Nursing Sisters, to whom reference has already been made. It may not be out of place to mention here that a Charitable Fund has been raised for the benefit of invalids and their families, under the management of a committee, of which the General commanding the Southern District is president, and that subscriptions are always thankfully received.

Although the Royal Victoria Hospital is of comparatively recent date, it is the home in which are centred many memories connected with the noble profession of military surgery. On its walls hang the portraits of distinguished medical officers whose lives have added brilliant pages to their country's history. Among them may be mentioned those of Sir James McGrigor, the Duke of Wellington's Principal Medical Officer in the Peninsula; Inspector General Forbes, the founder of the Mess, Professor Parkes, Sir W. Aitkin, and Sir Thomas Longmore, the last being a work of rare merit by Sir John Reid, President of the Royal Academy of Scotland. No account of Netley would be complete without the statement that the proverbially hospitable reputation of the British officers' mess is fully sustained at this admirable institution.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, a Lieutenant under Marlborough, who has been sent by him to inform Sir George Rooke that the Spanish galleons on the way home from the Indies have gone into Vigo instead of Cadiz, has now accomplished his task. The English Squadron has been picked up at sea by three of the ships belonging to it which were sent into Lagos, in the south of Portugal, for water and provisions, and Crespin accompanies them, he being taken on board the "Pembroke." His quest has been narrated in the previous chapters, and also how, in the small vessel which brought him from Holland, where his regiment was, he encountered a man calling himself Carstairs, but whom, both he and the master of the small cargo vessel he travelled in, have reason to believe is either a retired buccaneer or a spy in the pay of France and Spain.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued).*

After this, off we went, therefore, to find the Admiral and the main body of the fleet, while, as luck would have it, there blew from off the Portuguese coast a soft brisk wind which took us along on the course we desired, namely, that in which we supposed, and hoped, Sir George Rooke and the Dutch fleet had gone. All the same, it was no very pleasant cruise; the food ran lower and lower as day after day passed, and we could not see so much as a top-sail anywhere, until, at last, we were down to two biscuits a day, officers and men. Then, to make matters worse, the weather came on rough and boisterous, so that the Captain said for sure the fleet would separate. That, though we might find one or two of the number, 'twas scarce likely we should find more, and that even those which we might by chance come across would possibly not have the "Royal Sovereign," which was Rooke's ship, amongst them.

Briefly, however, we did find them, after eleven days and when we had begun to give up all hope, and while, also, another terrible fear had taken possession of our minds—the fear that, even should we come together and proceed to Vigo, we might discover the galleons unloaded and their treasure removed inland. However, as I have now to tell—and, indeed, as you have read of late in the published accounts of our attack upon those galleons—that was not to be.

We found, therefore—to hurry on—the two fleets very close to one another, and no sooner had Sir George communicated the news to the Dutch Admiral, Vandergoes, and to the Duke of Ormond, than it was determined to at once proceed on the way to Vigo to see if the galleons were there, and if—above all things—they still had their goods in them. For though 'twas like enough that we should destroy them if we could, and crush Châteaurenauld as well, 'twould be but half a victory if we could not wrench away the spoils from the enemy and profit by them ourselves.

And, now, off went the two frigates to scout in the neighbourhood of the harbour of Vigo, and see how much truth there was in the information my lord Marlborough had sent; and on the night of the ninth of October, to which we had come by this time, they returned. Returned with the joyful intelligence that the treasure ships were drawn up as far as possible in a narrow strait in the harbour; that, outside and guarding them, were some twenty French and Spanish ships of war, and that, across the harbour, was stretched a huge boom of masts and spars protected on either side by great batteries of cannon.

Also they brought another piece of good news.

The galleons, they thought, were still *unloaded!*

And yet another piece of intelligence, equally welcome. The frigates had sighted Sir Cloudesley Shovell's fleet in the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre, had communicated with him, and brought back word that, as we drew near to Vigo, he would combine with us.

That night we kept high revels on board all our ships—those only whose duty it was to take the watches being prevented from joining in the delirium of joy. Casks were broached and healths drunk, suppers eaten joyously—we of the "Pembroke" having now all we could desire given us by our consorts—songs sung. And, if there was one who more than others was the hero of the evening, it was the simple gentleman who had brought the first intimation of the whereabouts of those whom we now meant to "burn, plunder and destroy"—as the old naval motto runs—the man who now pens these lines, myself.

Perhaps 'twas no very good preparation for a great fight that, on the night before the day when we hoped to be gripping French and Spaniards by the throat, blowing up, burning or sinking their ships and seizing their treasures, we should have been wassailing and carousing deeply all through that night. Yet, remember, we were sailors and soldiers, we were bent on an errand of destruction against the tyrant who had crushed and frightened all Europe for now nigh sixty years; the splendid despot who, but a few months ago, had acknowledged as king of England one whom most Englishmen had sworn deeply should never sit on England's throne nor inherit the crown of his ancestors—if, indeed, the Stuarts were the ancestors of the youth whom the late James called his son.

For this remembrance we may be forgiven—forgiven for hating Louis and all his brood, for hating him, the tyrant of Versailles, and the fat booby, his grandson, who aspired to grasp the throne of Spain by the help of Versailles and its master—that great, evil King of France.

Through that night, I say, we drank and caroused—called toasts to our good Queen, prayed God that we might do her credit on the morrow and exalt the name of great Anna. And even the watch, coming off duty in turns, ran in to the main cabin ere they sought their berths, seized cans and cannikins brimming high, and drank her health and that of our own dear land.

'Twas a great night, yet it came to an end at last, and the autumn morning dawned thick, hazy and damp. Still, not so thick or hazy but what we could see through it the mountains over and around Vigo looming up, and, at their feet, the entrance to the Bay.

Also, we saw, away to the north-west, the fleet of Sir Cloudesley Shovell coming up towards us, escorted and led by our scouts.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TAKING OF THE GALLEONS.

Looking back upon that day—it was the 11th of October—it seems to me that many of the events which happened must have been due to the mercy and goodness of God alone, so incredible were they.

For see, now, what fell out at the very first—namely, that the haze and mist were so thick that we were enabled to anchor at the mouth of the great river and harbour without so much as even our presence being known, so that, when the sun set and the fog lifted, the surprise of those snared and trapped creatures was great, and they at once began firing wildly upon us without, however, doing any harm whatever. But the lifting of that fog showed us, too, what we had to encounter—the work that was to be done! For, first, it enabled us to see that, across the river, or narrow strait, as indeed it was, the French Admiral had laid a tremendous boom made up of cables, yards, and masts, top-chains and casks, some nine feet in circumference, while the whole was kept fixed and steady by anchors at either side. This, too, we perceived was constructed between two forts known as the Rante and the Noot, one on the left bank and another on the right, while far up the harbour—where we saw the galleons all a-lying tucked in comfortably under the cliffs, with a line of French ships of battle, and some Spanish ones,

Digitized by Google

ahead of and guarding them—we perceived a great fort which is known as the Fort of Redondella.

And now the night came down upon us, and we knew that for the present there would be no fighting, though, since all through it the Admiral went from ship to ship in his barge giving orders, 'twas very certain that at daybreak it would begin.

And so it did, as now I have to describe.

For on the morrow—and when, as near six o'clock as may be, the sun came up swiftly over the great hills, or mountains, which abound here—we made our first preparations for the attack by the landing of the Duke of Ormond with 2,550 men on the side of the Fort Redondella, they marching at once towards it on foot.

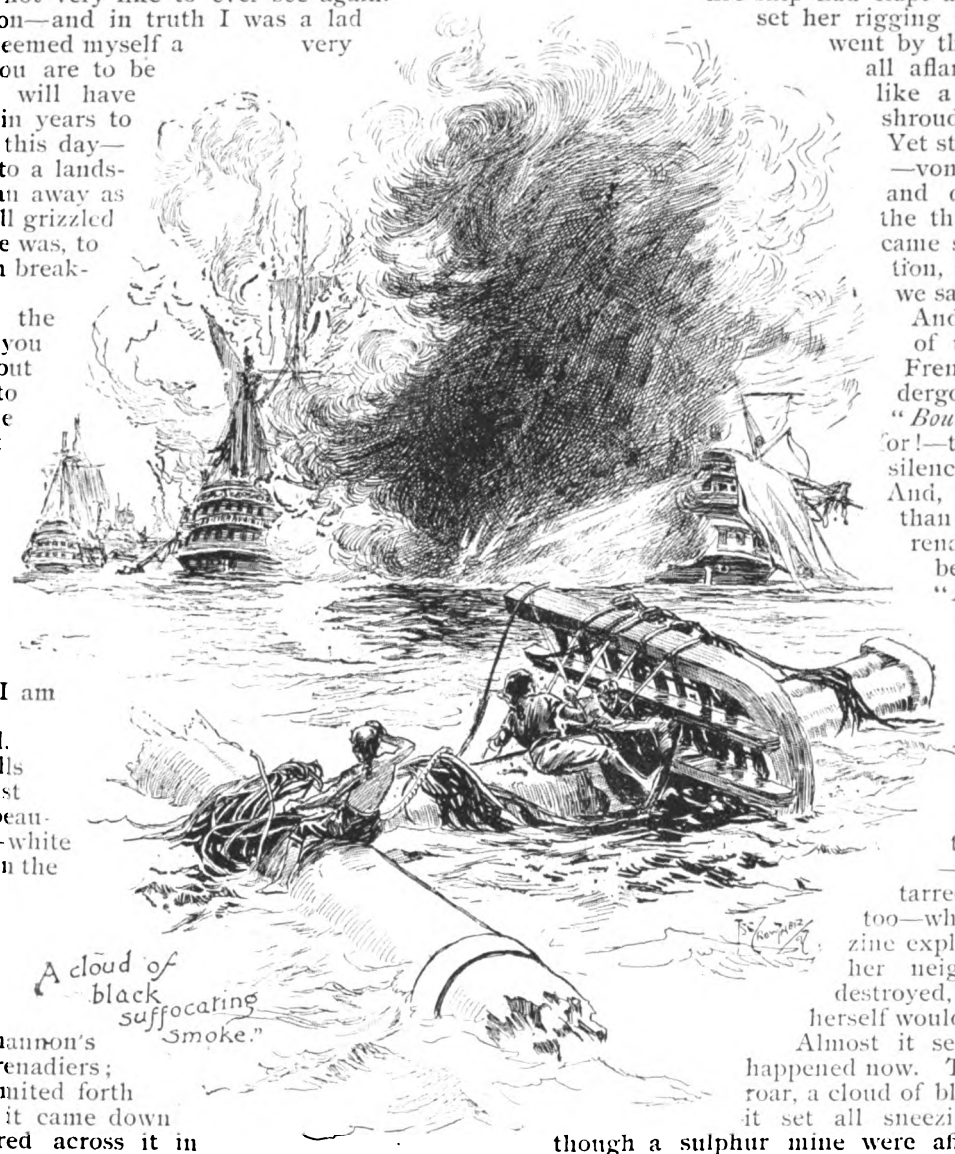
As for myself, although a soldier, it had been decided that I should remain in the "Pembroke," and this for more than one reason.

"You have," said Captain Hardy to me, "no uniform; therefore, if you fall into the hands of those on shore it may go hard with you. Yet, here, you can be of service. Help train a gun if need be, issue orders, take part in the boarding which must surely occur, perhaps take part in sacking of the galleons. There's business for you! such, indeed, as a soldier, you are not very like to ever see again. My lad!" he went on—and in truth I was a lad to him, though I esteemed myself a very full-fledged man—"you are to be congratulated. You will have much to talk about in years to come—if you survive this day—which falls not often to a landsman's lot," and he ran away as gay as a lad himself, all grizzled with service though he was, to prepare for assisting in breaking the boom.

So I stayed in the "Pembroke," and, as you shall see if you do but read, the doing so led to all that happened to me which I have now to set down, and all of which—had it not so happened—would have prevented this narrative from ever being penned, since it is not to describe only the siege of Vigo and the taking of the Spanish galleons that I am a-writing this story.

Therefore I proceed.

Down from the hills the smoke was rolling fast already, obscuring the beauteous morn by now—white smoke from the cannon in the fort—through which there leapt every moment great spits of flame from the big gun's mouths!—dim-coloured smoke from the grenades carried by Lord Shannon's and Colonel Pierce's grenadiers; black, greasy smoke vomited forth from the fuzees. And it came down to the water and poured across it in clouds, enveloping the galleons in its wreaths and also the great French ships of battle; clinging around our own topsails and masts, obscuring almost each of our vessels from the other.



Yet not so much neither but that—a breeze having sprung up after a calm which had enforced us to drop our anchors for a while—we of the "Pembroke" could see glide by us a great ship—with her men on yards and masts and in her tops, all cheering lustily and some a-singing—a vessel that rushed forward as a tiger rushes to its prey. At first we thought it was the "Royal Sovereign"—that great, noble ship, which transmits a name down from Bluff Harry's day—then knew we were mistaken. It was the "Torbay"—Vice-Admiral Hopson's own, in which he flew his flag—her sails all clapt on, her cable training at her side, where he had cut it so as to lose no precious time, her course direct for the boom. And after her we went ourselves, as hound let slip from leash follows hound. Captain Hardy had spoken true—'twas a day not to be missed!

We heard a snapping, a crashing—'twas awful, too, to hear!—we heard roar upon roar from hundreds of lusty throats in that great ship—we knew the boom was gone—cut through, as a woodman's axe cuts through a sapling; amidst all the enemy's fire—fire from those French ships and those Spanish forts on shore—we heard it. And we, too, cheered and shouted, sent up the Queen's name to the smoke-obscured heavens above—some cried the old watchword of past days, "St. George and England,"—some even danced and jumped upon the decks for glee. Danced and jumped, even though the hail of ball was scattering us like nine-pins, or a hundred pins, even though some lay writhing on those decks, and some were stretched headless, armless, legless. What mattered! the enemy were there behind that boom and it was broken—we were amongst them now. Let those die who must, those live who were to conquer.

Between the "*Bourbon*" and "*L'Espérance*" the noble "Torbay" rushed—to the jaws of death; she went as though to a summer cruise on friendly seas; then her anchor cables roared through her hawse holes. Hopson had anchored 'twixt those two great French ships. He was there, and there was to be, could be, no retreat now; 'twas death—or Victory.

At first it seemed as though it could alone be the first. The cannon grinned like teeth through tier upon tier of gunports in the Frenchmen's sides, the balls crashed into the "Torbay"—they did the same with us and Vandergoes' ship, now ranged on the other side of the "Bourbon." A French fire-ship had clapt alongside of her, too, and set her rigging alight—her fore-topmast went by the board, her sails were all aflame, her fore-yard burnt like a dry log; her larboard shrouds burnt at the dead-eyes. Yet still she fought and fought—vomited forth her own flames and destruction. Still, from the throats of those left alive, came shouts of savage exultation, for, all afire as she was, we saw that she was winning! And not only she, but all of us. We had sunk one Frenchman ourselves, Vandergoes had mastered the "*Bourbon*"—she was done for!—the "Association" had silenced a battery ashore. And, now, a greater thing than all happened; Châteaurenauld saw that he was beaten, set his flagship "*Le Fort*" on fire, and fled to the shore calling on all his captains to follow him.

Yet still one awful dread remained! The "Torbay" was burning fiercely—charred masts and yards were falling to the deck—itself aflame—blocks burning like tarred wood crashed down, too—what if her powder magazine exploded! If it did, all in her neighbourhood would be destroyed, hurled to atoms as she herself would be.

Almost it seemed as if that had happened now. There came a hideous roar, a cloud of black suffocating smoke it set all sneezing and coughing as though a sulphur mine were afire. Yet that explosion, that great cloud of filthy blackness, those masses of burnt and charred wood hurled up into the air and falling with a crash on every deck around—amidst shrieks and howls and curses terrible to hear, though drowned somewhat by the booming of the cannon all about—were to be the salvation of the "Torbay," of ourselves, and of the Dutchman.

For it was the fireship itself that had exploded. It was in truth a merchantman laden with snuff, which had been hastily fitted up as one of those craft—and, in so doing, the density of the fumes which it emitted, and its falling *débris* where it was burst asunder, helped to put out the flames that raged in the "Torbay" and in us.

The firing was ceasing even as this happened—the enemy began to recognise that 'twas useless. They would have been blind not to have so recognised. On shore 'twas easy enough to perceive that the forts of Redondella, Noot and Rante—with their platforms—had been captured by Ormond and Captain Bucknam of the "Association;" on the water the "*Bourbon*" was ours—the Lilies were hauled down, in their place floated the Banner of England—the fireship had vanished into the elements, the great boom lay in pieces on the water like some long-severed snake. Yet might

Digitized by Google

one have wept to gaze upon the "Torbay," the Queen and Victress of this fight—and upon ourselves.

For there she lay—Hopson by now in the "Monmouth," to which he had been forced to transfer his flag, so sad a ruin was she—listing over to her wounded starboard side, into which the water poured in volumes—it becoming tinged as it mixed with the blood in her scuppers; her yards and masts were charred sticks; black palls of sooty, greasy matter, which had once been her white sails, floated down slowly to the waves and fell upon and dissolved into them. Also her shrouds were burnt pieces of rope and twine, now—upon her deck there were stretched a hundred and twenty men, dead or dying. And with the "Pembroke" it was almost as bad. We were shattered and bruised, our foremast gone, our own sails shot through and through and hanging over the sides like winding sheets, our own decks charnel houses. Yet we had won the fight, the day was ours, the galleons our booty.

But were they? That was the question.

'Twas true they were all as we had first seen them, though some, we noticed, had been run ashore, perhaps to give them a chance of hurriedly landing a portion of their cargo; but, alas! we noticed now that they were all aflame, were burning fiercely.

And we knew well enough what this meant. Meant that the French and Spaniards had set them on fire so that we should benefit nothing through their falling into our hands. And all of us saw it at the same time—Rooke saw it—Hopson saw it—every man on board our English decks who was still alive saw and understood.

By God's mercy the breeze was still blowing into the strait, some of us still had a little sail left clinging to our bruised and battered yards. Enough to take us further in, enough to help the boarding parties to row ashore, to reach those burning ships, to save something, surely!

From all the ships' sides, as we went up as far as we could towards where the galleons lay, came now the hoarse grating of the ropes running through the blocks as the boats were lowered; into those boats leaped swarms of men, their cutlashes ready, their pistols to their hands, their eyes inflamed with the lust of plunder; wild oaths and jokes, curses—and, sometimes, prayers that we were not too late—upon their lips.

And in one cutter I went, too—appointed to the command of her in place of the lieutenant who should have taken that command, but who now lay dead upon the "Pembroke's" deck, a dozen balls in his body.

Jostling one another, for there were scores of boats lowered by now, and all making their way, under either sail or the seamens' brawny arms, to where those burning galleons were, we rushed through the half-mile of water that separated us from them, all eager to board and be amongst the spoil. And woe, I thought, to him or them who, when we were there, should strive to bar our entrance. Our blood was up, fevered by the carnage of the earlier hours; woe to them who endeavoured to prevent our final triumph.

Through wreckage of all kinds we went—spars, yards and masts, great tops floating like tubs, dead men face upwards, living men clinging to oars and overturned boats, and shrieking to be saved. While ever still in front of us the galleons burned and blazed—one blew up as we neared it, another, spouting flames from port and window and burning to the water's edge, sank swiftly, and in a moment, beneath the water.

But at last we were up to them, were beneath their bows, could see their great figure-heads and read their names—most of them so terribly sacred that one wondered how even Spaniards should so dare to profane those Holy words by using them for their ships.

And now some orders were issued by a grey-haired officer to those close by—the boarding parties were told off in boats of two's and three's to the different vessels flaming before our eyes. The one which I commanded was directed to a great vessel of three decks, having above her upper one a huge poop-royal, and named—Heavens, what a name for a merchant ship!—"*La Sacra Familia*." And as we swept towards them all we saw that one mercy was now to be vouchsafed. There would be no further slaughter here, no need for more shedding of blood. The vessels were not defended, those who had set fire to them had undoubtedly fled.

Yet, upon the poop-royal of that galleon to which we now clambered by aid of rope and ladder—with cutlash in mouth and pistol in belt—as well as by chains and steps, we saw there was still some human life left. We saw a tall monk standing there, gazing down curiously at us, his shaven crown glistening in the autumn sun. Also it seemed as though he smiled a welcome to us, was glad to see us, perhaps regarded us as men who might save him from that burning mass.

We rushed on board, and first, before all other things, except a salutation which I made to the monk by a touch of the finger to my hat, I directed those under my command to endeavour to stifle the fire, which seemed at present to be entirely confined to the after-part of the ship. "For," said I to those of my own following, and also to those who had come in the other boats under the command of two bo'suns, "if this is not done there will be no getting at the goods whatever. Where, generally, is the storage made?" I asked, turning to one of these officers.

"Faith, sir, I know not," he said with a harsh laugh. "My account has been ever with the King's—and now the Queen's—ships. We sailors know little of such things as stored treasure. Yet," and again he laughed, "we have our opportunity now. If we can but quench this fire we may learn something."

"Perhaps," said a voice behind me, musical and deep, and, greatly to my astonishment—when I turned round and saw who its owner was, namely, the monk—speaking in very good English, "I may be of some service here. I have been a passenger in her since she loaded at Hayti," and his eyes met mine boldly.

They were large, roving eyes, too, jet black and piercing, and looked out from a dark, handsome face. A face as close-shaven as the crown, yet with the blue tinge all over upper lip and chin and cheeks which showed where there grew a mass of hair beneath.

"I am obliged to you, sir," I answered, touching my hat again—for his manner proclaimed that this was no common peasant who had become a monk because the life was easier than that of a hedger and ditcher, but, instead, a man who knew something of the world and its courtesies. Then, he having told me that all the plate and coin was in the middle of the ship, with the merchandise, such as skins and leather, Campeachy wood, quinquina, silks, indigo, and cochineal, I sent off all the men to endeavour at once to extinguish the flames below—to cut off communication between the atmosphere and that part of the ship which was already on fire, to close all hatches and bulkhead doors, to stop up the crevices by which the air could pass to the burning part, and, if possible, to separate the one half of the vessel from the other, as well as to pour down water on the flames.

And, half an hour later—while still I stood gazing down on the men at their work and, still by my side, the monk was standing, uttering no word but regarding with interest all that was a-doing—one of the bo'suns called up to me, saying:

"We have scotched it now, sir. There is no more fire left."

Chapter X.

SEÑOR JUAN BELMONTE.

And now I made my way below by the main hatch—for the after companion was all burnt, so that there was no descent by that—I being intent on the men finding out, and setting to work at once on getting at and landing, the specie there might be in the ship. For although the galleons were ours now, and 'twas a certainty that neither French nor Spaniards could make any attempt whatsoever to recover possession of them, there was another matter to be thought about, namely, that this one of which I was, so to speak, in chief command, might be so badly injured that she would sink at any moment. And if she did that, then it would be good-bye to any bars of silver and gold, pistoles or crusadoes which she might have stowed away in her ready for the Castile mint. And with this apprehension in my mind I decided that the unloading must at once begin.

But as I came down the main companion it was apparent that I must make my way aft through the great cabin, since my men were all at work in the hinder part of the ship, and, consequently, I put my hand to the cabin door to open it, when I discovered that it was closed—shut fast. Yet, even as I perceived this, while still I moved the catch about between my fingers wondering what I should do, and whether I must not go back and fetch some of the sailors up from the after part to burst open the door, I heard a footstep, light, yet firm, tapping on the cabin deck. A footstep that, I could very well perceive, was coming towards the closed door; and then, a moment later, I heard a voice on the other side say something in Spanish, of which I could not catch one word. Yet I doubted not that a question had been asked as to who I was and what I wanted.

Remembering, however, that I stood here in the position of a captor; remembering, too, that, since all these Spanish galleons had been under the protection of the French Admiral (with also three Spanish ships of war, though 'tis true they did not count for much), I replied in the French language—which, as I have before said, I had very well:

"I am an officer from the English fleet and am now in charge of this vessel. Open the door without delay."

"Are you an English officer?" the voice now said in my own tongue, to which I—thinking that the tones were soft, gracious ones enough—replied:

"I am an English officer. Open the door at once."

Then I heard the bolt shot back, and entered the great cabin.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright. HUDSON & KEARNS*

SURGEON-MAJOR-GENERAL W. NASH, M.D., A. M. STAFF.

SURGEON-MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM NASH, who has recently been appointed Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, is an officer of wide and varied experience. Entering the Army as assistant-surgeon on the 14th April, 1863, he saw active service in the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, receiving the medal and being mentioned in despatches. He was actively engaged in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, receiving the medal and Khedival star. He was employed for a number of years on the staff of the Director-General A.M. Department, at Headquarters, where the knowledge he gained as to the working of the department as a whole cannot fail to be of the greatest advantage to the public service in his new capacity. Surgeon-Major-General NASH is noted for his thorough mastering of detail, and, which is of the greatest importance where large numbers of young officers are under his supervision, he is gifted with a charming geniality of manner. He has been Principal Medical Officer of the Army of Occupation in Egypt for the past three years.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, NETLEY.

THE HOSPITAL, FROM SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE HOSPITAL, FROM THE GROUNDS.

THE Royal Victoria Hospital, probably the finest military hospital in the world, occupies a lovely situation on Southampton Water, about three miles from the town of Southampton. With a façade of 1,426 feet, it is a striking feature in the landscape as seen from the Solent. It is capable of accommodating 1,000 patients, and is divided into Surgical and Medical Divisions, each under charge of a senior medical officer, with a complete staff of surgeons, nurses, and attendants. The Principal Medical Officer of the establishment ranks as a Major-General. Attached to this Hospital is the Army Medical School, for the special training of army surgeons. The Royal Victoria Hospital was commenced in 1855 and finished in 1863, when it was opened by Her Majesty the Queen. All invalids from abroad, except those belonging to the Artillery, are sent to Netley for treatment, and, if found quite unfit for further service, are discharged there.

Digitized by Google

ADMINISTRATIVE AND NURSING STAFF.

THE officers shown in the upper photograph are Surgeon-Major-General CHARLES HERVE GIRAUD, Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel BLENNERHASSET, and Surgeon-Major POPE. Surgeon-Major-General CHARLES HERVE GIRAUD, A.M.S., in the centre of the group, has just handed over his charge as Principal Medical Officer at Netley. He has had an exceptionally distinguished career. Entering H.M. Service as Assistant-Surgeon on the 10th March, 1858, he saw service in the Indian Mutiny. We next find him engaged in the China War of 1860. He also took part in the expedition against the Taeping rebels, 1863-4, and was engaged in the South African Campaign of 1879-81. He has had charge of the Royal Victoria Hospital for the past two years, where, in a position demanding the highest administrative abilities, he has won golden opinions.

Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel BLENNERHASSET, the officer shown on the left, performs the duties of secretary, and as "registrar" is responsible for the statistical work of the establishment. He is also commanding officer of the 4th and 5th Companies of the Medical Staff Corps. Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel BLENNERHASSET was engaged in the late Ashanti Expedition, receiving a C.M.G. for his services Surgeon-Major POPE, whose portrait appears on the right, is the adjutant of the Medical Staff Corps at Netley. This officer saw service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was also engaged in the operations in Zululand in 1888. The lower picture is particularly interesting. Our troopships every year bring home from foreign stations hundreds of invalids; many of them, alas! only to die. But it is something to know that their last hours are soothed by womanly sympathy and tenderness; and that where careful, devoted nursing can fan the spark of life into flame, the cheerful face of the nursing sister is ever hovering round the couch. Miss H. CAMPBELL NORMAN, the lady in the centre of the group, is the Lady Superintendent of the Army Nursing Staff. She served in Egypt during the campaign of 1882, for which she wears the medal with clasp and the Khedival Star. She is decorated with the order of the Royal Red Cross.

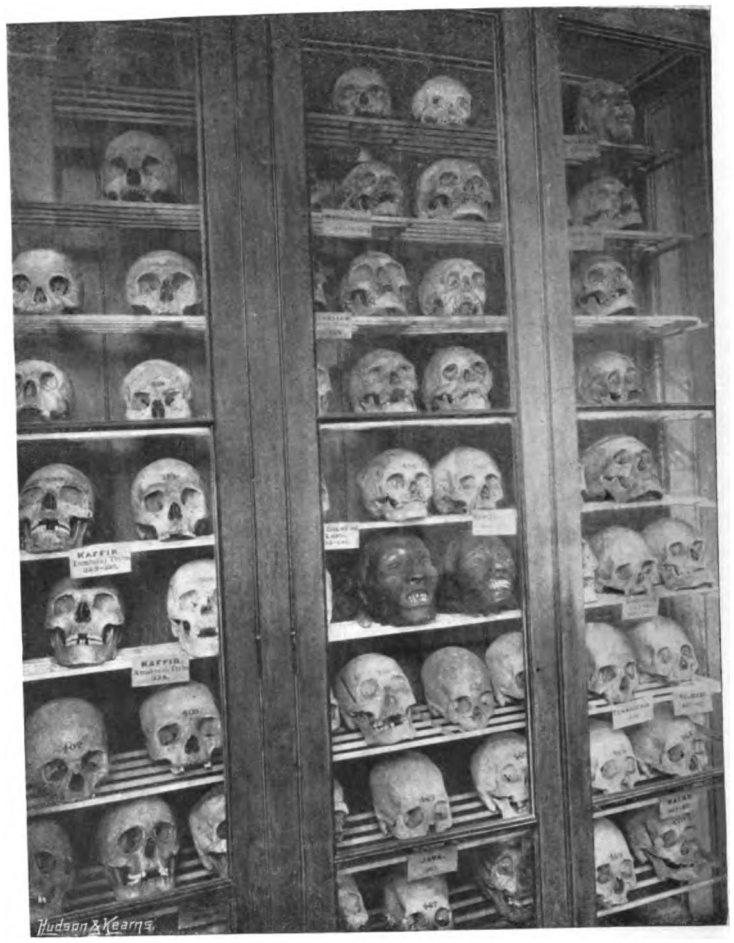
The late P.M.O. and the Officers of the Staff.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

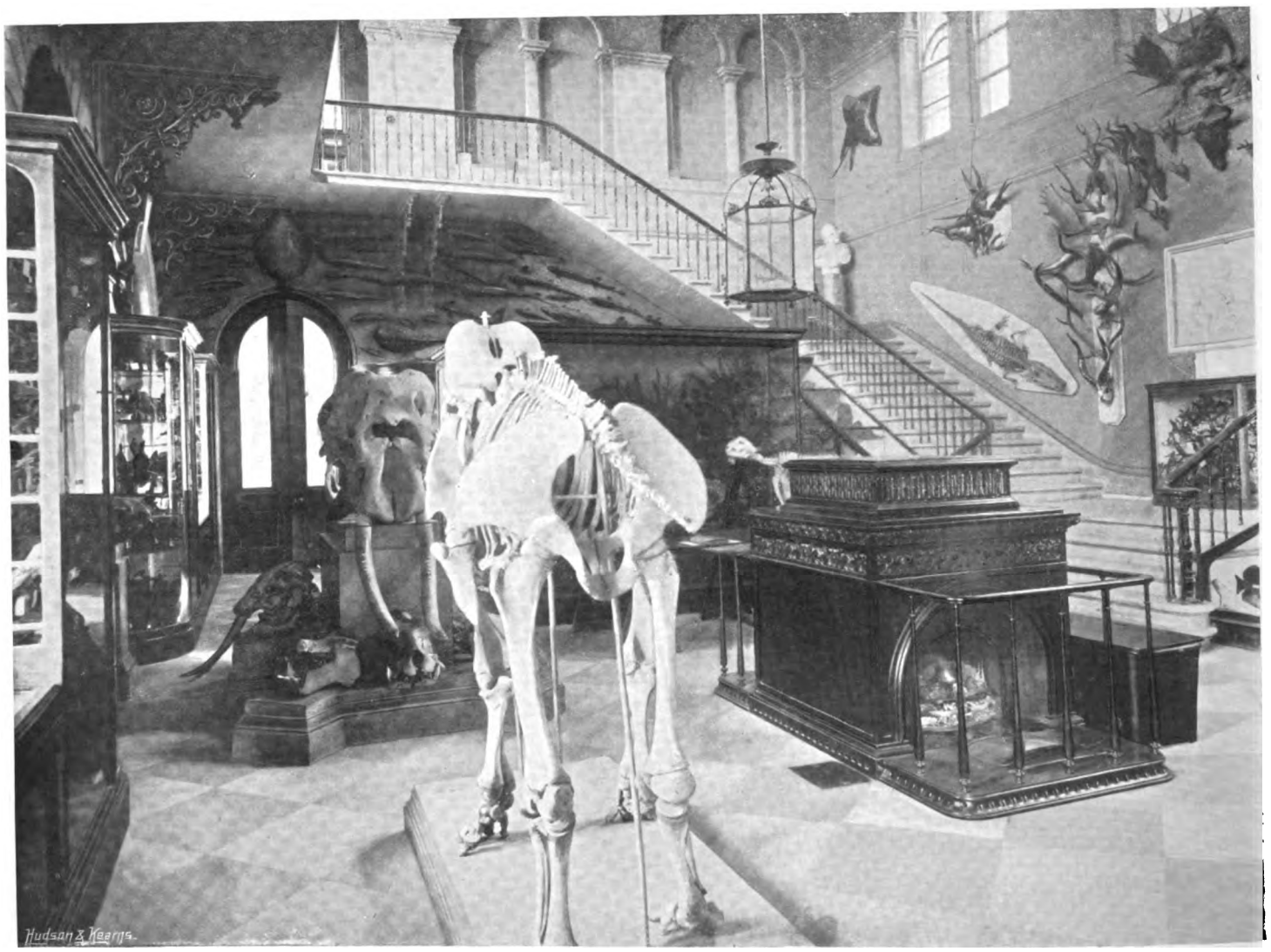
THE NURSING SISTERS OF THE HOSPITAL.

Digitized by Google

BATTLE RELICS.



"SKULL ALLEY."



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

IN intimate connection with the Medical School is the fine Natural History Museum, where the young Army surgeon may complete his studies in comparative anatomy and botany. In the upper right-hand picture is shown what is familiarly, if somewhat irreverently, known as "skull alley." This, to the ordinary man, is rather a gruesome sight, but to the student of anthropology the facial characteristics of the different peoples are full of interest. In the other picture the stand of old head-dresses carries the mind back to the days of the Russian War, when the need of such an establishment as the Royal Victoria Hospital was first fully recognised. What a romance could be written round these old caps! What memories these recall! Here we have a "lance-cap" of one of the "Death and Glory Boys," whose wearer may have fallen in the glorious Balaclava Charge; there, the helmet of a French Cuirassier; the Highland bonnet reminds us of the "thin red line; the Russian helmet of the troopers against whom it stood unshaken.

Digitized by Google

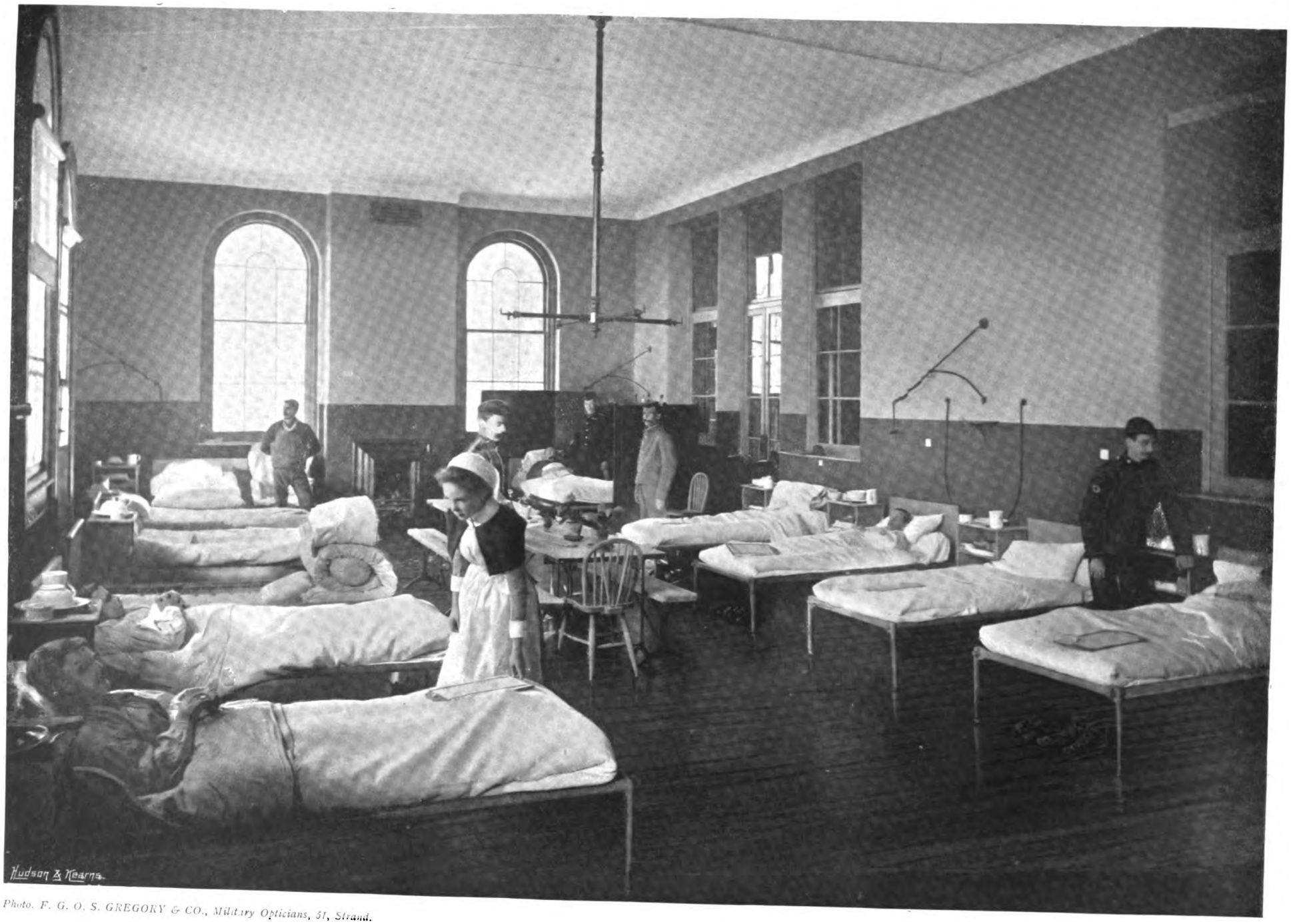


Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

A WARD IN THE MEDICAL DIVISION.

ON this page we are given a glimpse of that part of a soldier's life of which comparatively little is known by people outside the Army. Netley Hospital is different from all other Military Hospitals in that in all cases treated there the illness has been contracted abroad, and has been of so severe a nature as to necessitate the man being sent home for recovery. Such cases are sent to the Medical Division; cases of wounds and injuries being, of course, sent to the Surgical. The neatness and exquisite cleanliness of everything about the ward is essentially military. Very serious cases have a "special orderly" constantly over them, in addition to the ordinary ward staff. Such a case we see in the furthest corner of the ward, with a screen round the bed. The soldier in the front of the picture, chatting to the sister, appears to be knitting—such means of passing the time, when the patient tires of reading, being always encouraged. The men "allowed up" have evidently been indulging in a game of cribbage, judging from the cribbage board beside the flowers on the table.

Digitized by Google

FOOD: TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL.

THE KITCHEN.

AT DINNER.

AT the top of this page we see a portion of the Hospital kitchen, with the sergeant-cook and his assistants at work. We note how scrupulously bright and clean everything appears, and the puddings being kept warm on the "hot-plate" look tempting even in the picture. The diets vary according to the cases. Grilled chop, grilled steak, stewed steak, roast beef, soup, chicken cooked in various ways, fish, beef tea, are the most common features in a menu to which there is practically no limit. Classes are constantly going on here for the training of men of the Medical Staff Corps as cooks for the sick. The training is both practical and theoretical, the why and wherefore of every operation being clearly explained. When the course is completed the men are examined by a board of officers, and are graded according to their abilities, as "Qualified for Superintending Cook," or, "Qualified for Cook in a Military Hospital." In the former case the man is fit to be placed in charge of a kitchen, and to teach the culinary art to others. In the next picture the convalescent patients of the Surgical Division are seen at dinner. Beside each man, on the table, is his diet ticket, in order that he may see that what he is receiving is strictly in accordance with the orders of the Medical Officer. The Corporal of the Medical Staff Corps is the Assistant Wardmaster, and is inquiring whether there are any complaints. Should there be any, it will be brought to the notice of the Orderly Officer when he comes round in a few minutes. Should there be cause for complaint, he will promptly see what is wrong put right. The oblong tin on the table is used for bringing the meals to the dining hall. It has a false bottom, in which boiling water keeps the food quite hot. The last photograph shows the beautiful chapel of the Hospital, where the convalescent patients, as well as the Hospital staff, attend Divine Service. All the convalescent patients attend, and it is a striking spectacle, full of significance, to see the men at prayers together.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

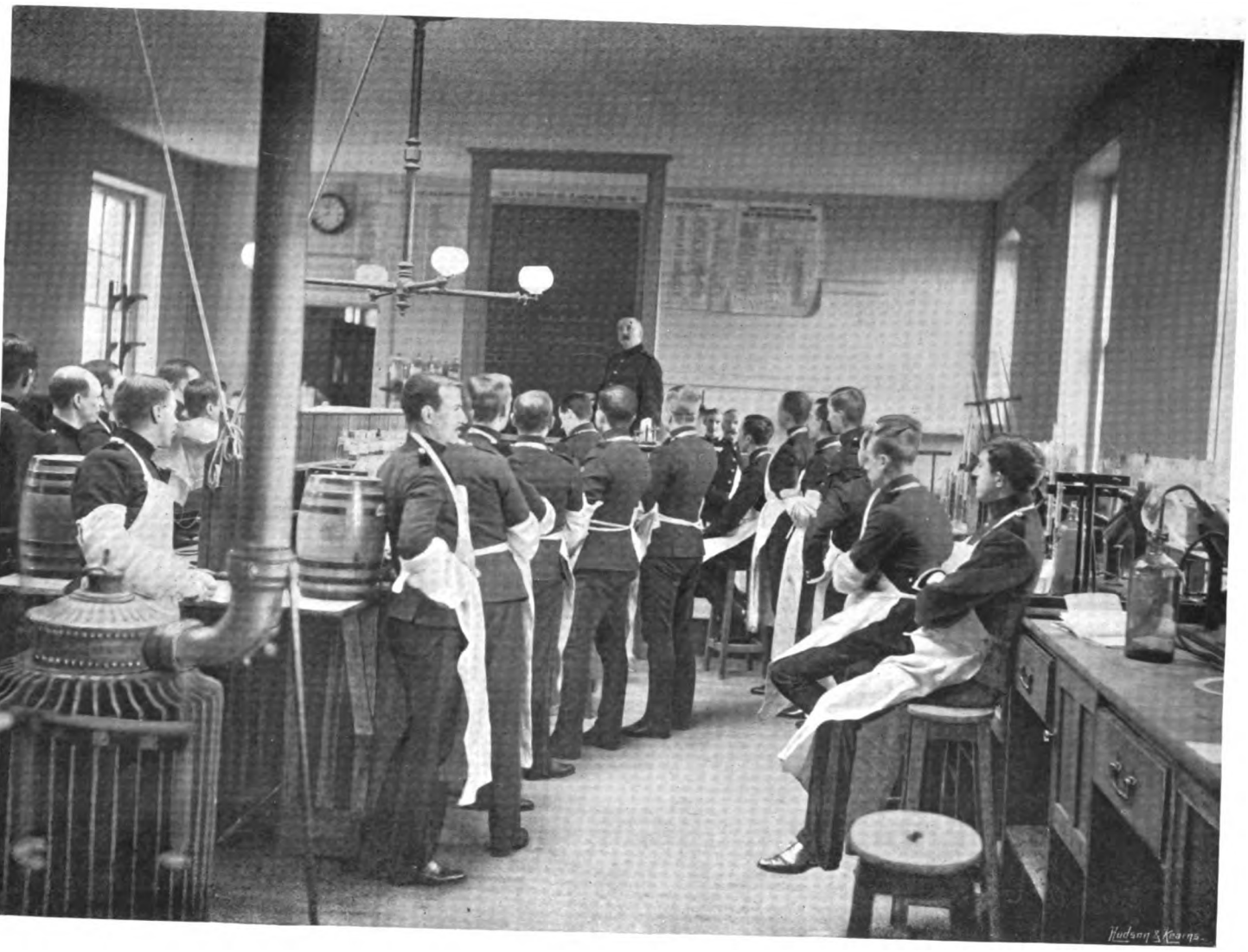
THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

Digitized by Google

DISCIPLINE: MIND AND BODY.

IN CHARGE OF STORES.

TO MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE.



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

IN THE LECTURE HALL.

ON the upper portion of this page we show on the left three officers who perform what may be termed the store duties of this large establishment: Lieutenant and Quarter-Master KYLE in the centre, Lieutenant and Quarter-Master HASSELL on the left of the picture, and Lieutenant and Quarter-Master LINES on the right. The latter officer was Quarter-Master in charge of the hospital ship during the late Ashanti Expedition. The picture on the right shows the two warrant officers attached to the hospital; the one on the left, Sergeant-Major MORRISON, being, as "Chief Wardmaster," responsible for the routine; and the other, Sergeant-Major MCCLAY, Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Medical Staff Corps. In the lower picture Surgeon-Major NOTTER, M.D., Professor of Military Hygiene, is seen lecturing to the students in the Army Medical School The staff of the school consists of four professors, four assistant professors, and a secretary.

Digitized by Google

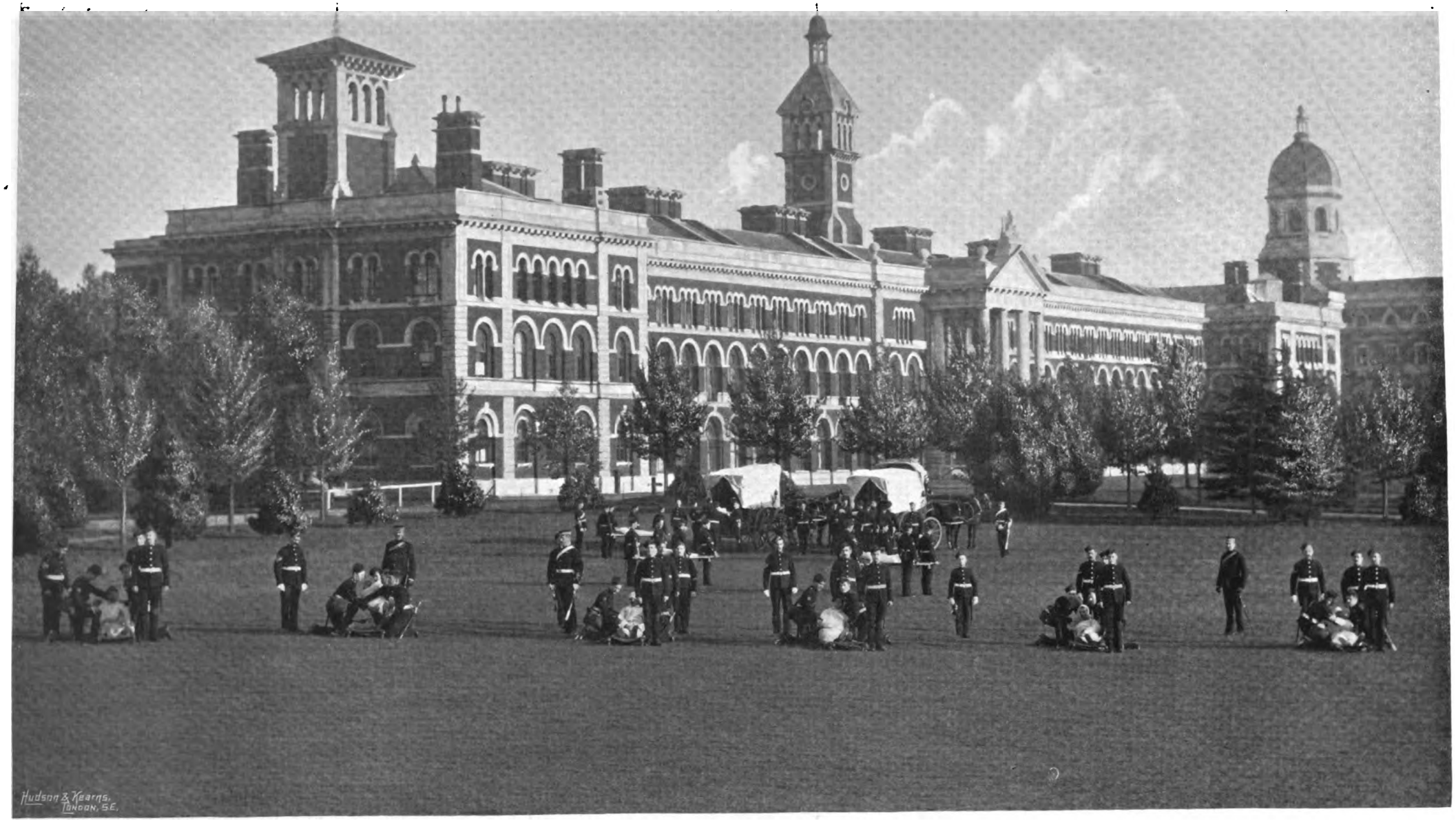


Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ARMY MEDICAL STAFF AND MEDICAL STAFF CORPS AT DRILL.

IN the above picture we see the officers of the Army Medical Staff and the non-commissioned officers and men of the Medical Staff Corps at Ambulance Drill. Each "stretcher squad" consists of four men, one of whom carries a surgical haversack containing appliances for stopping bleeding, bandages, dressings, etc. The Medical Officers and stretcher squads follow the fighting line, applying "first aid" to the wounded under fire, and then removing them as rapidly and carefully as possible to the "Collecting Station," whence they are carried by ambulance wagons to the "Dressing Station." Here the wounded are more carefully examined, and such operations as are necessary performed. From the Dressing Station the wounded are sent on to the Field Hospitals. In the foreground of the picture some wounded—here represented by men detailed for the duty—having been examined and the requisite dressings applied, are being placed on the stretchers; whilst, further in the rear, others are being laid in the wagons under the supervision of the Sergeant-Major.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 34.] FRIDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1897.

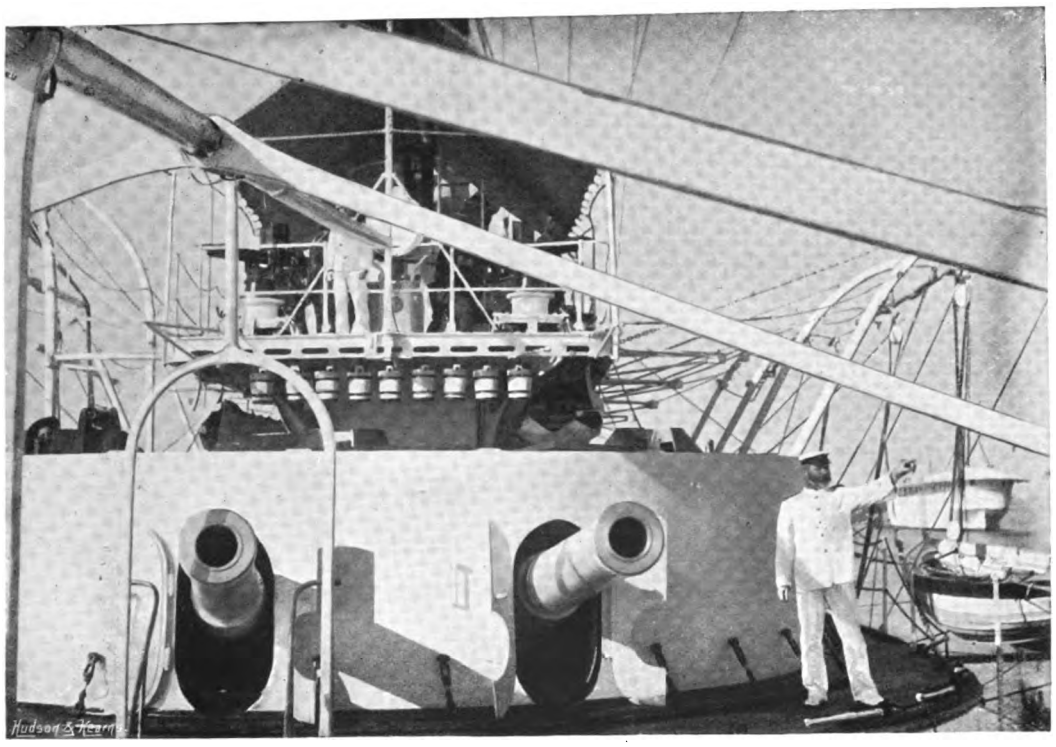
Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B.

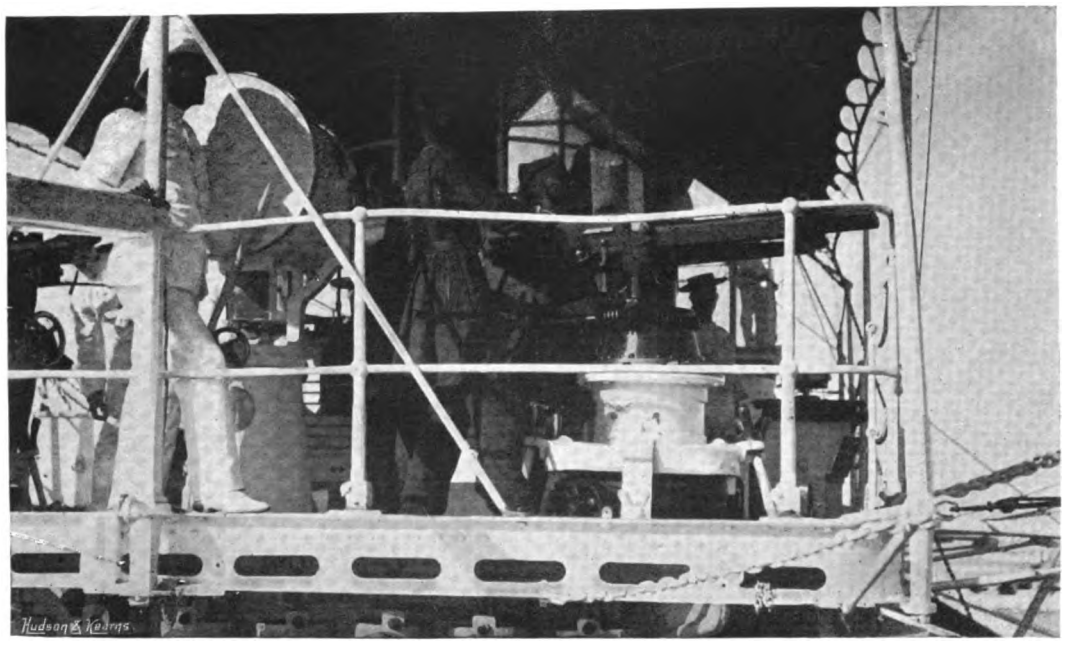
THERE is hardly a part that a Naval officer can play in the course of a long active career afloat that has not fallen to the lot of the gallant Admiral whose portrait appears on this page. Entering the Royal Navy in the early forties, Sir RICHARD VESEY HAMILTON began his career with service in Arctic seas with one of the first search parties sent out to look for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, receiving his baptism of fire a little later in the Baltic Fleet during the Russian War. As a Commander he was actively engaged in the China War; and as a Captain, in the more peaceful days of the early seventies, Sir VESEY held the responsible post of Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard. Since receiving his flag, in 1877, he has held the chief command on the China Station, was first Sea Lord 1889-91, the period of the Naval Defence Act, and then became President of the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich. Sir VESEY HAMILTON retired as Admiral in May, 1894, and during his leisure since then has found time to write a very valuable monograph for the "Royal Naval Handbook" series, on the system under which the business of the Royal Navy is conducted at Whitehall, with the title of "Naval Administration."

Digitized by Google

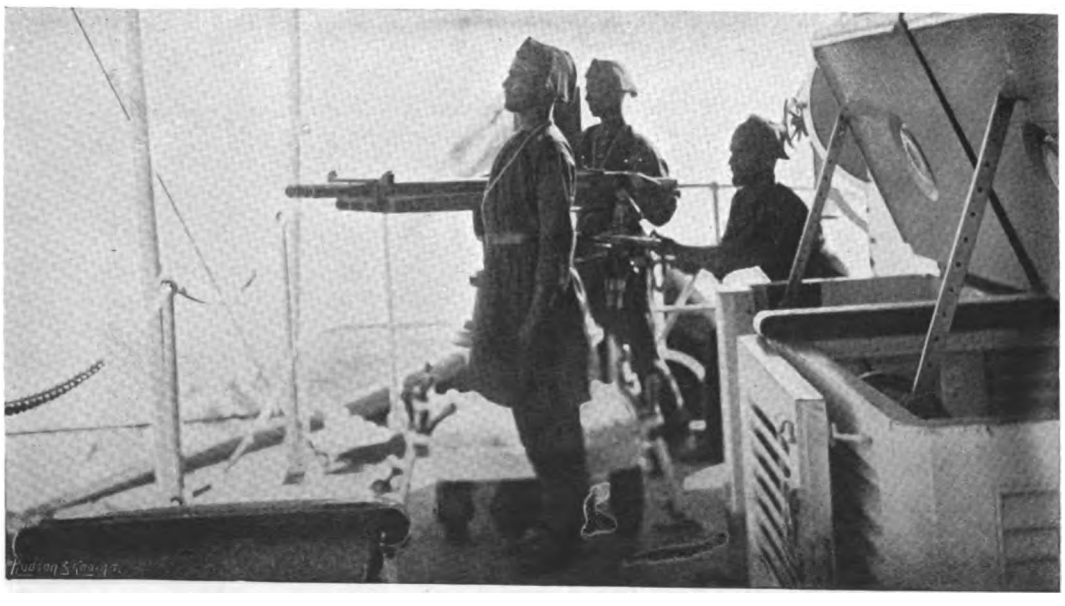
THE INDIAN HARBOUR DEFENCE FORCE.



The Gunner of the "Magdala" and his Pets.



Machine Gun Drill on the Superstructure.



Lascars at Firing Drill with Nordenfelt.

IN addition to the regular sea-going squadron of cruisers and gun-boats maintained at all times in commission on the East Indies Station, and relieved periodically direct from England, there is a special squadron designed for the purpose of harbour defence which is specially maintained by the Supreme Government of India, with headquarters at Bombay. This force, while under the general command of the Rear-Admiral in charge of the East Indies Station, has a separate existence of its own for purposes of administration, under the charge of a Captain R.N. as senior officer responsible for the Naval defence of India. The force, which is colloquially called the "Indian Marine," comprises, at the present time, two small double-turreted coast defence ironclads: the "Magdala," of 3,340 tons, armoured with a complete belt of from 4-in. to 8-in. iron, carrying four 8-in. breech-loaders, two in each turret, with seven machine guns and two boat guns; the "Abyssinia," of 2,900 tons, completely belted with from 6 to 7-in. iron, and mounting the same armament as the "Magdala;" two modern first-class gun-boats of the torpedo-boat-catcher type, the "Plassy" and the "Assaye," twin-screw 19 knot vessels, of 735 tons, each armed with quick-firers; and seven torpedo-boats—three, the "Pathan," "Karen," and "Baloochi," of 23 knots, and carrying quick-firers so as to be available as destroyers; one of 21 knots, the "Gurka;" and three 95-ton torpedo-boats, of 20 knots speed. The two armour-clads, the "Magdala" (at the present moment in commission as the flag-ship of the Defence Force) and the "Abyssinia" were built in 1869 and completed in 1870, from which latter year, in fact, the present force dates its institution and regular organization for modern purposes. The special idea of the force is for local defence in Indian waters, and keeping off stray hostile cruisers which might threaten the Indian ports with a view to requisitions under menace of bombardment.

It was the policy of the Government of India, even in the days of the "Hon. John Company," to maintain a small marine force of its own for the special protection of the coasts of India. This was begun to be done as long ago as the days of CLIVE, in the middle of the last century, when the Indian Government first set on foot the force known to our grandfathers by the name of the "Bombay Marine," for the special purpose of keeping down the pirate flotillas from the Persian Gulf and the Malabar coast, whose depredations, during the greater part of the last century and down to between sixty and seventy years ago, caused a reign of terror in Eastern waters. The "Bombay Marine," at the beginning of the present century, had grown into quite a respectable force of small frigates and cruisers flying the Company's flag, commanded by a Commodore, and officered by a corps of officers, with grades almost exactly as in the Royal Naval Service of the time on which the Service was modelled, all commissioned by the Hon. East India Company, and manned by European sailors (with an auxiliary lascar service) and a native force of Marines under European officers. This last body, indeed, is still in existence, having been trans-

Digitized by Google

THE INDIAN HARBOUR DEFENCE FORCE.

formed into the present 21st Regiment of Bombay Infantry, which, in addition to bearing its old title of the "Marine Battalion" to this day, also commemorates its original functions in the regimental badge and motto, designed in imitation of the badge and motto of the Royal Marines—an anchor and laurel wreath, with a motto in Hindustani corresponding to the "Per Mare, per Terram" of our own "Royal Jollies." For Naval services on the Coromandel coast of Southern India a somewhat similarly constituted battalion also exists to the present day in the 9th Madras Native Infantry, raised at Madeira in 1765, who bear, as commemorative badge, a galley with the motto, "*Khooshkee Wee Turee.*" For the support of the Bombay Marine, also, the East India Company kept up a large and admirably-equipped dockyard at Bombay. During the first half of the present century, in addition to the Bombay force, a flotilla of cruisers was maintained by the Company in the Bay of Bengal, including several steam cruisers, which rendered good service in conjunction with the ships of the Royal Navy on the East Indies station, in suppressing piracy in the Straits of Malacca, and in the various expeditions against Burmah, down to forty years ago, when, on the supersession of the East India Company by the Imperial Government, the Indian Marine, together with the Indian Army, came directly under the authority of the British Crown.

At the present time, of course, there is, in addition to the war vessels of the Indian Defence Forces of which we have spoken above, a small fleet of special service, trooping, and despatch vessels, with which, however, we are not here concerned.

Our illustrations show some of the types of those who man the vessels of the present Indian Harbour Defence vessels. The crews consist of about one-half British seamen, stokers, and marines of the Royal Navy, specially told off for the service under a number of British Naval officers; the other half of native lascars, raised from among the seafaring population of the Malabar coast. These last, in time of war, would, from their natural ability to stand the heat, be principally relied on for carrying on the work to be done in the confined spaces of the citadels, shell rooms, and magazines in the ironclad turret-ships, in attending to the shot and ammunition supplies, and in working below in the gunboats and torpedo-boats. At general quarters they also man the machine guns on the upper deck (where they are here seen at drill under a British officer). Great attention is paid at all times to their training, both with the Nordenfelts and at small arm exercise, the instruction being carried out under the supervision of British Naval gunnery instructors. To insure attention to the prejudices of the lascars in the matter of food, they have their own native cooks on board, three of whom are shown preparing the staple dish of the Indian lascar, the mid-day meal of curry and rice.

The British seamen and marines attached to the Indian Harbour Defence flotilla would, in action, be mainly employed in connection with the handling of the heavy ordnance in the turrets and in helping to supervise the work of the lascars.

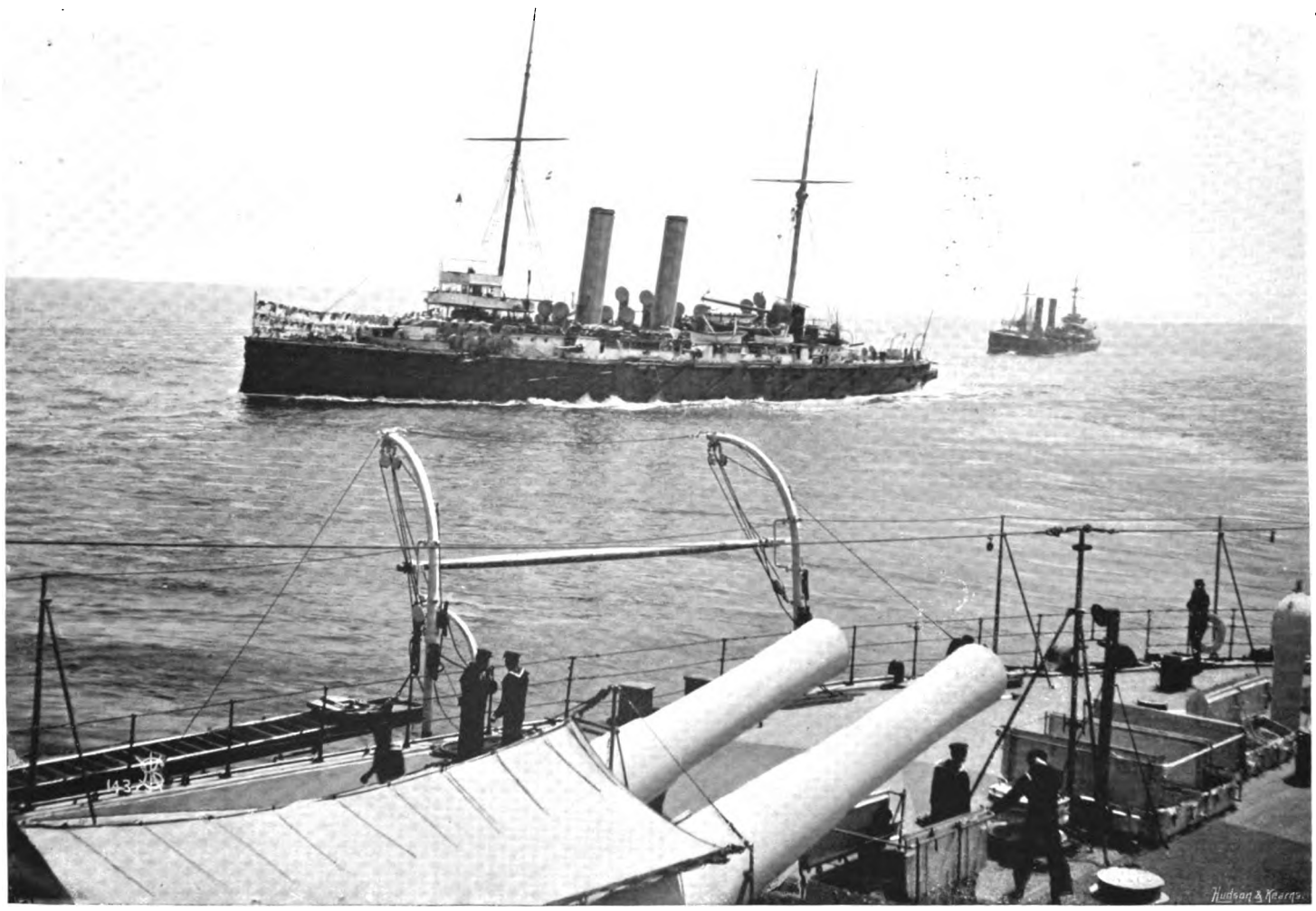
Bluejackets from the "Magdala" at Field Gun Drill on Shore.

Lascars at Musketry Drill under a Gunnery Instructor.

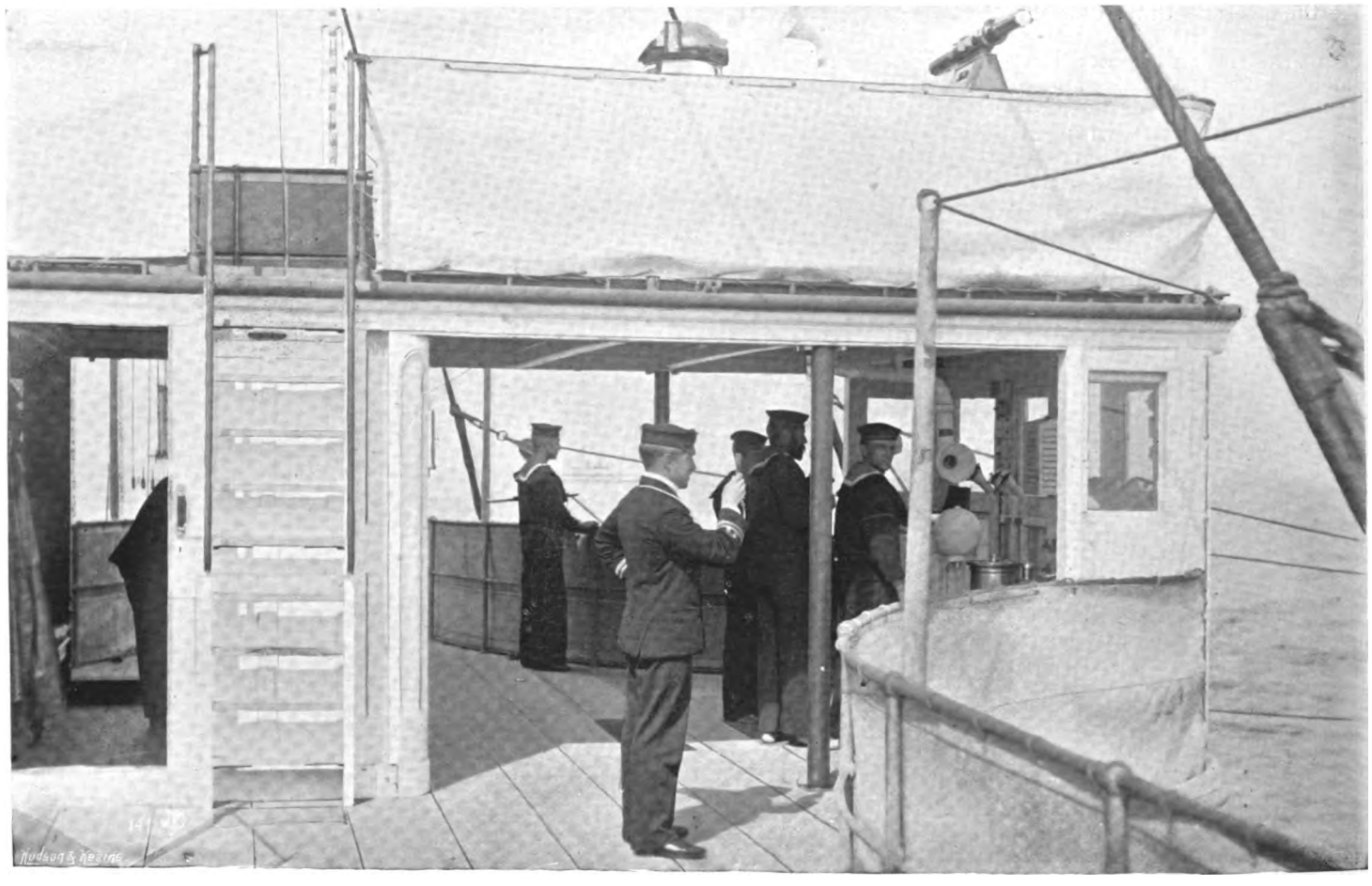
Lascars Marching off to Quarters after Drill.

The Mid-day Curry:—Three Native Cooks.

Digitized by Google



ALTERING THE FORMATION OF THE FLEET.



Photos. J. J. KING-SALTER.

KEEPING STATION IN A FLEET.

FOR keeping station, or relative position, every ship in a fleet has the following details about her neighbours: the number of revolutions their engines turn for different speeds, the heights of their mast-heads above the water-line, and above the gunwale, or netting, as it is called. The flag-ship gives the speed and the formation for the fleet, and the other ships arrange their revolutions accordingly, maintaining their relative positions by the angle of their neighbours' mast-heads from the water-line or netting. A piece of wood is often used, with the apparent height of the mast of the ship ahead at the proper distance marked on it, and, if held before the eye, it can be at once seen if the position is correct. A sextant, or a range finder, is also used for this purpose. Each ship carries a cone and a numeral flag at the yard-arms. The cone, point up, indicates going ahead, and reversed, going astern. The flag indicates the revolutions she is going. In the first illustration the ships are altering formation from line ahead to line abreast, and the second shows the officer of the watch ascertaining if the ship is in right position from the one ahead.

Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SMALL ARM AND CUTLASS EXERCISE:—SOME REGULATION ATTITUDES.

THAT "attitude is the art of gunnery" is an old saying in the Naval Service, and one that, even at the present day, has not quite lost all its significance. The prescribed positions of gunnery training are, to a great extent, based on the results of experience and individual convenience, as anyone who looks on at a big gun team at exercise must admit. The same principle extends itself to the immediate subjects of our photograph, where we see set forth some of the strictly regulation "positions" for bayonet and cutlass and small arm exercise: "lungeing" with the bayonet and the "on guard" preliminary attitude which begins and concludes excercise with both bayonet and cutlass. The man in the background with Indian clubs, too, serves to remind one of the place gymnastics has on board the modern war-ships, where it is both officially and unofficially favoured as a substitute for the old-time drill aloft of our masted men-of-war.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH NAVY.

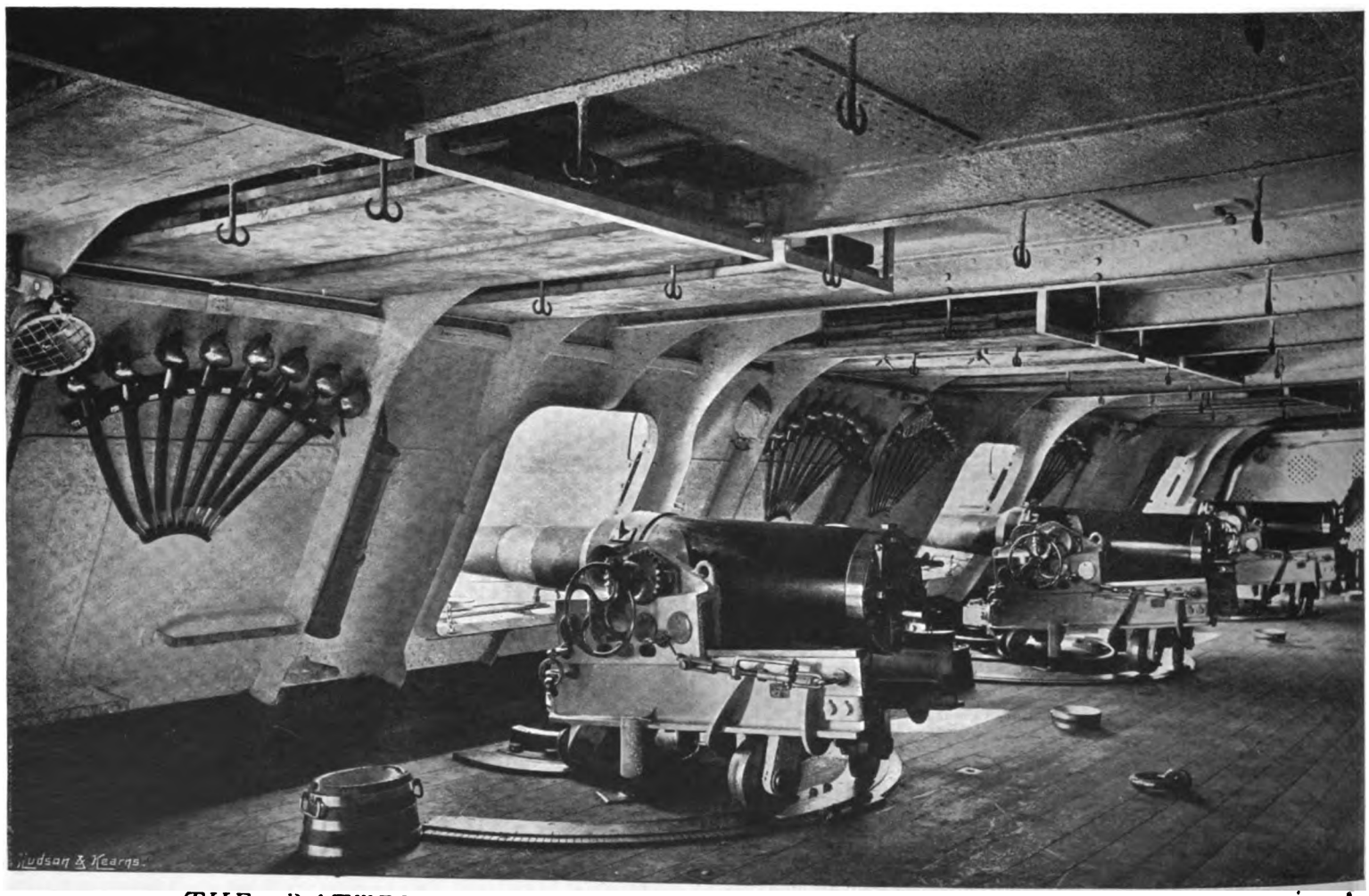
Photo. P. BOYER. Paris.

ADMIRAL BESNARD.

VICE-ADMIRAL BESNARD has twice been French Minister of Marine. He succeeded M. FELIX FAURE, now President of the Republic, in January, 1885, and accepted the portfolio again about a year ago. It is the peculiarity of French Naval administration that the Minister of Marine is usually changed about once in each twelve months. Admiral BESNARD knows the whole of the administrative machinery well, and has seen more service than most French officers. His earliest service was in the Pacific. He then took some part in the Italian War, and went, in 1860, to China, where he was engaged in the operations which ended before the walls of Pekin. Afterwards he was in Cochin China, and distinguished himself at the capture of Mytho and Vinh-Long. In the war of 1870 Lieutenant BESNARD rose to be Brevet-Colonel, and officer of the Legion of Honour for his excellent service with the Army of the Loire, with which he was present on many battlefields. Afterwards, he was chief of the staff to Admiral JAURES in the Mediterranean. As a Captain, he was appointed to the "Borda," and was called by Minister GOUGEARD to an office in the Ministry. But the Minister fell, and he was soon at sea again in command of the armoured frigate "Surveillante," and then of the training ship "Iphigénie."

He was promoted to flag rank in 1886, and, as a Rear-Admiral, was Director of *Personnel* at the Ministry, and then was in command on the China Station. In 1892 he became Vice-Admiral, and was again at the Ministry. Afterwards, he was Naval Prefect at Brest. This long and varied service pre-eminently fitted the Admiral for his important post, and he makes an excellent representative of the French Service, whose best traditions he reflects. He is tall in stature, and of distinguished experience, and is full of tact and knowledge of the world. A good speaker, too, he is never at a loss in dealing with the assailants of the Service in the Chamber. He is decorated with the honours of many foreign orders.

The view of the "Amiral Duperré's" battery illustrates some of her range of 5·5-inch guns, of which there are seven on each broadside. The picture is interesting as showing how different were the dispositions made a few years ago from those which now prevail. In these days the greatest care is taken in separating the battery guns by splinter-proof bulkheads, so that the damage done may be restricted.



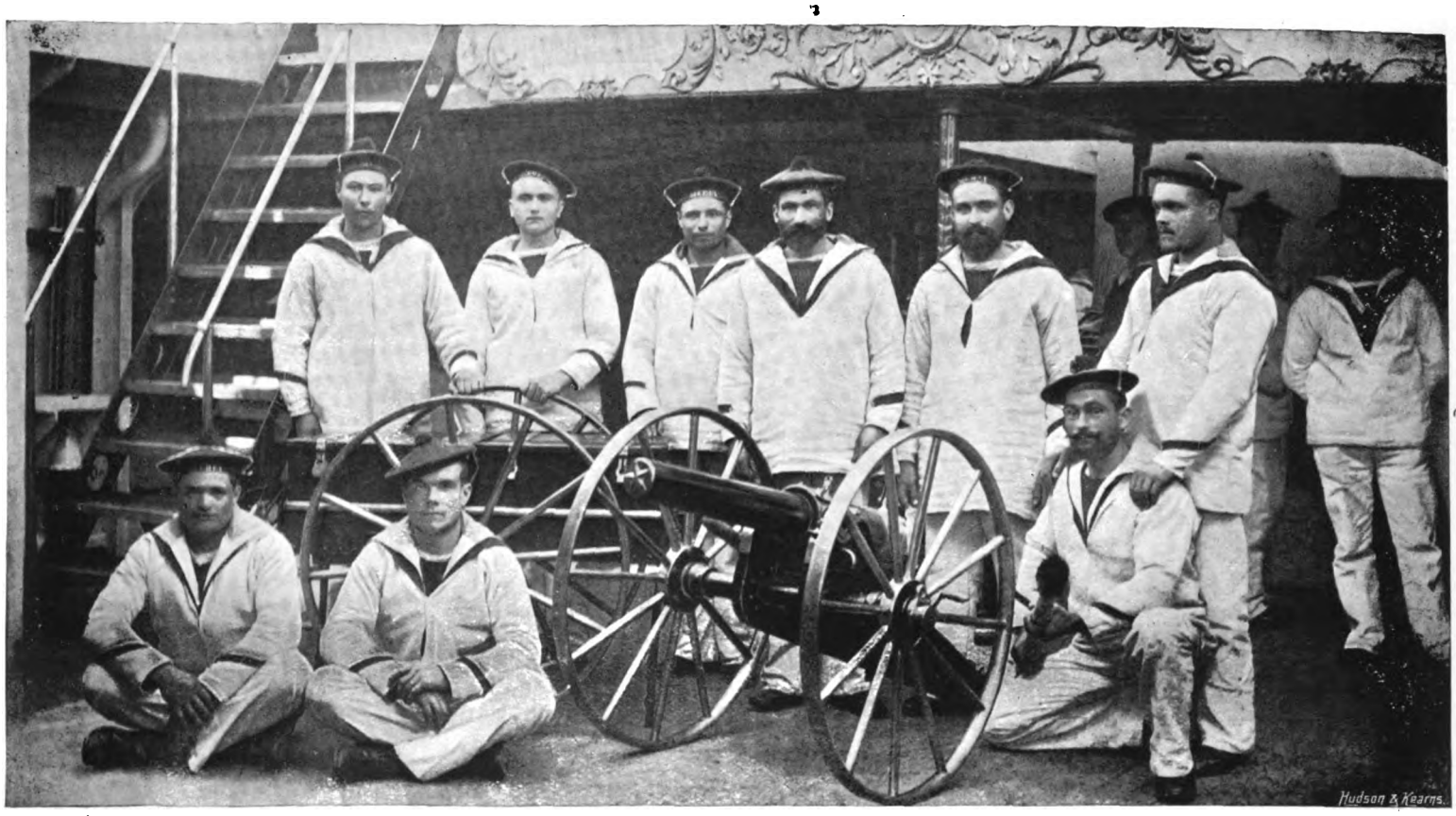
THE BATTERY DECK OF THE "AMIRAL DUPERRE."

Digitized by Google

IN THE REDOUBT OF THE "DEVASTATION."

THE "Dévastation," which is now in the Mediterranean, is one of the older French battle-ships, having been launched in 1879. Accordingly, she represents an early type of ironclad construction There is a water-line belt extending almost the whole length, but the heavy guns are all placed in a central battery or redoubt, which approaches a circular form, and has four 13-in. guns at the corners, above which are 5·5-in. guns, as well as a 10·6-in. gun on each side. One of these last is depicted. It will be seen that the gun is protected by a steel hood, and that the arrangements for loading differ widely from those found in more modern ships, where hydraulic power, steam, or electricity are universal. The charge has been hoisted by the crane-gear, and has been placed in the breech, of which the block is about to be closed. There is very inadequate protection for the men, and a gun so placed should not be difficult to silence.

Digitized by Google

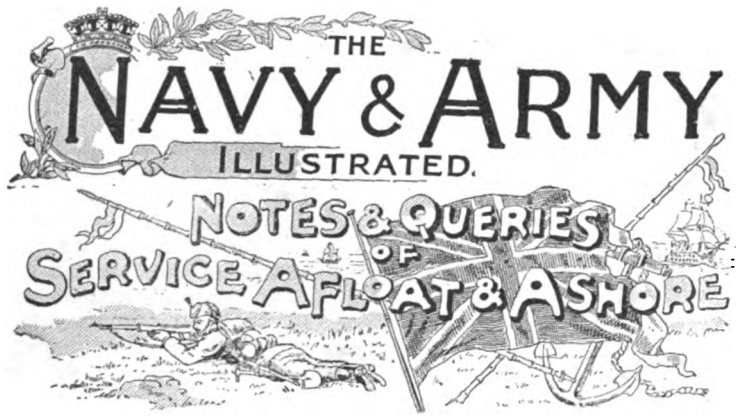


ON BOARD THE "SUCHET."

AT WORK IN THE "COURONNE."

THE "Suchet," on board of which we have an interesting group, is a modern second-class cruiser, built at Toulon four years ago, and now with Admiral Pottier's division in the Levant. She is complete in every modern respect, with twenty-four quick-firing guns of various calibres, and has a speed of twenty knots. The men are depicted with one of the light field guns which are in most war-ships, and can be used on board, though they are intended mainly for the work of landing parties. The other busy scene is at Toulon, where the company of the old "Couronne" are engaged in the necessary work of deck-washing. The standing rigging and boats of the ship are well seen. The "Couronne" is a fully-rigged iron vessel, launched in 1861, and now used as a gunnery training ship. She has on board about thirty-five guns of all kinds, and an immense number of men have received their early instruction in her. Usually she has about 600 on board. Like ourselves, the French pay great attention to scientific gunnery, and it is in the "Couronne" that the work of teaching young seamen is largely carried on.

Digitized by Google



THE highest military position to which a British officer can aspire is that of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The principal command of the Army has been held under various commissions as Captain-General, Generalissimo, Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, General Commanding-in-Chief, Field-Marshal on the Staff, and General on the Staff. The office is as old as the standing army, and dates back to the year 1660, when George Monck, the chief promoter of the restoration of Charles II., was by the King created Duke of Albemarle and appointed to the command of the Army with the rank of "Captain-General." He was succeeded by Charles the Second's natural son, James Duke of Monmouth, who died on the scaffold at the age of thirty-six. Since then the office has been held by, amongst others, the Great Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Cumberland, the Marquis of Granby, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who was at the head of the Army for nearly forty years. Lord Wolseley is the first to be appointed for a fixed period of five years, and his duties have been defined in a manner which admits of no misconstruction. He, amongst other things, exercises general command over our military forces at home and abroad, holds periodical inspections of the troops, and is principal military adviser to the War Secretary. He is charged with the preparation and maintenance of detailed plans for mobilization, and with the preparation of schemes of offensive and defensive operations.

* * * *

FLOATING COFFIN. This somewhatominous name was given by Jack to a class of vessels known as 10-gun brigs, which were not certainly remarkable for their seaworthiness. In the merchant navy the name of "floating coffins" was most appropriately given to old vessels heavily insured by the owners, and which were not expected to complete their voyage. Indeed, as the insurances effected on those vessels were much larger than the value of the ship and cargo, the greatest misfortune that could befall the owners was the safe arrival of those floating coffins to the port they were bound to. They frequently performed the voyage safely owing to Jack's ingenuity displayed by "frapping" those vessels, that is by passing several turns of a cable round the ship's hull. This increased the tension, and often enabled very old vessels to perform safe voyages, in spite of wind and waves, though, of course, there were many exceptions. Some of the brigs now actually sent to the Newfoundland fisheries, though not coming entirely under the head of floating coffins, are yet very near this undesirable mark.

* * * *

NOT all, but many regimental nicknames are due rather to alliteration's artful aid than to any real connection with the corps so distinguished. *Esprit de corps* will always provide some distinguishing appellations claimed as of right by each regiment; but quite recently some one writing of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the old 5th, spoke of them as "The Fighting Fifth." Now this "fighting" has long been claimed by the 50th, and alliteratively it reads better, "Fighting Fiftieth," than "Fighting Fifth," while no one doubts the combative qualifications of either. The 50th at one time had another and less complimentary sobriquet. It was in the days when they wore blue velvet facings, a material which speedily showed signs of wear, Government velvet especially, and the regiment consequently rejoiced in the name of "The Dirty Half Hundred." Then there was that heavy cavalry regiment supposed to be officered by rich traders' sons and christened "The Trades Union." Every regiment in the Service has its nickname, either for home consumption only or for general use; but these sobriquets are no longer permanent, they change as the *personnel* of the corps changes, and that we know is almost as rapid as the cinematographe. Some few, however, have been handed down through many years, and among them may be cited "The Die Hards," the old 57th Regiment.

THE "Black Book of the Admiralty" is popularly supposed to be a register of the delinquencies of Naval officers set down with more or less accuracy, according to his personal bias, by the pen of a recording angel, who, for the nonce, assumes the guise of an Admiralty clerk In sober truth, however, it is a collection of ancient maritime laws and customs based chiefly on the laws of Olerón—a code of instructions for the conduct of Naval affairs borrowed from the "Jugements d'Olerón," Olerón being an island off the West Coast of France, compiled in the reign of St. Louis, and introduced into England by Richard I., though Selden and Blackstone claim the honour of authorship for Edward I. This book was preserved for centuries in the High Court of Admiralty, and it was proudly claimed for it by Dr. Exton, Judge of the High Court in 1662, that it was "as free from suspicion of being corrupted or falsified as the records of any court whatever." He further discribes it as "written on vellum in an ancient hand, in the ancient French language." Curiously enough, after long use it suddenly disappeared, and in 1808 even the "oldest inhabitant" among the officials of the Court could not remember ever to have seen it. Sir Travers Twiss, H.M. Advocate-General, with immense labour, reproduced the code by use of a modern transcript and the collation of various MSS. in the British Museum—a task which was scarcely completed when the missing volume was discovered reposing peacefully at the bottom of a chest which was supposed to contain the private papers belonging to a former Registrar of the Court.

* * * *

A NOVEL departure in the construction of engines of war —in this connection the word "engine" is peculiarly applicable —is in process of being carried out. It is, briefly, an armoured auto-car. In shape it is to be an oblong carriage, running on massive solid rubber tyres, enclosed by steel plates, hardened by the Harvey process, about three feet high, coming to a point in the front. On the floor of the carriage are to be mounted four machine guns, somewhat after the style, pattern and mechanism of the Maxims, the motive power to work them being supplied by an oil motor, which is also to furnish the means of propelling the car. It might be described as a moveable fort. It is claimed that an engine of twenty-five horse-power can be utilised, and that the machine will attain to a speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, if necessary, on a road. But it is said to be able, also, to travel over ploughed land, and, by the aid of a ram-like arrangement of the front plates, to cut its way through hedges and other obstacles. It can be used as a traction engine as well, to haul ammunition wagons, etc. The inventors are very sanguine of its practicability; and as soon as the motor and car are finished, experiments are to be made, with the results of which we hope, presently, to be able to acquaint our readers. We may yet see an army taking the field mounted on motor-cars of various patterns, the infantry being conveyed to the scene of action in large omnibuses, the skirmishers flying to the front on engine-driven bicycles, and the cavalry charging on tandems or "quads," while the generals might direct the operations seated in light mechanically-propelled carriages, attended by aides-de-camp mounted on swift motors, with flying machines in readiness by which to rapidly convey orders.

* * * *

THE Mutiny Act passed on the 12th April, 1689, and since re-enacted annually, was the first recognition of the fact that the military force was to be considered as a standing Army under the control of Parliament, and not as the personal retainers of the Sovereign. The Bill of Rights, passed in the same year, laid down the principle that the maintenance of a standing Army in time of peace, unless by consent of Parliament, was illegal; and from that time the number of troops to be maintained and the cost of the different branches of the Service have been regulated by an annual vote of the House of Commons. The Mutiny Act gave to Parliament another and important means of control. Courts-martial were empowered to inflict the penalty of death for mutiny or desertion, and thus for the first time a distinction was made between soldiers and civilians. Briefly speaking, the Mutiny Act provides for the discipline, regulation, and payment of the Army. For two generations the annual introduction of the Bill gave a golden opportunity to young orators for declaiming against the dangers of a standing Army. Year by year, however, the clamour became more old-fashioned and ridiculous, and has long since ceased. But an important constitutional point was raised in 1876, when a large contingent of Indian troops was brought to Malta, it being maintained that as the Act regulated annually the number of soldiers to be maintained, its provisions would practically be nullified if at any moment those numbers could be indefinitely increased by drafts from the Indian Army. In 1878 the Mutiny Act and the Articles of War were embodied in a new Act entitled the Army (annual) Act.

Digitized by Google

THERE is an old song which tells of an Irish soldier who, when ordered by his captain to lay down his kit for inspection, excused himself on the ground that if he opened his knapsack his kit would run away, which proved to be the case, for directly he unfastened his straps a young kitten bolted over the parade ground. The explanation of the story, of course, is that the man had sold his kit, a by no means unusual occurrence in the old days when drunkenness was much more common in the Service than, happily, it is to-day. By "kit" is meant the articles which the soldier receives free on enlistment and is required to keep up at his own expense thereafter, in contradistinction to clothing, which is renewed annually. The kit consists of two woollen shirts, three pairs of socks, braces, brushes, hold-all, towels, etc. Boots come under the category of clothing. The kits are inspected weekly by the captains of companies. Old-time officers reading these lines will have a vivid recollection of how beautifully the kits of some of the old soldiers used to be laid out, how perfectly square every article lay in its place, and how sternly those hardened old warriors would meet the eye of the youthful subaltern, temporarily in charge, who evinced a desire to have the carefully stitched-up shirts and socks shaken out for closer examination. What whited sepulchres some of them were! Socks consisting of legs only, shirts without backs Marked for a new kit one week, it was just the same the next.

* * * *

THE name Cinque Ports was given to five ports on the south coast of England. These ports were originally: Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe. These were the Cinque Ports proper, to which were subsequently added two others—Rye and Winchelsea. Besides these, each original port has "members" or "limbs;" thus Faversham is a "limb" of Dover. Formerly these ports enjoyed great privileges, and were very important commercial stations. They were bound to provide a certain number of vessels for a period of forty days. The Admiralty Court had no jurisdiction over them, but they were ruled over by a Lord-Warden of the Cinque Ports, who made rules for pilots, and saw that the privileges and immunities enjoyed by the places under his jurisdiction were not infringed. It is hardly necessary to say that the privileges spoken of are now a thing of the past, and that the prerogatives of the Lord-Warden have been singularly curtailed.

* * * *

THE long, unbroken European Peace, between 1815 and 1854, is probably answerable for the gradual distaste shown by Army officers to wearing uniform except when on duty. It was not always so, for it was the custom at one time not only to wear regimentals at home, but also abroad when travelling; and in one of the earliest guide books, published about the middle of the last century, it is particularly enjoined upon British officers visiting the Continent on no account to omit taking their uniform with them, and also to wear it in any garrison towns in France they may visit, as it will prove a passport to the best society, as well as give them the right (*sic*) to claim the hospitality of every regiment they may meet as an honorary member of their informal mess—held generally at some reasonably good but inexpensive hotel. One can hardly imagine the effect which would now be produced by the intrusion of an English or French officer in regimentals into the mess-room of the other with a request that breakfast, etc., might be served at once. It is almost a pity that the custom did not survive the long Peace, as it would have probably done more to strengthen the *entente cordiale* between our Crimean allies and ourselves than all the arts of diplomacy. Nothing, however, now remains of the old custom of wearing uniform off duty but the cockade in the hats of grooms and footmen; while it would not do to examine too closely into the rank and title of those whose dependents thus adorn their hats. *Autres temps autres mœurs.*

* * * *

LEAN'S "Royal Navy List" (Witherby) has been sent to us, and we note in it many changes and additions. First published twenty years ago, it has grown in favour with each succeeding number on account of the valuable information with which it is filled. The increase in the Fleet which has lately taken place has brought back the names of many famous vessels, and as a consequence a large addition has been made to the battles of the ships. The pages referring to the war services of officers have been brought up to date, and the lists of honours and rewards added to. The labour involved in getting together such a mass of information must be enormous, and the greatest praise is due to those responsible for its issue. Wherever the Union flag flies there it is to be seen.

THE EDITOR.

MILITARY FUNERALS,

By ARMIGER.

TO the average spectator few sights can be more impressive than that furnished by a military funeral. Nor can he fail to be struck by the immense amount of ceremony observed on such occasions, though the obsequies be but those of the humblest of Her Majesty's Service. Be he a veteran of hard-fought campaigns, and on whose breast coveted war medals have glistened, a young soldier of but a few months' service, a recruit, or band boy, the same ceremony is accorded to all.

I am not here speaking of officers, the arrangements regarding the funerals of whom are slightly different, in such particulars as to the number of pall-bearers, firing party, escort, etc., which vary according to the rank of the deceased.

There are many points observed on such occasions which combine to make the scene an impressive one. The solemn, wailing notes of the "Dead March in *Saul*," the coffin, covered by a Union Jack, borne on a gun carriage; the slow, measured tramp of comrades following, and the rattle of the farewell volleys fired over the grave, all tend to make such an episode one of the most memorable in a soldier's career.

On a death occurring in a military hospital, the battalion to which the deceased belonged is immediately informed, in order that they may make the necessary arrangements for his funeral. Although this does not usually take place until some days after death, yet in many countries the burial follows the death with startling rapidity. In the Mediterranean and in Africa, as in India, I have known instances where the funeral party has paid the last respects to a comrade within two hours of his decease. In such climates, what would in other places be considered as, perhaps, indecent haste, is absolutely imperative.

At the funeral of a non-commissioned officer, or private, in addition to a firing party of a sergeant and 18 or 12 men, the company or troop, with its officers, to which the deceased belonged attend. As many volunteers as wish to do so are also present. I have noticed that, in this respect, Atkins evinces a little peculiarity. He seems, like a certain class in other walks in life, to have a partiality, amounting at times to a positive mania, for attending funerals. He is sublimely indifferent to whether the deceased was known to him or not, or even whether he belonged to his own battalion. It is all one, in such instances, to him; and he makes a point of being present at the obsequies in order to, as he quaintly puts it, "show respect!"

The band, with drums muffled and draped in crape, heads the procession. On arrival at the hospital mortuary, where a gun-carriage is in waiting, the ranks are opened, and the road lined each side by the men. The coffin, covered by a Union Jack, on which are placed the helmet and side-arms of the dead, is carried out by the pall-bearers, formed by N.C.O.'s or men of the deceased's rank. The firing party, as a mark of respect, "presents arms," and the men salute, as the corpse passes.

When the coffin is placed on the gun-carriage and all is ready, the troops step off in slow time, the firing party marching with "arms reversed," that is, with the muzzles of their rifles pointing to the rear, as a sign of mourning, and the band playing the "Dead March." It is a moving and stirring composition, with the low rolling of the muffled drums, and the mournful, wailing notes of the brass. One can almost fancy that one hears in its strains the actual lamentations for the dead.

"Slow time" is preserved until the cemetery is reached. Here the procession is met by the officiating clergyman, and the coffin taken to the chapel, where a short service is held. "*I am the resurrection and the life*," says the Chaplain, solemnly, as the party proceeds to the grave-side, round which the men gather. The firing party, with rifles loaded with blank cartridge, stands drawn up a little apart. The men, on the command "Rest on your arms reversed," cross the hands on the butts of their rifles, placing the muzzles on the left toe, and sink the head forward on the crossed hands.

At the grave-side, the second part of the service is read. As the Chaplain comes to the words "*Earth to earth*," the coffin is lowered, and the firing party fires three volleys into the air, between which the buglers sound the "Last Post." A handful of earth, and a few flowers perhaps, are thrown into the grave, and all is over. The dead soldier lies in his narrow bed, until the buglers sounding the General Assembly shall awake him.

Digitized by Google

Immediately after, the word is given to return to barracks, and the troops step off in quick time, the band striking up that tender, if, under the circumstances, scarcely appropriate, melody, "*The Vacant Chair.*" With the eminently laudable intention of dispelling any sorrowful reflections which the recent sad spectacle may have caused, although, at the same time, with a scarcely correct idea of the fitness of things, bands, on these occasions, always play on the return march a succession of lively airs, introducing the classic strains of the latest music-hall masterpiece.

Despite this trifling disregard of *les convenances*, one cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the scene that one has just witnessed. Even the most reckless veteran, who during his career has been present on scores of such occasions, is affected, while to the recruit the spectacle is indeed a moving one. Concerning this, a young soldier was once heard to deliver himself to a comrade, in that peculiarly vigorous style of speech affected by Atkins—"Gor Blimy! Bill, if that's the way they turn 'em off, I'm glad I 'listed."

Surely, the recruiting authorities might make a note of this, for insertion in that unassuming little pamphlet, issued under their direction, "The Advantages of the Army."

* * * * *

Some of our military commanders who have died at home in time of peace have been honoured with very sumptuous funerals. When Oliver Cromwell died, the condition of his body was not such as to permit of its lying in state; a waxen image was therefore made to represent him, and this received as high honours as had ever been paid to any English sovereign, and at a far greater expense. The effigy lay in state at Somerset House from the 20th of September, 1658, till the 23rd of November, dressed in robes of state with crown and sceptre like a monarch. The funeral took place in Westminster Abbey. The body was drawn on a car by six horses richly equipped, the pall-bearers being six of the lords newly created. The pendants were borne by officers of the army, the banner and escutcheon by heralds. The car was followed by a number of soldiers of all ranks; but Evelyn says: "It was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw, for there was none cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went." Parliament voted the sum of £60,000 for the expense of this grand funeral.

When the great Marlborough died, his body, after undergoing an embalming process, lay in state for several days at Marlborough House. The body was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey on a kind of triumphal car, overshadowed by a gorgeous canopy decked with heraldic achievements, plumes of feathers, and military trophies, the pall being borne by eight dukes. The streets in the neighbourhood of the Abbey were lined with troops, and carriages of the highest nobles of the land followed the car. At the great door of the Abbey, which was hung with black and lighted with torches, all the clergy of the establishment were gathered to receive the body, which was then consigned to its tomb according to the rites of the Church of England. The mortal remains of the great warrior, however, were not permitted to remain long at Westminster, and were removed soon afterwards to the chapel at Blenheim.

When General Wolfe fell at Quebec his body was, in accordance with a well-known wish of his, preserved in spirits and brought to Portsmouth on board a man-of-war—the "Royal William." The body was removed from this vessel on the 17th of November, 1759, at seven in the morning, two signal guns announcing the commencement of the ceremony, when all flags in the fleet and fortress were dropped to half-mast. The coffin was lowered into a twelve-oared barge, which was towed by two others of the same kind and followed by twelve more. The seamen proceeded at a slow rate, and minute guns were fired by all the ships at Spithead till the body was landed at the Point, where the Artillery and the Regiment of Invalids received it. A hearse was in waiting in which the body was placed, and escorted through the town to the Landport gate, the Artillery in front and the Invalids behind, while the church bells tolled muffled peals. At the gate the troops paid their last compliment, and the hearse, followed by a mourning coach, passed through on the way to London. From this time the proceedings were of a private nature, and on the 20th of November the body of Wolfe was laid by the side of his father's, in the parish church of Greenwich.

Very different indeed from the gorgeous funeral rites paid to Cromwell, Marlborough and Wellington, was the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, where, in the words of the poet:—

> Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

The honour of preparing a grave for Moore on the ramparts of Corunna was entrusted to a party of H.M. 9th Foot, and there the hero was literally buried at dead of night by the light of a lantern held by a sergeant of artillery. The words of the poet are also literally correct as to his being buried in "his martial cloak;" nor was any salute fired by the British. But, next day, when the French had taken possession of the place, and our ships were standing out to sea, our men, looking back, saw the French flag hoisted at half-mast by the side of the grave, and heard the French artillery firing a complimentary salute over the mortal remains of Sir John Moore.

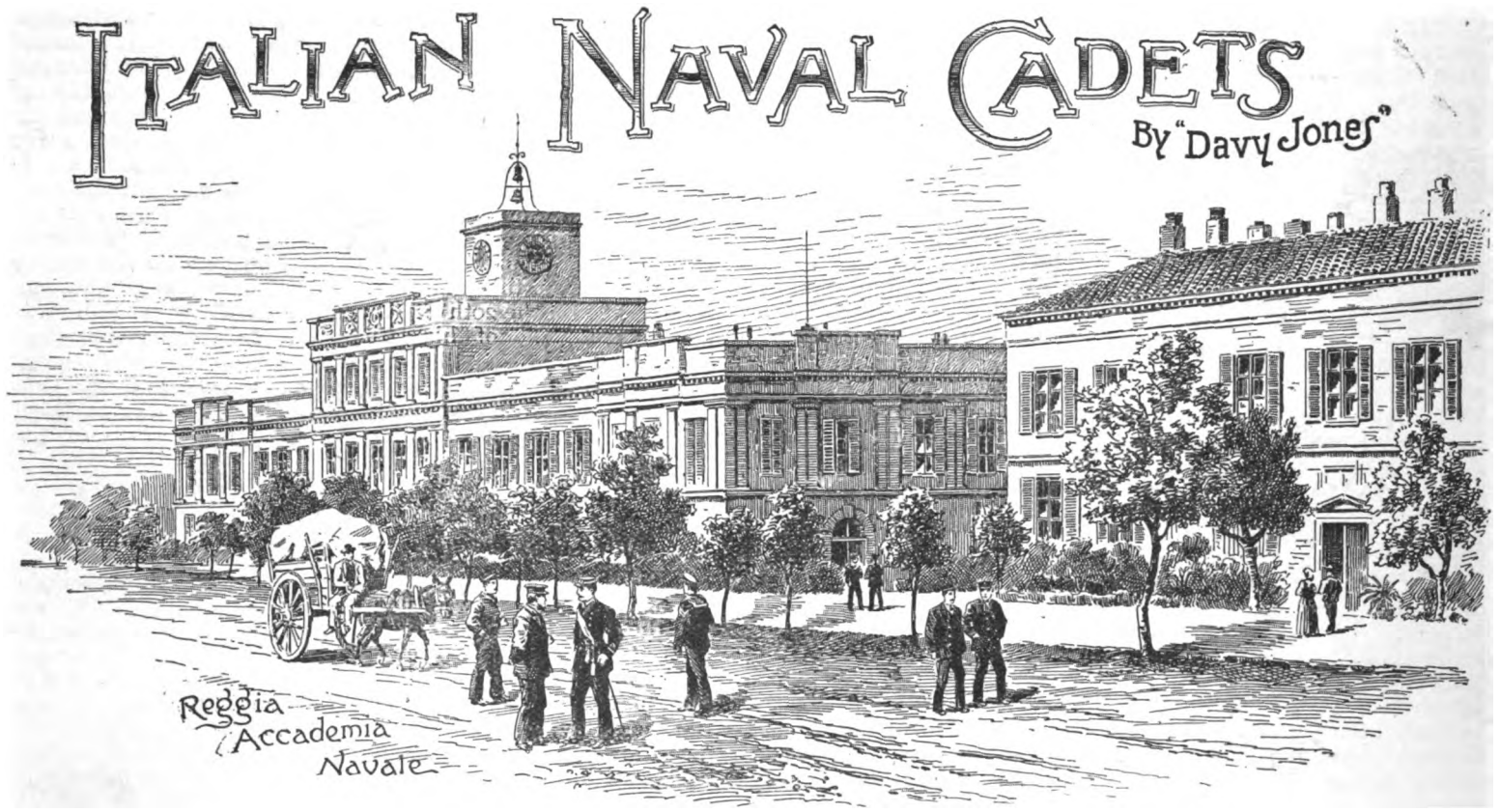
Sir Ralph Abercromby, when wounded in Egypt, was removed to the "Foudroyant," the British flag-ship, where he died. According to his own wish, the body was conveyed to Malta, and interred in the Commandery of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, beneath the Castle of St. Elmo.

The funeral of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, on the 18th of November, 1852, was a gorgeous ceremony. The body of the great commander, having been removed from Walmer Castle, lay in state in the great hall of Chelsea Hospital, on a bier most magnificently furnished, the hall being lighted by fifty-four wax candles, seven feet high and three inches thick, in silver candlesticks, each seven feet high: a guard of honour of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards was on duty on alternate days. The night before the funeral the coffin was removed from Chelsea to the Horse Guards, where a magnificent car had been prepared for its removal to St Paul's Cathedral. Besides the military, who preserved order in the streets, the car was followed by three battalions of Foot Guards, three line battalions, three regiments of Household Cavalry, five squadrons of cavalry of the line, seventeen guns of the Royal Artillery, eighty-three Chelsea Pensioners, one captain, one subaltern, two non-commissioned officers, and five privates from every regiment in Her Majesty's Service, and three artillerymen and three infantrymen of the East India Company's service, with a number of staff and regimental officers, as well as the military representatives of eight European nations in which the deceased held rank as Field-Marshal. The Prince Consort took a prominent place in the procession, which, at Temple Bar, was joined by the Lord Mayor and City magnates At the west door of the Cathedral the body was received by all the clerical establishment of St. Paul's. The Bishop and the Dean performed the service, which was most impressive.

Digitized by Google

ITALIAN NAVAL CADETS

By "Davy Jones"



THE mere fact that the Italians are sympathetic to us and that their Navy has risen from very small beginnings to one of the first rank among the fleets of the world, would be sufficient to make us take a more than ordinary interest in the training of the young officers destined for the war ships of Italy. However, other considerations have induced me to give a general idea of the training system now obtaining in Italy, and among those is the fact that the Italians have adopted a sort of dual system of training which, in some degrees at least, presents a certain resemblance to the one it is now proposed to adopt in England. I am assuming indeed that, by this time, everyone interested in Naval matters—and every English man and woman should be interested in such matters—is aware that it is the intention of the Admiralty to erect a large naval college on one of the high hills round Dartmouth Harbour, and thus to imitate, in some way, the example set by the Italians. Indeed, I think our Italian friends might be imitated in more ways than one, as their system of combined college training and sea training presents features which, as we shall presently see, strike one as being eminently calculated to produce good results, and to effect the much desired object of blending theory and practice in a manner which no one has yet succeeded in doing to the same extent.

The *Reggia Accademia Navale*, or "Royal Naval Academy," in which the officers of the Italian fleet are partly trained, is situated at Leghorn. To say that this town, which is one of the chief ports of Italy, is not so well known to the tourist as its neighbours, Pisa and Florence, is to state what everyone knows. This neglect is no doubt accounted for by the fact that Leghorn does not contain so many marvels as Pisa and Florence, yet a visit to Leghorn is well worth the trouble. The town is well built, though the streets, like those of Florence, are somewhat narrow, and some of the public edifices are extremely fine. There are in Leghorn many fine churches, several splendid hospitals, and a Jewish synagogue, which I was told, is, all things taken together, the finest in Europe. To this must be added the fact that the suburbs of Leghorn are delightful; that Leghorn contains also some excellent mineral baths, and a remarkable aqueduct. As for the people, they are among the nicest in Italy, and that is saying a great deal At any rate, Leghorn made such a favourable impression on me that I left it with regret, and also very nearly lost the train to Florence, because I could not quit the charming city without going once more to the New Mole to have another look at the town, to feast my eyes once more on the fine panorama it presents, backed as it is by a line of high and picturesque mountains, and guarded as it were by the colossal light-house which rises from the shore, and which is itself one of the curiosities of the place.

The illustration at the head of this article represents the "Naval Academy," or rather, a portion of it, for a mere picture can hardly convey to the reader's mind an adequate idea of the size of the building, since behind the edifice depicted, there are other long and spacious wings which considerably add to the space that can be disposed of.

At this moment some changes in the present arrangements are in contemplation, and although they may in some slight respect modify the plan on which the education of the cadets is based, yet the following particulars, which indicate the broad lines of training, will not be materially affected.

The staff of the Academy has been provided on as large a scale as possible, and nothing has been grudged to make the establishment fully efficient. The Academy is commanded by a rear-admiral, who has under his orders a captain, who acts as director of studies, a commander, five lieutenants, one of whom discharges the duties of secretary to the captain, and four sub-lieutenants. In addition to this already large staff, whose duties are chiefly of a professional kind, there is also a large staff for the teaching of literary and scientific subjects. As in nearly all foreign Naval schools, the duties now discharged in England by civilians, in the shape of Naval instructors are, in the Italian Academy entrusted to Naval officers, who are rightly assumed to be better able to teach navigation, theoretically and practically, than men whose knowledge of the subject is purely theoretical. In consequence of this we find among the professorial staff of the Italian Academy no fewer than four commanders, who may occasionally be replaced by senior lieutenants. In addition to these, there is a staff of civilians who teach special subjects, such as French, English, history, geography, and also the Italian language and literature, for the Italians, like all other European nations but one, have not yet learnt to despise the study of their own vernacular and of the literature of their country. The principal members of the staff are accommodated with finely furnished quarters in the Academy itself, and those not so favoured have at least a room they can call their own and where they may retire whenever they have any leisure time, and where they may work without being disturbed by the conversation of those who have nothing particular to do, as is the case on board ship where the ward-room is not certainly the best of places for study or meditation. It is true that officers have a cabin of their own, but in the case of Naval schools afloat, as those vessels are usually wooden ships, no fires are allowed in these cabins, hence the necessity in winter time of resorting to the wardroom where things look certainly more cheerful.

Admittance to the Naval school is open to all Italian born subjects who are between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. The examination is an open competitive one. The physical examination the future cadets have to submit to is very severe, especially the eye sight test, which, in addition to the differentiation of colours, contains other features, such as the reading of words printed in type not quite an inch high at a distance of nearly forty feet. Besides this already severe test, each eye is examined singly, words of the same kind being read alternately with the right and left eyes at half the former distance.

So far as knowledge goes, the future *allievo di marina* must satisfy the examiners that he can write an essay in his own language, that he knows arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and French, fairly well. The examination is, like most foreign examinations, double; that is, it is partly a written and partly a *viva voce* examination, in all subjects.

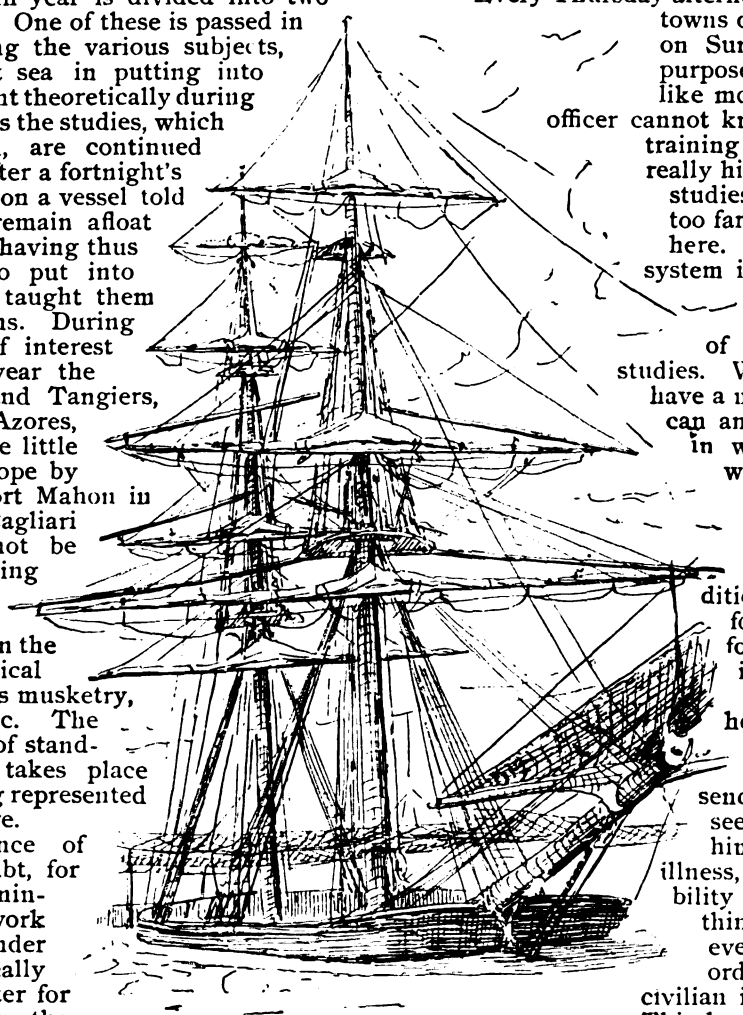
Previously to the entrance examination the candidates are arranged in two sets, namely those who have passed the *licenza liceale*, corresponding to some sort of University Matriculation, and those not possessed of it. The latter must

Digitized by Google

pass a further examination in Italian Literature, Logic, Ethics, Physical and Political Geography, General History. Natural History, and Physical Science. Those who have satisfied the Examiners, and who occupy the highest places on the list are then nominated, and enter the Academy.

Soon after, the young cadet joins and puts on the long coveted uniform, which is chiefly remarkable for its extreme simplicity. It is composed of a pair of dark blue trousers, a jersey of the same colour, and a cap not unlike those worn by yachtsmen, and on the ribbon of which are the words *R. Accademia Navale.*

The cost of keeping a young fellow in the Naval school is not very great, the parents being only mulcted in the sum of 800 lire per annum, and of another sum of 800 lire paid in two instalments, and which is considered as a sort of endowment to the Academy. When families are unable to pay the full fee, reductions are granted, and in the case of Military or Naval officers, other reductions are made, and those reductions are obtained in consideration of special services rendered to the State, or wounds received in action. A reduction of fifty per cent. is also granted to the first five cadets on the entrance list, provided they obtain at least four-fifths of the maximum of marks. The examination takes place only once in each year, and the cadets begin their studies on November 15th. The course of studies extends over three years, and a special, and in my opinion, most excellent feature of the Italian system is that each year is divided into two perfectly distinct periods. One of these is passed in the college whilst studying the various subjects, and the other is spent at sea in putting into practice what has been learnt theoretically during the previous months. Thus the studies, which begin on November 15th, are continued until the 15th of June. After a fortnight's leave the cadets go to sea on a vessel told off for the purpose, and remain afloat until the 1st of November, having thus four months in which to put into practice what theory has taught them during the previous months. During that cruise many places of interest are visited. Thus last year the cadets visited Gibraltar and Tangiers, thence they went to the Azores, where they stayed for some little time, and returned to Europe by way of Vigo, Palma and Port Mahon in the Balearic Islands, and Cagliari in Sardinia. It must not be inferred from this that nothing but theory is done during the months spent ashore, for such is not the case. On the contrary a great deal of practical work is done ashore, such as musketry, gunnery, sail drill, etc., etc. The latter, as well as the study of standing and running rigging takes place ashore on a sort of sham brig represented in the illustration given here.



Model of Brig for Sail Drill &c.

I think the excellence of this system is beyond doubt, for it allows studies to go on uninterruptedly, and practical work to be also carried out under conditions which make it really useful. It is indeed far better for cadets to study steadily in the college for several months and then to go to sea for another somewhat lengthy period than to be continually disturbing the studies by spending a few days of each week at sea, mostly in learning how to be sea-sick. Not so the Italian Cadets, who during a period of four months spent afloat have really a chance of getting over that much-dreaded disorder for which there is no cure but that of getting thoroughly used to the somewhat erratic motion that vessels are so apt to indulge in when the sea is a bit rough.

The scientific education of Italian Naval Cadets is somewhat high, and is, in a great degree, modelled on the French system of naval training. Among the subjects taught are such branches as the differential calculus, theoretical mechanics, chemistry and physical sciences. During the third year spent at the Academy the mathematical and other scientific subjects are partly dropped so as to give ample time for the study of more technical branches, among which are ship construction, steam, hydrography, ballistics, and fortification. Although the French language is compulsory, English, far from being banished from the course, becomes an obligatory subject during the second and third years spent in the Academy.

The Naval cadet cannot be advanced from one yearly course to another unless he has satisfied a special board of examiners that he has mastered all the subjects laid down in the programme. After three years of study the cadets obtain the rating of *guardiamarina*, and after having enjoyed two months' leave, they are sent to sea in some vessel or other specially appointed for the further instruction of the young officers. At the end of the ensuing October, the young *guardiamarina* is again subjected to an examination which, if passed successfully, raises him to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

There are three distinct technical courses at the Naval Academy, one for navigation and hydrography, and the other two for gunnery and submarine means of attack. Only those who can pass a successful examination in these specialities receive a certificate, and are employed in connection with those specialities in preference to others.

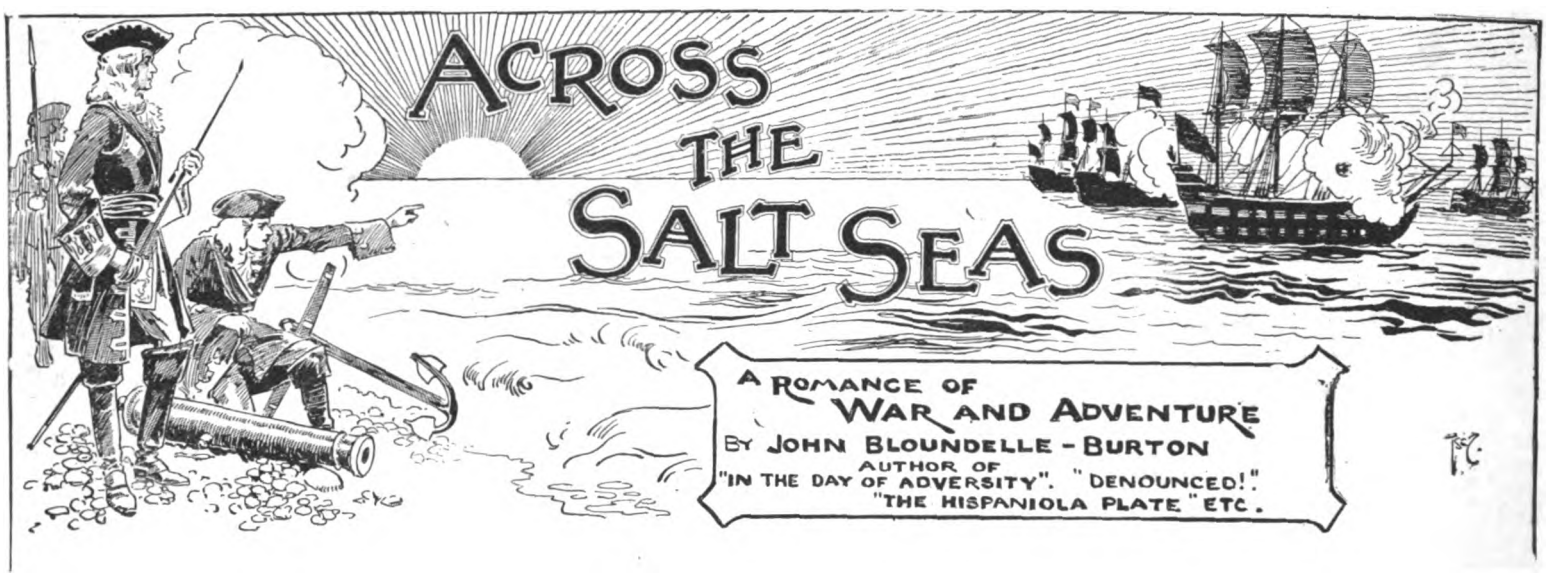
These special certificates can also be sought for after leaving the Academy, by sub-lieutenants of less than three years' standing. Lest it should be thought strange that all cadets should not succeed in obtaining one of those special certificates, we must add that the young *guardiamarina*, in order to secure one of those special certificates, must pass, not only in the practical portion, but also in the various theoretical subjects relating thereto.

Games, as in all foreign Naval schools, are conspicuous by their absence; on the other hand the amount of physical exercise the cadets receive is very great, and as it includes musketry, gunnery, sail drill, and gymnastics, it cannot be said that the physical studies do not receive due attention. Every Thursday afternoon the cadets are free to go into the towns of Leghorn for an hour and a half, and on Sunday the time granted for the same purpose extends to three hours. The Italians, like most other nations, believe that a Naval officer cannot know too much, hence their course of training is calculated to provide their fleet with really highly educated officers. Whether their studies, like those obtaining in France, go too far, is a point which cannot be discussed here. The future alone will decide which system is the best one. What is at any rate certain is that Italian cadets look very well, and very happy, in spite of their somewhat arduous course of studies. When they are free from studies they have a magnificent playground in which they can amuse themselves as they choose, and in which are some gymnastic apparatus which are much patronised.

The medical officers, into whose hands the hygiene of the Academy has been placed, neglect nothing to ensure the most perfect sanitary conditions, and the Academy is remarkable for its freedom from illness. The food is inspected by the doctors who, in a word, have supreme control over all matters appertaining to health. In cases of serious illness, which are few and far between, the parents can, if they choose send a doctor of their own choice to see their son, and they can remove him from the Academy during his illness, provided they then take all responsibility on their own shoulders. In short, thing has been left to chance, and everything is regulated. Thus the order of precedence of the various civilian instructors has been strictly defined. This has done away with the petty jealousies so frequently fostered where one man, through lack of such an arrangement, having no definite rank, generally assumes greater pretensions than than he otherwise would do. No such thing can take place in the Naval Academy at Leghorn, since every instructor or professor has his well-appointed rank, and is assimilated to this or that officer, and either takes precedence of him, or comes after him.

Such, in short, are the broad lines of a system which has given Italy a really excellent fleet, well manned and well officered, and which in an incredibly short time has enabled it to rise from a mere shadow to a very substantial reality, simply because the Italians have put their shoulder to the wheel, and that they have worked steadily and unremittingly, and also that they have looked well and carefully around, and have endeavoured to imitate, and to appropriate to their own use whatever has seemed to them likely to advance the efficiency of their Navy, and to promote the interest of their country. Like other well-intentioned people, they may possibly have erred in some particulars, and have overreached the mark, but at any rate, in so far as their Navy is concerned, their efforts have been crowned with success, for the Italian Navy is no longer, as in days of yore, a negligible quantity.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The narrative which has hitherto dealt with the transmission of a message from the Earl of Marlborough to Sir George Rooke by the hero, Mervyn Crespin, is now concerned with the siege of Vigo and the events which followed thereon. Several incidents, however, which take place at this time serve to recall to Crespin's mind a fellow passenger on board the trading vessel in which he proceeded from Rotterdam to Lagos, in the south of Portugal. Amongst other things this fellow passenger had, in a delirium brought on by drinking, mentioned more than once the name of a certain Grandmont (as Crespin supposed), but on the name of the celebrated French pirate "Gramont" coming now under discussion, his suspicions are aroused as to whether these names are not those of one and the same person. The passenger had also spoken of this Grandmont as having a son who would now be "about nineteen, and like to be a devil like his father," and this remark also recurs to his memory with some force, while observing the vivacity and strikingly handsome appearance of the young Spanish senor, Juan Belmonte.

CHAPTER X. *(continued).*

What kind of being I had expected to find behind that door I scarcely now can say—though I do remember well enough that, judging by the gentle, musical voice which had replied to my summons, I should not have been over-surprised to find myself confronted by some Spanish woman—yet the person who appeared before me raised my curiosity when we now stood face to face. For, certainly, I had expected someone vastly different from him on whom I gazed—expected perhaps a Spanish sailor; a woman, as I have mentioned; or some old Don who had managed to get left behind when all the rest had fled.

Instead, I saw a youth, somewhat tall—I remember that his eyes were almost on a level with mine, and I am tall myself—also extremely handsome, while, to add to that handsomeness, his dress was rich if not costly. But first for his appearance.

Those eyes were soft, dark ones, such as, I think, our poets call "liquid," and they looked out of an oval face, dark and olive in complexion, over which the black hair curled in mighty becoming waves, though it was not all visible since, on his head, he wore a beaver hat looped up at one side with a steel buckle and, in it, a deep crimson feather—a hat that added extremely to his boyish beauty. For that he was a boy of almost tender years was certain; upon his upper lip there was that soft down which is not a moustache, but tells only where, someday, a moustache will be; his colouring, too, a deep rich red beneath the olive skin, proclaimed youthfulness extreme. But what was even more agreeable than all was the bright, buoyant smile with which he looked at me—a smile which flashed from those dark, soft eyes and trembled on the full red lips, yet seemed strangely out of place here in this captured vessel and upon the face of a prisoner—for such, indeed, he was.

But now—even as we were saluting of each other, and while I observed the easy grace with which this youth took off his beaver hat, and noticed also the handsome satin coat he wore, the embroidered, open-worked linen collar, and the pretty lace at his sleeves; perceiving, too, that his breeches were scarlet and faced with white taffeta—I spoke to him, saying:

"Sir, I am afraid this is but a rough visit which I pay. Yet, since I find you aboard the galleon, you must know what brings me here; must know that it and all her consorts have fallen into our power—the power of England and Holland."

"In faith, I know it very well," the young man answered; "heavens! what a cannonading you kept up! Yet—though, perhaps, you may deem me heartless if I say so!—I cannot aver that I am desperate sick at the knowledge that you have drubbed France and Spain this morning. *Caramba!* I am not too much in love with either, though you find me a passenger here."

"Monsieur is not, then, either French or Spanish?" I hazarded, while he unstrapped his blade from its *porte épée* and flung it on the cabin-locker as though it wearied him. "Perhaps English, to wit, and of the West Indies? A passenger taking this ship as a means whereby to reach his native land?"

He looked at me with those soft dark eyes—I know not even now why they brought up the thought of velvet to my mind!—paused a moment—then said:

"Monsieur, I do protest you are a wizard, a conjurer, a geomancer. In truth you have hit it. I am English, though not by birth—but subject to England."

"I should scarce have thought, indeed," I ventured to say, "that monsieur was of English blood."

"No?" with a slight intonation. "And why not? I flatter myself that I have the English very well."

"You have it perfectly," I replied, making a little bow, "but scarce the English look. Now—a Spaniard—a Frenchman—I would have ventured to say judging by your appearance—to———."

Again that merry laugh rang out, and again the handsome youth told me I must be a wizard. "For," said he, "you have pricked me in the very spot. My mother was a Spaniard—my father a Frenchman. And I have lived so long in Jamaica that I speak English like an Englishman. You see?"

Then, almost before I could answer that I did see and understand, this handsome youth—who seemed as volatile as a butterfly!—began to sing softly to himself:

"And have you heard of a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels she had on."

While at the same time he picked up an instrument, which I learnt later was known as a *viol d' amore*, and began to produce sweet sounds from it.

Now, this lad won so much upon me, what with his appearance—and already I found myself wondering what the ladies must think of him!—and his light, merry nature, that, had other things been different, I could very well have passed the whole day with him in this main cabin, only there was duty to be done. By now I knew that the men would most like have reached the bullion chests and be ready to get them out, wherefore, the moment he ceased his song I said as courteously as may be:

"I have to leave you now, sir—there is work to be done in this ship by nightfall. Yet, since you say you are a British subject we must take some care of you. Will you come with me to see one of our Admirals, who will dispose of you as best may be? If you seek to reach England, doubtless he can put you in the way—give you a passage. Or what do you propose doing?"

For answer he shrugged his shoulders indifferently—then said:

"England is my destination—yet there is no pressing hurry. I am on my road to seek some friends there, but I mind not if I tarry a little. One of these friends—oh! a dear old creature, a Saint, I think—I have been bent on finding for some years now. And I shall find him. There—but no matter! A few more weeks in comparison with those years matter but little. I shall find him. Oh! yes, I have no fear."

I, too, shrugged my shoulders now—for this after all was no answer to my question; then I said:

"But how will you proceed? You can scarce stay here—this galleon will probably be sunk by the admiral directly she is unloaded—what will you do?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a look of indifference—muttering something in Spanish which I thought might be a proverb—then said: "Indeed, sir, I do not know. But this

Digitized by Google

admiral of yours, what will he do with me, where take me if I go with you? I thought to ship at one time from Cadiz to England; then, later, when I learnt we were coming in here, I thought to travel by land to some near port and there find a vessel for the same place. Now I know not what to do."

Neither did I know what to suggest that he should do, except that I told him it was very certain he must see the admiral, who, without any doubt, I thought, would find him an opportunity of reaching England—would probably take him with the fleet.

"And," I went on, "this should be of some service to you, in the way of money at least. 'Twill be a good thing for you to be put on English ground at no cost to yourself. Also, you may have goods or specie in this ship which can be saved for you. And then, too, you will be near those friends you speak of—that one especially who is a Saint—who will, doubtless, help and assist you."

Again I saw the bright luminous smile come upon his features, as he answered:

"Ay! he would assist me, no doubt. Oh! yes. *Mon Dieu!* Yes! Beyond all doubt. And he will be so glad to see me. We have not met for some time. But, sir, I thank you very much for your concern about me. Only, as far as money goes, I am not needy. I have bills about me now, drawn on the old bank of Castile and also on some goldsmiths of London, as well as some good gold pieces in my pocket. While as for the goods or specie you speak of—why, never fear! Neither this galleon nor any other has a pistole's worth of aught that belongs to me on board—the risk was too great with the seas swarming with English ships of war. No, sir; beyond the box which contains my necessaries, I stand to lose nothing."

"I rejoice to hear it," I said, "though, doubtless, since you are a British subject, all that belonged to you would have been sacred. Yet, even as 'tis, 'tis better so"

Then, seeing the bo'sun at the cabin door, pulling his long matted hair by form of salute—and, doubtless, wondering what kept me so long away from him and his men—I said: "Now I must leave you for a time; yet it will not be for long. I trust you have all you require to sustain you until we reach the ship I am attached to."

But even as I spoke, and without listening much to his answer, which was to the effect that a good meal had been eaten that morning before the battle began, and that, if necessary, he knew very well where to lay his hands on some food, a thought struck me which I wondered had not occurred to me before and during my interview with him. Therefore, turning to him, I said:

"But how comes it that I find you here alone—or all alone but for the reverend monk whom I saw above? How is it that you and he did not desert the ship as the others must have done?"

"Oh! as for that," he replied, still with that sweet smile of his, and still with that bright, careless air which he had worn all through and which caused him to appear superior to any of the melancholy, as well as uncomfortable, circumstances by which he was surrounded—"as for that, the explanation is simple enough." Then, speaking rapidly now, he went on:

"We saw your great ships break the boom; ha! *por Dios* 'twas grand, splendid. We saw your ships range themselves alongside the Frenchmen, saw them crash into them their balls, set them afire, destroy them. *Esplendido! Esplendido! Esplendido!*" he exclaimed, bursting into the Spanish in his excitement. "Poof! away went the 'Bourbon,' toppling over on her side, up went the fireship—we heard your shouts and cries, heard the great English seamen singing their songs. I allow 'twas glorious. *Magnifico!* Only—these creatures here—these *canailles*—these *desperdicios*—these—*Dios!* I know not the word in English—thought not so. 'Great God!' screamed Don Trebuzia de Vera, our captain, a miserable pig, a coward, 'Great God, they win again, these English dogs; curse them! they never lose; we are lost! lost! lost! And see,' he bellowed, 'the French admiral lands, he flees, deserts his ship, ha! sets it afire. Flee we, too, therefore. Flee! Away! To the boats, to the shore, to the mountains! Away! They come nearer. Away all, or there will not be a whole throat amongst us.'"

"We knowed that was what would happen," chuckled the bo'sun; who still stood at the door, his fierce face lit up with a huge grin of approval. "Go on, young sir. Tell us the tale." And, scarce heeding him, the youth, who had recovered his breath, went on:

"They obeyed him. They fled, into the water, up the rocks, off inland they went. They never cast a thought to us, to Padre Jaime and myself, the only two passengers in the ship. Not they—they cared no jot whether we were blown up, or shot, or sunk, no more than they thought of their ingots in the hold. Their wretched lives were all in all to them now."

"Therefore, they fled and left you here?"

"They fled and left us here—setting fire first to the ship and caring nothing if we were burnt in it or not. Though that could never have happened, I think, since 'twould have been easy enough for us to plunge into the water and get ashore. Also, the reverend father above bade me take heart—though I needed no such counsel, having never lost mine—averred that your side had won, that the next thing would be the arrival of your boats to secure the plunder—which has fallen out as he said—and that then both he and I would be safe; which has also come to pass," he concluded.

"The reverend father appears to well versed in the arts of war, captures and so forth," I remarked, as now we made our way together to the waist of the ship, followed by the bo'sun, "A strange knowledge for one of his trade!"

"*Por Dios!*" the young fellow exclaimed, "'tis not so strange neither, as you will say if ever you get him to speak about the dreadful places in which he has pursued his ministrations. Why, sir, he has assisted at the death of many a dying seaman of the kind we have in our parts, held cups of water to their burning lips, wiped the sweat of death from off their brows. Oh!" he said, stopping by one of the great galleon's quarterdeck ports, in which the cowards who fled from the heavily-armed ship had left a huge loaded brass cannon run out, which they had not had the spirit to fire; stopping there and laying a long slim hand upon my arm—while I noticed that the nails were most beautifully shaped—"Oh! he has been in some strange places—seen strange things. The siege and plunder of Maracaibo, to wit, and many other towns. Seen blood run like water."

"We saw your great ships break the boom.

"The siege and plunder of Maracaibo!" I found myself repeating, as we drew near the fore hatches which were now open. "The siege and plunder of Maracaibo!" Where had I heard such words as those before, or words like them. Where? Where? On whose lips had I last heard the name of Maracaibo?

And, suddenly, I remembered that that wicked old ribald who had been fellow passenger with me in "La Mouche Noire" had mentioned the place to the filthy black who was his servant or—his friend.

And—for what reason I know not—for there was no sequence whatsoever in such thoughts and recollections—I recalled his drunken and frenzied shouts to some man whom he called Grandmont—his questions about some youth nineteen years old, who was like to be, by now, grown up to be a devil like that dead Grandmont, to whom he imagined he was speaking.

Digitized by Google

Which was, if you come to think of it, a strange sort of recollection, or memory, to be evolved simply through my hearing again the name of that tropic town of Maracaibo mentioned by this handsome young man.

Chapter XI.

FATHER JAIME.

Under the direction of the second bo'sun, the men who had all come into the ship with me had now gotten the battens off and had lifted the hatch hoods—for although it had taken some time to write down my meeting and interview with this young gentleman, it had not, in very fact, occupied more than twenty minutes—and I found them already beginning to bring up some large chests and boxes with strange marks upon them.

Also, I found standing close by the opening the monk whom the young man had called Father Jaime, he being engaged in peering down into the hold with what seemed to me a great air of interest—which was not perhaps very strange, seeing that the treasure below was now destined for a far different purpose from that for which it was originally intended.

He turned away, however, from this occupation, on seeing us approach, and said quietly, in the rich full voice which I had previously noticed, to the young man by my side:

"So, Señor Juan, you have found a friend, I see. You are fortunate. This way you may light on your road to England."

"And you, sir,—what is your destination, may I ask?" I said, for I knew I should soon have to decide what to do with him. The grey-haired officer had given me, among other hurried instructions, one to the effect that anything which was brought up from below was to be instantly sent off to Sir George Rooke's flagship, and 'twas very easy to see that there was none too much specie in this ship, while I knew not what was to be done with the merchandise. Therefore the time was now near at hand for me to return and report myself, taking with me all my findings, while also I should have to take with me these two whom I had discovered left behind on board.

Father Jaime bowed graciously on my asking this question—indeed, he was a far more courteous and well-bred man than I—perhaps in my ignorance!—had ever supposed would have been found amongst his class—and replied, "I, sir, have to present myself at Lugo, where there is a monastery to which I am accredited." Then, with an agreeable smile, he continued:

"I trust I shall not be detained. Already I am two years behind my time—as is our young friend here, Señor Juan Belmonte, and———"

"Two years!" I exclaimed.

"In truth, 'tis so," my young gentleman, whose name I now learned, replied. "Two years. These galleons should have sailed from Hispaniola that length of time ago, only so many things have happened. First there was the getting them properly laden, then the fear of filibusters and buccaneers———."

"That fear exists no longer, my son," the monk interrupted. "They are disbanded, broken-up, gone, dispersed. There will be no more buccaneering now, the saints be praised."

He said "the saints be praised," yet, had he not worn the holy garb he did, I should have almost thought that he said it with regret. Indeed, were it not for his shaven crown and face he would not have ill-befitted the general idea I had formed of those gentry, the buccaneers, what with his stalwart form, bold, fierce eyes and sun-browned visage.

"Ay," the saints be praised!" the young señor repeated after him. "The saints be praised. They were the curse of the Indies—I am old enough to remember that. Yet, now, all are gone, as you say, dispersed—broken-up. Pointis has done that, and death and disease. Still, where are they—those that are alive, I wonder?"

"There are few alive now," the monk replied, "and those of no worth. Recall, my son, recall what we know has happened in the Indies. Kidd is taken, Grogniet dead, Le Picard executed, Townley—a great man that!—I—I—mean a great villain—fell with forty wounds in his body;—at Guayaquil nine brave—nine vagabonds—left dead, and more, many more."

"And the villain Gramont"—and now I started; was this whom he called Gramont the man that old vagabond, Carstairs, had spoken of, as I supposed, as *Grandmont?*—"forget not the greatest of them all, holy father. What of him?"

"He died at sea. Drowned," Father Jaime replied. Then added, "He was the boldest of them all."

"'Twas never known for certain that he was so drowned," Belmonte said.

"'Twas known for certain—is certain. I have spoken with those who saw his ship's boats floating near where he must have been cast away and lost. Fool that he was! Madman! Louis the King gave him his commission, made him Lieutenant du Roi. Then, because the devil's fever was hot in his blood, he must make one more of his accursed cruises, go filibustering thus, besieging towns, plundering and destroying once more. The fool! to do it 'neath the King's Lilies—to ruin himself for ever—when he was rich—rich, ah! Heavens! how rich he was! 'Twas well for him that he was drowned—disappeared for ever. Otherwise the wheel would have been his portion. "And," he added after a pause, "righteously so! righteously so!"

Stopping as he said those words, he saw that we were regarding him with interest—for, indeed, had this drowned buccaneer been a friend of his he could scarcely have spoken with more fervency;—then continued impressively.

"My sons, I knew that man, that Gramont. And I—I pitied him. Knowing his fate, much of his life, I pity him still."

Then he turned away and began telling of his beads as he strode up and down the deck.

And I, remembering all I had overheard the man, Carstairs, say, determined that if the chance ever arose I would ask the reverend father if he had known Carstairs, too. For I had sufficient curiosity in my composition to desire to learn something about that hoary-headed old vagabond, though 'twas not at all likely that I should ever set eyes on him again.

That chance was not now, however, since at this moment there came alongside the whole flotilla of boats which had been despatched severally to the various galleons, they being at this time all collected together ere going back to the Admiral, and needing only us to make them complete. Wherefore, giving orders to have all the chests and boxes which we had discovered placed in our own boats, we stepped over the side, I motioning to the father and the señor to take their places by me.

"Your necessaries," I said, "can be fetched away later, when 'tis decided how your respective journeys are to be brought to an end."

And now, ere I get on with what I have to tell, it is fitting that—to make an end of this siege of Vigo—which, indeed, reinstated, later, in the opinion of the Parliament and their countrymen, all those who had failed at Cadiz—I set down what was the advantage to England of this taking of the galleons, though, in truth, that advantage was far more in the crushing blow it administered to the French Sea-Service than in aught else. For it broke that Service's power more than anything had done since the time of La Hogue, ten years ago; and it crippled France so upon the waters, that, though she still continued to fight us boldly whenever we met, she was able to do but very little good in that way.

Of the fifteen great ships of war which the French admiral, Châteaurenauld, commanded, five were burnt up—some being set alight by the French themselves as they fled, the others by us; four others were run ashore and bulged; five more, not so badly injured, were taken home by our fleet, and afterwards did us good service against their old masters, these being: "La Prompte," "L'Assure," "Le Firme," "Le Modére," and "Le Triton;" while the remaining one, "Le Bourbon," was captured, as I have said, by Vandergoes, and fell to the share of the Dutch. Then, of the three frigates, we burnt two, and also a fireship, other than the merchantman laden with snuff. Also we burnt and destroyed three Spanish men-of-war.

As to the galleons, eight of them were sunk by their owners, the others were divided between our Dutch friends and ourselves. And this is what we got for our share. A few ingots of gold, several bars of silver and some jewels—the principal thing of worth amongst these being a great crown of gold set with rubies; a gold crucifix enriched by many stones; seven hundred pounds weight of silver bars; many cases of silver ore; and some enormous cases of plate. Also there was much cochineal, tobacco, logwood, cocoa, snuff, and sugar, some of which was saved and some was sunk to the bottom. And the gold and silver was afterwards taken to our English mint and coined into five-pound pieces, crowns, half-crowns, and shillings, each piece having "Vigo" stamped beneath the Queen's head, thereby to distinguish it. Later on, and somewhat later, too! when I drew my share of the prize-money to which I became entitled as having taken part in that great fight, I observed that my pieces had that word upon them.

But, alas! there should have been much more, only the galleons had lain twenty-five days within that harbour ere we got to them, and during that time they had landed much which had been sent on to Lugo; and, had it not been for that foolish Spanish practice which would not allow anything to be done hastily, they would have gotten all of their goods and precious things ashore.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. RUSSELL & SON, Southsea.

HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NATHANIEL STEVENSON,

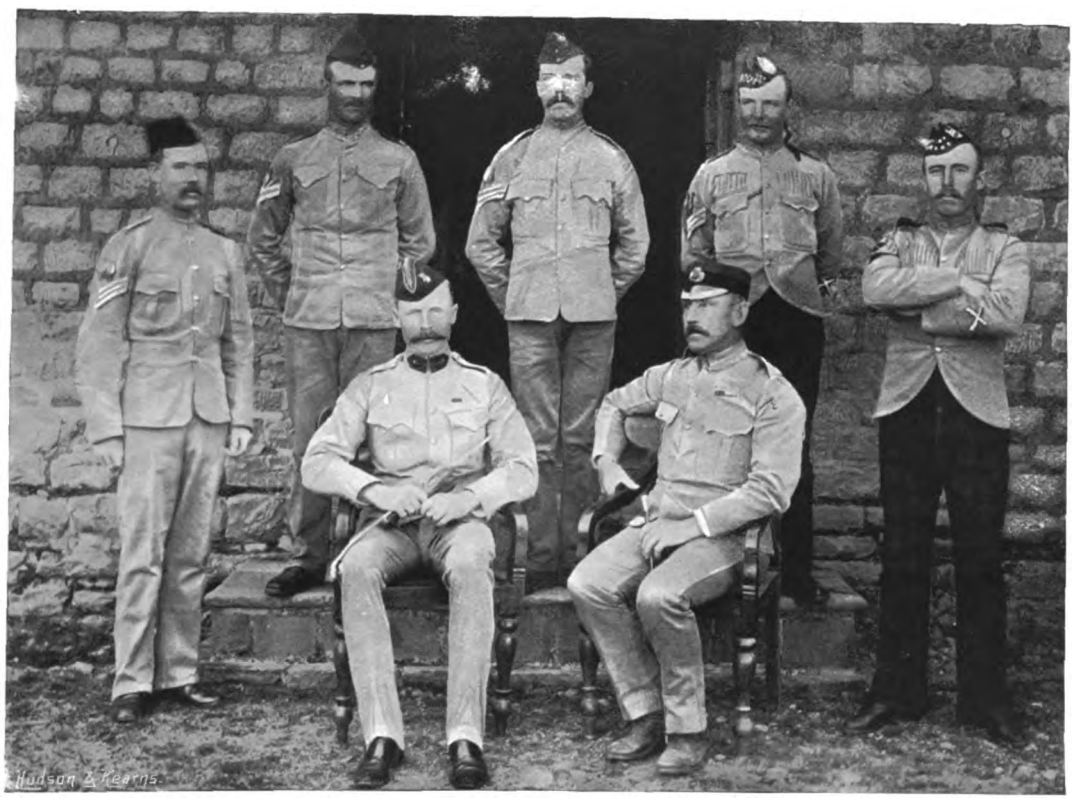
Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey and Alderney.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEVENSON purchased an ensigncy in the 1st Royals (now Royal Scots) in April, 1858, and served in India with the 1st Battalion until December, 1861, when he returned home to join the 2nd Battalion. Promoted Lieut. in November, 1862, he exchanged to the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers in January, 1863, and obtained his company in February, 1866; was promoted Major in February, 1870; and Lieut.-Col. in June, 1871. Made Brevet-Colonel in June, 1876, he went on half-pay in June, 1880, after twenty-two years' constant service "with the Colours." From 1st July, 1880, to 30th April, 1889, he held appointments in Ireland. Subsequently, he was Major-General, Northern and North-Eastern Districts, 1889 to 1891; and in March, 1894, was appointed Lieut.-Governor and G.O.C., Guernsey and Alderney. Still in the prime of life, active and vigorous, a thorough sportsman and keen soldier, General STEVENSON is the beau ideal of a G.O.C., for which responsible position his twenty-two years' regimental service and fourteen years' experience on the staff so eminently fit him.

Digitized by Google

AN ARMY SIGNALLING SCHOOL IN INDIA.

Transmitting a long-distance Message by Heliograph, Kasauli Signalling Station.



Major T. E. O'Leary and the Staff of the Kasauli Signalling School.

THE Central School of Army Signalling for the Indian Army at Kasauli takes the place in India that the School of Signalling at Aldershot does for the Army at home. Two courses are held in the year for officers and non-commissioned officers, and certificates are given after the conclusion of each course. The subjects in which instruction is given comprise particularly: heliograph signalling, the flashing of messages by means of mirrors from widely separated transmitting stations; lamp signalling and message reading (which is done on similar principles at night); and flag signalling—and the proficiency acquired by those who go through the Kasauli course cannot be surpassed, even at Aldershot.

Our first photograph of a heliograph signalling class at a transmitting station shows Sergeant-Major W. BEARD, of the Kasauli School, with a class of signallers under instruction, engaged in receiving a message by means of the 12-inch heliograph—the largest instrument of its kind in existence—from Umballa, distant from Kasauli about forty miles, and transmitting the same message directly on to Jutogh, near Simla, a further distance of twenty miles, with the 5-inch heliograph. One man is seen reading the in-coming message off with a telescope, while the other is noting the acknowledgment of each word as it is being sent on.

Our second photograph from Kasauli shows Major T. E. O'LEARY, the commandant of the Signalling School, and Sergeant-Major BEARD, his right hand man, together with the signalling instructional staff of the School — non-commissioned officers selected from various regiments serving in India for special aptitude and proficiency as instructors in signalling.

Our third photograph shows a class of officers and non-commissioned officers at Kasauli School engaged in large flag drill. The flag that the class are using, owing to its size and distinctive marking, can be read at a great distance with a good glass, but it is seldom called into requisition in India owing to the fact that for the greater part of the year the amount of brilliant sunshine enables the heliograph to be employed in its place. For not more than 12-mile distances the small signalling flag is used, this being the range at which the Service telescope can read such messages.

LARGE FLAG SIGNALLING:—A CLASS AT EXERCISE AT KASAULI.

Digitized by Google

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE REGIMENTAL SHOEMAKERS' SHOP.

WHEN asked on one occasion what were the three most important factors in a campaign, the Duke of Wellington replied, "The first is *boots*, the second *boots*, and the third *boots*." We have changed our tactics, our arms, and our drill since the days of Waterloo. The conditions of war are materially altered, but it is still the opinion of the military "powers that be" that a well-shod soldier is the first essential to victory. On this account, the "snob's shop," as it is named by the rank and file, is a somewhat important department in every infantry regiment. Within its precincts the "mender of old soles" is given an opportunity of continuing his trade after enlistment. This picture represents the normal state of the shoemakers' shop, where boots of all sorts and sizes—from the heavy ammunition of the private to the neatly-fitting mess-Wellington of the Colonel—are laid out on the floor with more or less attempt at military precision. In the centre of the group a man is fitting on a pair of boots under the superintendence of his colour-sergeant, who is, no doubt, recommending him to try a larger size and sacrifice appearance to comfort. One of the mess-servants—than whom there are no greater gossips—stands on the left, treating the shoemaker to his views on cobbling, while the latter gives him some practical instruction. Judging from the faces of the two "snobs" on the right, we may infer that they find their trade by no means irksome.

Digitized by Google

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS IN ARMS.

A Trooper of King's Co. Canadian Hussars

Infantry Group from the Fredericton School.

Photos. COGSWELL & CO. *Halifax, N.S.*

Colonel IRVIN, D.A.G., and Staff.

THE past year has been one of immense importance to Canada from a military point of view, for it has seen a determined effort made to improve the fighting efficiency of the colonial defence forces. Canada has always possessed a militia force of exceptional value as raw material, as Lord WOLSELEY, who should know Canada better than perhaps any other British officer, has testified. "In case of invasion, threatening the integrity of the Empire," said Lord WOLSELEY not long ago, "Canada could put into the field a splendid army, and these troops would, I am convinced, fight to the last in the defence of their country." What, however, has hitherto been lacking has been training and equipment. "People who have gone to settle in Canada, or who are farmers by birth there," to quote Lord WOLSELEY again, as to the former of these two deficiencies, "cannot be expected to leave their homes and postpone the development of their property during the period necessary for military training with an Army corps. And the mechanic or labourer can generally earn such good wages that he is not likely to sacrifice them for the purpose of serving with the colours. There is no surplus population that can be relied upon to feed the ranks." Special exertions have, however, recently been made to push forward the training of the Canadian military forces, with promising results. At the same time, no pains have been spared to remedy defects of equipment, and Canadian officers have spent much time of late in England arranging with the War Office for the complete fitting out of the forces of the Dominion and their organization on a more satisfactory basis, one outcome of which is the replacing of the old Snider, with which the Canadian forces have hitherto been armed, by the modern Lee-Metford magazine rifle as carried in the British Army. This re-armament is in progress and will be completed at an early date.

The forces of the Dominion of Canada consist of a Permanent Corps whose total establishment is fixed at 1,000 men, distributed into two troops of cavalry, three batteries of artillery (garrison and field), and four companies of infantry, and a Militia, which itself comprises two distinct bodies, Active and Reserve Militia. The Permanent Corps are paid soldiers, enlisted for three years and officered from the Military College at Kingston. They would be used as the backbone of any force it might be necessary to mobilize. The Corps also forms schools of instruction in the different provinces for the education of Militia officers. The Active Militia are volunteers on a three years' engagement, upwards of 30,000 come up annually for from eight to sixteen days' drill, being paid while called out. They comprise 45 troops of cavalry, 18 field and 42 garrison batteries, with mountain guns, 95 battalions of infantry (comprising 639 companies of between 40 and 50 men each company), with independent and mounted rifle companies. Every male Canadian between 18 and 60 is liable to service in the Militia, and the Militia Reserve consists of all not serving with the Active Militia. It includes some 200,000 men, who have served in the Active Militia. The whole, under the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, are commanded by a Colonel of the British Army as Major-General (a five years' term of command) with a permanent headquarters staff. Our illustrations will give an idea of the smartness and soldierly-bearing of officers and men, both cavalry and infantry, when under arms for their annual training

Digitized by Google

ALDERSHOT CAMP, NOVA SCOTIA.

Photo. COGSWELL & CO., Halifax, N.S.

SCENE IN A HOSPITAL TENT.

THE above illustration depicts in a vivid manner a scene in a hospital tent at Aldershot Camp, Nova Scotia, during some field operations of the Canadian Active Militia, at the time of their annual training. The injured man is stretched out on the hospital accident ambulance, and his foot, which has been injured in some way, is being carefully attended to by the surgeon, while his assistants stand by holding the bandages ready for him to use. Another surgeon, apparently the principal medical officer, is describing the treatment to a group of officers who are standing by and evidently taking great interest in the proceedings. To the right are the medicine chests, with the well-known emblem, the Red Cross, affixed to them, denoting their inviolability from attack by any civilised enemy. The whole of the inside of the tent presents a smart, orderly appearance, the medicine chests stand open ready to hand, and the fact that the medical department of the Canadian Active Militia is well equipped and organised will be appreciated by a glance at this picture.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Photo. PIERRE PETIT. Paris.

GENERAL BILLOT.

THE French Minister of War is an officer both of distinguished service in the field and of large administrative experience. His early career was at once brilliant and rapid. He saw a great deal of active service both in Algeria and Mexico, and became a Colonel in 1870. At the outbreak of the war with Germany he was rapidly promoted by the Government of National Defence to be a General of Division (auxiliary). At the head of the 18th Corps he gained a signal advantage near Beaune-la-Rolande, and had a part in the success at Villersexel. Elected to the National Assembly for his native department of the Corrèze, he stoutly opposed the monarchical movement, and took a very active part in the military reorganization after the war, especially in the constitution of the general staff in 1878. He was confirmed as a General of Division, and commanded the 15th Corps at Marseilles.

When M. DE FREYCINET became Premier in January, 1882, he accepted the war portfolio, and remained in office under the Duclerc Cabinet until the next year, when he retired, rather than consent to remove the Orleans Princes from their rank in the Army. He was next called to the command of the 1st Corps at Lille, and was afterwards made a member of the Superior Council of War. Since his resumption of the military portfolio he has been very active in the many administrative and other reforms that are now agitating the French Army. The General is a vigorous speaker, and is accepted as an excellent representative of the Army. His department is now occupied with the question of reorganizing the chief command, the re-armament of the field artillery, the much-debated proposal to reduce the period of service with the colours in imitation of Germany, and the long-deferred measure for the foundation of a Colonial Army.

The scene of military life which we depict is in the quarters of the 57th Infantry Regiment at Bordeaux. A number of men, under the charge of two medical officers, are engaged in ambulance duties. This is a matter in which the French Army is highly distinguished for the scientific skill and administrative care that are brought to the work. The man who is simulating a wound is being attended to by an officer, whom we should describe as a surgeon-lieutenant, while a superior officer is looking on.

INFANTRY:—57th DE LIGNE.

Digitized by Google

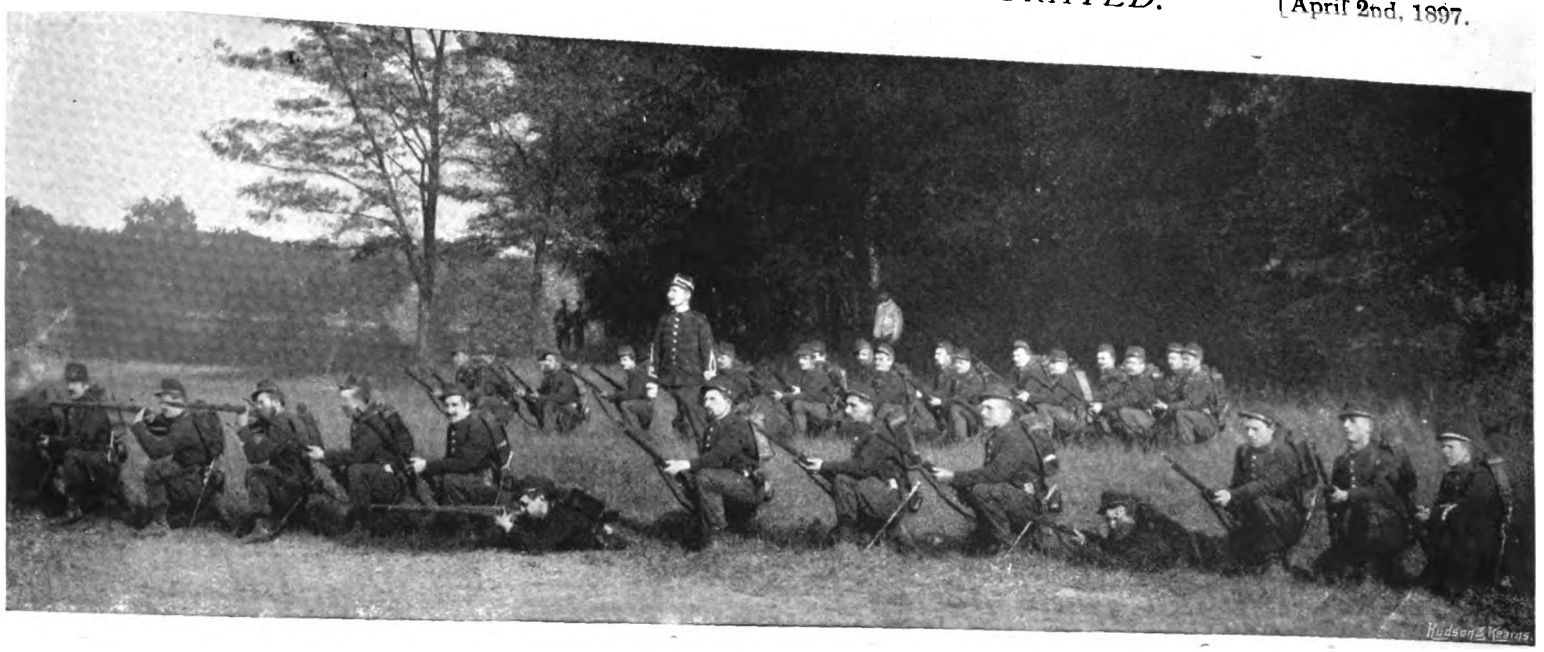
INFANTRY:—The 1st Zouaves.

INFANTRY:—The 5th Chasseurs d'Afrique.

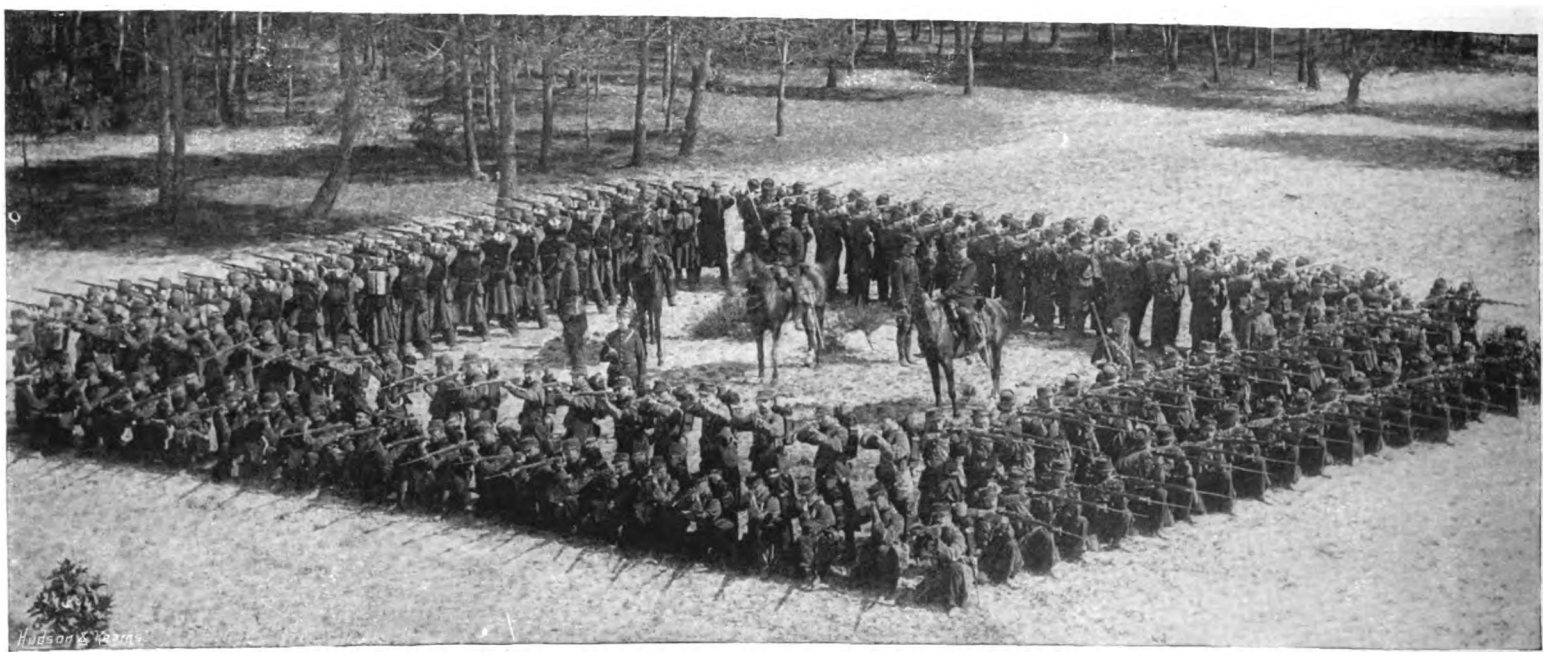
AN ALGERIAN SPAHI.

THE most picturesque figures to be found in the French Army belong to the African troops. There is something very singular about the uniform of the non-commissioned officers and men of the 5th Chasseurs d'Afrique, light horsemen here depicted in their quarters at Mustapha, in Algiers. The Zouaves are excellent troops: sturdy, active fellows, who have fought with heroic *élan* and bravery in all the later wars of France. The short jacket, hanging cap, and wide trousers of the 1st Regiment, at Medeah, are the characteristic uniform of the force. It was this regiment that formed the head of a column in the attack on the Malakoff (September, 1855), losing eight officers killed and eighteen wounded, with 486 men *hors de combat*. The third picture shows a man of the Spahis at Blidah. He belongs to the remount service of the forces, that which has charge of the horse depôts and horse-training, and his white burnouse, turban, sword, and carbine make an imposing picture. The white horse he rides is the customary mount of his force. The animals are hardy, and well adapted for service in the climate.

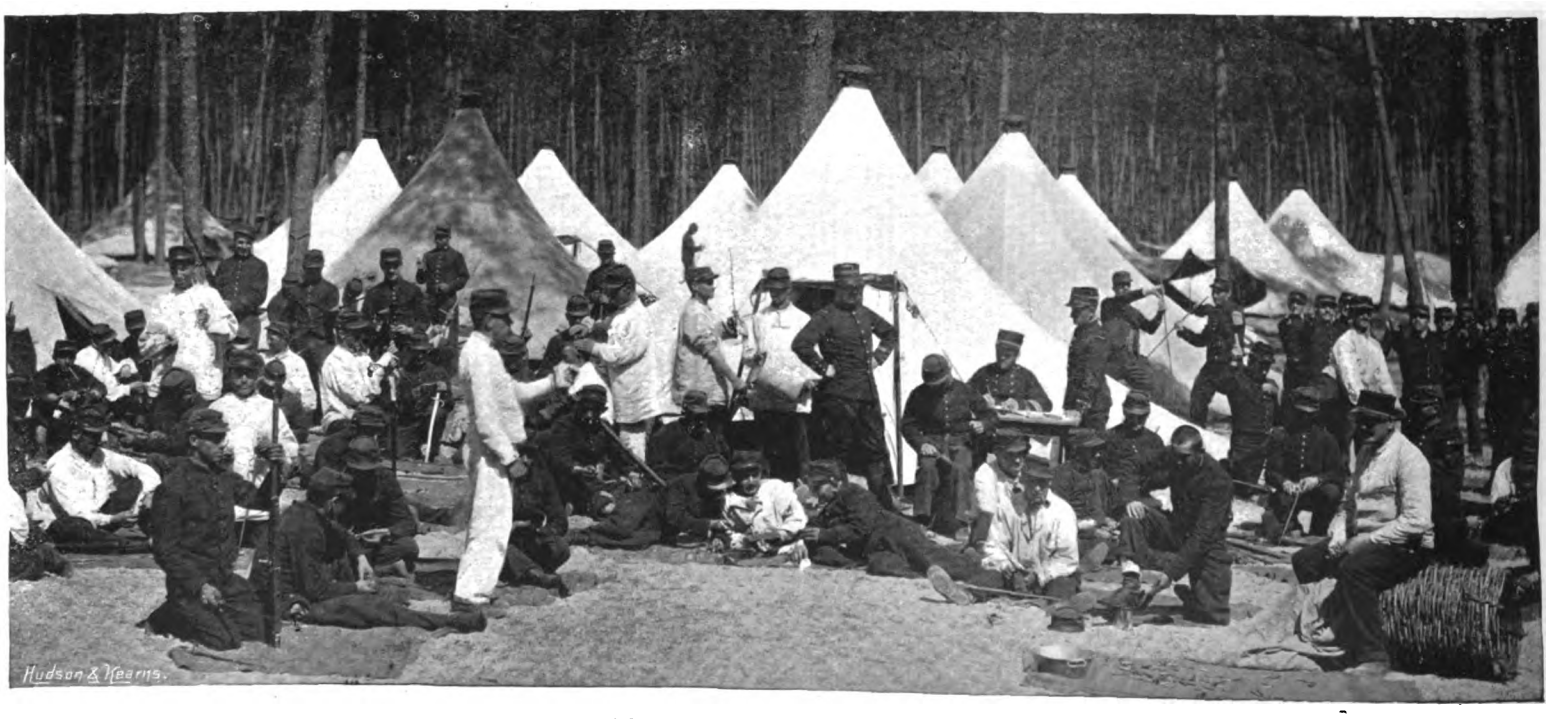
Digitized by Google



CHASSEURS A PIED SKIRMISHING.



INFANTRY IN SQUARE.



AN ENCAMPMENT.

HERE we have three very interesting scenes from the manœuvres, showing the French infantry engaged in the work of their practical field training. The men skirmishing in front of the wood belong to the separate branch of the Chasseurs à Pied, who differ from the other foot regiments only in the matter of uniform. The men forming the square in the second picture are ready to receive cavalry, with fixed bayonets. They carry, like all the regular regiments, the Lebel rifle, and belong to the 57th regiment, like the individuals in the first picture. In the third scene, the day's work is almost over, and the men have reached their bivouac, where the work of pitching the tents is being completed. Most of them are engaged in the work of cleaning and polishing their arms and accoutrements, under the supervision of an officer, and cooking operations are about to begin. The character of the tent equipment of the French Army is well shown.

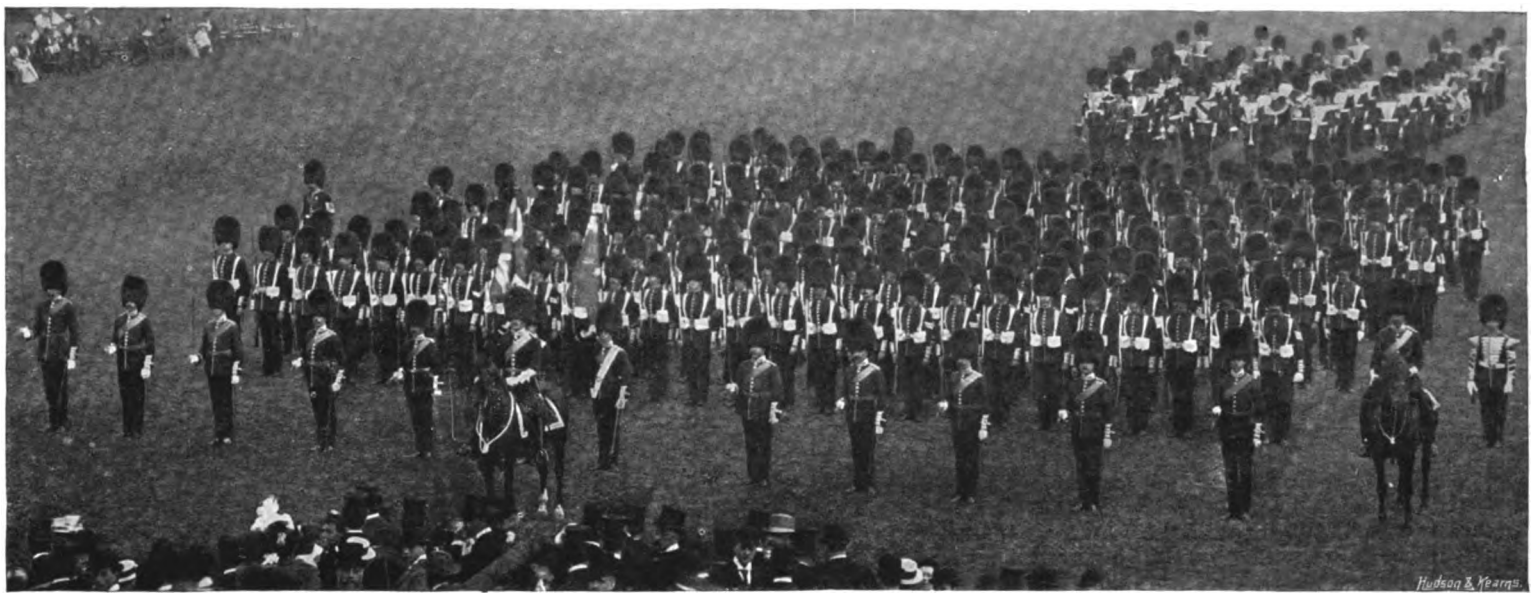
Digitized by Google

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9th, 1897.

"OUR CITIZEN ARMY."

By CALLUM BEG.



BATTALION AND BAND, HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

FIELD BATTERY, HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

WHEN we consider the privileges enjoyed by members of the Volunteer force, and the advantages held out to intending recruits, it is surprising that even larger numbers of the rising generation are not induced to enrol themselves under the banner of the Grand Citizen Army of which we, as a nation, are justly so proud. Whatever be his trade or profession, a young man has everything to gain by devoting a night or two each week to drill, gymnastics, and the like. The social benefits, too, are deserving of consideration, for nowadays almost every regiment is, to all intents and purposes, a desirable social club. At headquarters it is no uncommon thing to find a canteen, gymnasium, and a library; and comradeship, which may well be termed the backbone of discipline, is thus fostered among men who sooner or later may be called upon to take the field together. An additional incentive is provided in the prizes of every kind offered as rewards for excellence in

Digitized by Google

Colonel NOBLE EDWARDS, V.D.

SERGT.-TRUMPETER—1st Sussex Vol. Artillery.

musketry, but the greatest boon of all is, no doubt, that of enjoying a few days in camp at Easter or Whitsuntide. On such occasions the hard work of the office or shop is totally forgotten. Whether it be in the country, sweet with the song of birds, or by the seaside, where the musical moan of the waves falls on his ears, a welcome sound, the Volunteer is enabled to acquire some knowledge of practical soldiering, while recouping his energies, often so severely taxed in a business or professional career. The history of the Volunteer movement is too well known to require recapitulation in these pages. The official apathy, the opposition of the general public, the gibes and taunts of the "uninitiated rabble" bestowed on it at its very birth, have, after many years, been the means of bringing the force to such a state of efficiency as was never anticipated by the scoffer during its infancy. It is, of course, impossible, for many reasons, to mention in this issue every corps that claims a forward place in the Reserve forces, but it is intended to illustrate and describe in Special Numbers all the leading regiments of Yeomanry and Volunteers.

The Honourable Artillery Company claims to be the oldest regiment in the world. It is directly descended from the fraternity of St. George, which, in 1537, obtained a Royal Charter from King Henry VIII., permitting it to "use and shoot with the long bows, cross bows, and hand guns, both in the realms of England, Ireland, Calais, and Wales." The constitution of the corps is somewhat peculiar, for in reality it neither belongs to the Militia nor Volunteers, and is given seniority over the troops of both the latter forces. It was formerly under the Crown, but has now been made subject to the War Office. It is still, however, governed by a Special Royal Warrant, issued by the Queen, and consists of a battery of horse artillery, a battery of field artillery, and a battalion of infantry six companies strong. Reference to our first picture on page 245 shows that the dress of the battalion is very similar to that of the Foot Guards. It is there depicted in quarter-column, the officers and colours having taken post in front of No. 1 Company, to receive the inspecting officer. The colours are carried by two subaltern officers, the Queen's on the right, and the regimental on the left. The band is posted in rear of the battalion. The annual trooping of the colours is always attended by a crowd of admirers of both sexes, a limited number of whom are accommodated with seats to view the display. The subject of the second picture on the same page is the field battery, consisting of four guns, drawn up for inspection, the three officers being in front of the battery. Each limber to which the gun is attached is drawn by six horses. Nine men and a non-commissioned officer form a gun team. The non-commissioned officers and three drivers are mounted, three ride on the limber, and the remaining two on the axle-tree seats. The gun used is the 9-pounder R.M.L. The Honourable Artillery Company was present when Queen Elizabeth reviewed the troops at Tilbury, and to it belongs the honour of having trained the gunners who fought in our ships against the Spanish Armada. The corps possesses magnificent headquarters at Finsbury, including a parade-ground, extending to about eight acres. The strength of the "Company," which is commanded by the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, is 600.

Photos. W. AVENELL & CO. Brighton.

40-pr. GUN, ARMOURED TRAIN.

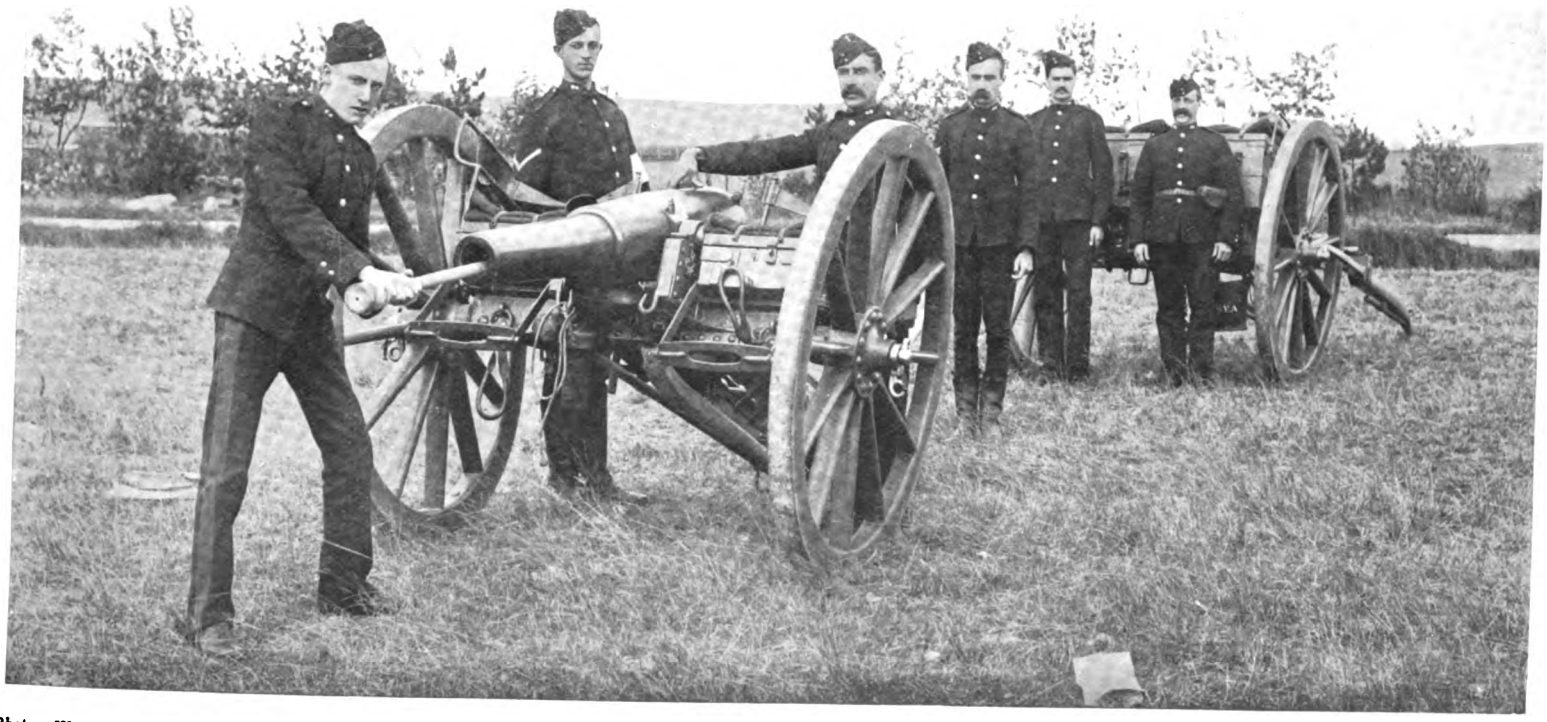
The 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery enjoys the distinction of being the only Volunteer corps possessing an armoured train. Some have, doubtless, never heard of such an invention; others have not yet been able to see such a novel war-machine. A few words of explanation will not on that account be considered out of season. The armoured train was organised in 1893 with a view to participating in the defence of the Sussex coast. During its construction much valuable assistance was given by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, whose rolling stock the 1st Sussex would, in all likelihood, be entrusted to protect in case of an attempt to cut the line. The truck containing the gun, a 40-pounder rifled breech-loader mounted on a siege carriage, is furnished with a revolving platform, which the picture shows may be turned in any direction. For the protection of the detachment working the gun the revolving platform is furnished on three sides with armour-plating 6ft. high, and an embrasure is cut in one side of it to allow of the gun being laid in the direction required. In

Digitized by Google

SERGEANTS, BATTERY OF POSITION, 1st SUSSEX VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

addition to this truck the train is composed of a locomotive and two vans, plated with steel, for the conveyance of men and material. When the recoil, which is checked by an hydraulic brake, is spent, the gun returns to the firing position. This result is obtained by causing the wheels to run on inclined slides. The train was first tried at Newhaven, in 1894, and has since been employed to great advantage during manœuvres on the southern coast. In time of war it might possibly be engaged to operate against hostile gun-boats, and there is reason to believe that it would be instrumental in causing dire execution, although by some authorities the high armour-plating is regarded as a disadvantage, being considered a too conspicuous target for the guns of a hostile flotilla. The 1st Sussex Artillery is commanded by Colonel Noble Edwards, V.D, whose photograph, together with that of his sergeant-trumpeter, is to be seen on the same page. A photograph of seven sergeants of the position battery, taken when in camp, appears above, and underneath this a gun squad of the same battery is shown at drill. On either side of the gun may be seen one of the seats occupied respectively by a gunner when on the march. Three others are accommodated on the limber, which, in the picture referred to, is visible in the background. The regiment is 720 strong.

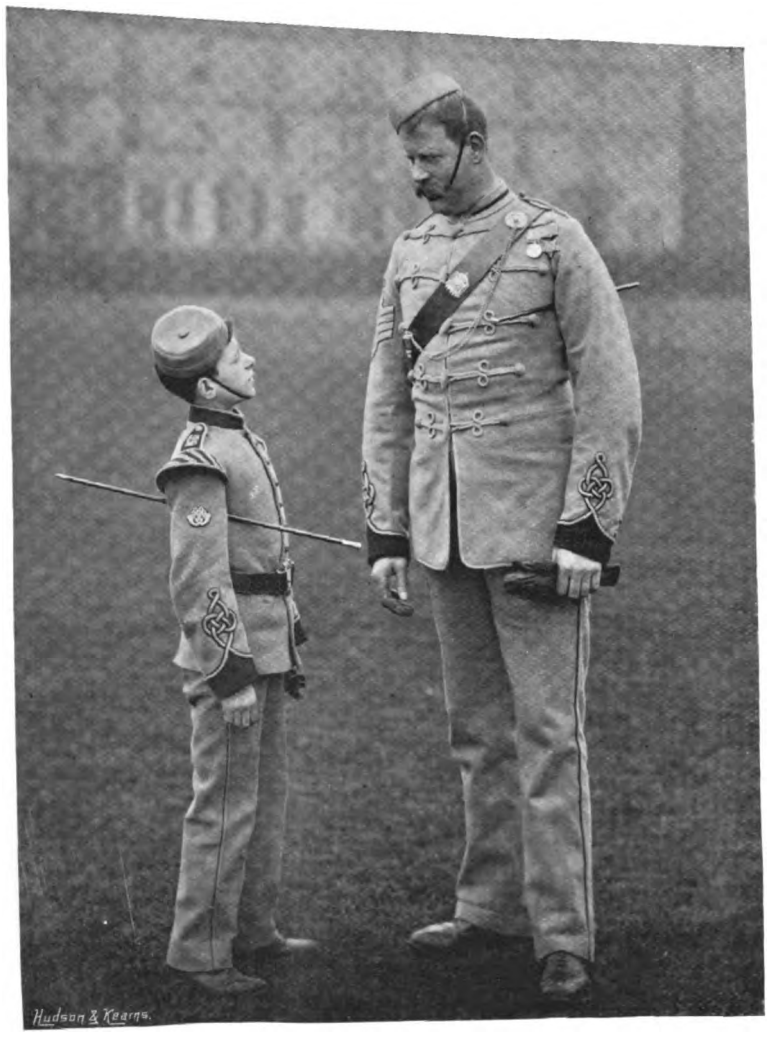
The Queen's Westminster Volunteers (13th Middlesex, page 248, one of the most distinguished of London corps) was organised in its present form in 1859, by the Duke of Westminster (then Earl Grosvenor), who commanded the regiment until 1881, and is now its honorary Colonel. Last year the number of efficients was 1,178, and of proficients, 104; and it is most creditable to the battalion that only twenty-eight out of such a vast number of men failed to become efficient. Every officer has passed through the school of instruction, and nineteen of them have passed in tactics. The Queen's Westminster are now fifty over strength, despite the fact that the standard for recruits has been placed at 5-ft. 8-in. The regiment has always acquitted itself well in musketry. In 1888 the Queen's Prize fell to Colour-Sergeant Fulton, who is still serving in the battalion. At the National Rifle Association Meeting last year, the Queen's Westminster won the Ranelagh Challenge Cup, competed for in the first stage of the Queen's Prize, and the "Mullens" £100 prize, for shooting at moving targets. In the "Bargrave Deane" Revolver Match, open to officers, it won the 2nd prize, in addition to the 3rd prize, given by the Duke of Westminster for drill and shooting. The headquarters at Buckingham Gate are well appointed.



Photos. W. AVENELL & CO., Brighton.

GUN DRILL, 1st SUSSEX VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

Digitized by Google



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

BED AND KIT LAID OUT FOR INSPECTION.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

and comprise: an officers' and sergeants' mess, canteen, recreation and billiard rooms, shooting and pistol galleries, dressing rooms and lavatories. The regiment is justly proud of its two bands, cycling, signalling, and mounted detachments, school of arms, and swimming club. It may be noted that Viscount Belgrave, heir to the Dukedom of Westminster, has lately joined the ranks as a private, and intends passing through all the intermediate grades before taking a commission in the battalion. The present commanding officer is Sir Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P. The first picture on this page is aptly entitled "The long and the short of it," for it represents one of the tallest and one of the shortest Volunteers enrolled in the distinguished corps The boy is a bugler, as the badge on his right arm testifies. His companion is one of the staff of drill instructors, and wears the Egyptian Medal and Khedive's Star. The second illustration will give to the civilian some idea of the mode of laying down kit. The paillasse is placed on the floor with the pillow, and the blankets neatly folded on the top of it. The leggings, pouches, belt, bayonet, haversack, helmet, etc., are placed over all, according to the regimental pattern. A pair of boots are placed on the floor pointing inwards. The rifle is deposited on the left of the kit, but the weapon here depicted will probably never again grace the kit of a British Volunteer; it is now a thing of the past—a link in the chain of the Volunteer movement which has been the means of binding all the subjects of the Queen together in a closer bond of citizenship. The Martini-Henry has now practically vanished from our forces, and in its stead our soldiers are armed with the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, more adapted for the uses of modern Continental warfare. The next is a scene common at Easter, when the men of the Queen's Westminster give up their holidays to join in manœuvres and learn more thoroughly the duties of a soldier than is possible in the vast metropolis. The orderly men and cooks are busy preparing dinner for their comrades, who will, no doubt, return with a healthy appetite, stimulated by the exertions of a hard field day. The uniform is grey, with scarlet facings.

On the 4th July, 1859, a meeting of Scottish residents in London was held at the Freemason's Tavern, where the following resolution was passed: "That as the present condition of affairs in the Continent of Europe may lead to complications that will

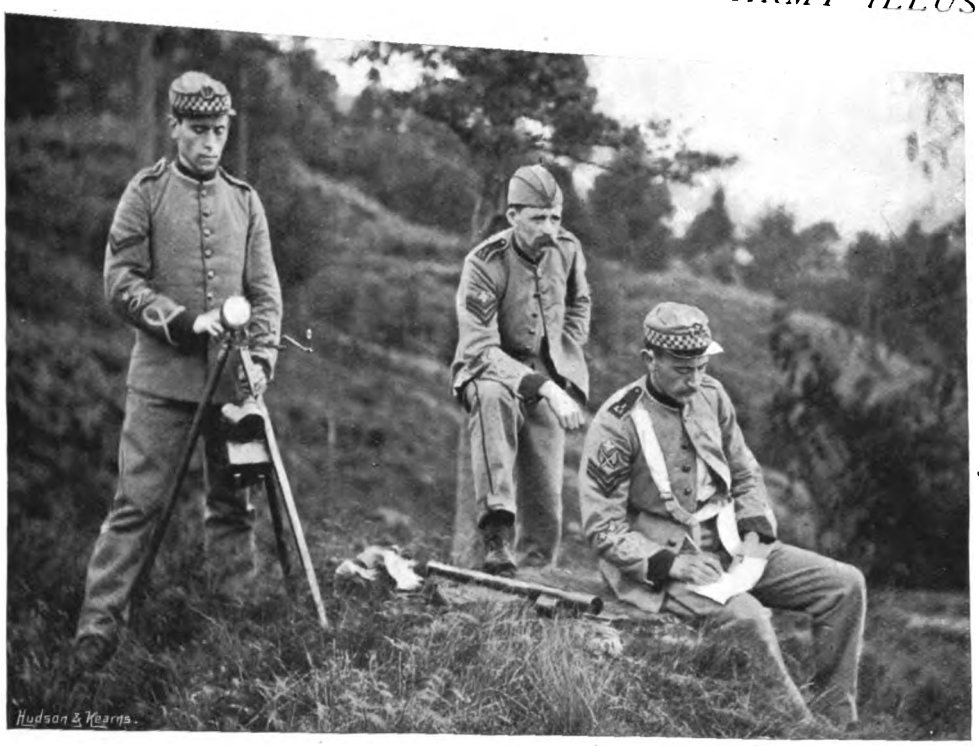
Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

DRUM MAJOR, LONDON SCOTTISH.

render it impossible for Great Britain, with due regard to her material interests and high station among the nations, to maintain a position of neutrality, it is expedient that Scottish residents in London and its neighbourhood be invited to participate in strengthening the defensive resources of the country by forming a Volunteer rifle corps, to be designated the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers." Thus originated one of the most distinguished of the metropolitan corps, represented here in the person of Drum-Major Goodman. The Highland costume is, no doubt, most picturesque, and has a tendency to make any battalion look smart, but the London Scottish are not dependent on tailors for their soldierly bearing. They are noted for their excellent physique, which has, on more than one occasion, called forth complimentary remarks from various inspecting officers. It may not here be out of place to note some of the peculiarities in the Scottish national dress. The plaid (sometimes erroneously termed *plad*) passes under the right arm and over the left shoulder, where it is fastened with an ornamental brooch and hangs down in graceful folds. The *sporran*, originally intended to be used as a purse, is worn in front of the kilt and suspended from the waist by a belt. The Highlanders of old

Digitized by Google



SIGNALLERS—1st LANARKSHIRE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

SIGNALLERS—GLASGOW HIGHLANDERS.

Photos. W. FRANCIS.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

were well armed, and their three principal weapons are still worn by the officers of our modern Highland regiments—a claymore, or broad sword, on the left side; a dirk, or long dagger (most useful in grappling with an enemy at close quarters), on the right; and the *skean dhu*, or short dagger, in the right stocking. To the sheath of the dirk are attached a knife and fork for domestic use. After drawing the sword it was formerly customary to throw away the scabbard, but this piece of expensive Highland sentiment is not considered, in the nineteenth century, an essential to victory. The uniform of the London Scottish is grey, with blue facings. The battalion is over 950 strong, and is at present commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. A. Balfour.

Although considered of secondary importance by more than one Continental Power, visual signalling continues to occupy a position of prominence in our Army. The desire of the regular regiments to excel in this respect becomes yearly more apparent. The tests, too, demanded by the School of Army Signalling at Aldershot, to qualify officers and non-commissioned officers for the posts of instructor and assistant-instructor respectively, grow more and more severe. Nor are the Reserve forces behindhand in this most important section of military education. The pictures on this page represent signalling parties of the 1st Lanark and the Glasgow Highlanders, two of the smartest corps in Scotland. The Morse code is generally used throughout the military forces. During the day the flag, or heliograph, is employed; but the latter is hardly adapted for use during a Scotch mist At night the lamp is substituted. In the annual return of signallers for 1895, the former regiment—familiarly termed "The Greys"—secured the third place, obtaining full marks for night work, and in this respect surpassing all other corps. The points scored were 370·12. The latter obtained third place, in 1896, with 370·04 points. The distance at which communication can be carried on between two parties is only limited by sight and atmospheric conditions. The upper illustration shows the 1st Lanark at Ardentinny, signalling with heliograph to the Highlanders at Coulport. In the centre picture the Highlanders are reading the flashes by means of a telescope. Signalling, however, is hard work, though the envious untutored are prone to dub the signaller a "loafer." Thus we find, in the lower illustration, that the Highlanders, believing in the aphorism, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," have, after taxing both mental and physical strength, betaken themselves to an *al fresco* repast. The monotonous "dotty dashty" of the flag and heliograph are, for the time being, sunk in oblivion, and give way to the more substantial beef and potatoes cooked in a camp kettle, under Service conditions. These meals are not conducted on tee-total principles, for is not the well-known label of "Bass" in evidence? It may be mentioned that the Highlanders are 1,200 strong, and have for six years held the championship for tug-of-war among all the Scottish Volunteer corps. Colonel Macdonald-Williamson, V.D., commands them. The strength of "The Greys" is 1,499. The battalion is in a flourishing condition, and can claim more officers who have qualified in tactics than any other corps in the kingdom. The regiment, commanded by Colonel Reid, V.D., is justly proud of its mounted and ambulance detachments, as well as of its regimental club, which latter is a well-patronised institution.

The 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers derives its origin from a number of independent corps, raised principally during 1859 at various places in the county. For purposes of administration they formed a battalion under command of the Earl of Tankerville, now honorary Colonel of the corps. It was not, however, until 1880 that the regiment was constituted as it at present exists, and given the title of 1st Northumberland and Berwick-on-Tweed Rifle Volunteer Corps. This somewhat cumbersome designation was retained until

Digitized by Google

Non-Commissioned Officers—1st V.B. North'd Fusiliers.

Cyclists—1st Vol. Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.

Colonel WEDDELL, V.D.

Captain and Adjt. WILLMOTT.

Photos. BREWIS, Newcastle.

OFFICERS, 1st VOL. BATT. NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

1883, when the present name was assumed. The battalion is now in a most satisfactory condition. The total strength is 1,024 of all ranks, which exceeds that authorised. It has altogether twenty rifle ranges, twelve of which have been pronounced safe for practice with the Lee-Metford rifle. The corps can boast of a smart cyclist detachment, a photograph of which is given on this page. The commanding officer is Lieut.-Colonel Weddell, V.D., who appears in review order underneath. This officer has over thirty-five years' service. The Adjutant Captain Willmott, who is shown standing by his horse, is an officer of the renowned "Fighting Fifth," and took over the duties of Adjutant in 1892. Sergeant-Major Perry came to the corps in 1893, from the same regiment (the 5th Fusiliers). The two remaining

Digitized by Google

Photo. CUMMINGS. Aldershot.

VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

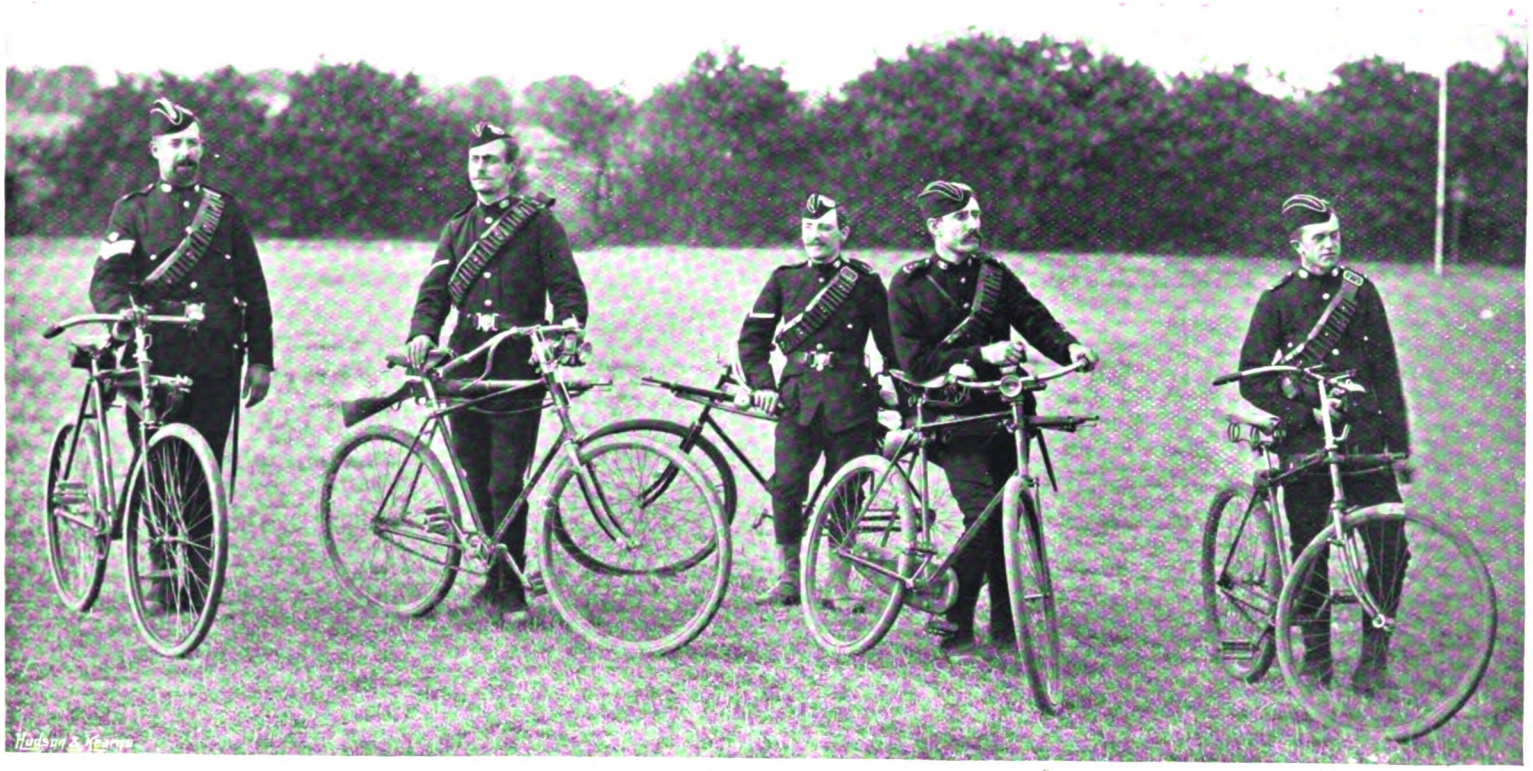
20th MIDDLESEX (THE ARTISTS).

photographs of officers and non-commissioned officers were taken when the regiment was in camp. The uniform is Elcho grey, with scarlet cuffs and collar. Brown instead of white belts are worn.

Not the least important section of our great Citizen Army is the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. The upper group on this page comprises the London, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen Companies. The photograph was taken when the corps was in camp at Aldershot. The London companies were on that occasion, for the first time, accompanied by their own transport, which appears in the background. Detachments of signallers and cyclists were also added to the corps last year. The officers are, without exception, qualified medical practitioners. The Hon. Commandant is Surgeon-General Sir W. G. Hunter, M.D., K.C.M.G., honorary surgeon to the Queen.

The 20th Middlesex were raised in 1860, and have always been known as "The Artists." The name arises from the fact that the ranks are largely filled by painters, architects, sculptors, actors, medical students, and musicians. The regiment is another of our smart London corps, and has ever since formation mustered a representative number of its members at the yearly autumn and Easter manœuvres. At first it consisted of two companies, later of four, and, in 1870, the strength was brought up to eight companies, with an authorised establishment of 804 of all ranks. The corps is at present commanded by Colonel Edis, V.D., F.S.A., who has done much to increase its efficiency. The original headquarters were at Burlington House, but in 1888 those at present in use were erected in the vicinity of St. Pancras Church by the subscriptions of the regiment and friends interested in its welfare. The building was erected at a cost of about £8,000, and formally opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 25th March, 1889. "The Artists" encourage all manly exercises, such as fencing, gymnastics, rowing and cycling, and their school of arms is in a flourishing condition. Many distinguished men have served in the corps; among others may be mentioned Viscount Bury, Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., Lord Leighton, Val Prinsep, Carl Haag, Professor

Digitized by Google



CYCLISTS, 3rd VOL. BATT. HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

26th MIDDLESEX (THE CYCLISTS).

Victor Horsley, Barry Sullivan, Holman Hunt, Dr. Jamieson, and Forbes Robertson. The representative group on page 252 shows some of the staff-sergeants and non-commissioned officers of "The Artists." The present strength of the battalion is 828.

Some years ago the present Commander-in-Chief gave his opinion as follows: "The day will come, and shortly, when large bodies of cyclists will be recognised as integral parts of every Army in the field." Even now his prophesy is practically fulfilled, and if military cycling is not thought so highly of in Great Britain as we could wish, it has certainly engaged a large share of the attention of the military authorities in France and other Continental countries. A collapsible cycle was some time ago invented by Captain Gerard, of the French Army, and though, as might have been expected, the authorities, at first, placed every obstacle in the way of its adoption into the French Army, the inventor has now been successful in overcoming the official opposition and of forming an efficient cycle corps, called after him, the "Compagnie Gerard." At the French Manœuvres last year the corps was amply tested, and rendered a sufficiently good account of itself to prove that cycling, from a military point of view, may be judiciously employed in war. For the benefit of our Volunteer cyclists the organisation of this French corps on wheels is given in detail. It is divided into two companies, each under the command of a subaltern officer. The company is further divided into two sections under a sergeant, and the sections into sub-sections of six men, each under a corporal. Every man carries 120 cartridges, and is armed with a carbine similar to that used by the French Artillery. Two extra cycles and materials for repair are carried in a waggon. In a number devoted to the Volunteers of our Empire such an allusion to the Army of France may seem an unnecessary digression from the subject under consideration, but though cycling in the regular Army has not as yet attained to any great pitch of excellence, our Citizen Soldiers, possibly owing to the untiring efforts of one or two energetic officers, have on more than one occasion evoked the applause of the Headquarters Staff. For that reason we may infer that they are sufficiently interested in the subject. The reference to Captain Gerard will, no doubt, be considered pardonable and in season if it be considered that, in forming the first cyclists' corps in Great Britain, the

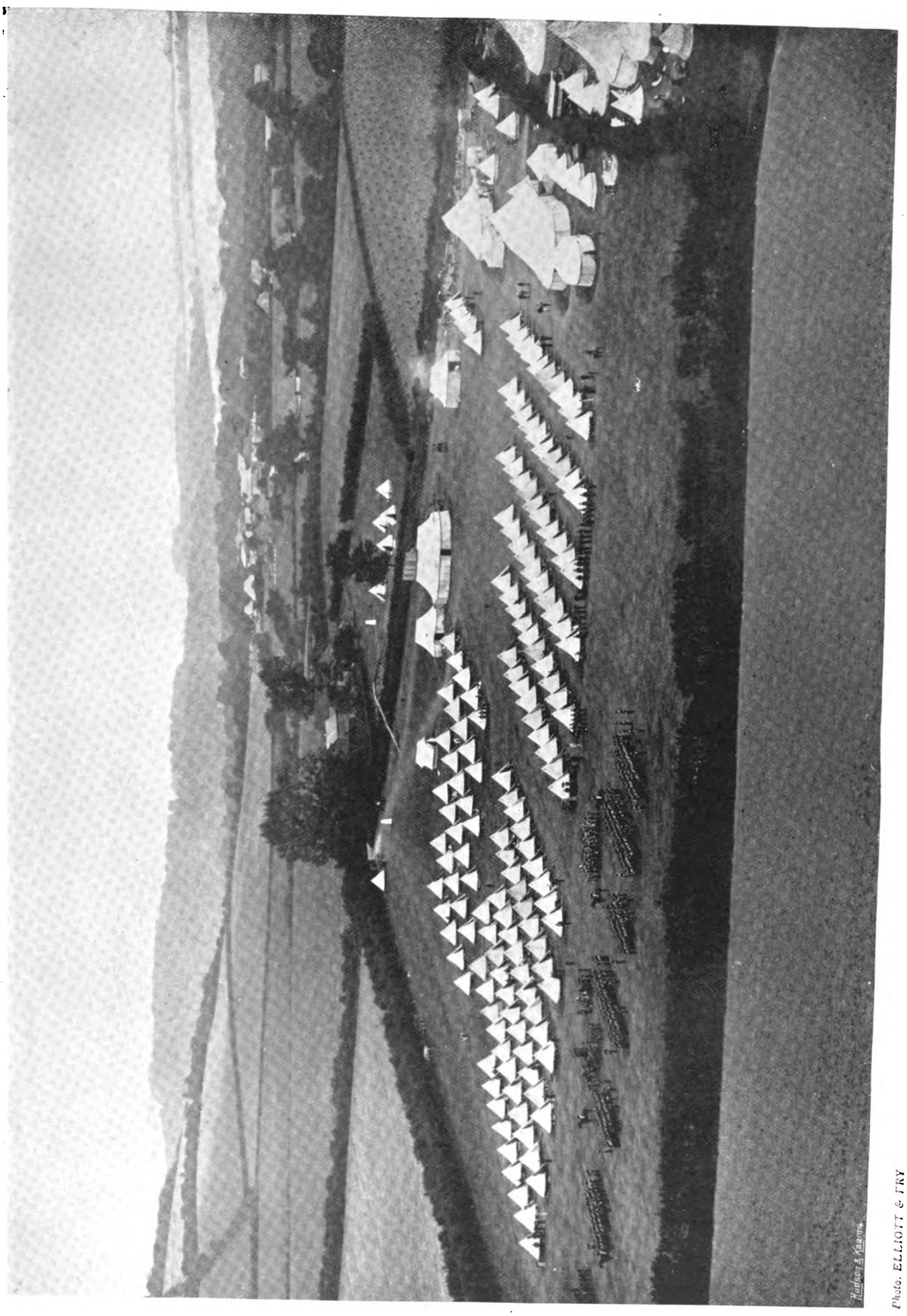
Digitized by Google

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

SPYING OUT THE LAND.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Digitized by Google



A VOLUNTEER CAMP.

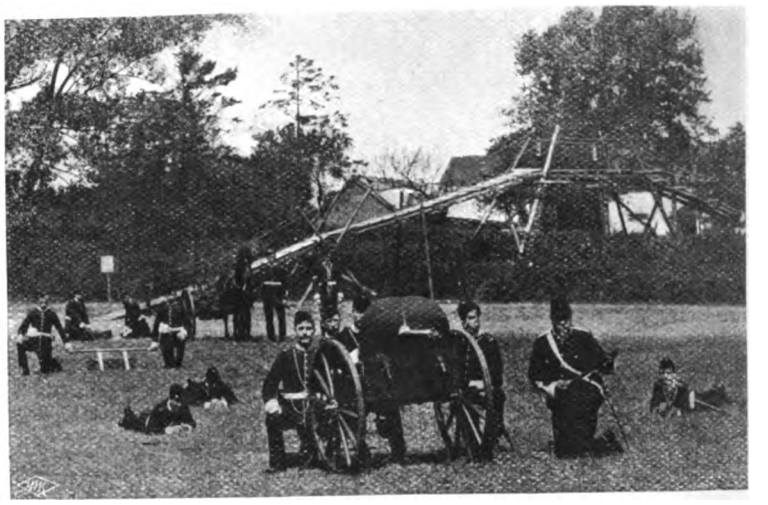
Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

Digitized by Google

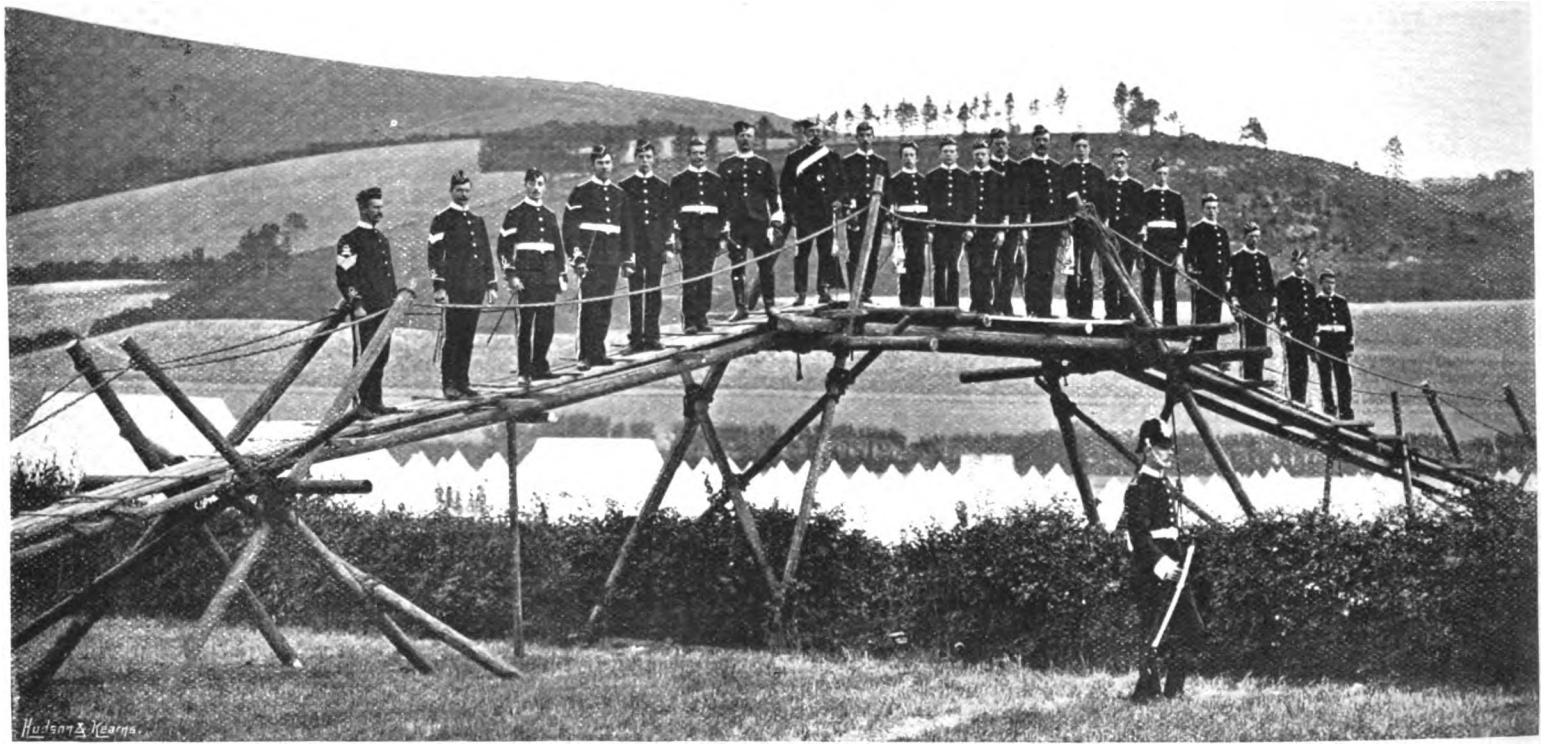
Col. CAVE and Officers—1st V.B. Hants Regt.

M.I. and N.C. Officers—1st V.B. Hants Regiment.

A Lead Pumper.



"Playing the Music."



Photos. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

DOUBLE LOCK BRIDGE.

promoters met with as much opposition as did the distinguished officer of the French Republic. When it was proposed some years ago to form a corps of cyclists, the idea was regarded with apathy by the War Office; but Colonel Savile, formerly of the Royal Irish and for many years employed on the staff, was not the man to be subdued by a lavish application of the official "wet blanket." His idea was to form a corps of practised riders, and to demonstrate their usefulness during the manœuvres. Accordingly, though opposed at first, he succeeded in forming a detachment a few days before the Easter manœuvres of 1887. The "scratch pack," so to speak, accompanied the infantry, and consisted of Volunteers with some previous training, as well as of civilians, who, prior to their enrolment, knew nothing of the art of war. With such a heterogeneous band the military moralist predicted ruin to the movement, newly set on foot; but the result was very different. So well did Colonel Savile's men acquit themselves, and so admirably did they display their cunning in reconnoitring the enemy, that the official frown was changed to a smile of approval, and ere long a committee of experts, with Colonel Savile at its head, sat, by desire of the War Office, to determine what species of "iron horse" was best adapted to the requirements of military service. This and other details concerning equipment and dress were discussed with the sobriety becoming such a solemn conclave. When the points at issue had been settled to the satisfaction of all, there went forth an edict to the effect that the formation of a cyclist corps had been sanctioned by "those in authority." The corps in question was speedily raised, and became the 26th Middlesex, commanded, as was befitting, by the officer whose untiring efforts had succeeded in achieving this result Shortly afterwards the War Office further sanctioned the formation of a cyclist detachment in every Volunteer infantry battalion, to consist of not more than twenty-five members. Since their formation the 26th Middlesex have continued to improve, and are now a credit to the whole Volunteer force. The lower photograph on page 253 depicts five non-commissioned officers of "the cyclists." The

Digitized by Google

Corporal, second from the right, is, as the cross flags show, a qualified signaller. The officer, too, in the picture on page 254, belonging to the 26th, has a knowledge of that science, as the rolled flag betokens. He has come out with a small patrol to observe the doings of the enemy, whom he is watching through field glasses. After having obtained the information required he will, no doubt, ride back a few hundred yards. There, by a few dots and dashes made with his flag unfurled (and quite unintelligible to everyone in the village save the post-office clerk), the patrol leader will contrive to convey to the Commander of the main body—"Two battalions of the enemy entrenched on your left front; their scouts have observed you and are riding back," or some such valuable intelligence. A "plane table" is attached to his bicycle, whereby he is enabled, as he moves to the front, to make a sketch of the road to be traversed, and, it may be, of the enemy's position. The plan will then be sent, by means of a cyclist orderly, post haste to the commanding officer, who will arrange his dispositions accordingly. Though this work may be somewhat tiring to the rider, the cycle has the advantage of requiring no corn, and therefore the scouts need only consider their own inner man, which even their military ardour does not permit them to forget. Judging from the mud-guards, this reconnoitring party has not been idle. The upper picture on page 253 is that of five "wheelmen" belonging to the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Hampshire Regiment. They carry their cartridges in a

13-*pr.* FIELD GUN—3*rd* MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY.

Photos. GREEN. GUARD—3*rd* MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY. *Denmark Hill.*

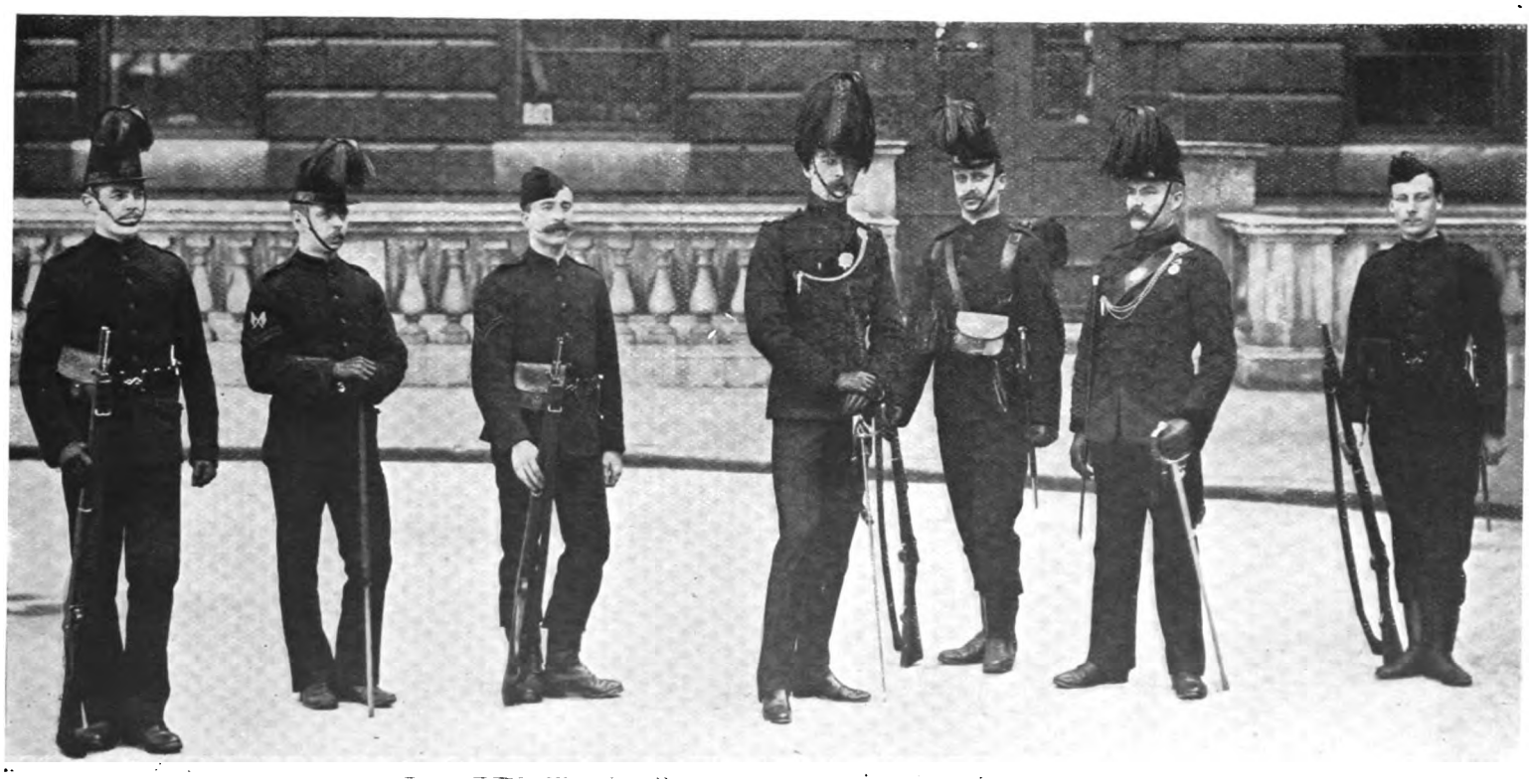


Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., *Military Opticians, 51, Strand.* *Copyright.*—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ALL RANKS. LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

Digitized by Google

Colonel H. W. GRAY, V.D.

bandolier, instead of in pouches. The mode of fixing the rifle is here distinctly shown.

A machine gun detachment is now regarded as a necessary adjunct to every well-equipped battalion of infantry. Of late years "lead pumpers," as they are affectionately termed by the rank and file, have earned a reputation for efficiency and precision in more than one campaign, and this fact has led our troops at home to bestow more attention on this most deadly engine of war. At present the Maxim gun is that commonly used throughout the Service, and with it the ordinary Service ammunition is employed. On page 256 the Maxim gun of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Hampshire Regiment is shown attached to a limber and drawn by a pony. The detachment is drawn up in order, about to move off. Eight of the men, it may be observed, are armed with revolvers, attached to lanyards. The recently-introduced field service cap is worn by officer and men alike, and the former, by turning down the peak, has practically demonstrated that the "head canoe," if not fair to look upon, can at least be used to some purpose against the rays of the sun. The limber is detached when the gun is in action, and remains in rear, as may be gathered from the second illustration. Relays of ammunition are, when necessary, conveyed from the limber by the carriers, two of whom are visible in the rear of the gun. In common with several other varieties of machine gun, single shots from the Maxim are fired by working a lever. *Apropos* of this, it is said that an Irish soldier, when working one of our guns in the Soudan, gave vent to his natural wit by exclaiming, as the children of the desert rushed on to the attack, "Dance, ye divils, dance, and, be jabers, I'll play the music." Needless to say, for many of the misguided dervishes the daring escapade ended in "the dance of death." When in camp the 1st Hants make the best possible use of their time. The last photograph on page 256 is that of a bridge over a sunken lane from one field to another. Bridge-making, though principally falling to the lot of "sappers," has frequently to be undertaken by infantry, and the structure here depicted is greatly to the credit of the battalion. It is constructed by a combination of the double and single lock system. Lock bridges are well adapted for spanning narrow chasms, and can be put together in a comparatively short time. It is, however, necessary that the spars should be well seasoned and of sufficient strength. The writer well remembers, some years ago, assisting at the construction of a single lock bridge over a stream. The structure, when completed, was just such as would have delighted the heart of a sapper—assuming, of course, that the said sapper was not hypercritical. The men were, therefore, pleased when the captain suggested that the bridge should be handed down to posterity through the accommodating medium of a camera. The photographer duly arrived, and his advent was greeted with wild enthusiasm by the men. A rush for the bridge ensued—for Tommy Atkins dearly loves to appear in a regimental group—and in a few minutes half the company had taken up a position on it. Some sat on the roadway, their feet dangling over the stream, others assumed a more perilous position on the frames below; but all, with longing eyes, in the direction of barracks, where waited a substantial dinner, consisting of "toad in the hole" and plum pudding. The position did not, however, meet with the approval of the artist, who was anxious for the men to face in the opposite direction. The order was given to face about, and everyone hurried to obey—but crash! flop! and thirty men were seen floundering about among the *débris* in the running stream. No serious damage resulted, and even those immersed indulged in a hearty laugh. The only one who failed to enjoy the morning's adventure was the company piper, a rosy-cheeked lad of eighteen, who "bobbed up from below" looking as though his last hour were at hand. The Captain enquired what ailed him. Between a series of suppressed sobs the answer came "Please, sir, a've cut ma heed." The way in which the camp on page 255 is pitched is further evidence that the 1st Hants are by no means novices at the game of soldiering. The battalion, in the last annual return, showed the full establishment 1,271 efficient. It is commanded by Colonel Cave, V.D.

The 3rd Middlesex Artillery was, in 1860, raised by Lord Truro, who continued to command the corps until his death in 1891. The present commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Grenville-Grey, is most popular with all ranks. Before joining the 3rd Middlesex he served in the Eton College Volunteers. A detachment of the corps, consisting of six officers and thirty-two men, under command of Captain A. W. A'Becket, visited, in 1869,

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ALL RANKS, 2nd (SOUTH) MIDDLESEX RIFLES.

Digitized by Google

Lt.-Col. DUNCAN MENZIES.

1st SUTHERLAND HIGHLAND R.V.

PIPERS, 1st SUTHERLAND HIGHLAND R.V.

the "Tir Nationale" at Liège, Belgium, where it was successful in carrying away many valuable prizes. King Leopold, on this occasion, gave a banquet, to which the officers and men of the 3rd Middlesex were invited. He afterwards held a reception, at which he heartily welcomed the British officers. Before returning home the whole detachment was presented by the King with medals commemorative of its visit to Belgium. The Queen's Prize given at the annual Shoeburyness Meeting has been won four times by the 3rd Middlesex, namely, in 1870, 1878, 1885, and 1896. The corps also won in 1896 the Prince of Wales' and Shadbroke Cups, and was third in the Ranging Competition. The regiment is composed of twelve batteries, with a strength of 800. The six batteries stationed at Kennington are armed with 9 and 13 pounder field guns. Three batteries have their headquarters at Paddington, and three at Clerkenwell. The recruiting for this corps has of late been so good that it has been found practicable to fix the standard for recruits at 5-ft. 7-in. Each recruit pays £2 2s. towards his outfit. The

Digitized by Google

Photo. MIDDLETON, Aberdeen.

1st ABERDEEN VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

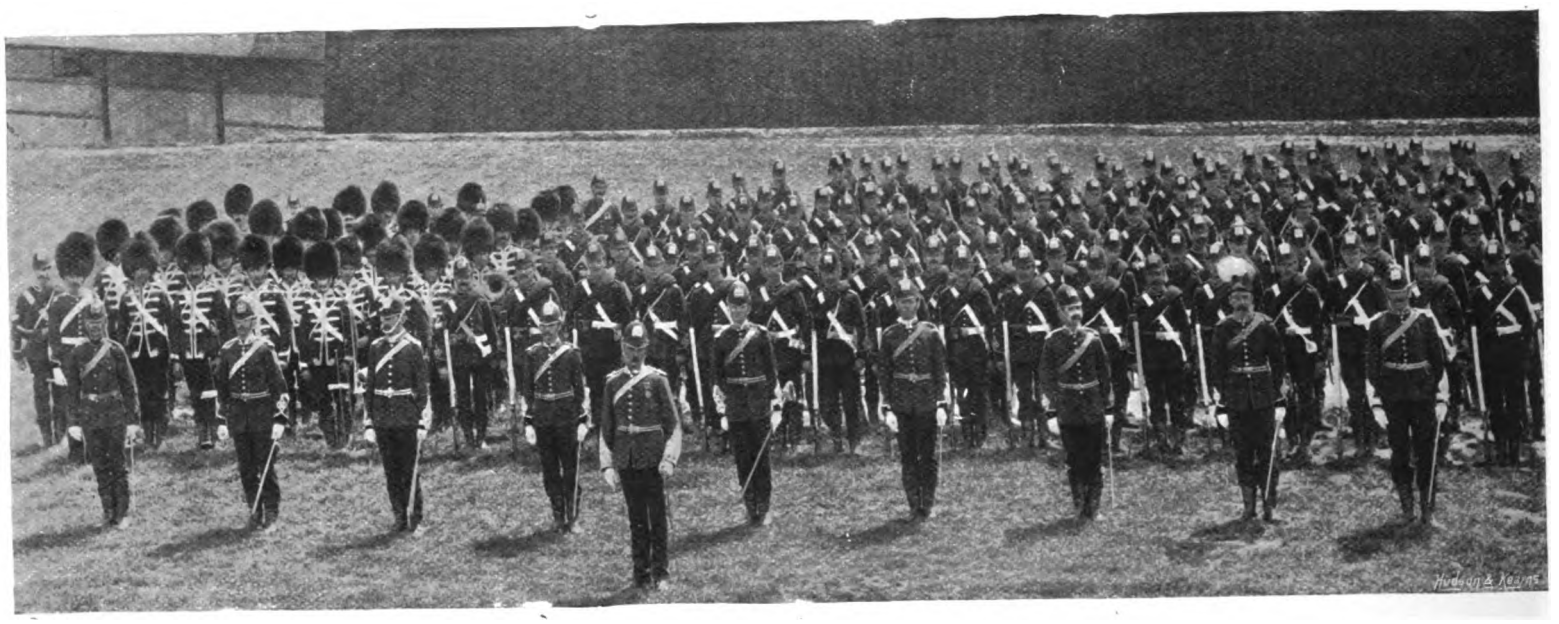


Photo. J. PITTUCK, Plymouth.

SEVERN DIVISION VOLUNTEER SUBMARINE MINERS.

first picture on page 257 represents a 13-pounder field gun drawn by four horses. The gun team consists of a non-commissioned officer mounted, two drivers, also mounted, and five gunners, three of whom ride on the limber and two on the axle-tree seats. The second is that of a guard, consisting of three non-commissioned officers and twelve men, in camp at Shoeburyness, and one cannot wish to witness a smarter body of men—each one faultlessly turned out and looking straight to his front, for the camera cannot lie.

The senior Volunteer regiment in London is the City of London Rifle Brigade. It was organised in 1859, and since then has always maintained a position second to none in the Volunteer force. It has been fortunate in securing a succession of commanding officers who have previously served in the regular Army. To this fact is, no doubt, due, in great measure, the extreme smartness and soldierly bearing of the brigade. There is no lack of recruits for the regiment, although every man on joining is compelled to pay the full expenses of his outfit. The result is that those serving in the ranks are of a high standard, both physically and socially. The brigade has always acquitted itself well with regard to musketry, especially in field firing, which is so much more important to a body of troops at the present day than the possession of a few first-class marksmen. The days of individual firing on the battle-field are practically over, and perfection in section and half company volley firing is the most desirable result of a good musketry training. To obtain perfection in the sectional practices demands a superior state of discipline, and the latter may justly be claimed by the corps in question. The present commanding officer—Colonel Cholmondeley—was formerly an officer in the Rifle Brigade, and distinguished himself in the Afghan War. The Brigade has one of the largest (if not the largest) drill halls and headquarters in London, comprising an armoury, orderly room, lecture room, club rooms, and mess. The total strength is 855. The photograph on page 257 represents all ranks. The uniform is very similar to that of the regular battalions of the Rifle Brigade. The cocks' feathers attached to the shako render the head-dress very imposing. On the right are three corporals, two in review order and the third in drill order, with field service cap. One of the three, being a signaller, carries a flag and the signaller's badge (two crossed flags) above his badge of rank on the right arm. The officer, a captain, and the sergeant-major, carrying a cane, both in review order, may be distinguished by the sword and cross-belt with whistle attached. The private, standing between the officer and sergeant, is dressed in marching order, with haversack, pouches, great coat, etc. The remaining representative of the regiment appears in drill order.

The 2nd (South) Middlesex (page 258) were raised by Viscount Ranelagh in 1859, and have the reputation of being one of the best disciplined corps in the metropolis. The headquarters at Beaufort House, Walham Green, are exceptionally well appointed, and contain a drill hall, school of arms, orderly room, committee room, and lavatories. There is also an officers' mess, sergeants' mess, canteen, and last, but not least, a Morris tube range. The last-named is twenty-five yards long, and is open daily for the use of the members. In addition to a good brass band, the 2nd support a drum and fife and bugle band. Attached to the battalion are a cycling, signalling, and ambulance detachment. A member of the first is shown standing by his machine on the right of the representative group of all ranks. In 1896 the corps stood sixth in musketry among the Volunteers of the Home District. The commanding officer is Colonel H. W. Gray, V.D., and the strength of the regiment is 958 of all ranks.

The Scottish Highlander is second to none in soldierly instinct and martial ardour Since the ever glorious "'45," when the clans gathered round the standard of their Prince in his last futile attempt to gain the throne, the inhabitants of the northern glens have never been called upon to defend their native soil. But though for the last few hundred years peace has reigned in the land, they are now ready, as they have ever been, to take the field should occasion require. In proof of this it is only necessary to note that the 1st Sutherland Highland Rifle Volunteers, recruited solely from the thinly-populated counties of Sutherland, Orkney, and Caithness, number no fewer than 1,137 stalwart men, of whom as many as 1,005 were efficient during the past Volunteer year, when the strength was 1,049. It is no exaggeration to say that the physique of the corps, if equalled, is surpassed

Digitized by Google

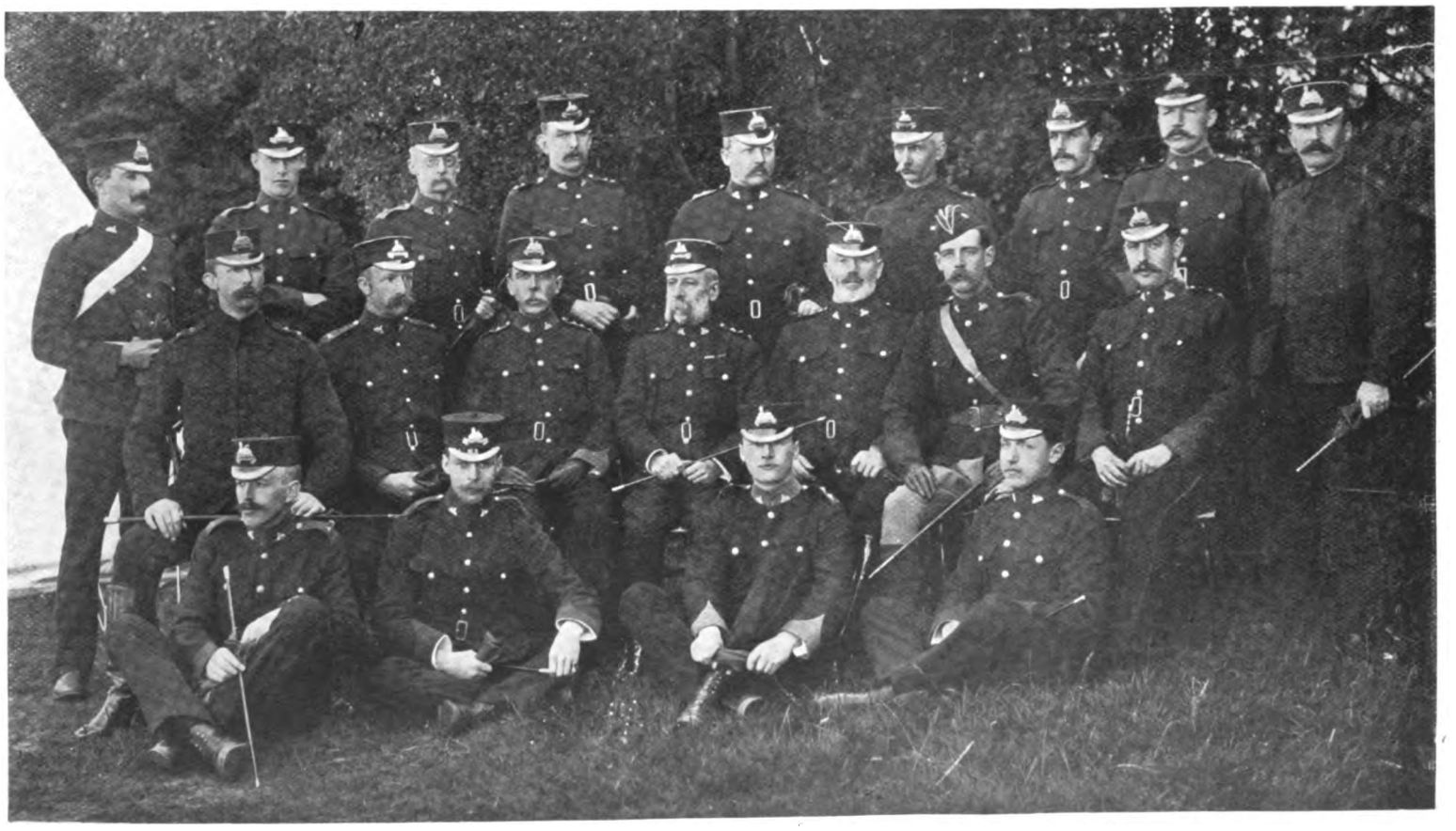
by no other in the British Service. The first Colonel of the regiment was the third Duke of Sutherland, who was succeeded by the present Duke. The commanding officer is now Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Menzies-of-Blarich, a photograph of whom is given on page 259. On the same page are seen the strong band of pipers and drummers of which the battalion is so proud. Their appearance is calculated to arouse the admiration of Highlander and Lowlander alike. The picture recalls the "Hundred Pipers" of the historic song; and should they ever be called upon to "try their strength" with a foreign force, it is morally certain that the latter "dumfuner'd" would "a' run awa, awa," as the Saxon is reported to have done in that popular Scottish ballad. The tartan worn is the Sutherland.

The most northerly corps of Volunteer Engineers is the 1st Aberdeenshire (page 260). It is recruited from a superior class of tradesman, and has repeatedly been complimented on the excellence of its engineering work. The authorised establishment is 600 men, and at present all vacancies are filled. Colonel Anstice, the commanding officer, is shown in the centre of the group, with Sergeant-Major Gordon on his right. The remainder are staff-sergeants and other non-commissioned officers.

The Severn Division of Volunteer Submarine Miners is depicted on parade on page 260. The work of the corps is essentially connected with harbour defence. It is unnecessary to say that the laying of explosive mines under water entails much skill and care, for should the miner be lax in carrying out his duties he is liable, like the engineer in Hamlet, to be "hoist with his own petard." As may be seen, the band wears a distinct uniform. The remainder of the corps is dressed similarly to the Royal Engineers, and is 195 strong. The present commanding officer is Major A. Thornley, V.D.

The 2nd Volunteer Battalion Manchester Regiment was raised in 1859. It is at present composed of thirteen companies (one of which is mounted) with a total authorised establishment of 1,260. The commanding officer is Colonel R. Bridgford, C.B., who joined the regiment on its formation, and has commanded it since 1867. The corps claims one of the best drill halls in the North of England, constructed at a cost of £8,000 This expense was met by a successful bazaar, held at Manchester in November, 1884. Attached to headquarters is a room for the rank and file, with two billiard tables and refreshment bar, a gymnasium, an officers' mess, and sergeants' mess. When men of the corps fail to pass out of the third class in musketry on first trial, they are allowed, by War Office authority, to fire over again on the miniature rifle range at headquarters, and this course is, needless to say, the means of inspiring confidence into nervous recruits. There is a detachment of ten cyclists, all of whom are signallers. This is, undoubtedly, a great advantage, for, when scouting, they are enabled speedily to transmit intelligence from any locality in which they may find themselves, without weakening the detachment even by one man. The strength of the band is thirty-six, and of the bearer company thirty-four. One officer, three sergeants, two buglers, one sergeant-instructor, and fifty-nine rank and file make up the mounted company, which has proved itself, on more than one occasion, thoroughly conversant with the duties of mounted infantry in the field. This arm, be it remembered, is not intended to assume the duties of cavalry on the battle field, but is invaluable in cases in which it is desired to convey a body of men to a certain point for dismounted action without loss of time. It is further employed in scouting, reconnoitring, and other detached duties, and is daily becoming of greater value as a factor in the fortunes of war. The upper photograph on this page is that of a sergeant of the Mounted Company 2nd Volunteer Battalion Manchester Regiment.

Sergeant Mounted Infantry—2nd V.B. M.R.



OFFICERS 2nd VOL. BATT. MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

Digitized by Google

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

TROOPER, HERTFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY.

The Yeomanry branch of the Reserve forces, undoubtedly composed of the best possible material in the country, is not so well known to the British public as is the Volunteer infantry. Yet it has over and over again rendered good service, more especially in aid of the civil power, by quelling riots and dispersing unlawful assemblies, so common during the earlier part of the century. As in many other counties, there existed in Gloucestershire, during the earlier decades of the present century, several independent troops of horse, the first being raised as far back as 1795, by Mr. Snell, of Guiting Grange. The disadvantage of such an arrangement is apparent to the mind of the military reader, and, indeed, was recognised by the authorities, who, in 1834, incorporated the several troops, forming them into a regiment. The uniform was similar to that of the Light Dragoons of the period, and consisted of scarlet coatee, blue overalls, and shako. The regiment is now one of the most distinguished of the Yeomanry, and even in its earliest infancy had won a far-famed reputation, for, seven years after its formation, it was permitted to prefix the word "Royal" before its former title "In 1847 the old uniform was discarded in favour of that worn by Hussars, and the title of the regiment

Digitized by Google

became the "Royal Gloucestershire Hussars." The colour of the uniform is of a much lighter blue than that worn by other Hussar regiments; and it is interesting to note that the old picturesque pelisse, or slung jacket, which vanished from the regular Army some forty years ago, is still worn by the officers on important occasions, such as levées. As may be seen on page 264, the regiment retains, in addition, the old pattern red and gold corded waist belt. The busby bag is scarlet, the plume scarlet and white; and when one considers that the Gloucestershire Hussars is one of the twelve regiments permitted to wear gold instead of silver lace, one can well imagine that the uniform is one of the most attractive in the Service. The regiment is exceptionally well mounted, and numbers not a few hunting men among its troopers. Its strength is somewhat over 400. The headquarters of the 3rd Yeomanry Brigade (made up of the Gloucestershire and Wiltshire Yeomanry) are at Gloucester. The regiment was for some years commanded by the Duke of Beaufort. The Marquis of Worcester is now the Lieutenant-Colonel.

The Hertfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry (page 263), commanded by the Earl of Clarendon, numbers 223 sabres. The uniform of the trooper in the picture is like that of a dragoon. The tunic is scarlet, the facings white, and the plume black.

The Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry (page 264) was raised some fifty years ago, and was employed during 1856 in the suppression of a riot at Airdrie. The late Duke of Hamilton was at one time Colonel, and was succeeded by the Duke of Montrose. Colonel Neilson, of Mossend, the present commanding officer, joined the regiment more than forty years ago as a trooper. The regiment is in possession of two Scottish Inter-Yeomanry cups for shooting. The uniform, which resembles that of dragoons, is dark blue. with scarlet facings and black plume.

The Middlesex Yeomanry had its origin in 1830. It was raised for the protection of property in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, then infested by a set of lawless rioters, who occupied their time in burning hayricks, creating damage, and, in short, striking terror into the whole district. During its earlier days it comprised only a single troop of forty-seven men, and was known as the Uxbridge Yeomanry, but gradually increased in strength, until, in 1871 (when it was officially christened the Middlesex Yeomanry), the establishment was raised to four troops. The uniform and equipment of the regiment have undergone various changes since its formation. At first, as Light Dragoons, the men wore green, with black facings. The pouch and sword belts were of black leather, and the arms, swords and pistols. Carbines were afterwards substituted for the old flint and steel pistols, and in 1873 the Middlesex adopted the dress and accoutrements of an Hussar regiment. The uniform is green, the facings black, the busby bag green, and the plume green and scarlet. The group on this page is representative of all ranks. It conveys at a glance the appearance of the Middlesex Yeomanry both in full and undress uniform. The first photograph on the same page is that of Lieutenant-Colonel W. K. Mitford, the popular commanding officer. The strength of the regiment is 217 sabres. The headquarters (together with those of the Berkshire Yeomanry, forming the 1st Yeomanry Brigade) are at Cathcart Road, South Kensington.

Lieut.-Colonel W. K. MITFORD.

MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY.

Photos. MARTIN JACOLETTE, South Kensington.

MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY ON PARADE.

Digitized by Google

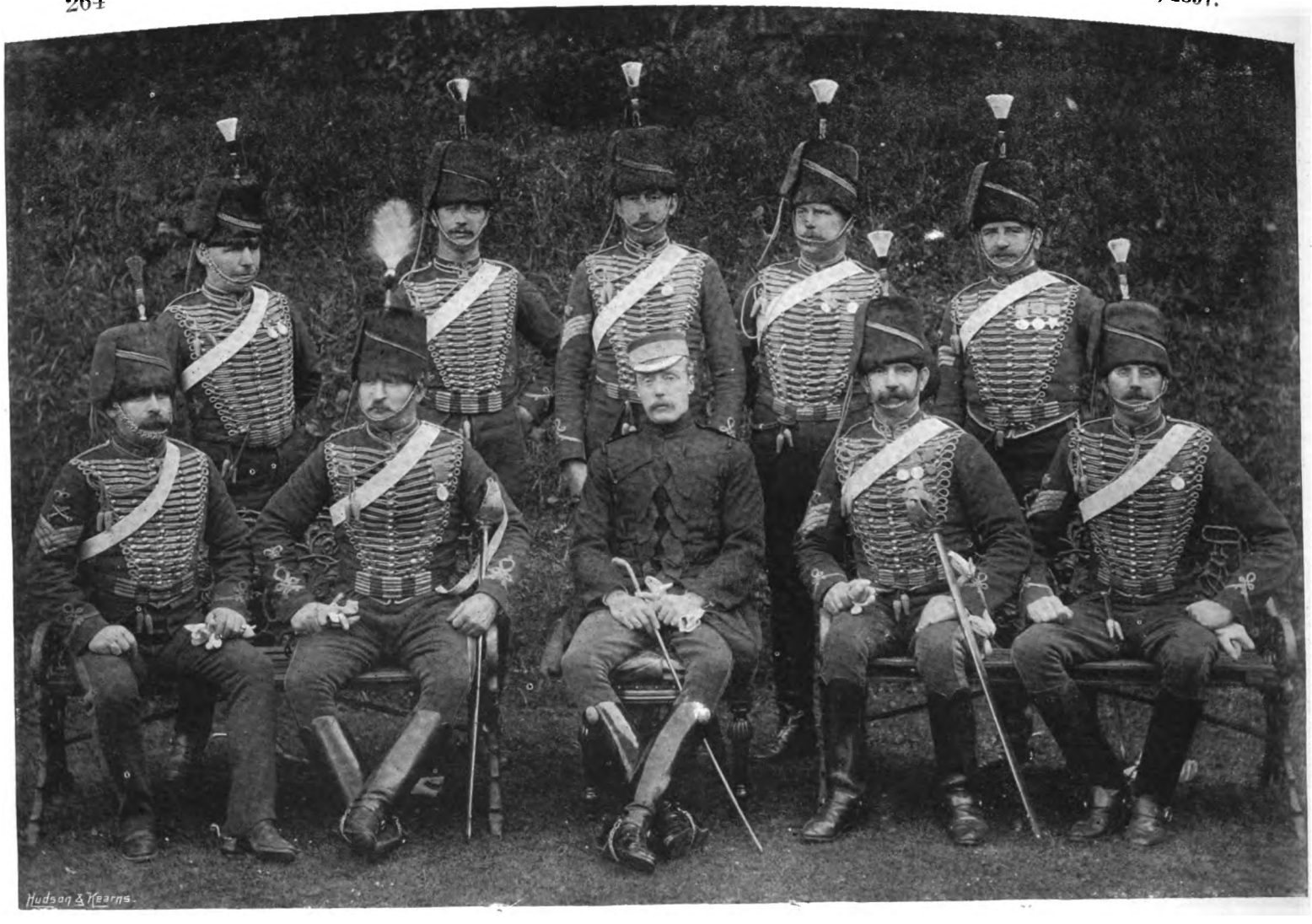


Photo. DIGHTON, Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS.

Photo. CUNLIFFE. York.

OFFICER—YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

TROOPER—Q.O. ROYAL GLASGOW YEOMANRY

The Yorkshire Hussars were raised by Earl Fitzwilliam in the year 1794, but were disbanded in 1802. At the end of the same year, however, the regiment was reorganised with a total strength of seven troops. The following year an eighth troop was added, bringing the number of all ranks up to 344 sabres. They were then known as the Northern Regiment of West Riding Yeomanry, and trained together for the first time on Scotton Moor, 5th June, 1803. A ninth troop was added in December. In 1819 the regiment received, by Royal command, the title of The Yorkshire Hussar Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, and was employed during nearly the entire part of 1826 suppressing minor riots in its district. Two troops, commanded respectively by Sir John Johnstone and Hon. W. Lascelles, escorted the Queen (then Princess Victoria) during her visit to the country in 1835. For two months during 1842 the regiment was continually under arms in aid of the civil power. Such are some of the past records of this distinguished corps. Like those of the Royal Gloucester Hussars, the officers of the Yorkshire are permitted to wear the pelisse in levée dress. The uniform of the regiment is blue, the busby bag scarlet, and the plume black. The strength is 439 sabres, and the commanding officer is the Earl of Harewood. An officer of the corps is shown above.

Digitized by Google

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 35.] FRIDAY, APRIL 16th, 1897.

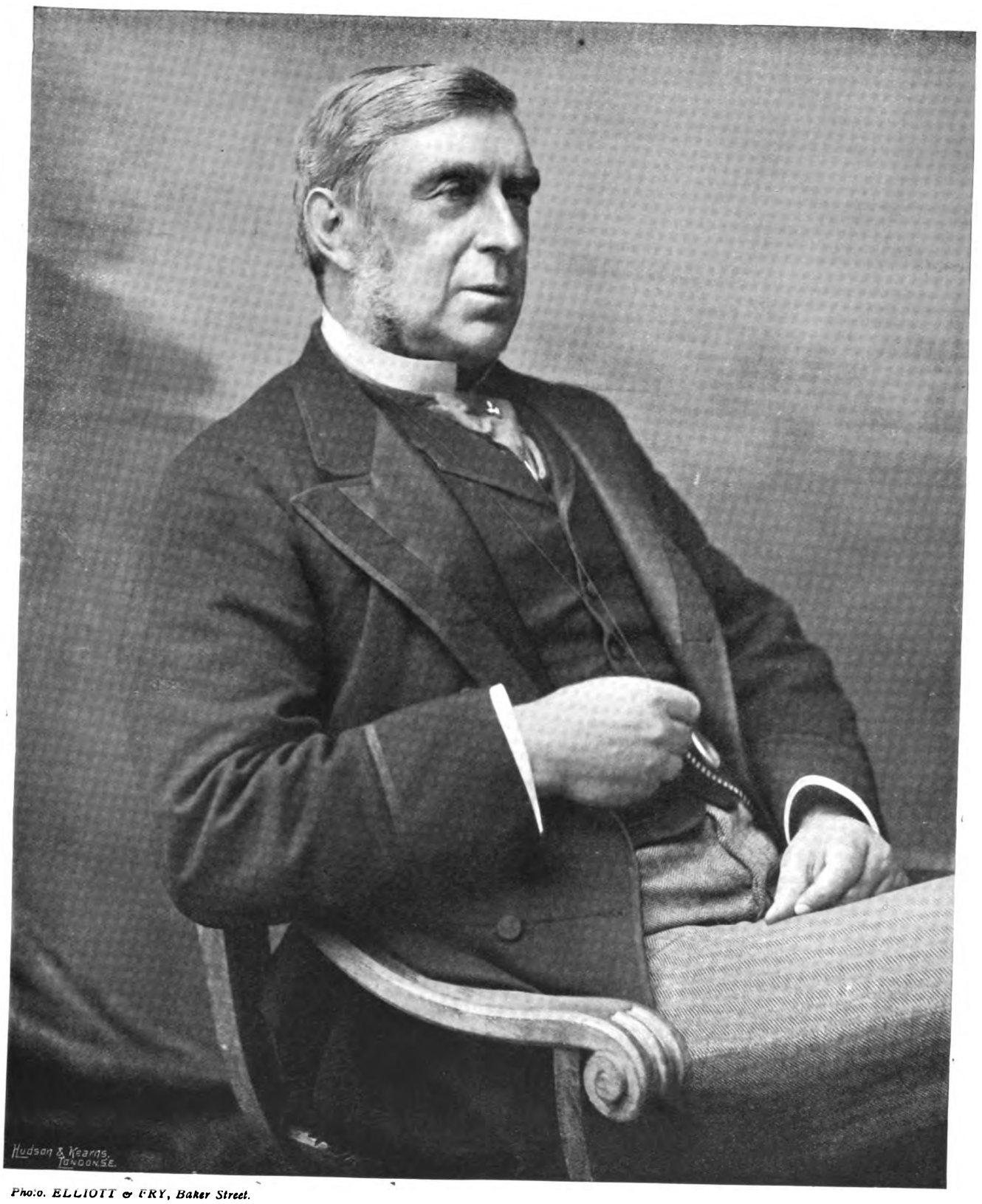


Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

TO few Cabinet Ministers has it fallen to fill the same office in different Administrations, and to fewer still has it fallen to fill the same office under both the two Parties in the State. Such, however, has been Mr. GOSCHEN'S experience, as First Lord of the Admiralty first in a Liberal Ministry with Mr. GLADSTONE, and then, after a lapse of years, in a Unionist Ministry with Lord SALISBURY. The contrast in Naval affairs during the two periods of Mr. GOSCHEN'S tenure of office at Whitehall is instructive. Between 1871 and 1874 the Navy and its concerns were matters of indifference alike to the politician and to the country. With the best will in the world, all Mr. GOSCHEN'S energy could effect little. Very different were the conditions when he accepted office in July, 1895. It was at Mr. GOSCHEN'S own choice, as he has himself told us, that he went to the Admiralty then, and the measures of activity that have marked his present administration are likely to prove an enduring monument to his reputation.

Digitized by Google

THE OFFICIALS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

W. G. E. MACARTNEY, ESQ., M.P.,
Parliamentary and Financial Secretary.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

J. A. CHAMBERLAIN, ESQ., M.P.,
The Civil Lord.
Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

SIR EVAN MACGREGOR, K.C B.,
Permanent Secretary.
Photo. A. W. Kirk.

RICHARD D. AWDRY, ESQ., C.B.,
Accountant-Geueral of the Navy.
Photo. Numa Blanc fils.

SIR W. H. WHITE, K.C.B.,
Director of Naval Construction.
Photo. Byrne & Co.

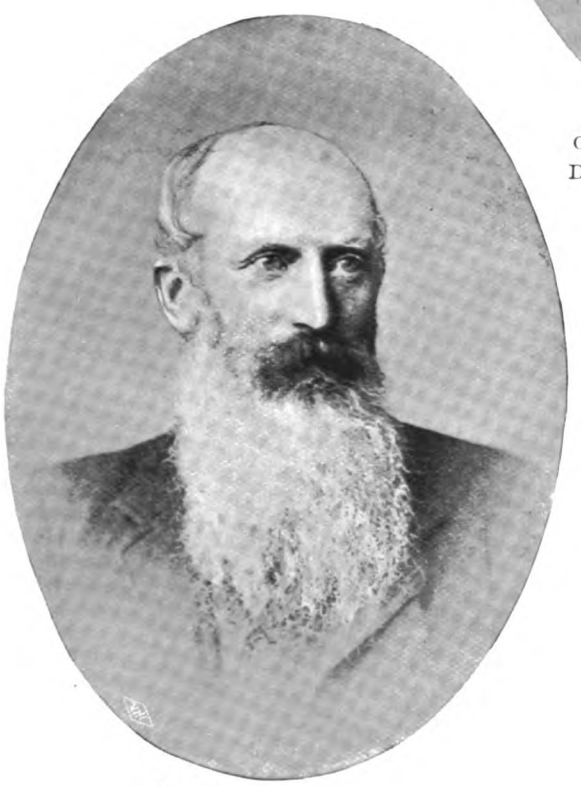
Digitized by Google

THE OFFICIALS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

GORDON W. MILLER, ESQ.,
Director of Stores.
Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

H. F. R. YORKE, ESQ.,
Director of Victualling.
Photo. Maull & Fox.

GEORGE T. LAMBERT, ESQ.,
Director of Greenwich Hospital.
Photo. Bassano.



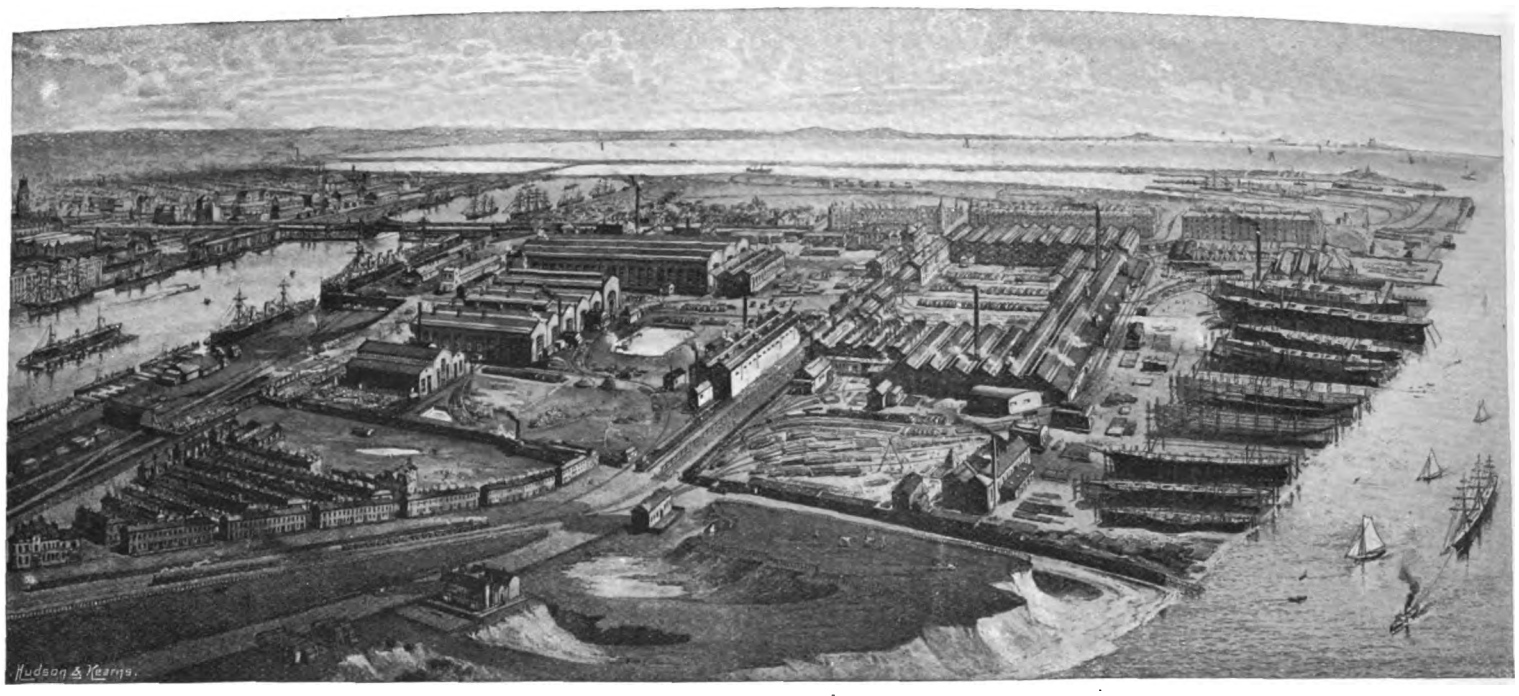
TATHAM GWYN, ESQ.,
Director of Navy Contracts.
Photo. F. M. Sutcliffe.

J WILLIAMSON, ESQ.,
Director of Dockyards.
Photo. Lafayette.

Digitized by Google

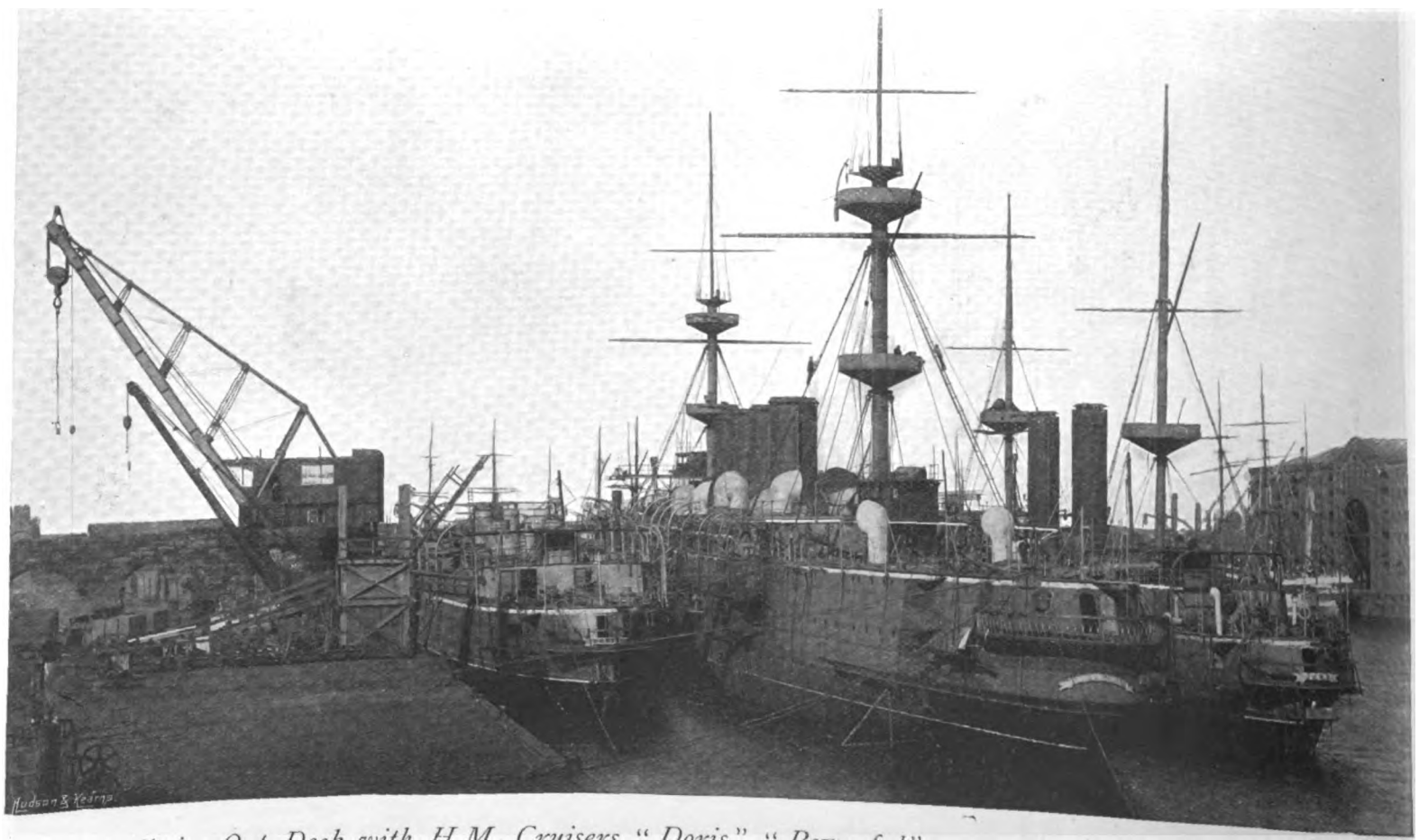
THE CONSTRUCTION OF A CRUISER,

AT THE WORKS OF THE NAVAL CONSTRUCTION AND ARMAMENTS CO., BARROW.



The Works of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, at Barrow.

IN a previous article we pointed out that one of the strongest points in our Naval position at the present time is our reserve of resources in the form of the special facilities that Great Britain possesses for rapidly turning out additional vessels of war by means of the private establishments of the many great ship-building firms of the country. In the first of our articles we dealt specially with the oldest of our great ship-building firms, in connection with the construction of battle-ships: to-day we deal with the youngest in point of time, though one in point of capabilities second to none—the Naval Construction and Armaments Company of Barrow-in-Furness—the builders during the past twenty years for the British Admiralty of a number of war-ships of every type, cruisers, gun-boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers. The Barrow works date from practically the extension of the railway system of the country to the Furness district at the end of the fifties of the present century, by means of which it first became possible to take advantage of the magnificent natural resources in iron ore of the district. Blast furnaces were started in Barrow, and then Steel Works; followed by the establishment in 1871 of the Barrow Ship-building Company, which in turn grew into the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, established in 1888, on Old Barrow Island, behind Walney Island, one of a group lying off the peninsula of Furness. Our view of the works will give a good idea of the admirable natural advantages of the site, showing as it does how the channel, which formerly separated Old Barrow Island from the main land, has been converted into a system of docks capable of taking in the largest vessels afloat, with the Walney Channel on the seaward side for an admirable launching area. Our first photograph, which gives a bird's-eye view of the whole establishment,



The Fitting-Out Dock with H.M. Cruisers "Doris," "Powerful," and "Juno" at the 100-ton Crane.

Digitized by Google

also shows the launching berths crowded with vessels—both merchant ships and men-of-war—in various stages of forwardness.

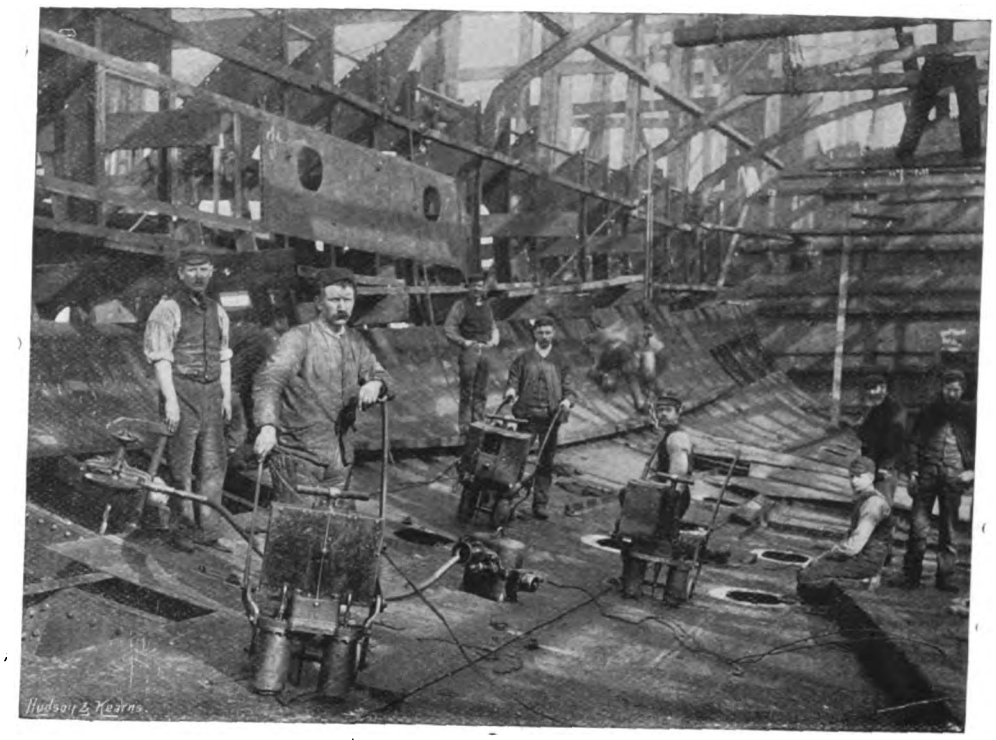
A special feature of the ship-building yard of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, in which it differs from older industrial establishments, is the comprehensive plan on which the works have been designed, the governing idea being followed out of insuring that every machine shall be placed where it is likely to be specially needed in the general arrangement of work and associated with the workshops connected with its department. Everything is generally arranged throughout the yard so that the constructive material in each department shall enter, so to speak, at one end of its series of workshops, and pass directly from one to the other, from machine to machine, consecutively, until it finally leaves from the workshop nearest the place where it is wanted as a finished product, thus minimising handling and labour, and saving time by affording facility of transit from place to place.

Throughout the establishment the completest possible installation of machinery of every kind that can in any circumstance be wanted for modern ship-building or repairing is provided. In this connection two of our illustrations—that showing a view in the machine-shop with a wall-planing machine working on the Phosphor-Bronze Stern Frame of a cruiser, the "Niobe," and that showing electric drills at work inside the half-framed hull of the same ship—are specially in point. The electric drill is, it should be added, one of the most recent introductions, and is extensively used, particularly in deck drilling, as in the "Niobe," where several drills are shown at work on the inner bottom of the ship. The current used is at 110 volts, and is supplied by a Faraday generator, working at ninety ampères.

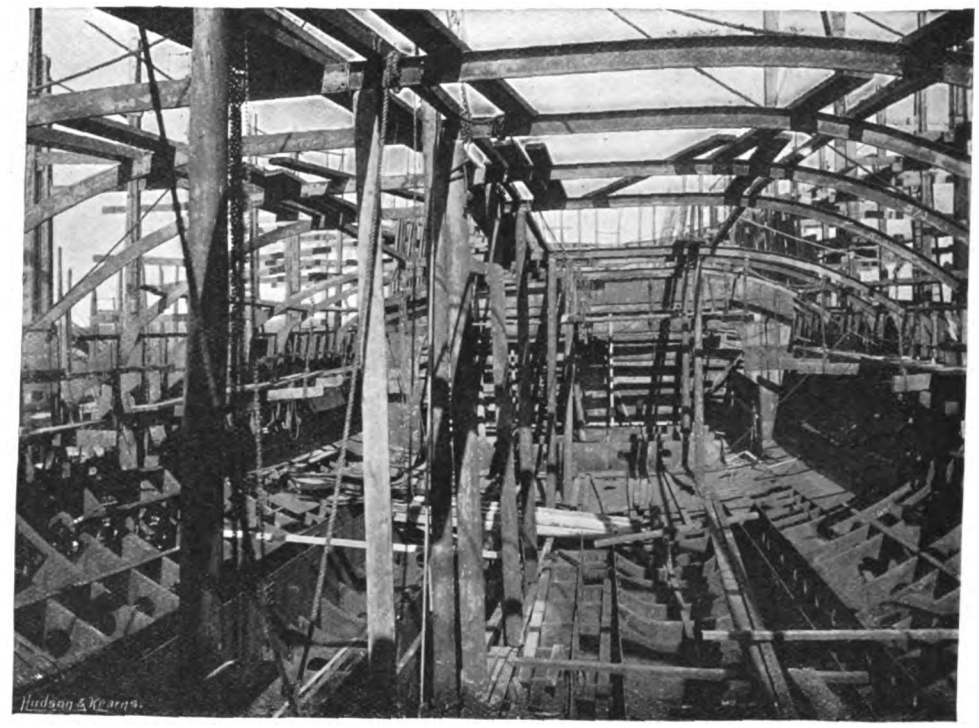
It is in cruiser construction, particularly, that, up to the present time, the Naval Construction and Armaments Company have been employed for the British Admiralty as regards big ships, and our illustrations show the three last which have been sent afloat at Barrow. One, the "Powerful," is, of course, the well-known 14,200-ton first-class cruiser of that name (a sister to the "Terrible"), whose brilliantly successful trials with water-tube boilers were the naval sensation of last year. She is now at Portsmouth preparing for commission. The second is the "Niobe," a smaller "Powerful," launched at Barrow recently, and now being completed there for sea. The third and fourth are the "Juno" and "Doris," two 5,600-ton second-class cruisers of the most approved type, built on the lines of the successful "Talbot" and "Eclipse." Both of them are now in the Steam Reserve at Devonport, ready to hoist the pennant at short notice.

Another of our illustrations shows a cruiser in the process of construction on a building slip at Barrow. As in the case of battle-ships, the designs reach the builders from Whitehall in the form of "Constructional Drawings," which represent on paper elaborately detailed plans of every part of the vessel. From these the builders of the ship set to work and lay off in their Mould Loft in exact "life" size the various parts. The results of the labours of the Mould Loft draughtsmen go direct to the pattern-shops and workshops, where the materials for the earlier stages in the building of the ship are modelled and forged, ready for a start to be made as soon as the keel plates are laid and the putting together of the vessel can be begun in the open. Up to a certain point everything is done exactly in the same way as with a battle-ship, the same material, mild steel, being used.

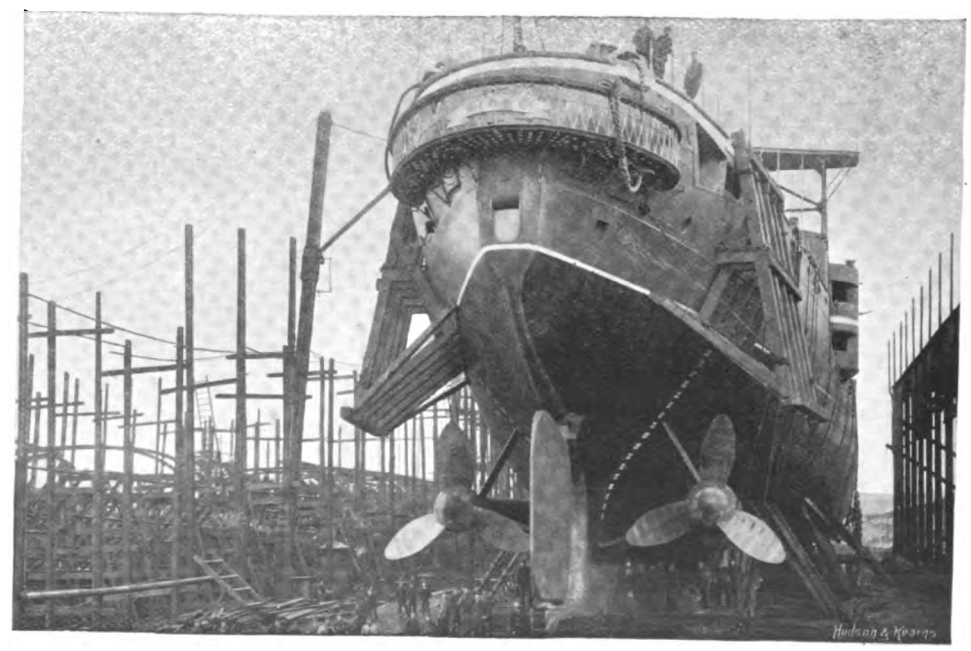
The first step that practically differentiates between the building of a cruiser and the building of a battle-ship comes after placing the curved steel supports of the armoured deck, common to both types of vessels, has been completed. The absence of any side armour on the cruiser constitutes the main



Electric Drills at Work in Building the "Niobe."

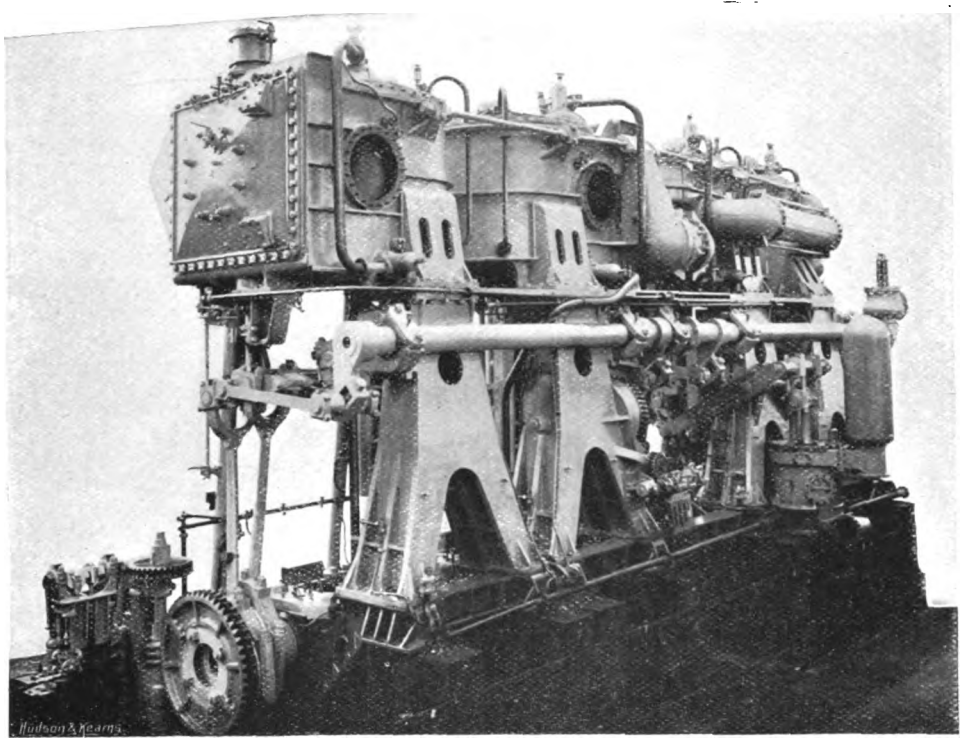


Putting together the Frame of H.M.S. "Niobe."



Stern View of H.M.S. "Niobe" just before Launching.

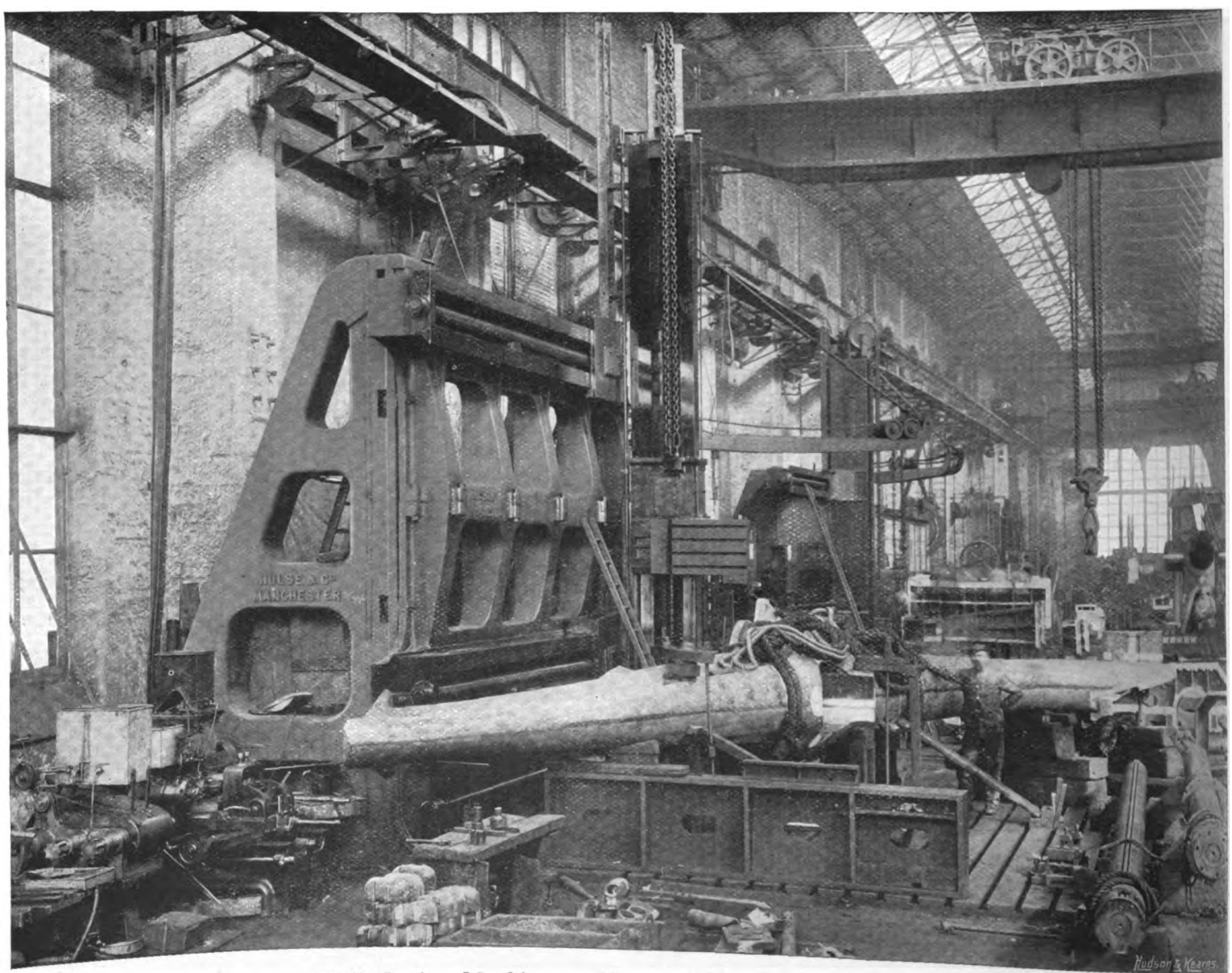
Digitized by Google



The Engines of H.M.S. "Niobe."

difference, the upper part of the hull in cruisers from end to end being constructed of the same mild steel, of comparatively thin texture, of which the lower portion is made. All classes of our cruisers are now built on what is called the deck protected system, by means of which the lower portion of the hull from end to end is "protected" by a horizontal turtle-backed steel deck, from one to four inches thick, the top of which (over the machinery in the centre part of the ship) is level with or a little above the water-line, while the curving edges of the steel deck connect with the sides of the ship some feet below the water-line. Above the armoured deck the thin steel of the hull can be penetrated anywhere by light guns, protection for the men at the guns being afforded by gun shields and armoured casemates, while coal is also used to minimise damage to the ship herself.

There being thus in cruisers no heavy steel armour to be provided for above the armoured deck and affixed to the frame of the ship, a long and laborious process that involves the riveting and fitting together of each armour plate in its designed place on the ship's side, the work of construction is considerably simplified as compared with that of the building of battle-ships. For this reason it takes, in case of our larger cruisers, at least, two-thirds less time to complete for sea than it does to build and complete a battle-ship. This famous yard not only constructs our great war-ships, but supplies them with engines and boilers; and the works in which the latter vital parts of a war-ship are built are among the finest in the world, both in equipment and arrangement. Enormous natural resources are near at hand, of which full advantage is taken. A knowledge of these existed as far back as the fourteenth century, and the Abbots of Furness Abbey, the ruins of which are not far from Barrow, turned this knowledge to their advantage. Thus, from this survey of the yard, it will be seen that it is one of the most important in the country, its shops equipped with the latest tools, and that it is noted for smart, substantial workmanship. The Naval Construction and Armaments Company, to conclude, have recently amalgamated with the manufacturing firm of the Sheffield Steel Works, a combination that is likely to have important and advantageous results on the fortunes of both establishments, as it will enable the united firm henceforth to construct, armour, engine, and complete, in every respect save armament, the largest battle-ships within their own establishment.



View of Machine Shop with Wall-planing Machine working the Phosphor-Bronze Stern Frame of H.M.S. "Niobe."

Digitized by Google

H.M.S. "NIOBE" IN THE ACT OF BEING LAUNCHED.

THE launch of the first-class cruiser "Niobe," of 11,000 tons displacement, which our illustration shows in the act of taking place, was successfully carried out at Barrow on Saturday, the 20th February last. The naming ceremony was performed by Lady HARRIS, wife of the nobleman who succeeded the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE in the chairmanship of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company on the Duke accepting office under the present Government two years ago. At the luncheon which followed the launch, Sir WILLIAM WHITE, Assistant Controller and Director of Naval Construction, in responding to the toast of "Success to the 'Niobe,'" made an important declaration as to the Admiralty policy in building large cruisers. Experience showed, he said, that if we wanted vessels capable of steaming at high speed and maintaining that speed at sea for any long period they must be of large dimensions; and it had always been a mystery to him how there should be such criticism of these cruisers in the Navy when it was remembered that even the "Powerful" and "Terrible" were small compared with vessels in the mercantile marine. Although there had been a good many hard words used about monster cruisers, yet it happened that our vessels were being imitated in size abroad.

Digitized by Google

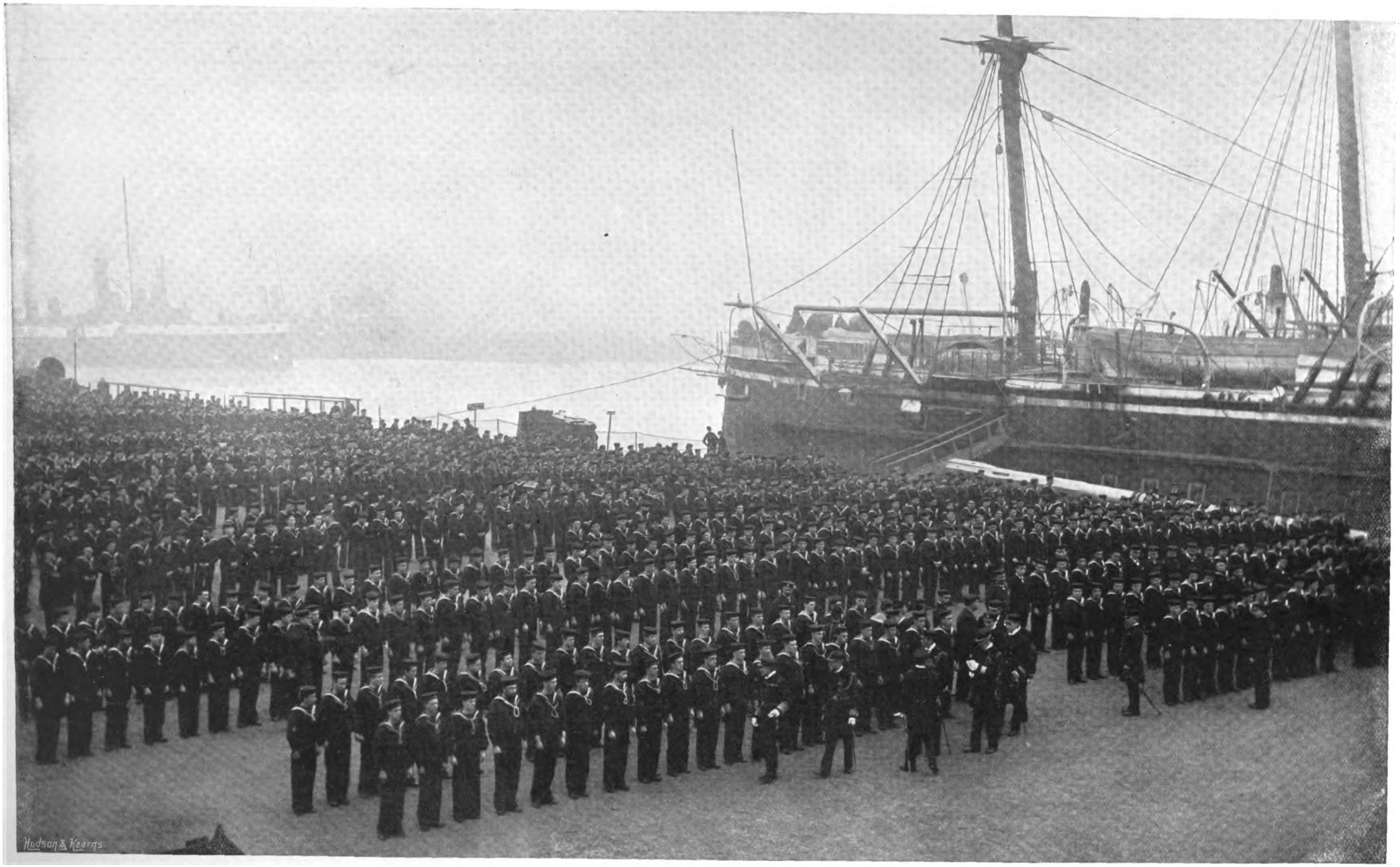
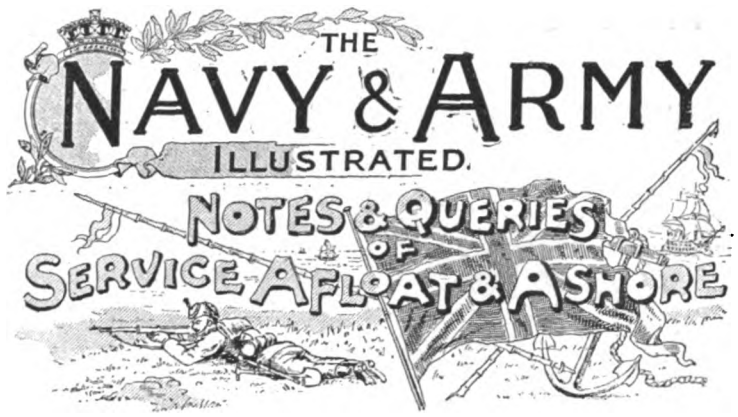


Photo. RUSSELL & SON, Southsea.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S INSPECTION OF THE PORTSMOUTH DEPÔT.

OUR illustration shows the scene in Portsmouth Dockyard on the morning of Tuesday, March 9th, when Admiral Sir NOWELL SALMON, V.C., made an inspection—which is said to be without precedent—of the entire strength of the Naval establishment, including every officer and man borne on the books of the "Victory," the "Marlborough," the "Duke of Wellington," the "Excellent," and the "Vernon," or serving in the tenders attached to those vessels, or under instruction within the precincts of the port. From two to three hundred officers and fully 4,000 men assembled on the parade-ground for the inspection. The Commander-in-Chief warmly complimented Captain W. C. KARSLAKE, who was in charge of the depôt (the command of which he has since handed over to his successor, Captain W. H. MAY), the other officers, and the men on the admirable manner in which all ranks and ratings turned out

Digitized by Google



THIRTY years ago the old "Victoria," a three-decker, was the Admiral's ship in the Mediterranean, and to-day we have hardly a masted ship in the Service. In those days our ships were mostly wooden, now they are nearly all iron or steel. In sailing-ship days the speed that a vessel could go "close hauled," as it was termed, (that is, approaching as nearly head to wind as possible and keeping her sails full) was a most important point, a fast sailer could do ten knots an hour thus, and twelve knots sailing before the wind. In about 1866 the first fleet of ironclads formed the Channel Squadron, and few could accomplish twelve knots per hour, so that at this period ten knots was a fast speed. Compared with these speeds our modern vessels of to-day are vastly superior, being nearly all of eighteen knots, and some of our largest battle-ships twenty to twenty-one knots; then the "destroyers," small vessels built and armed for destroying an enemy's torpedo-boats, vary from twenty-five to thirty knots speed, representing something over thirty-four miles an hour. For comparison, the Plymouth express, G.W.R., runs the 246 miles from Plymouth to Paddington in about six hours, averaging something over forty miles per hour, the slower train, running it in six and a-half hours, averages a little over thirty-seven miles per hour, and the local Parliamentary trains do not average more than fifteen to eighteen miles per hour.

* * * *

D.F. To be able to enlist in a cavalry regiment it does not follow that one should have a knowledge of horses beforehand. A man of 5-ft. 4-in. is not eligible for cavalry, but could enlist in the Royal Artillery as a driver, or in the Army Service Corps. Horses are used in both these corps. If medically fit, he could join the Medical Staff Corps, or Army Ordnance Corps. Should he wish, however, to be near London on joining, the following regiments (which are stationed at Aldershot, about an hour by train from London) are open to him: the 2nd Battalion Berkshire Regiment, 1st Battalion Border Regiment, 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, 1st Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, 2nd Battalion E. Lancashire Regiment, 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment, 2nd Battalion Royal West Surrey, and 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers.

* * * *

I AM asked the question as to which gun fired the last shot of the American Civil War. The seamen of the "Metacomet" have always claimed this distinction, saying that their forward pivot gun, a 6-in., fired the last shell of the war, as far as the Navy is concerned at any rate. They claim that on April 12th, 1865, the "Metacomet's" forward 100-lb. rifle sent a shell into a garden of a man named Ferguson, with the intention of breaking up a sand battery which had been there. General Canby is then said to have landed his troops only to find that Mobile had been evacuated. There was little or no more fighting after the date on which this incident occurred; but another account says that the last shot of the war, naval or military, appears to have been fired by some cavalry in an attack on a place named Spanish Fort. This was on the occasion of a raid made by the Union Cavalry under Major-General J. H. Wilson, which led to the surrender of this fort, which was garrisoned by the 5th Battalion Washington Artillery. This was on April 19th, just a week later, and the gun that is said to have fired the shot was an 8-in. "Columbiad." I am unable to say whether either account is absolutely accurate, for I believe that there were several engagements afterwards, the last, it is contended, being on May 13th, at Palmetto Rand, Texas. Kirby Smith surrendered fourteen days afterwards, and this closed the war. It is strange if no guns were fired at these subsequent engagements.

H.W.K. writes to me for particulars of the uniform and horse-furniture of the officers of the 7th Hussars. The colour of the busby-bag is scarlet, and that of the plume white. In review-order the "field" of the sabretasche is scarlet, with an embroidered regimental device in the centre. The pouch-belt is of plain gold lace, with a very narrow scarlet edging on each side, with gilt buckles and slides. The pouch is of scarlet cloth embroidered in gold. Cavalry regiments on Indian or Foreign service do not wear the shabracque, which, when once discontinued, is not to be re-introduced. A leopard skin, with an edging of scarlet cloth, is worn over the saddle. The throat ornament is of white horse-hair, eighteen inches long. The 7th Hussars are at present stationed in South Africa, and, consequently, a "service kit" only is worn. The details given above are for review order.

* * * *

THE armoured deck of each of the new great cruisers, "Powerful" and "Terrible," which is made up of several steel plates, one over the other, either an inch or an inch and a-half in thickness, serves both for the purpose of horizontal and vertical armour, as it rises at the middle line to 3-ft. 6-in. above the surface of the water, and dips at the ships' sides 7-ft. below it, thus giving a camber of 10-ft. 6-in., covered with armour, which would prevent the entrance of projectiles to the vitals of the ship. This armoured deck extends from stem to stern. Over the machinery spaces it is 2½-in. thick, upon the flat or crown of the arch. At the curved sides it is 4-in. thick. Forward and aft of these spaces it is 2½-in. thick, from the point where it enters the stem to the projecting portion over the stern post; there are patches at the sides 3-in. thick. No portion of the deck armour is 6-in. thick, as sometimes stated; the idea has possibly arisen from the fact that the sloping nature of the 4-in. deck armour over the curve at the ship's side makes the horizontal distance through it 6-in., or, indeed, a little more. The entire weight of the armoured deck is almost 1,300 tons, independently altogether of the vertical shield for the gun casemates, etc.

* * * *

IT is only comparatively recently that it has been seen of what great and vital importance it is to any general scheme of Imperial defence that fortified coaling stations should be established at such strategic points, here, there, and everywhere about the world, as will (1) allow ships of war always to obtain with the least possible difficulty a sufficient supply of coal to enable them to keep up ceaseless activity on the high seas; (2) enable them to get repaired and refitted in security; and (3) afford temporary protection to vessels of the mercantile marine. During the last few years great efforts have been made to establish and fully equip such fortified coaling stations. They may be divided into three groups—Imperial, Colonial, and Naval. The Imperial are garrisoned by Imperial troops, with, in some cases, local auxiliaries. They are established at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Trincomali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Lucia, Jamaica, Bermuda, and Halifax (Nova Scotia). Colonial coaling stations, garrisoned by colonial regular troops with local auxiliaries, are at King George's Sound in Western Australia, and at Thursday Island, North Australia. The Naval coaling stations are maintained entirely by the Navy, and are to be found at Simon's Bay (Cape Colony); Ascension Island, in the South Atlantic; the Falkland Islands, at the south of South America; and at Esquimalt (Vancouver Island), in the North Pacific Ocean. The various stations were selected after much careful deliberation, and it would be difficult to improve upon their general distribution.

* * * *

THE differences in uniform between the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are so minute as to be indistinguishable to all except those who have an intimate acquaintance with the Household Brigade. The tunics worn by both regiments are scarlet, with blue facings. The shell jacket of the 1st Life Guards has a blue shoulder strap, that of the 2nd Life Guards may be recognised by a red shoulder strap, and dark blue piping up the seams of the back. As regards the overalls (trousers), both regiments wear two broad red welts with a narrow stripe between. The pouch-belt of the 1st has a red cord in the centre, that of the 2nd a blue cord. Both regiments wear a scarlet cloak with a blue collar. The tunics and shell jackets of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) are, of course, blue. They cannot, therefore, be mistaken for any other Household regiment, They wear one broad red stripe down the overalls and blue cloaks with scarlet collars. The above are some of the most apparent differences between the regiments of Household Cavalry. There are many more which might be enumerated, but which would tend rather to confuse than inform the civilian reader.

Digitized by Google

THE independence of the United States may be said to have originated in a disturbance about *tea*; our most eventful Chinese war began anent *opium*; our possession of India resulted from a difference of opinion upon *pepper!* In 1599, East Indian Dutch traders, raising the price of pepper from 3s. to 6s. per lb., the Merchants of London determined to trade *direct with India*. On 31st December, 1600, the English Company was incorporated by charter of Queen Elizabeth—125 shareholders, with a capital of £70,000, afterwards £400,000, entitled "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies." Defeating the Portuguese off Surat, the Company settled there, James I. ratifying the charter by treating with the Mogul, an ambassador being sent to his Court. Charles I. improperly granted a second charter to another Company, but Cromwell merged both into one, and, introducing the "Navigation Act," protected Indian trade. Fort St. George, Madras, was added in 1639, and Bombay bought in 1668 from Charles II. In 1689 Fort William arose. Another rival Company started in 1698, but Queen Anne's charter united all in 1708. Clive destroyed French influence in India, and Warren Hastings added province after province to the Company; but, the Mutiny of 1857 ruining its prestige, in 1858 the Board of Control yielded up its powers to the Crown, a Secretary of State and fifteen Members of Council taking them over. India's army contains 223,926 officers and men, 73,863 British, 150,063 native. The first comprise eighty-eight batteries of Artillery, nine Cavalry and fifty-two Infantry corps; native troops: thirteen batteries of Artillery, forty Cavalry and 122 Infantry corps; native States add 16,000, half Cavalry. Reserve small.

* * * *

THE use of the epaulette in the Royal Navy is of much more recent origin than in the Army. It arose from an incident which occurred while some Naval officers were visiting Paris during the peace, when it was found that the sentries did not carry arms to them, although they passed that compliment to Marine officers, who then wore silver epaulettes. Two of the officers, Lord Hugh Seymour and another, accordingly added gold epaulettes to their uniform; but until they were actually adopted as uniform, which was not until 1st June, 1795, the use of them was regarded with disfavour by many officers on account of their French origin. "Two noble Captains are here," wrote Nelson to his father in 1783—"Ball and Shepheard. You do not know, I believe, either of them: they wear fine epaulettes, for which I think them great coxcombs . . . . You may suppose I hold them a little cheap for putting on any part of a Frenchman's uniform." The use was at first restricted to Flag officers, Captains, and Masters and Commanders—a combined rank which then existed—Flag officers and Captains over three years' seniority wore one on each shoulder, with stars according to their rank; Captains under three years' seniority, one only, on the right shoulder; and Masters and Commanders one on the left shoulder. In 1825 a second epaulette was added to the Commanders' uniform; and one on the right shoulder to that of the Lieutenants; the second epaulette for Lieutenants was added in 1846.

* * * *

JUST at this time, when the forces of the Crown are so much under discussion, a volume entitled "The Navy and the Nation" (John Murray) has appeared very appropriately. It is from the vigorous and trenchant pens of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George S. Clarke, K.C.M.G., who is one of the highest authorities on fortifications, and Mr. J. R. Thursfield, than whom no man in England knows the conditions of Naval policy and strategy better. The book consists of essays reprinted from a number of sources, and is a veritable armoury from which the principles and facts of defence may be drawn. The authors leave no doubt upon the minds of their readers that by the Navy we stand or fall. They allow no middle course. Nothing can be so expensive as a cheap and inefficient Navy; nothing so cheap as one which is sufficient for defence, however much that Navy may cost. Are we to be defended from invasion? The Navy, as these writers enforce, is our safeguard. Shall our commerce and food supplies be given safety at sea? Yes, they answer, if the Navy be adequate to its purpose. Shall the bonds of Empire be loosened? Never, they reply, until Englishmen forget their heritage of command of the sea. A host of matters, such as blockade, scouting tactics, the Declaration of Paris, Imperial assurance, the duty of the Colonies, the teachings of the Armada, the training of officers, and the value, or rather, the small value, of submarine mines, are treated with competence, and there is something very amusing in the trenchant manner some questions are dealt with. The book, in short, is an excellent manual of its vast subject.

THE EDITOR.

THE RED TAPE DEMON.

By SPEX.

HERE is a little demon that presides over all Government departments, and his name is Red Tape. Although he is, perhaps, the best abused of all the sprites that hover around our public offices, he is not really such a malignant demon as some folks would like to make out; but he perpetrates so many blunders, and is withal, at times, so obstinate, that he has got a plaguey bad name, and, what is more, has done a good deal to deserve it.

He is, to start with, so dreadfully conservative that he is quite out of place in these advanced days; indeed, the firmness with which he clings to the traditions of the past is one of the principal reasons why he is so often in trouble. Change is a thing that he hates, and he is most strongly of the opinion that what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us, so that it is only now and again that what he calls "a pestilent reformer" manages to hurry him up so thoroughly that he is glad to give way for the sake of peace and quiet.

It has to be recorded that although the dawn of a more enlightened age has banished Red Tape from all but the most fossilized of our Government departments, in those which deal with our Army all over the world he has still to be reckoned with, though it is only fair to add that he has not nowadays nearly such a good time as he once enjoyed. But to this day his influence is felt in places far remote from Pall Mall. It was in India, for instance, within the last year or two, that one of his most cherished theories, viz., that what an official does is necessarily right, got a nasty jar. In the Army serving in the Bombay Presidency there used to be a solid grievance that had existed for a number of years. Thomas Atkins, in the canteens in those parts, was compelled to consume what amounted to three glasses of porter which he did not much care for, to every glass of the beer which he infinitely preferred. It did not greatly console him to be told (as he constantly was) that in that climate black beer was much better for him than was red beer. It did not even better matters when this notion, in consequence of the custom having attained to quite a respectable age, came to be endorsed by the medical profession themselves; so that the less cautious of the doctors have been known to speak with fitting awe of certain Boards or Committees which had determined the point some time early in the "sixties," thereby giving the hall-mark of professional approval to a practice of which the soldier thoroughly disapproved. For nearly thirty years this state of things continued, and might be going on now had not a very exalted personage, who has a way (greatly disapproved of by Red Tape) of taking nothing for granted, happened to be appointed to this particular command. In due course complaints reached him, as they had reached many of his predecessors, and (unlike said predecessors) he told off a staff officer to go into the matter, when it was found that so far from a medical committee having determined the point, the custom had originated in the mistake of a native clerk, who, in copying the indent for transmission to England (whence the beer, etc., came in those days) had accidentally transposed the quantities. Of course, no one was wrong, and equally, of course, the liquor had to be disposed of, and an excuse invented which Red Tape jealously guarded for all those years.

This particular demon dislikes intensely anything out of the beaten track, and poses as a sort of dragon in the road of any rash individual who wishes to make an assault on the public purse in any direction save those that have had the sanction of ages to hallow them. A few years ago the officer in charge of one of our largest Ordnance Store Depôts found that the mice and rats were playing havoc with sundry articles in his charge. He, therefore, wrote to the War Office, asking permission to "entertain" two cats. The Secretary of State approved of the idea in the abstract, but before sanctioning it he prudently enquired what would be (1) the original cost of the cats, (2) the cost of their maintenance *per mensem*. The officer replied that the original cost would be *nil*, as he had the offer of a couple of well-grown kittens—such as might in time be expected to prove efficient mousers—from the wife of one of his labourers, on whose authority also he anticipated that the cost of maintenance would amount to one shilling *per* cat *per* week. The Secretary of State wrote back by return of post to say that he cordially approved of the principle of getting the cats for nothing, and that part of the scheme was to stand good. On the other hand, he regretted that any officer in a responsible position

Digitized by Google

should have put forward such an insidious attack on the public purse as this proposal to charge a shilling a week for each cat. It was well known among cat fanciers that a healthy cat could live on meat of its own providing, with a trifling allowance of milk—say 3d. a week. The officer wrote back at once to say that he had made local enquiries, and that he found that a rat and mouse diet when carried to excess was highly deleterious to the cat, and that he must respectfully repeat his original estimate. On this there ensued a correspondence which lasted for several months, the minutes on which mounted up by tens at a time, till at last the officer came down to three shillings a month, and the War Office advanced to two. At this point the Secretary of State took the bull by the horns. In a final masterly letter he arbitrarily fixed the scale at half-a-crown, but with the saving clause that "at the end of six months a report was to be made on the then condition of the cats." It only remains to add that Red Tape had his revenge after all. The only vote in the estimates that the cats' meat can be charged to is that for "cleaning materials," and it goes down as lime, soap, and soda to this day.

Apropos the cats, there is another story told regarding them. It is to Malta that this second one relates. In the arsenal of that island a number of cats are maintained, and one day a particular admirer of the Red Tape man was sent to take charge of the commissariat department of the command. This worthy officer, when he found that every month he had to pay for the keep of no less than four-and-twenty cats, at once smelt a rat, and gave the ancient sergeant in charge some twelve hours' notice to produce the whole feline contingent for muster. It is said that it took half the *gamins* in Malta the whole of that night to collect the requisite number off the tiles of Valetta and the neighbourhood. But the sergeant scored off Red Tape in the end, for he had his four-and-twenty charges on parade before the officer himself appeared. This parade was probably unique of its kind, for, though in the various quarters of the world there are many strange sights to be seen in connection with our Army, even the Red Tape demon himself has probably never contrived such another as those four-and-twenty pussies by themselves.

The Pussies' Parade at Malta.

Among the brightest achievements of the Red Tape demon was his invention of an instrument of torture known as "the prescribed channel." This has done yeoman service for a great number of years, and has brought many intelligent soldiers to the verge of insubordination. What it can be made to do is only known to its victims, but a very simple illustration will show how it works. In a certain hospital a small glass vessel of smaller value came to grief in some fashion that does not greatly matter, and its loss was so insignificant that no mention of it was made on the half-yearly return of "stores on charge." The Red Tape man was down on this at once, and a correspondence ensued of which the twenty-eighth letter would, anywhere else, have sufficed in itself. It was from that defaulting doctor, and all it said was "Herewith the sixpence." The other twenty-seven minutes were to elicit the opinion of (1) a principal medical officer; (2) the general officer commanding a large district; (3) the director of Army contracts; (4) the principal store-keeper of the Army; and (5) the Secretary of State for War (not to mention a round dozen or so of minor officials) on the all-important point whether the doctor's paying up the sixpence really met the necessities of the case.

It is unfortunately the fact that although among the more active branches of the great military machine the Red Tape man has had a pretty decided hint that he must quit, yet in the offices which deal with the great departments that supply the soldier's wants, and most of all, in the powerful department that is charged with paying the military bills, his influence is still far too much in evidence. Imagine, for instance, that in these days of higher education, of swift communications, and constant travel, it should be still possible for a War Office examiner of accounts to soberly query the pay of an acting chaplain in Natal "pending a satisfactory explanation as to why this duty could not have been performed, *after his own*, by the chaplain at the Cape of Good Hope." In another instance the pay of a pensioned Chinese messenger from Hong Kong, who had retired to his native village, not having been drawn for one or two quarters successively, the War Office wrote out urgently asking why, "on the production of a medical certificate in due form, this money was not sent by cheque or post-office order." The reply set forth—(1) The postal system does not obtain in the interior of China. (2) There are no banks. (3) There are no medical officers.

The worst of it is that in other places, of which India is a particularly shining instance, the ways of the War Office are aped in these matters with results that are funny, proportionately to the difference in education and general knowledge between the English and native examiners. One of these last, who had grasped the fact that every soldier has a name as well as a number, wrote to a Battery of Artillery that had lost a horse, number 43,587, asking "What was the deceased horse's name?" The Major in command was fortunately a wag himself, and it is recorded that he wrote back to say that "The deceased horse's name was Tommy Rot," with which the Babu was perfectly satisfied.

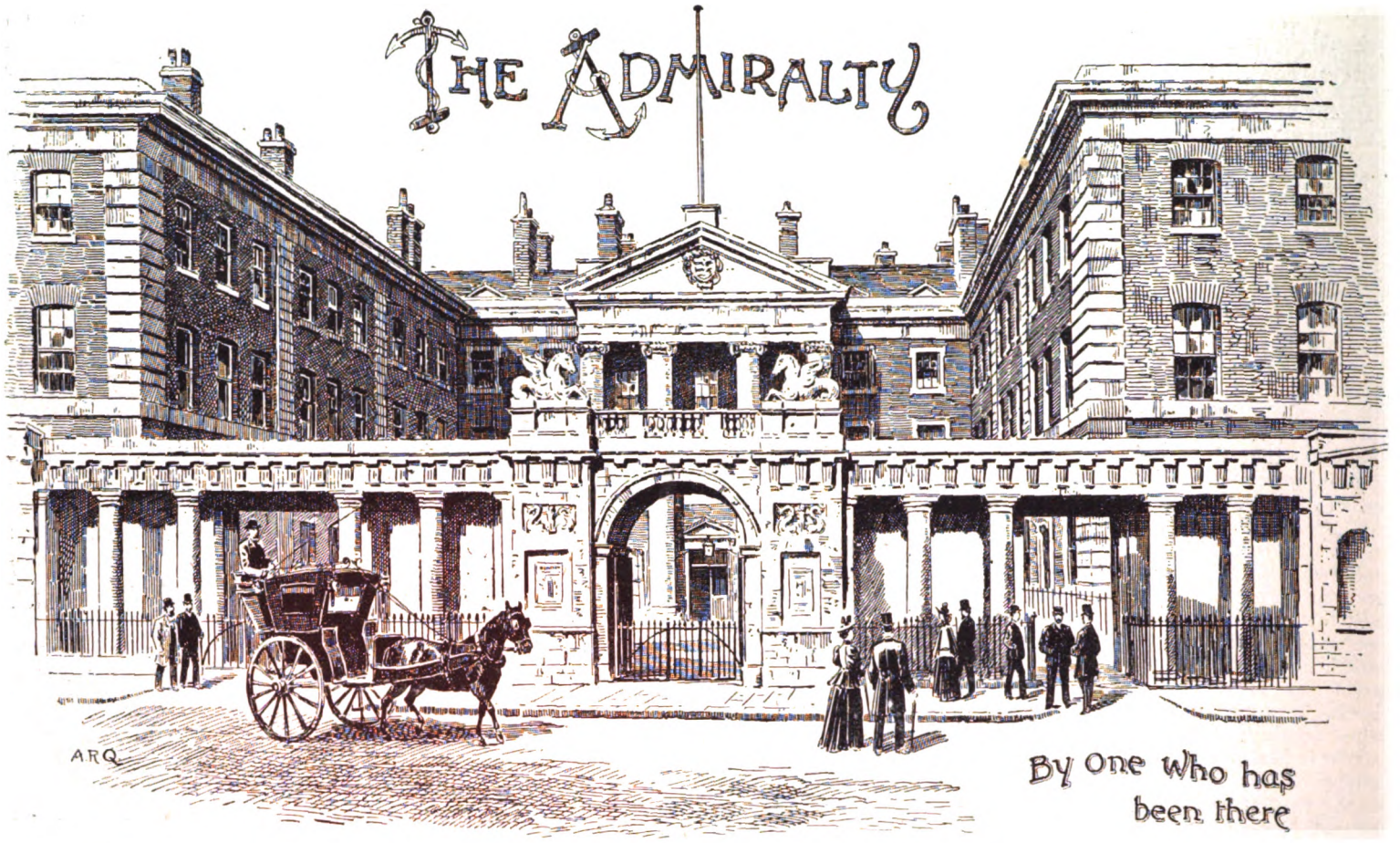
Even more perplexing to the mind of those who have not been trained to the examination of Army accounts was a ukase of the accounts' branch in India affecting the life certificates which all officers had to furnish if they were not present at their respective headquarters on the last day of the month. They were compelled to furnish one separately for each and every month, the Babus at Calcutta sapiently ruling that the mere fact that a man was alive in (say) the month of August was no proof whatsoever that he had been alive on the previous 31st of May. It is only within the last year or two that this order has been rescinded.

The above instances (selected out of many) will serve to show that the Red Tape demon has done something to earn the dislike with which he is regarded, even if it be admitted that there would be serious attacks on the public purse once his watchful eyes were removed. For, it must be confessed, though with bated breath, that his methods do not always tend to economy, as witness a case that occurred some years ago over the loss of a shilling's-worth of ammunition by a cadet corps. The "don" in charge of the corps' accounts out of curiosity kept a record of the postage, which had amounted to six-and-ninepence when the correspondence was finally, and indecisively, dropped.

Another of Red Tape's extravagances is to be found in the recruiting Service, where he loves to adhere to the fiction that all the recruits for a territorial regiment should come from their own depôt. It happens that now and again the district will not furnish enough men for the Service companies, and other and more prolific towns have to make up the difference. Not so very long ago the bulk of the recruits at a depôt in the North of England were coming from Dublin, and after a few weeks' sojourn in the military nursery, were being duly shipped back again to their native city, in which the home battalion of that particular territorial regiment happened to be quartered at the time.

Even more costly are the demon's pranks in the trooping season. He has been known to send whole drafts to the other side of the world to join the headquarters of their regiment, when that regiment was under orders to return home in the very same ship by which these drafts went out.

Digitized by Google



OF the many marvellous changes that have made the present century so famous, probably the Navy has been affected to the greatest extent; and it almost seems that if the inventive genius of man in devising engines of destruction is to receive no check, the ship of war in its present form must soon become a thing of the past. We have substituted steel for wood and steam for sails; explosives of enormous energy have taken the place of the comparatively harmless gunpowder, and a single gun now possesses as much destructive force as a broadside from our old wooden walls. Where all this is to end is a question that cannot be answered, except that we must make up our minds that, come what may, we must keep pace with the times.

It would be curious to compare the strength of the British Fleet of to-day with that of Nelson's time, if some standard of comparison could be found; but it is more curious to contemplate that although the fleets of to-day may be overwhelmingly superior to those in existence in the early part of the century, our relative power at sea may nevertheless be in no wise superior to what it has been in earlier days: because while our Navy may increase in strength year by year, so also may the Navies of possible enemies. While science has wrought such marvellous changes in the offensive and defensive qualities of our men-of-war, there is happily every reason to believe that our seamen have in no way deteriorated. The bluejacket of to-day is doubtless a differently constituted being to what he was in days of yore, thanks, perhaps, to the system of training, continuous service, and pensions now in operation; but we have had abundant evidence in the wars in which our seamen have taken part in recent years that his fighting qualities are unchanged.

But the changes and improvements have not been confined to the fleets and *personnel*, they have necessarily extended to the ruling power of the Navy, and the Admiralty of to-day is probably as different an organization to what it was as is that of a wooden three-decker and a modern battleship. The telegraph alone has effected a great change; and perhaps one of the most important factors in the efficiency of our modern Naval organization is, that not only the Board of Admiralty, but also the several administrative departments, are in closer touch with the fleets in all parts of the globe than was ever before the case. The development that has followed the changes that have taken place, even in our recollection, has resulted in the concentration at Whitehall of an army of workers, embracing Naval officers, Naval architects, engineers, and others, all busily engaged in the conduct of the several duties appertaining to their departments.

The duties devolving upon our fleets are so multitudinous and ubiquitous that the very essence of our Naval power lies in the celerity with which, under an efficient central administration, the Naval forces of the country can be brought to bear, whenever their services are required, in sufficient strength and at the right movement. Nor is the efficiency of the fleet solely dependent upon these considerations, because, now that sail power is a thing of the past, and rapid movements under steam the order of the day, the fleets, wherever they are, must necessarily rely upon the resources placed at their disposal at the various Naval centres. It would be disastrous if, at a critical moment, the coal supply, the provision supply, or the reserves of stores, ammunition, and other munitions of war of vital importance ran short, or if any of our Naval stations abroad proved incapable of meeting the requirements of the fleets in the face of the enemy or after an engagement. The requirements of the service obviously require perfect organization throughout, especially at headquarters.

Unlike the other great departments of the Government, the Admiralty is not presided over by a Secretary of State. This is due to the fact that the constitutional ruler of the Queen's Navy is a Lord High Admiral, but the office has been continuously in commission since 1708, except during the period when it was filled by the Duke of Clarence. The Commissioners are popularly known as the Lords of the Admiralty, or the Board over which the First Lord presides. The origin of the office of High Admiral is lost in antiquity, and while at times it has been a mere sinecure, having once been held by a child, it has also been filled by persons of power and distinction, including members of the Royal house.

The First Lord is the Minister of the Crown, immediately responsible for the general efficiency of the Navy. His responsibility is far-reaching, because the policy of the Government of the day may affect the well-being of the Service for many years to come.

Under the First Lord the direction of affairs rests in the hands of four Naval Lords, a Civil (Parliamentary) Lord, and the Parliamentary or Financial Secretary.

The Senior Naval Lord, always an Admiral of high rank and general experience, practically fills the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. He is the chief Naval adviser of the First Lord, and is especially responsible for the *personnel*, condition and movements of the Fleet in general. The Naval Lords each share the responsibility by maintaining the efficiency of branches of the Service under their immediate supervision, the general result of the system being the splendid condition to which the Navy has attained. The Controller of the Navy, an officer usually selected from the list of Admirals possessing experience in the superintendence of dockyards, is the Naval Lord charged with the supervision of the whole of the *matériel* of the Navy, including the construction, repair, armament, general equipment and upkeep of every ship in the Service. He is also responsible for the administration of the dockyards, and for the construction of ships and machinery by contractors.

Under the members of the Board of Admiralty, the several branches of administration are conducted by a series of permanent officers, who, chiefly under the title of "directors," deal with Naval construction, engineering, ordnance, hydrography, dockyards, stores, victualling, works hygiene and contracts, the duties of each being denoted by the titles they hold.

Digitized by Google

As the outcome of the comprehensive programmes of ship-building introduced by successive First Lords of the Admiralty, Naval construction has taken gigantic strides of late, and the country is to be congratulated upon the vast improvement, not only in the general efficiency, but also in the appearance of our ships of war. Not long ago ugliness and armour seemed to be inseparable; but happily a way out of the difficulty has been found, and ships of graceful proportions have supplanted the "flat iron" type, exemplified by such ships as the "Devastation."

Equally important advances have also been made with the machinery of the fleet, culminating in the successful introduction of the Belleville boiler in the "Powerful" and "Terrible." The torpedo-boat destroyers have conspicuously led the way in high speeds, and although the high rate attained by these vessels has not yet been approached by our latest cruisers, nevertheless the speed of this type of ship is steadily increasing. In guns satisfactory progress has been made, and while a very few years ago, owing to the tenacity with which the muzzle-loading system was adhered to, we were thrown seriously behind our foreign competitors, much lost ground has been recovered, and the guns with which our newest ships have been armed have proved to be thoroughly efficient and the most powerful of their kind in existence. An important step in the interests of the Naval Service has recently been taken in the transference from the War Office to the Admiralty of the provision for Naval armaments. Formerly the Navy was entirely dependent upon the War Department for armaments and ammunition, but the results of this arrangement gave rise to much criticism in the public press, the contention having been that the supplies were inadequate for Naval purposes. Whether this was the case or not, the change possesses the advantage of imposing direct responsibilty upon the Admiralty for the provision of this all-important branch of Naval requirements.

Singularly enough an exactly opposite course has been followed in the matter of the Transport Service, and although the Director of Transports remains an Admiralty officer, and controls the shipping, the purse-strings are held by the War Office. Recent years have witnessed a remarkable change of policy in the transporting of troops, and instead of maintaining a fleet of Government troopships, it is now the practice to hire from ship-owners such ships as are required. The change has been welcomed as relieving the *personnel* of the Navy from a duty somewhat foreign to men-of-war's-men, and one that was thought to have a deteriorating tendency.

Collaterally with the enormous programmes of ship-building that are necessary to enable us to keep pace with the ship-building policies of other nations, the Admiralty have entered into a very extensive programme of a different description, and are at the present time engaged in the construction of a large number of dry docks at the several Naval stations, and especially at Gibraltar, for which purpose large sums have been granted by Parliament. The importance of this policy is obvious, when it is remembered that the protection of our colonies and commerce renders the presence of fleets necessary in all parts of the world. The Works Departments of the Admiralty are presided over by officers of the Royal Engineers, and the supervision of this branch of business rests with the Civil Lord.

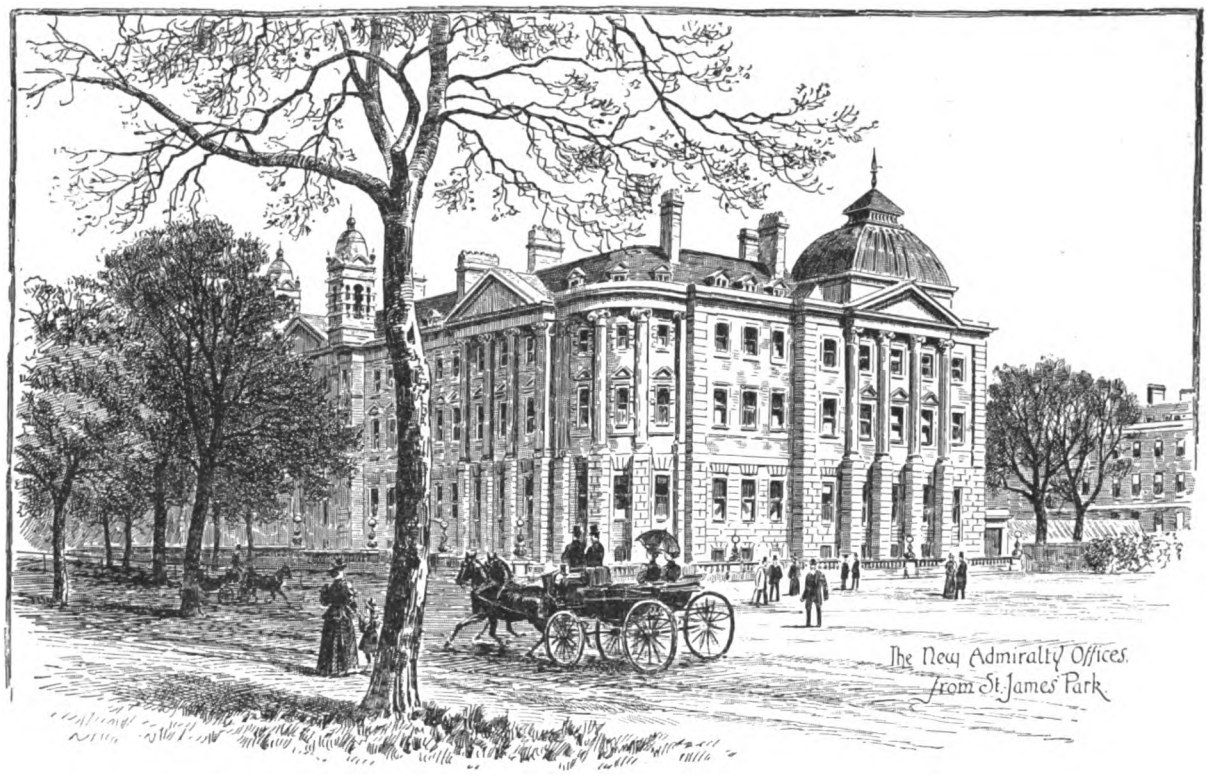
Perhaps the most satisfactory addition to the establishment of the Admiralty of recent years has been that of the Director of Naval Intelligence. Several officers are associated with him in the work, upon which the success of Naval operations must so much depend.

An important branch of the Service is that over which the Director-General of the Medical Department presides. Probably there is no body of men in the world whose general health is so carefully studied as our seamen and marines. Equally assiduously is their general well-being looked after by the Chaplain of the Fleet—whose head-quarters are also at the Admiralty. In the Greenwich Hospital department, the important funds from which the pensions of officers, seamen and marines are so substantially augmented are administered. These funds had their origin principally in the sequestration of the estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, who took a prominent but very unfortunate part in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715.

The Royal Marine Forces constitute a very important section of the *personnel* of the Navy, numbering as they do about 16,000 of all ranks. They are divided into two branches—artillery and infantry. Considerable numbers are in training or held in reserve in barracks at the several Naval ports, but the greater portion are distributed over the fleet generally, the complement of each man-of-war in commission including a detachment of Marines. Admiral of the Fleet, H.R.H. the Duke of Coburg, is Colonel of the regiment. The headquarters are at the Admiralty, whereat the affairs of the Forces are administered by the Deputy Adjutant-General.

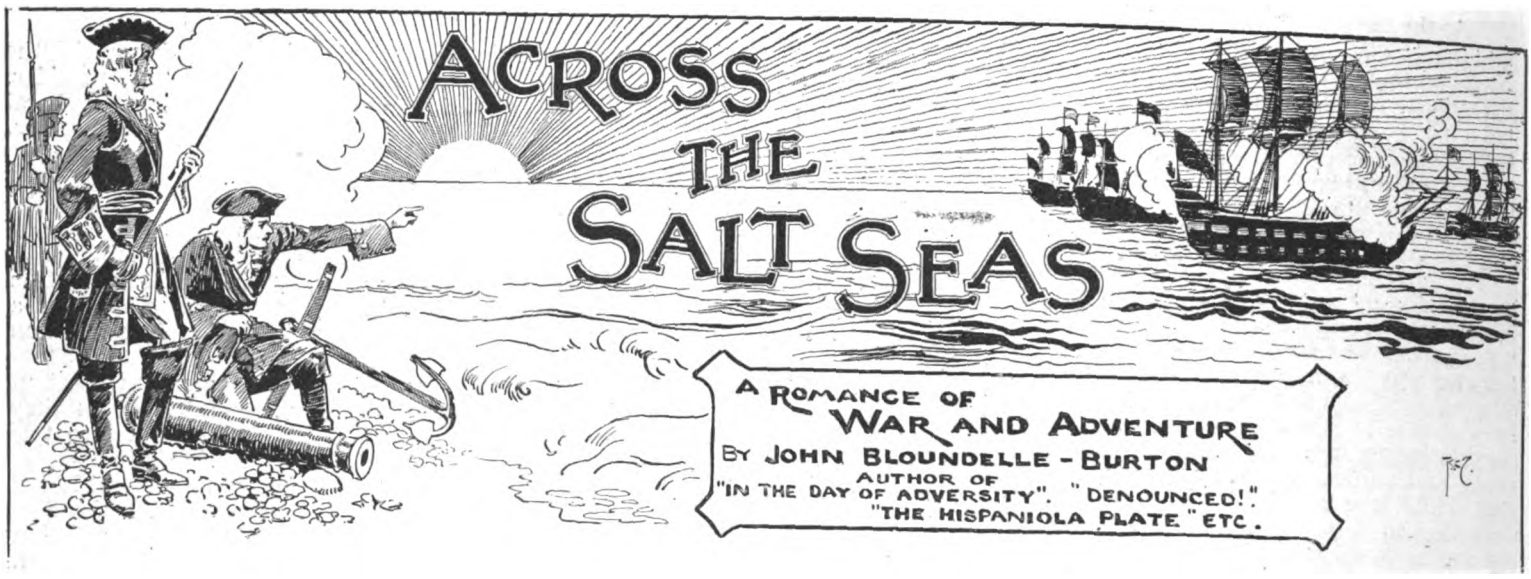
The Secretariat of the Admiralty is practically divided into two sections, the executive and the financial. The former section is under the direction of the Secretary of the Admiralty, who is the head of the permanent staff. He is practically the mouthpiece of the Board of Admiralty. The department over which he presides is especially charged with the executive business connected with the fleet and the *personnel*. It will be remembered that Pepys held this historic and very important office.

The Financial Secretary, who, being a minister of the Crown, vacates office with the administration of which he is a member, is charged with the supervision of the financial business, and, in the event of the First Lord being a Peer of the Realm, he would represent the Admiralty in the House of Commons. The Accountant-General of the Navy, who is the permanent financial officer of the Admiralty, fills the position of Assistant Financial Secretary. To realise the importance of the duties involved in the financial supervision of such a variety of branches of outlay, it must be remembered that Parliament exercises a complete control over all public expenditure, and, while it grants moneys for purposes specified in the Votes, it strictly limits expenditure to those particular purposes. Under such circumstances the greatest care is necessary in the preparation of the estimates and in the supervision of expenditure.


The New Admiralty Offices from St. James' Park

An important factor of good organization is the concentration of departments of business. For many years the departments of the Admiralty were divided between Whitehall and Somerset House, and latterly the staff located at Somerset House has been domiciled in a lot of old houses in Spring Gardens, while others are in Northumberland Avenue. The new building at Whitehall has afforded accommodation for many of the outlying departments, and contractors are hard at work in the erection of another portion of the building, which, when completed, will be one of the finest of the public offices in the metropolis.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!", "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The battle of Vigo being now finished, and the mission entrusted to Mervyn Crespin, of the Fourth Horse, by the Earl of Marlborough accomplished, only a short retrospect of the previous chapters is necessary. Lieutenant Crespin was ordered by the Earl to proceed from Flanders to Cadiz, there to inform the English Admiral that the galleons on their way home from the West Indies would put into Vigo instead of Cadiz. Arrived at Lagos, he finds the fleet have desisted from their attack on Cadiz, and, by good fortune, happens to fall in with three of the vessels composing it, which have put into that place for water. He is thereby enabled to communicate his information and to take part in the attack on Vigo. The man, Carstairs, referred to, was a fellow passenger of his, and young Belmonte has been discovered as a passenger in one of the treasure ships, as also has the monk, Father Jaime.

CHAPTER XI. *(continued).*

Our loss, considering the fierce fight both sides made of it at Vigo, was not considerable. Hopson's ship, because she had borne the brunt of the encounter, did suffer the most, she having 115 of her sailors killed on the deck or drowned, with nine wounded. The "Barfleur" and the "Association" had each but two men killed, the "Mary" lost none, the "Kent" had her bo'sun wounded, while, for ourselves, we had many wounded but none, that I know of, killed. Of those who went ashore to attack the Fort of Redondella, under his Grace of Ormond, none of much note were slain; but Colonel Pierce got a bad wound from a cannon shot fired by one of our own men-of-war, and some other colonels were also wounded.

* * * * * *

'Twas through a mass of wreckage and floating spars, masts and yards that we passed towards the "Royal Sovereign," which lay back a bit and was nearer to the mouth of the strait and beyond where that boom had been, and as we did so I saw my young gentleman, Señor Belmonte, turn somewhat pale when he observed the terrible traces which battles—and more particularly sea battles—always leave behind. Indeed, the soft, red flush left his cheeks, and the full, scarlet lips themselves looked more white than red, as his eyes glanced down at the objects that went a-floating by on the water; and, perhaps, since he was so young, 'twas not very strange that these sights should have sickened him. For there passed us dead men with half their heads blown off, others with a terrible grin of agony upon their faces, some with half their inwards dragging alongside them like cords—the waves tinged a horrid, reddish brown—while hats, wigs, and other things swirling by as the tide made, were but cruel sights for so young a man—and he, probably, no fighter —to see. And, after such a lusty encounter as this had been, one could not hope to witness anything much better.

As for the monk—on whom I could not but instinctively fix my eyes now and again, for, although I could not have told why, the man had fascinated me with the knowledge which he seemed to have once possessed of all those hideous filibusters and sea-rovers who now, he said, were dead and gone and driven off the ocean—he seemed to regard these things as calmly and impassably as though he sat in some lady's boudoir. His dark eyes, 'twas true, flashed here and there and all around—now on a headless man, and now on the distorted features of another, but he paled not, nor did he express or give any sign of interest in aught until we ran alongside our noble "Royal Sovereign," when he cast his eye approvingly over her.

"A great vessel," he said. "A mighty craft! Worthy to represent her great country." Then grasped the life-line hanging down, as I motioned him to ascend her ladder, and went on board as calmly as though accustomed to going over the sides of ships every day of his life.

From the main shrouds there hung a flag when we stepped on board—which I have since learnt to know denoted that a council of war was being held in the ship—also there were many captains' gigs and some admirals' barges all about her, so that 'twas plain enough to see, even without that flag, that a consultation was taking place. And, scarce had I given my orders for the chests to be hauled in than the first lieutenant approached me, and very courteously asked if I was not Lieutenant Crespin?

A moment later I was being ushered into the main cabin—leaving my two companions on the deck for the present —and in another instant was making my salutations to the grey-haired admiral, Sir George Rooke, who sat at the head of the table, and to his Grace the Duke of Ormond, a brave, handsome soldier, who had come on board after taking of the Fort of Redondella.

And now I pass over the many flattering things said to me by those great officers seated there—as we had flown straight to Vigo after the "Pembroke" had picked up the fleet at sea, and had at once been occupied in our preparations for taking of the galleons, this was the first time we had met; over, also, all the compliments paid me for the manner in which I had made my way from Holland to Lagos. Suffice it that both Sir George Rooke and the Duke told me that my services would not be forgot, and that when I returned to my lord Marlborough I should not go unaccompanied by their commendations. However, enough of this. And now I told my tale of the morning, and of the two persons I had found on board "La Sacra Familia"—told, too, that they were at this moment on board the "Royal Sovereign," I having deemed it best to bring them along with me.

"Let us see them," said Rooke, and straightway bid his lieutenant go bring them in. But I think that, although I had told those assembled at this board what kind of persons these were whom I had discovered in the ship, all the admirals, generals, and captains were astonished at their appearance when they stood before them; while so handsome a show of it did my young Señor Belmonte make, that, perhaps almost unknowing what he did, Admiral Hopson pushed a chair towards him and bade him be seated. And, because such courtesy could not be shown to one of these visitors without the same being extended to the other, the monk was also accommodated with a chair, in which he sat himself down calmly, his eyes roving round all assembled there.

"You were passengers in this galleon,—the—the—'Sacra Familia,'" Sir George said, glancing at a paper in his hand, on which I supposed the names of the captured ships were written down, "and, as this officer tells me, are anxious to proceed to your destinations. Will you inform me of what that destination is, so that we may assist you in your desire?"

"Mine," exclaimed Señor Juan—and as his sweet, soft voice uttered the words musically, all eyes were turned on him, "is England eventually. Yet," and he smiled that gracious smile which I had seen before, "my passage was but paid to Spain—and—I am in Spain. Beyond being permitted to go ashore here with my few necessaries, I know not that I need demand any of your politely-proffered assistance."

Sir George shrugged his shoulders, while he looked attentively at the handsome young man—who, I thought, to speak truth, received the civilities of his speech with somewhat too much the air of one accustomed to having homage and consideration paid to him—then he said quietly:

"That, of course, shall be done at once. There can be no obstacle to that. We only regret that the rigours of war have caused us to inconvenience any ordinary passenger. You have your papers?"

"Yes, I have them here," and he produced from his breast a small bundle, at which Sir George glanced lightly.

Then he turned to Father Jaime, who preserved still the look of calmness which had distinguished him all through. Yet I wondered, too, that he should have done so, for he had been subject to even more scrutiny than Belmonte had been.

Digitized by Google

perhaps because of the garb he wore. Scrutiny that, in one instance at least, would have disquieted a less self-contained man, since Admiral Hopson, I noticed, had scarcely ever taken his eyes off him since he had entered the cabin, or, when he had taken them off, had instantly refixed them so upon his countenance that 'twas very palpable to me the man puzzled him. But, what need to describe that look which all the world has often seen on the face of one who is endeavouring to recall to himself where—or whether—he has ever seen another before?

"And you, sir?" the admiral asked.

"My destination," the monk replied—his voice firm, full, and sonorous as before, "is the Abbey of Lugo. And, since 'tis far nearer here than Cadiz is, I can scarce regret finding myself at Vigo instead of at the latter place."

And, even as he spoke, I saw Hopson give a slight start and look still more intently at him than before.

Then he bent forward towards Father Jaime and said softly:

"Reverend sir, is it possible that we have ever met before? In the West Indies, to wit."

Chapter XII.

WHAT DID THE ADMIRAL DISCOVER?

Not long elapsed ere I stood alone on the beach of Viana, which is in the province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, in Portugal, and watched, with somewhat sad thoughts in my mind, the white foresail and mainsail of the "Pembroke's" jolly-boat rising and falling on the waters as gradually it made its way out to sea to where, a league off, there lay the English Fleet. The English Fleet, and bound for England!

Vigo was freed of its enemies and captors. Overnight, at dark, the whole of the British forces had cleared out of the Bay, and this morning Señor Juan Belmonte and myself had been put ashore at this miserable Portuguese town, or rather village, lying some twenty miles south of the Spanish frontier.

Briefly, this was the reason why I found myself standing alone upon the beach watching that fast-disappearing boat; while, walking up it to the town, went Señor Juan to seek for lodgings for us for the night.

"Reverend Sir, is it possible we have ever met before?"

After that council was concluded on board the "Royal Sovereign"—and from which Father Jaime, Belmonte, and myself had retired after an interview with the Admirals—the conclusion had been arrived at that, the work being done here—namely, the French Fleet in our power and the Spanish galleons destroyed—it would be impolitic as well as unnecessary for the English to remain any longer in the place. The decision was, however, come to totally against the desire of the Duke of Ormond, who, himself, was anxious to take possession of the town of Vigo, to lie there during the winter months, and, in the spring, to open again the campaign against France in that portion of Spain. Unfortunately, however, for this idea—which was, in fact, a mighty good one, and, if carried out, might have gone far towards crippling France even more than she was eventually crippled—it was an impossible one. There were no provisions whereby his army could be sustained for the winter, nor had Rooke a sufficiency in his ships wherewith to provide him, and neither would the Admiral consent to leave behind a portion of his fleet with which—should it come to that—the Duke could escape in case of necessity.

"For," said he to Ormond, as I learnt, "you have seen, my lord Duke, the disaster which has followed on our enemies trusting themselves within this narrow and land-locked bay. Would your Grace, therefore, think it wise to follow their bad example, and give them an opportunity which, doubt not, they would take as soon as possible, of retaliating upon us?"

And to this Ormond could but shrug his shoulders, being able to find no answer to such remarks. Therefore, at last—for all was not decided on the instant, but only after many more councils and much further argument—it was resolved that the fleet should remain no longer, nor, of course, the land forces neither.

But while all these determinations were being come to, I had had more than one interview with Rooke and Ormond (both of whom had entertained and made much of me, nor ceased ever their commendations), since it was very necessary that a decision should be arrived at as to what was to be my future course. For my work was done, my connection with this fleet over, I had no more business there. It was time I got back to my regiment. Only how to get there!—that was the question.

"You will scarce find at any port, Spanish or Portuguese," said the Admiral to me, "a vessel putting to sea now; the risk is too great. For, consider; we are all about, and none know what may be our next move—this one has frightened all this part of the world—then that old dog, Benbow, lyeth ever in wait further up. While, to make the seas still more dangerous, the French ships of war and the privateers are everywhere. In truth, all traffic on the water is at an end for a time."

"'Tis not so on land, though, sir," I ventured to say. "With a good horse I would undertake———."

"What!" exclaimed Ormond, with a laugh—"not surely to make your way to Flanders by land! You would scarce try that!"

"Ay, but I would, though, my lord Duke," I said, laughing, too, at the look of amazement on his face. "In very truth I would. I have thought it all over."

"'Tis impossible! You would never arrive!"

"Your Grace, I think I should. Permit me to explain. We are here in Spain———"

"Ay," said Rooke, interposing, "and so we are. But, Mr. Crespin, you would never get ashore, or, getting there, would never escape out of Vigo. Remember, the town itself is not in our hands, and the moment we were gone you would be set upon. Or, even though you would be unmolested while we remain here, you would be followed from Vigo, and——"

"Sir," I interrupted, in my excitement, "this is my plan. There is a seaport hard-by here called Viana, and 'tis in Portuguese territory—therefore, neutral, yet inclining more to us than to France."

"Ay," said Rooke, "and will come over to us ere long. The King leans to our side the most, because we are strongest on the seas—this taking of the galleons will decide him."

"Meanwhile," I went on, "'tis neutral. Now, from there, I can make my way to Spain——"

"There's the rub! When you are in Spain! And afterwards, in France! What then?"

"In both countries I can be Frenchman enough," and now I saw these two great officers look at me attentively. "I have the French tongue very well—well enough to pass through Spain as a Frenchman, while—when in France—I can pass as a Spaniard who knows the French."

"S'heart!" exclaimed Ormond, slapping of the table with his be-ringed hand, "but I would you were in one of

Digitized by Google

my regiments. You have a brain as well as a stalwart form. You must go far. And shall, if my word is any good with Jack Churchill."

"My lord Duke, you are most gracious. Yet, may I not ask if the plan is not a fair one?—at least, remembering that by sea the way is closed."

Fair or not fair, at least I brought them to it—more especially since, even though they had most utterly disapproved of my proposed method, they could neither of them have opposed it. For I was the Earl of Marlborough's officer; nay, more, I was his own particular and private messenger; I had come under his orders, and was still under them. Moreover, his last words to me had been, "Do your duty, fulfil the task I charge you with, then make your way back to me as best you can." That was all, yet enough.

Therefore it was arranged without more demur; though Sir George Rooke, who was now growing old, shook his head somewhat gravely, even as he ceased endeavouring to turn me from what I had resolved on.

"For," said he, kindly, "I like it not. You are still young—some years off thirty, I should suppose—and you are a good soldier—too good to be spared to any cowardly Spaniard's knife, or to fall into any truculent Frenchman's hands. And I would have taken you to England, and put you in the first Queen's ship for Holland, had you chosen. Still, 'an you will you will. Only be very careful."

"Sir," I said, touched at his fatherly consideration, "be sure I will. I can take care of myself. I have a good sword, and a strong arm—and—well!—one bullet is much the same as another. If one finds me in Spain, or France, 'twill be no worse than one in Flanders. And, perhaps, my bullet is not moulded yet."

As for his Grace, he took a different tack, he being younger and more debonair than the Admiral.

"Od's bobs," he said, "bullets are bullets, and may be a soldier's lot or not. But for you, Lieutenant, I fear a worse danger. You are a good-looking fellow enough, with your height and breadth, blue eyes and brown hair. Rather, therefore, beware of the Spanish girls, and keep out of their way—or, encountering them, give them no cause for jealousy. Oh! I know them,—and—well! they are the devil! 'Tis they who wield the knife—as often as not against those whom they loved five minutes back."

And, looking at the Duke—who was himself of great manly beauty, I could well enough believe he knew what he was talking of. For, if all reports were true—but this matters not.

The time had not, however, yet come for some day or so for me to set out, since 'twas arranged that I should be put ashore by one of the "Pembroke's" boats when the fleet went out of the Bay, and that then my last farewell would be made to those amongst whom I had now lived for weeks. Meanwhile, Sir George asked me what had become of my young friend, the Spanish gentleman, whom he called my "captive."

Now, this young captive had had still another interview with him after the first one, Sir George having sent for him from the "Pembroke," into which he had been temporarily received as a guest—since "La Sacra Familia" had been sunk by us after being dismantled of all in her of any worth—and the Admiral had once more renewed his offer of taking him to England. And it surprised me exceedingly, I being present at this interview, to observe the extraordinary courtesy and deference which he—who was more used to receive deference from his fellow-men than to accord it—showed to the youth. For he took him very graciously by the hand when he entered the cabin, led him to a seat, and, when there, renewed once more that offer of which I have spoken.

Indeed, his politeness was so great that I began to wonder if, by any chance, the Admiral knew of this young man being anyone of extreme importance, to whom it might be worth his while, as the chief representative of England here, to pay court. Yet, so silly was that wonderment that I dismissed it instantly from my mind, deciding that it was pity for his youth and loneliness which so urged the other.

"If you would go with us," he said, sitting by Belmonte's side, and speaking in the soft, well-bred tones which were special to him, "you should be very welcome, I assure you, sir. And I do not say this as a sailor speaking to one who has, by chance, fallen into his hands, so to put it; but as an old man to a—to a young one. For, sir, I have children myself, some young as you, some older: have sons and—and daughters, and I should be most grateful to all who would be kind to them."

Now, as he spoke thus, there became visible in Señor Juan another trait of character which I had scarce looked to see, it proving him to be a youth of great susceptibility. For, as the Admiral made his kindly speech, I saw the beautiful dark eyes of the young man fill with tears—'twas marvellous how handsome he appeared at this moment!—and, a second later, he had seized the old man's hand and had clapped it to his breast and kissed it.

But, even as he performed this action, I saw Sir George start a little—give, indeed, what was but the faintest of starts; yet beneath the bronze upon his manly face there rose a colour which—had he not been a sailor, and that a pretty old one—might have appeared to be a blush. But because he was so manly, and so English, himself—being always most courteous and well-bred, though abhorring, as it seemed to me, all appearance of emotion—I concluded that this foreign style of salutation did not commend itself over much to him. Yet he listened very courteously, deferentially almost, it appeared, to the words of gratitude which the youth was now pouring out—words of gratitude for his offer, but combined also with an absolute refusal of that offer.

"Very well. Since you will not, sir," he said, when the young man had finished, "there is no more to be done. Yet, take a word of warning from me, I beseech you. You will find it hard to reach England in a better way than I have suggested to you. Both France and Spain must be overrun with troops of all kinds at this time, and if you fall into their hands with your papers about you, showing that you are an English subject, it may go hard with you. Also———" and now he tapped the cabin-deck with his red-heeled shoe and looked down at it for a moment—"also, you are extremely well favoured. That, too, may injure you should—should——But," he went on, and without concluding his last sentence, "you understand what I mean." And now he gazed at Señor Juan with clear frank eyes, gazed straight into them.

For the life of me I could not understand what he was driving at, even if the youth himself could do so; since, how a man should be injured by his good looks, even though in a hostile country, I failed to conceive. Certain, however, it was that the other understood well enough Sir George's meaning—his next action showed plainly that he did. For now the rich warm colouring left his soft, downless cheeks, even the full lips became pale, and he lifted his long slim hand and thrust it through the clusters of curls that hung over his forehead, as though in some distress of mind. Then said, a moment later—looking up now and returning the Admiral's glance fearlessly, while speaking very low, "Yes, I understand; yet, señor, have no fear."

But I noticed all the same that he lifted his other hand as though to deprecate Sir George's saying another word; which gesture he, too, seemed quite to understand, since he gave a half bow very solemnly ere he turned away.

Later, after Señor Juan had departed, and when Admiral Hopson had come over to the "Royal Sovereign" to prepare for another of those endless councils which took place daily, Sir George looked up at me from some papers he was perusing, and said, "You are in the "Pembroke," Mr. Crespin. Where have they bestowed that young man?"

"He is very comfortable, sir," I replied. "They have given him a spare cabin in the after flat."

"And the officers? Do they make him welcome, treat him with courtesy?"

"Oh! yes, indeed. He is popular with them already; sings them sweet songs accompanied by that instrument of his; is a rare hand at tricks of all kinds with the pass-dice and cards, and so forth. They will miss him when he is gone."

"Humph! Does he say who or what he is—which island in the Indies he belongs to—who are his kith and kin?"

"He says not much, sir, on that score, except that he is well enough to do, is travelling more or less to kill time; cares very little where he goes to for the present so that he sees the world. As for his home, he appears best acquainted with Jamaica."

"Ha!" said Sir George. "He says all that, does he! Yet, though 'tis not permissible to doubt those who stand more or less in the degree of guests, I somewhat suspect that young man of not being all that he appears to be. There is some other reason for his voyage to Europe than that he gives; he comes not on mere pleasure only. I know it. Some day, if you ever meet him again, you will very likely know it, too, Mr. Crespin."

"Perhaps," exclaimed Admiral Hopson—who was soon to become Sir Thomas Hopson (with a good pension) for the gallant part he had played in the late fight—"he was a friend of that accursed monk, although he has not levanted as he did. And, since you talk of meetings, why, i'fags, I would like to meet that gentleman once more."

"Levanted!" Sir George and I exclaimed together. "Is the monk set out?"

"Ay, he is," replied the other. "Went last night—the instant he could get his necessaries from the galleon's hold. It was discourteous, too, since I had previously sent to crave a few words with him."

"S'faith!" Sir George exclaimed, with a laugh, "you are not turning Papish, old friend, are you? Did'st want the monk to shrive or confess you, or receive you into his Church?"

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

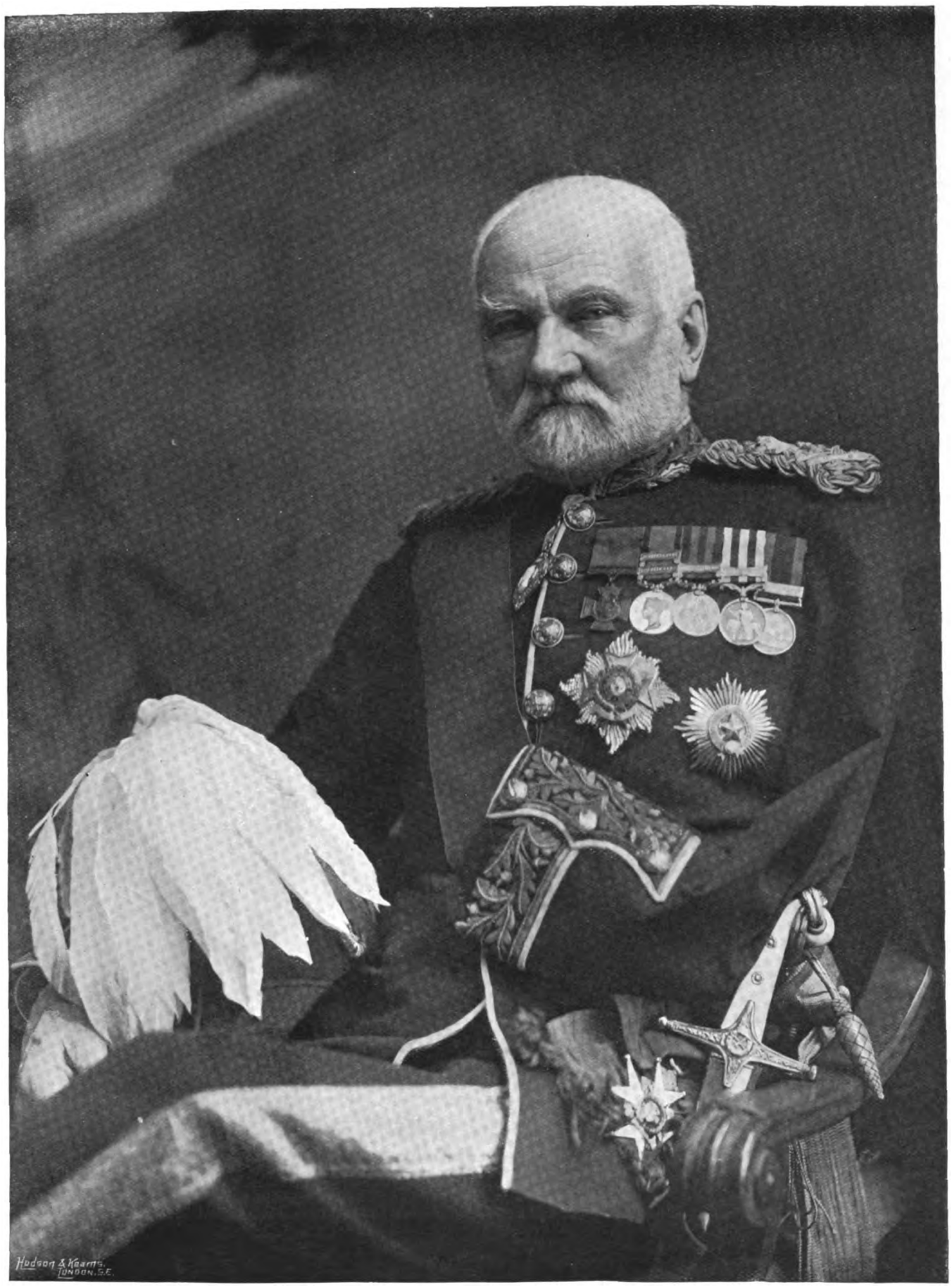


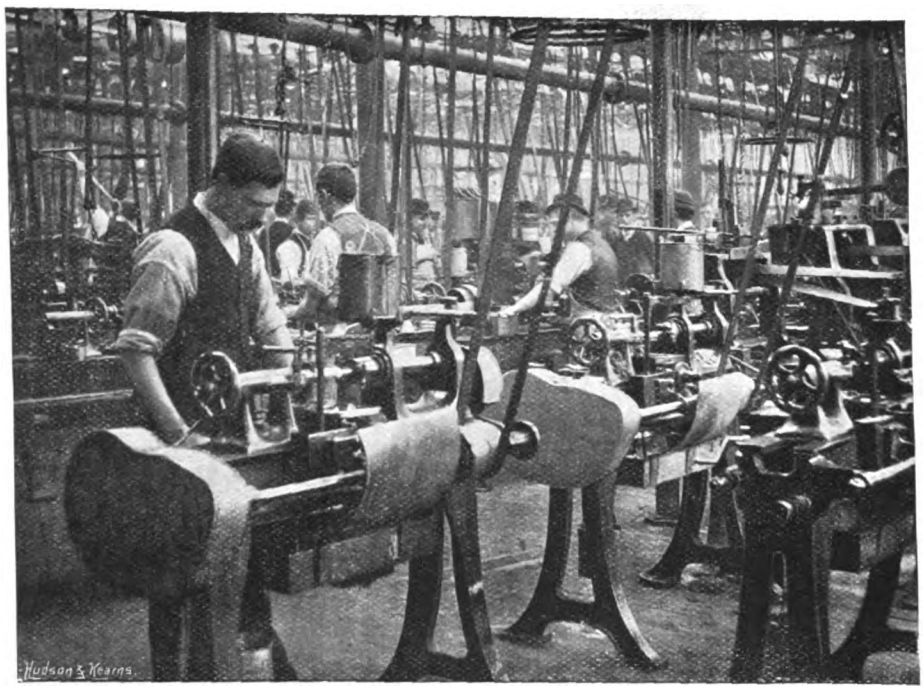
Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR SAMUEL JAMES BROWNE, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.S.I.

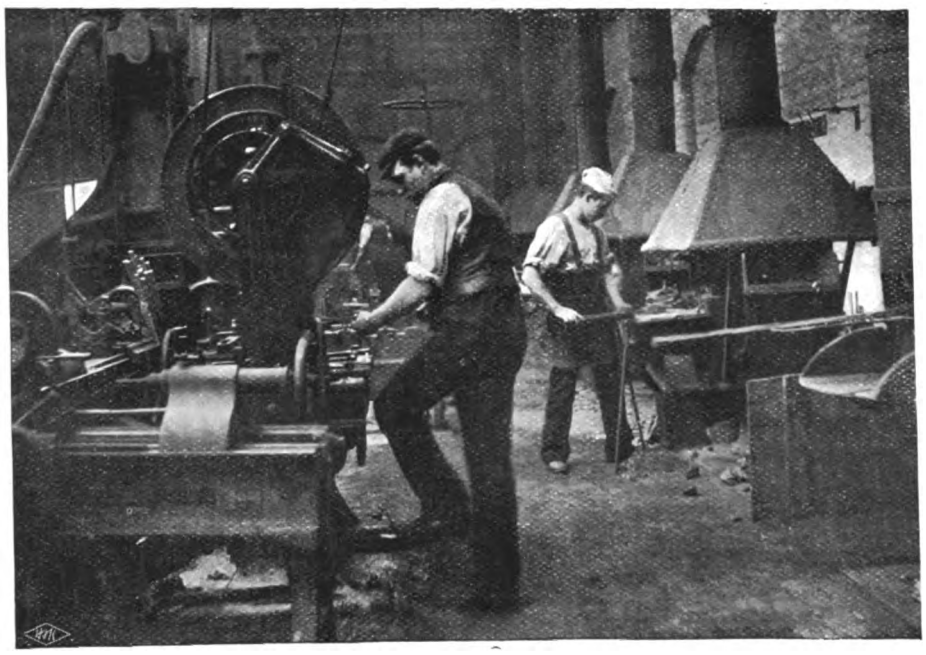
THERE are few names better known in India than that of the officer familiarly called everywhere Sir "SAM." BROWNE. As a subaltern, Sir SAMUEL BROWNE saw service at Chilianwallah and Goojerat. As a Captain he took part in the Indian Mutiny, winning the brevet of Major before Lucknow, and the Victoria Cross in a dashing fight against odds at Seerporah, on the 31st August, 1858. In command of a flying column of all arms, he was leading the way towards the enemy's position at daybreak, with only a native orderly near, when suddenly he came on a field gun right in a narrow path. It had just been fired, and the gallant officer rushed on the gun, attacking the gunners single-handed to prevent them from reloading. In the hand to hand conflict he had a severe sword cut in the left knee, and his left arm slashed off, but his object was, however, fulfilled, and the gun kept unloaded, and captured. As Lieutenant-General, Sir S. BROWNE commanded the Peshawar Field Force at the capture of Ali Musjid in the Afghan War of 1878. He was promoted General in 1888.

Digitized by Google

THE MANUFACTURE OF A RIFLE.



A Forest of Belting.



At Work in the Smithy.

Photos. C. KNIGHT. *Newport, I.W.*

Rifle Barrels—Finished and Unfinished.

Boring a Barrel.

IT is wonderful what strides have been made in the manufacture of the rifle since the invention of gunpowder. Place an old flint-lock by the side of the modern Lee-Metford, or Martini-Henry, and compare the two. What a difference! One a rough, rugged-looking weapon, covered with curious inlaid scroll-work, may-be, and the owner, perhaps, the only man able to discharge it on account of its many eccentricities; the other, a plain, smart-looking weapon, able to be fired with the greatest precision—and to kill at a mile—by anybody with a pretence to being a marksman. The two appear to be as ill-assorted a couple as would be an old country yeoman of last century and a modern man about town.

It would be impossible in an article of this length to even briefly run through the history of rifles and rifle making, for to do so would more than fill an ordinary-sized volume; but a short account of a visit to the Royal Small Arms Factory at Sparkbook, Birmingham, the birthplace of the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, and a brief description of the process of manufacture of the weapon at present in use by the greater part of the forces of the British Empire, will not be without interest. The Royal Small Arms Factory is, perhaps, one of the largest places of its kind in the country. Six large buildings, literally teeming with machinery, constitute the factory and repairing department. The visitor is bewildered by the multiplicity of machines, all actuated from one source, and the miles upon miles of belting which work the lathes, at which the different parts of the rifle are made. It is estimated that altogether some twelve miles of this belting are used, and this fact will be fully appreciated by a glance at our first illustration. Here the men are to be seen at work in a perfect forest of rolling belting. The next place to come under observation is the smithy. The illustration gives no idea whatever of the size of this vast place. In fact, four such illustrations would not properly convey to the reader the idea of its extent and area. It contains numbers of furnaces all ranged along the side, and so many different machines that one is astonished, until informed that the rifle consists of ninety-four parts, and that to fit these parts together involves 1,048 distinct operations, nearly all of which are done by machinery. The steel body of the rifle itself, which, starting on its eventful career in the smithy, is at last hardened by being dipped in a bath of oil, goes through 150 operations alone. The foresight, backsight, trigger, magazine, and all other metal components have their origin here.

But it is the barrel making which has the greatest fascination for a visitor. He sees lying in heaps long

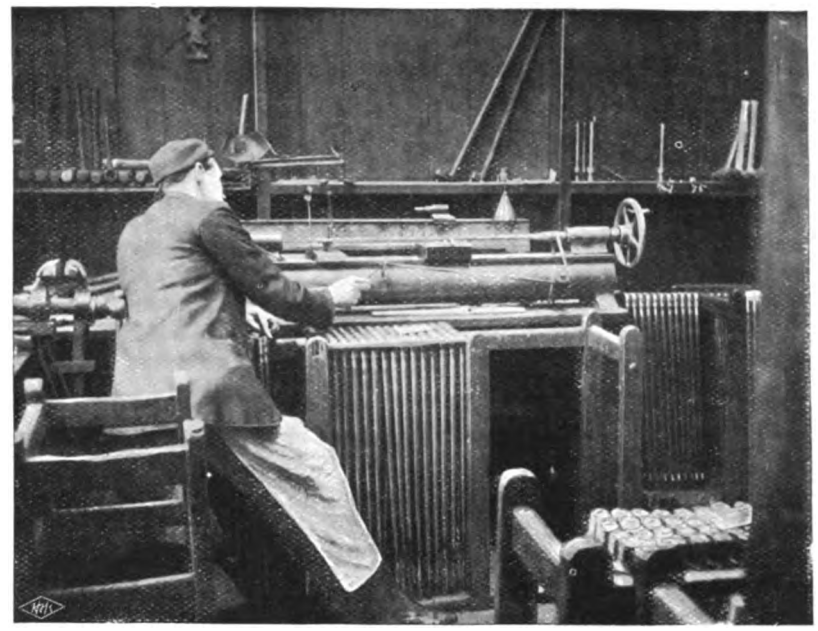
Digitized by Google

rough bars of steel, which, after an exceedingly eventful journey through the different parts of the workshop, finally make their appearance as the long blue-looking rifle barrels, which will perhaps be responsible for the destruction of many scores of human lives.

Glance at the third photograph, where several finished barrels are leaning up against stacks of steel bars, which will, in their turn, assume the form of those resting against them. The cylinders of rolled steel are purchased of the contractors in short lengths, and the chief work of the smiths consists in heating and lengthening them. The change to the finished article is, of course, very gradual. After being lengthened in the smithy these barrels are bored, and for this purpose are fixed in a lathe and drilled from each end of the bar. They are now approximately near the required gauge for rifling, and any further metal is removed by means of emery and water. Following this, a very delicate test is applied. The operator, as will be seen in the illustration, holds the barrel in an upright position, closes the lower end, and then places a cylindrical piece of metal inside the top end, which the compressed air in the tube should support.

On removing the top, or plug, the gauge should at once drop through The size of bore being satisfactory, the next test of the barrel is for straightness, and this test is always applied prior to rifling the bore. The barrel is held at an angle and supported by a stand which enables the man to see the light reflected through it in perfect rings provided the bore is absolutely straight. But the "viewer's" subsequent test is more critical still, and is so trustworthy, that in a total length of 30·197 inches he is able to judge of a deflection of 1,000th of an inch by causing the barrel to rotate in a lathe furnished with a dial indicator at the end. This dial is so finely marked that it can only be read by the aid of a magnifying glass. In a barrel so tested, which was the 4,000th of an inch out, two smart blows with a hammer on the right spot completely straightened it.

Now the rifler takes the barrel under his special care. He uses what is undoubtedly the most intricate and yet most perfect piece of machinery in the place. The depth of rifling is only ·005 of an inch, and there are seven grooves which the cutting tool produces after traversing the barrel forty-two times, or six times for each groove. The barrel remains fixed in the lathe, whilst the cutting tool worms its way through it, making one complete turn in every ten inches, and removing each time but a very small amount of metal, yet extracting it in one unbroken piece, in appearance like a spiral spring It is the backward movement of the cutting tool that rifles. When six cuttings have made one groove of the

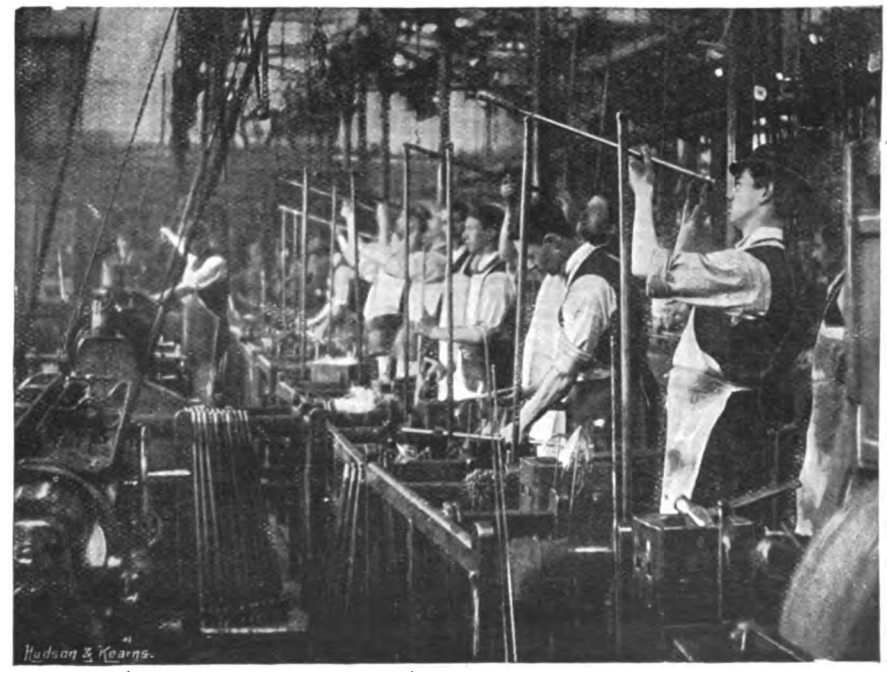


A "Viewer" at Work.

"Browning" a Rifle.

Photos. C. KNIGHT.

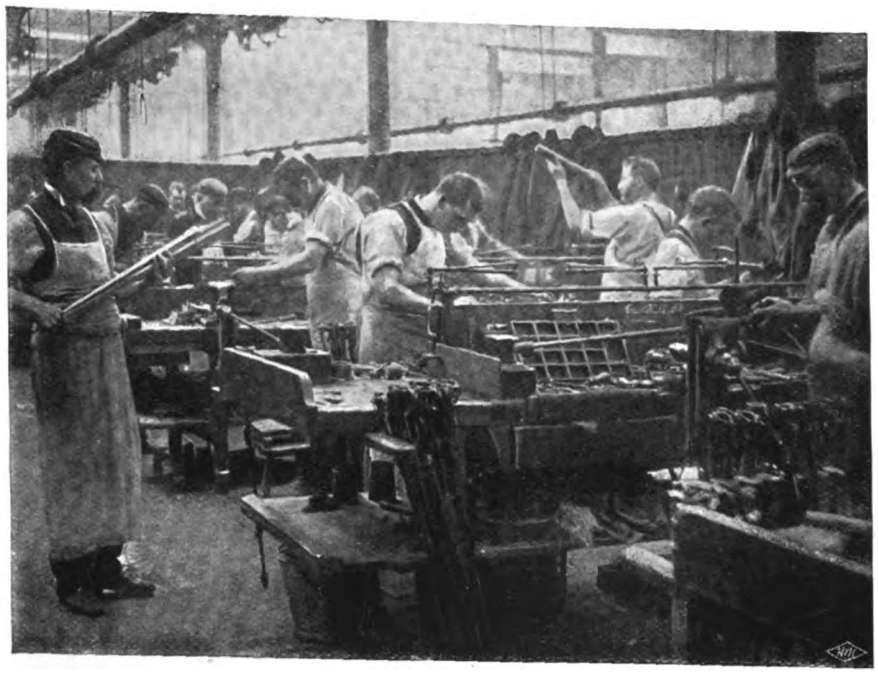
"Rifling."



Newport, I.W.

Testing the straightness of a Barrel.

Digitized by Google



In the Proving House.

Assembling the Component Parts.

necessary depth the barrel is turned in the lathe one-seventh of its diameter, and so on in succession till the whole seven grooves are formed. It is now "rifled." Then the barrel goes to the proving house, when, with two double charges, and then one of Service ammunition, it is thrice proved. The correct adjustment of both the back and fore sight is most important, as the straight shooting of the weapon depends upon this. The machine used in gauging the foresight is here seen illustrated. The foresight is now the same barley-corn shape as in the Martini-Henry, but is set 0·023-inch to the left, to allow for a deflection caused by the jump from the cordite ammunition.

The *modus operandi* of the manufacture of the barrel has been described at some length, but this is necessary, as it is the all-important factor in good shooting. The other component parts, when finished, are sent to store after being completed by browning. They are then given out as required, together with the woodwork, to workmen whose duty it is to assemble them. The rifle, when finally put together, is again tested, this taking the form of an actual discharge of the weapon. One test is to screw the rifle on to a firm support and then to fire round after round at a target. Hitting the "bullseye" is not exactly what is aimed at, but, the rifle being fixed at a certain angle, to decide whether the bullet will hit the same spot every time, or near it. The more times the bullet strikes the same place the better the rifle, and thus we have what Lord WOLSELEY has designated "the most perfect weapon in the hands of any infantry in the world."

As will be seen from the two last illustrations, swords and bayonets, as well as rifles, are made at the great Birmingham works. The first picture represents one of the chief processes of cavalry sword making, or rather, testing; while the other shows the bayonets, almost finished, undergoing a similar process.

Rifles which are now termed of "the latest pattern" may become obsolete in a short time, owing to the improvements which are continually taking place. Previous to 1853 the British Army used a clumsy smooth bore musket which hardly carried a shot further than a hundred yards at the outside. But in the last half century many men have earned wealth by improving the weapon carried by our soldiers. Soon after the date mentioned the Enfield rifle became the weapon of the day, as possess-

Testing Cavalry Swords.

ing a longer range and greater accuracy, besides being lighter than the old "Brown Bess," and infantry officers predicted that its invention had sounded the death knell of field artillery. Nowadays, many predict that the small quick-firing field guns will, at any rate, considerably undermine the favour in which the modern rifle is held, if not finally supersede it. Then new ammunition is continually being introduced, the latest of which to be approved by the Government is smokeless cordite.

It is stated to be the aim of Lord WOLSELEY to arm the forces of this country with one weapon and one ammunition, and he is said to have set himself steadfastly towards the accomplishment of this purpose. But it is doubtful whether this will ever be the case, as it usually happens that before the whole of the troops can be placed in possession of a new weapon a newer one follows in its wake. The Lee-Metford, the manufacture of which we have described and illustrated, is now being issued to the Volunteer forces, and this is regarded by some as evidence that the issue of a new rifle is contemplated by the War Office. To keep abreast, or, if possible, ahead, of other nations in the matter of armaments, is the only safe policy.

Photos. C. KNIGHT. *Newport, I.W.*

Testing Bayonets by Bending.

Digitized by Google

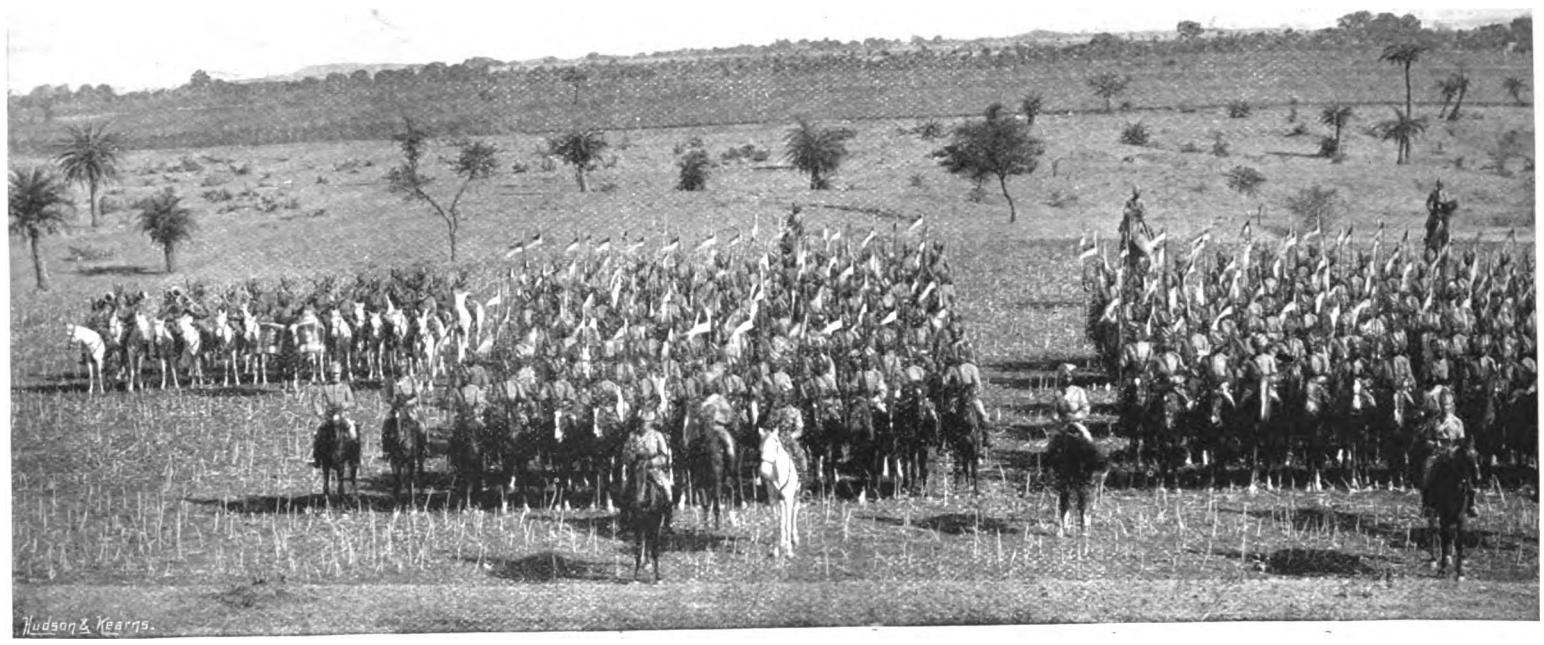
Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

RELIEVING A SENTRY.

HERE we see a man on sentry duty in the act of being relieved by the comrade who is to replace him for the next tour of "sentry-go" on his post, The sentry, with his rifle and bayonet "ported"—shown with his back to the guard-room—is the old sentry, about to come off duty, who is in the act of being relieved. The other man, with his rifle and bayonet "ported"—whose back is towards the reader—is the new sentry, to whom the sergeant of the guard—shown on the left of the photograph and readily recognised by the three chevrons on his arm—is reading the special instructions for the post from the guard-room order board or slate. After that, the old sentry having reported "all correct," the sergeant orders the men to "pass," or change places, and then marches the old sentry off. Every regiment or detachment, wherever stationed, provides a daily quota of men for its own guard-mounting duties, each guard supplying the requisite sentries for the various posts committed to its charge, including the sentry over the guard-room to alarm or turn out the guard at stated times, and at other times when necessary. Such a sentry is the man whom we see here in the act of being relieved at the end of his two hours on duty.

Digitized by Google

1st BOMBAY LANCERS.



THE RIGHT WING.

WHEN KATHERINE OF BRAGANZA was married to CHARLES II., the Island of Bombay, as part of the dowry, passed into the hands of her lord and master, and has ever since been a British possession. It was handed over to the East India Company by the Sovereign in 1668, at an annual rental of £10, "to be held by them in free and common soccage." As was to be expected, the natives at first showed no wish to do homage to the "John" Company, and it became necessary on the part of the latter to enforce their claim to superiority Thus we find that when Sir ABRAHAM SHIPMAN landed on the island in the King's name, it was deemed expedient that he should be accompanied by a fleet consisting of five men-of-war; and the nucleus of the present Bombay Army soon sprang into existence for the same reason. At that time, however, those in authority at Bombay were little suited to legislate on the organisation or interior economy of an armed force, and we are not surprised to find that in the middle of the eighteenth century the discipline of the small Bombay Army was far from being satisfactory. There was little attempt at uniformity—some were overdressed in all kinds of gaudy apparel, others are said to have chosen the economical and scanty costume of their less civilised ancestors.

Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS. *Mhow*

Sowars, 1st Bombay Lancers.

The armament of the force, too, was governed by no existing rule—in fact, we may infer that if the soldier were armed in some way or another, the Bombay authorities cared little what form his mode of defence assumed. In 1759 the native troops were made subject to the same rules as the remainder of the Army, and a strict uniformity of costume rendered imperative. At the end of last century, the Bombay Native Army numbered 30,000 troops, having increased by over 28,000 men in little more than forty years. In 1837 it comprised four regiments of cavalry and twenty-six battalions of infantry, as well as a complement of artillery and engineers. We have reason to be proud of our Bombay troops when we consider that during the Mutiny they were, almost without exception, loyal to the Queen. Since the Mutiny the Bombay Army has proved its metal on more than one occasion, but it is more especially with the 1st (Duke of Connaught's Own) Bombay Lancers that we are here concerned. The regiment was raised on the 5th November, 1817, and was then known as the 1st Regiment of Light Cavalry. The uniform was French grey, with white facings; but is now dark green, with scarlet facings.

The illustration across the top of this and the opposite page shows respectively the right and left wing of the 1st Bombay Lancers, but it may be mentioned that in the original photograph the regiment appeared intact, and it is only for the convenience of printing that the two wings have been thus separated.

The regiment is drawn up in line of squadron columns, the band, mounted entirely on white horses, being on the extreme right. A cavalry regiment is divided into four squadrons, and this division is clearly shown on the accompanying photograph. The squadron leaders—British officers—are in front of the centre of their several squadrons. A trumpeter is shown immediately in rear of each squadron leader.

There are few more imposing sights than a regiment of Lancers with their lances "at the carry" and pennons fluttering on the breeze, the native turban adding greatly to the artistic aspect of the scene. Nor is it less interesting to watch them on the move, for all the rank and file are perfectly at home in the saddle, and cannot be surpassed at tent pegging, lemon cutting, and similar martial sports, as they have repeatedly testified when competing in military tournaments. On the left of the right-hand picture the officer commanding the regiment is shown with his trumpeter. In rear of the regiment are four camels, each saddled for the accommodation of two sowars or troopers. These "camel sowars" are general handy men, and are used for a variety of purposes—carrying messages, scouting, etc. This idea of mounting two men on one camel is by no means new. Sir CHARLES NAPIER'S camel corps was so mounted, one man being intended to fight on foot when necessary, and armed accordingly. In hot climates where water is sometimes scarce the advantage of employing camels to carry messages cannot be over-estimated, both as regards their speed and power of endurance. Moreover, the horses are not thus, under ordinary circumstances, subjected to the extra fatigue consequent on galloping about with despatches. On the opposite page two camel sowars appear beside their camels.

Digitized by Google

1st BOMBAY LANCERS.

THE LEFT WING.

The neck of the animal is usually tied back to the pommel of the saddle. This is specially noticeable in a picture entitled "Shere Singh and His Suite" in Prince SOLTYKOFF'S "Voyage Dans L'Inde." The other illustration shows three troopers of the usual type to be met with in our native cavalry regiments. It may be noticed that the stirrups are of the ordinary shape, and not like those used in the British cavalry. The 1st Bombay Lancers distinguished themselves in the Afghan War of 1839, and were more than once mentioned in despatches for their gallantry. They bear on their standard "Ghuznee," "Afghanistan," "Punjaub," "Mooltan," "Central India," "Burma, 1885-87." Ghuznee is situated between Candahar and Cabool, and it was therefore necessary that it should be taken before the force under Sir JOHN KEANE could advance on the latter city. It was considered impregnable by the Afghans, and HYDER KHAN, who commanded its garrison of 3,000 men, did everything in his power to render its capture by the British an impossible task. Not only did he improve the existing fortifications, but provided himself with rations calculated to sustain his force for six months, without having recourse to supplies outside the fort. Captain THOMSON, chief engineer to the British troops, says: "When we came before it on the morning of the 21st of July, we were very much surprised to find a high rampart in good repair, built on a scarped mound about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a *faisse braie* and a wet ditch. The irregular figure of the *enceinte* gave a good flanking fire, whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills to the north, rendering it nugatory. In addition to this, the towers at the angles had been enlarged; screen walls had been built before the gates; the ditch cleared out and filled with water (stated to be unfordable); and an outwork built on the right bank of the river so as to command the bed of it." The situation seemed almost hopeless to the British commander, for he had been led to suppose that the works were by no means strong, and, influenced by his advisers, had left behind him the guns and mortars of the siege train. The only ordnance available consisted of 6 and 9 pounder guns, and by means of these alone even the most sanguine could never hope to effect an entrance into the place. To attempt an escalade was equally impracticable; but fate favoured our troops, and through a mere accident the key to the position was placed in their hands. A nephew of DOST MAHOMED, tempted by a substantial bribe, informed the engineers that the gate opening in the direction of Cabool was left unbarricaded to admit of the entry of expected reinforcements.

This led Captain THOMSON to make a close survey of that part of the fort. It was found on inspection that not only was the approach to the gate unobstructed, but the ground in front such as to allow of the free use of artillery at a range considerably less than 400 yards. Such were the advantages of the situation, and Sir JOHN determined on immediate action. Accordingly, on the 22nd of July, orders were issued for operations to commence at 12, midnight. The troops were divided into a storming party, a main column, and a support. The first-named was preceded by an explosion party carrying 300-lb. of gunpowder in twelve sandbags, and consisted of three officers, three sergeants, and eighteen sappers. The night being dark and stormy, they were enabled to gain the gate unobserved, and the charge was sufficient to blow it open. The enemy, taken completely by surprise, rushed in confusion to the scene of the explosion, and some sharp fighting followed, but the garrison soon gave way—1,600 prisoners, among whom was HYDER KHAN, as well as horses, arms, and stores fell into the hands of the victorious troops.

After the battle the wounded were placed in hospitals and the streets cleared of the bodies of those who had fallen in the fight. In a few days the place regained something of its former appearance.

The 1st Bombay Lancers were engaged in the Sikh War of 1845, and rendered valuable service, especially while performing detached duties. They served in the Central Indian Field Force, 1857-8, under Sir HUGH ROSE, who more than once thanked them for their good service. The regiment also took part in the Burma Campaign of 1885-7.

The squadrons are respectively composed of Mahrattas, Jâts, Sikhs, and Pathans.

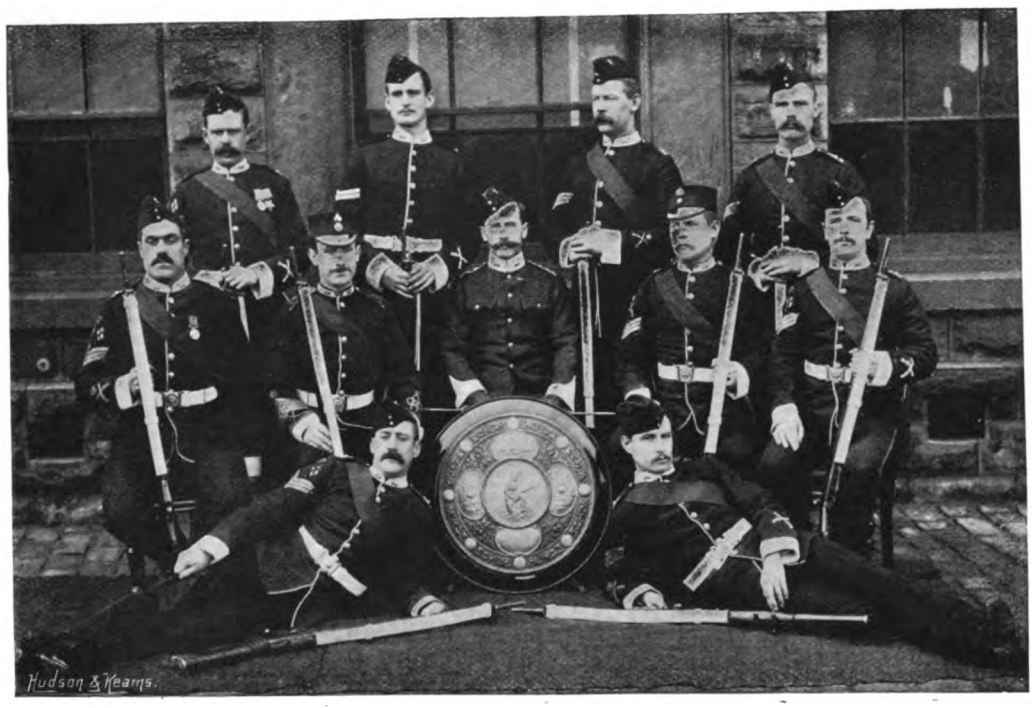
Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS. *Mhow.*

Camel Sowars, 1st Bombay Lancers.

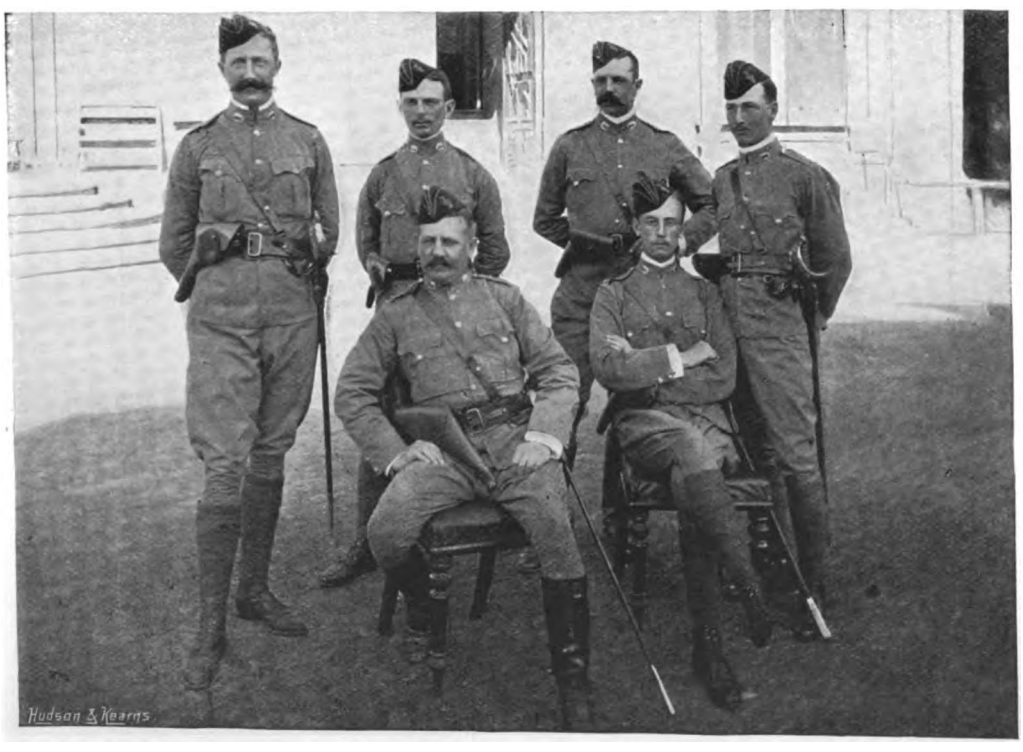
Digitized by Google

MUSKETRY IN THE ARMY.

Winning Team—Army v. Volunteers, Meerut, 1896.



Lancashire Fusilier Shield and its Winners, 1896.



Winners of the Duke of Connaught's Cup, 1896.

DURING the last quarter of a century that branch of military science known as "tactics" has been practically revolutionised. We refer, of course, to the mode of warfare adopted by civilised nations.

Shock tactics have given way to *fire* tactics, and armament has become a matter of paramount importance.

It is no longer possible even for British troops to fire one volley and then advance to the charge, shoulder to shoulder, in close column formation, like a succession of stone walls in motion. Such a course would mean, under the existing state of things, certain annihilation, for modern rifles and machine guns are weapons of deadly precision, and it is with this fact in view that our troops are instructed to advance to the attack in a more or less extended formation. As it is, therefore, on the efficacy of their fire, and on that alone, that the success of troops must in future depend, the art of shooting becomes such an important factor in warfare that it cannot be disregarded in time of peace, and thus the skilful use of the rifle is always encouraged.

The annual rifle meetings held at Bisley, Ash, and Darnley, as well as at all our principal military stations in India, are not instituted to enable a few enthusiastic marksmen to work off their superfluous zeal, but to improve the condition of musketry throughout the Army. In other words, they aim at "teaching the young idea to shoot," and how well they succeed in their object is more than amply proved by the ever-increasing popularity of such meetings.

The upper photograph is that of the Army team which at the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association Meeting, held at Meerut in 1896, defeated the Volunteer team by 31 points. The teams consisted of twelve men each, and fired at the distances of 200, 500, and 600 yards.

Colour-Sergeant FOWLER, of the Black Watch, shown on the right of the group, obtained the highest score, making 96 points, and thus became the winner of the cup presented by Colonel HILL to the best shot in the Army team.

The centre picture is that of the team to whom fell the "Lancashire Fusiliers' Challenge Shield" last year. This is competed for annually by the Militia and Volunteer battalions of the regiment and by the regular battalion serving at home. In 1896 it was won by the 4th (Militia) Battalion with a total (at 200, 500, and 600 yards) of 919 points, which, be it remembered, is equivalent to the high percentage of 91·90. Each team consisted of ten men.

The highest score was that of Colour-Sergeant FAHEY, who, out of a possible 105, registered 98.

The Instructor of Musketry, Lieut. E. F. WALLACE, coached the winning team, and the victory is greatly to the credit of the old "Constitutional Force."

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT presents a cup yearly to the Army Rifle Association for revolver competition. The teams may be composed of officers, warrant or non-commissioned officers, but the winning team in 1896 was entirely made up of officers belonging to the Connaught Rangers. In 1895 the regiment was fourth on the list. The team which is here shown consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel BROOK, Captain GORE, Lieutenant and Adjutant THOMPSON, Lieutenant CHALLENOR, Lieutenant BYRNE, and Lieutenant GOUGH. The score was 206, out of a possible 252, and the weapon used was WEBLEY'S match revolver.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 36.] FRIDAY, APRIL 30th, 1897.

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

ADMIRAL SIR W. HOUSTON STEWART, G.C.B.

SIR HOUSTON STEWART has had a particularly exciting and adventurous career. He entered the Navy two years before Her Majesty ascended the throne, and, as a midshipman, during the Carlist War of 1836-7, was landed with the Naval Brigade. In the "Carysfort," he was present at the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840, and was mentioned in despatches for his gallant conduct. A little later he gained the thanks of the Royal Humane Society for saving life. When commander of the "Virago" he received the thanks of the French, American, and Chilian Governments for prompt and timely action at Punta Arenas. During the Russian War he was specially mentioned for services at the bombardment of Sebastopol, where he was wounded, and in the second year of the war, again, mentioned for his conspicuous zeal and ready resource at the bombardment of Sveaborg He was for nine years Controller of the Navy, was made G.C.B. in 1887, and is not only a very able and popular man, but a capital speaker.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVAL COLLEGE SPORTS.

The Start for the Wheelbarrow Race.

NO matter what form of sport is on foot, give him just half a chance and the seaman of to-day, of almost every grade, enters into it with the keenest relish. At home and abroad it is the same; the captain, and officers under him, recreate themselves on shooting and fishing expeditions, while the bluejackets and marines get at least a part of their amusement from boat-racing and other athletic sports. More particularly during the last forty years has this love of outdoor pastimes grown up in the Navy, for no one would associate the old sea-dog of eighteen hundred and war time with the idea of jumping over a 6ft. bar, or indulging in a half-mile sprint, at the rate of over fifteen miles an hour. Yet at the present day we find our seamen, whether they hail from the quarter-deck or the forecastle, joining in sport of all kinds, and more often than not coming out of the fray with flying colours.

The fact is that in the old days the gallant tars had little time on shore for the pastimes which we now include in the compendious expression "sport." But there is no doubt, though, if given the opportunity, that they would have taken as much interest in the various items which form the programme at Naval athletic sports at home and abroad as their successors.

One of these meetings, which took place last month in the grounds of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, we illustrate here. Some capital sport was witnessed on this occasion, and both the competitors from the College and their guests appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. The first event was a Hundred Yards flat race, and this fell to Assistant-Engineer W. G. HEPPEL, who ran in first-class style, eventually winning in eleven seconds. Then came the High Jump, which we picture above. Lieutenant F. C. BROWN, R.N., jumped 5¼ft., this being the highest jump made. In the Wide Jump, too, he took first prize, covering 17ft. 6in. of ground. The Rev. A. J. DEXTER and Second-Lieutenant W. P. ARBUTHNOT, R.M.L.I., were respectively second and third In the previous event, the Two Hundred and Twenty Yards flat race, Assistant-Engineer W. G. HEPPEL again carried off the prize, repeating the performance in the Quarter-Mile Race. The Sack Race provoked much mirth, the winner turning up in Second-Lieutenant J. H. JONES, R.M.A. The Wheelbarrow Bending Race also caused much amusement. Of course the competitors in this were pairs, one competitor having to wheel the other in and out a line of posts, then changing places and wheeling back to the starting-posts along the same course. Lieutenant C. C. PEATY, R.N., and Sub-Lieutenant T. E. WARDLE, R.N., carried off the honours here. The eighth event, a Half-Mile Handicap, fell to Sub-Lieutenant G. H. HOLDEN, R.N. The most interesting of the other events was the Veterans' Race, the competitors in which were obliged to be over thirty years of age. Professor C. J. LAMBERT took the prize given in this competition. Altogether the affair was a great success in every way.

Making the High Jump.

Photos. CALCOTT.

Awaiting the Starter's Word in the ½-mile.

Mr. W. G. Heppel just home in the 100 yards.

Digitized by Google

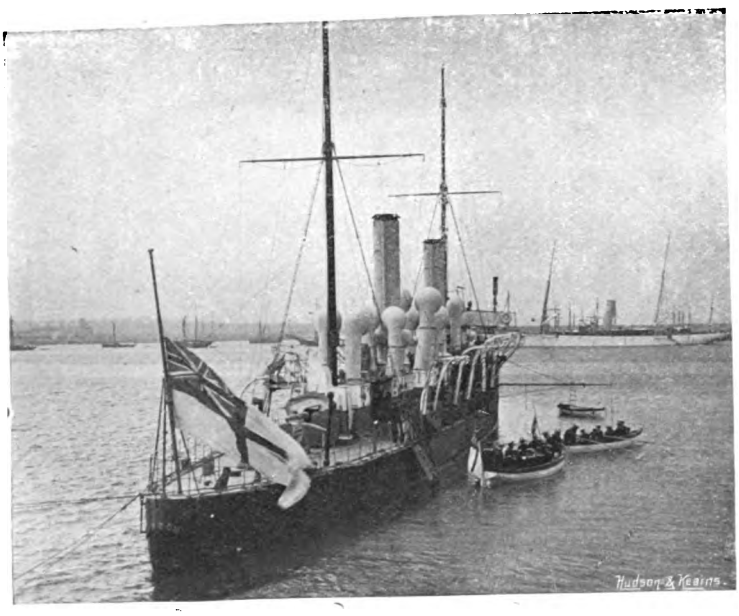
Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

C. R. FIELD—A GALLANT SAILOR BOY.

IT is generally admitted that there is no better school than the Navy for bringing out latent qualities of heroism and daring, nor a profession in which more examples of personal courage and bravery have been exhibited. The subject of our sketch, First-class boy C. R. FIELD, is a typical illustration on both points. He hails from Teston, in Kent, and has been on board the "Impregnable" training-ship at Devonport for over twelve months. One dark stormy night, in February last, he had just turned into his hammock when the cry was raised, "Man overboard." He ran on deck, plunged into the sea, and swam in the direction of his shipmate's cries. Owing to the darkness and the state of the weather he failed to accomplish his humane purpose, and was soon himself in dangerous straits. Fortunately, a boat had been sent to his assistance, or his gallant effort would most likely have cost him his life. He was properly awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society for his brave conduct.

Digitized by Google

THE LAST HONOURS TO A SEAMAN.



The Removal of the Body.

Placing the Body on the Gun Carriage.

The Firing Party Heading the Procession.

A NAVAL and a military funeral is one of the most moving and impressive of spectacles, or, as it might almost be said, indeed, of pageants. This particular term pageant, in fact, would seem to be specially applicable, for there is much of stately ceremonial, as is only right there should be, in the rendering of the last honours to those who die in the service of their Queen and country.

In the Land and the Sea Services the special observances at a funeral are much alike in the ordering of the arrangements, as will be seen from our photographs, taken on the occasion of the funeral at Queenstown of the late Surgeon GIBBONS, of H.M.S. "Jason." In such a case, where the death has taken place on board a ship in harbour and the body is removed to the shore for interment, the observances in both the naval and military services are, to a great extent identical. The procession of mess-mates and comrades of the dead man, the firing party marching, with arms reversed, to solemn music, the field-gun carriage to bear the remains, and the Union flag for a pall, on which are placed the dead man's sword and cocked hat or helmet, are common to both, while the same order of procedure and of general precedence of all taking part in the procession is strictly observed.

In a case like that in our illustrations also, where the final bestowal of the remains takes place on shore, every detail of the observance to be followed is laid down by Admiralty order, the salutes and marks of official respect paid the dead being allotted in strict conformity to the broad principle that they are to be the same that the deceased person would have been entitled to in ordinary circumstances when alive.

At the funerals of officers of the rank of Admiral or Commodores who have died on service, minute guns are fired whilst the body is proceeding to the place of interment, as took place, it may be remembered, on a memorable occasion at Portsmouth some ten years ago, at the funeral on shore of Vice-Admiral Sir W. N. W. HEWETT, V.C., who died while senior officer in command of the Channel Fleet. The ships at Spithead and in Portsmouth Harbour on that occasion fired minute guns throughout during the conveyance of the Admiral's remains from on board the flag-ship to the grave, and a salute of seventeen guns, in addition, after the final lowering of the body—the number of guns that the Admiral was entitled to when alive.

The minute guns fired during the funeral procession and the last salute on the actual interment are not to exceed together twice the number of guns that the officer was entitled to when living.

Minute guns are also fired at the funeral of a Captain or Commander of a ship by the ship the deceased officer commanded or belonged to when the body is put into the sea, or when it is put off from the ship to be buried on shore. In these cases the number of guns fired may not exceed twenty in all. At the funerals of officers of lower rank, or of bluejackets, marines, or boys, there are no gun salutes, only three volleys of musketry over the grave, or over the body when put into the sea, the strength and composition of the firing party being arranged by the senior officer present, according to the relative rank of the deceased and the convenience of the Service.

On the Way to the Cemetery.

Digitized by Google

JACK'S LIFE AT SEA—Scrubbing a Sick Bay Cot.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

JACK'S LIFE AT SEA—Just Finished Cleaning Up.

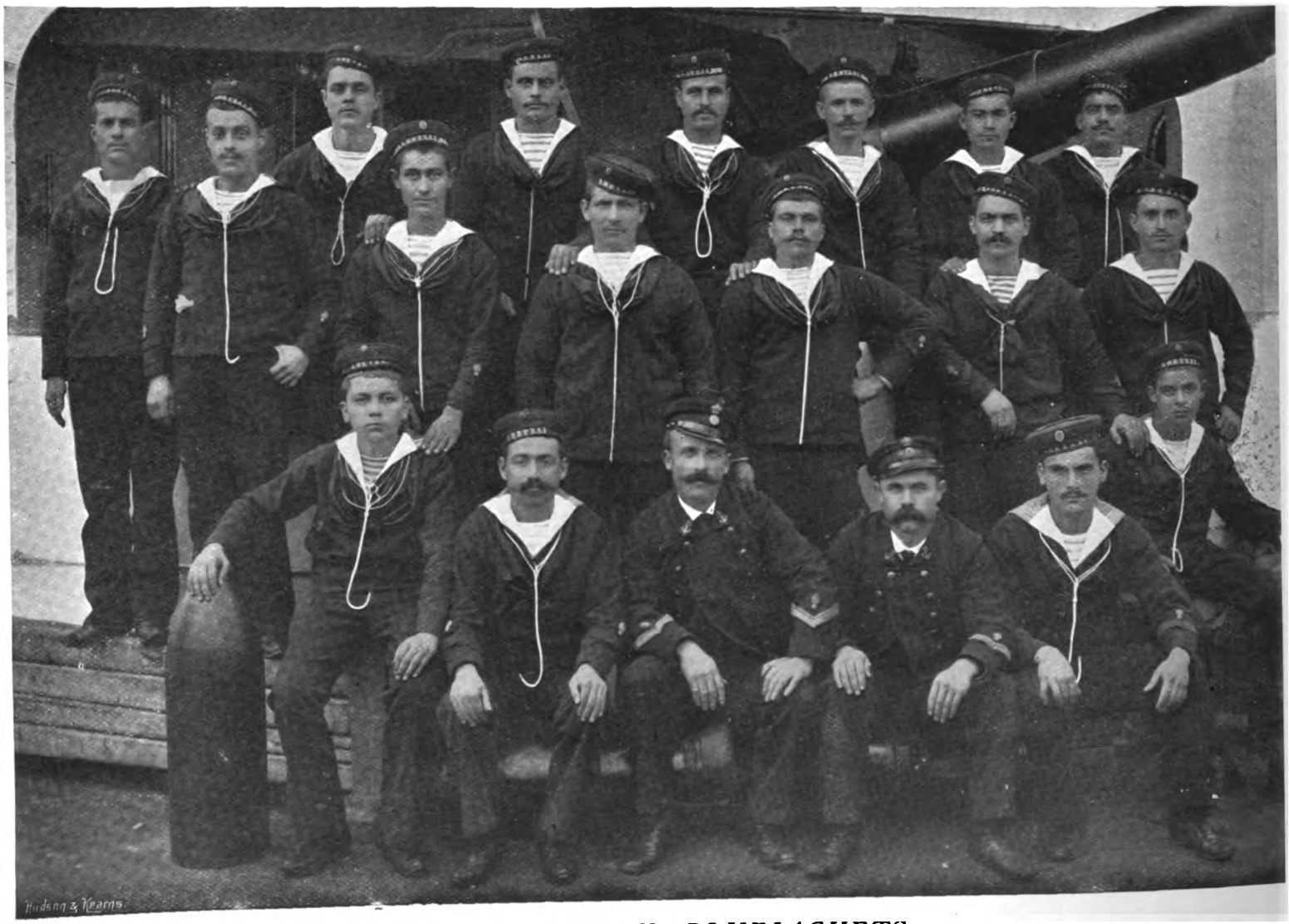
HERE are two snapshots showing incidents of the bluejacket's every-day life on board ship in the Navy. In the one we have two men on the forecastle of a battle-ship—a turret-ship as the surroundings (the stays to keep the turret fixed and steady when big gun practice is not going on) plainly indicate—seen scrubbing one of the sick bay cots in which sick or injured men are removed out of the ship when required to be transferred. In the other we have two men of a working party coming from a job on which they have been employed—cleaning up the part of the ship to which they belong, as the swabs and brooms that the men have with them show. A boatswain's mate is in the act of speaking to one of the men. The marks that are seen cut about half-way up the handle of the broom that one of the bluejackets (the centre man of the three) is holding are meant for purposes of identification. Each part of the ship has its allotted set of cleaning appliances, etc., which are all specially marked in different ways to prevent abstraction, and in case they should be mislaid.

Digitized by Google

THE GREEK NAVY.

A Naval Cadet.

Seaman Equipped for Landing.



TYPICAL GREEK BLUEJACKETS.

THE Greeks are excellent seamen by birthright. Their fantastically indented coast line, with its deep bays and almost land-locked harbours, has made a large proportion of the population seafarers, and every harbour possesses a fleet of sailing vessels manned by sailors who love the sea. The lower picture is of a typical group of seamen, with a couple of warrant officers, all evidently active and well-set-up fellows, comparing very favourably with the land forces. They are at home on board their ships; but another picture shows a man in his workmanlike rig, equipped with rifle and cartridge belt for operations ashore. We then see a Naval cadet, in all the youthful pride of smart blue uniform with white trousers, the Greek arms for his badge, and a short ivory-handled dirk at his side. Then, again, we have a group of officers and men on board the "Spetsai," one of the three sister armourclads of 4,885 tons which are the backbone of the Greek Fleet. She was at Toulon, about to be put in hand at the La Seyne yard for considerable changes in her armament and masts, such

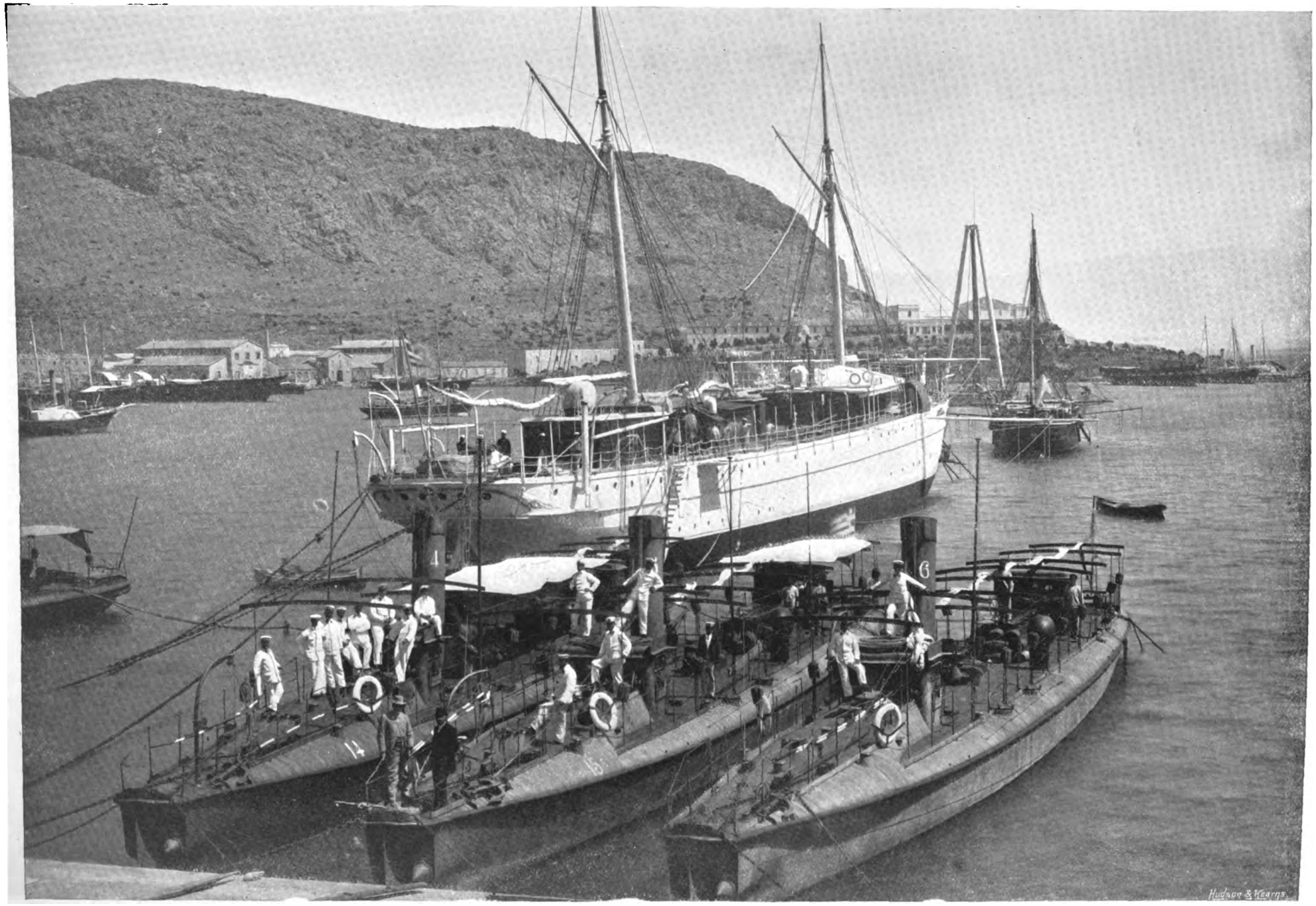
Digitized by Google

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "SPETSAI."

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND TORPEDO OFFICERS.

as had been carried out in her sister, the "Psara," when the outbreak of the difficulty with Turkey caused her to be recalled hastily to the Levant. The officer seated on the light gun holds the rank of corvette-captain, which is a grade equivalent to that of a senior lieutenant of our Service, and the other officers are junior lieutenants. Lastly, we have a group of officers, in summer uniform, who are devoted to the torpedo service, which has special attractions for men with the impetuous and venturesome spirit of Greeks. In the midst of them sits Prince GEORGE, the second son of the King. His Royal Highness is very popular in the Greek Fleet, and is enthusiastic in the matter of torpedo warfare. It will be remembered that it was he who took command of the flotilla which left the Piræus with sealed orders at the outbreak of the Cretan difficulty, but which was constrained to remain off Chios owing to the course adopted by the Powers. The Prince had some of his early Naval training in the Danish Service, in which he was a lieutenant, and he is now an excellent representative of the corps of Greek Naval officers.

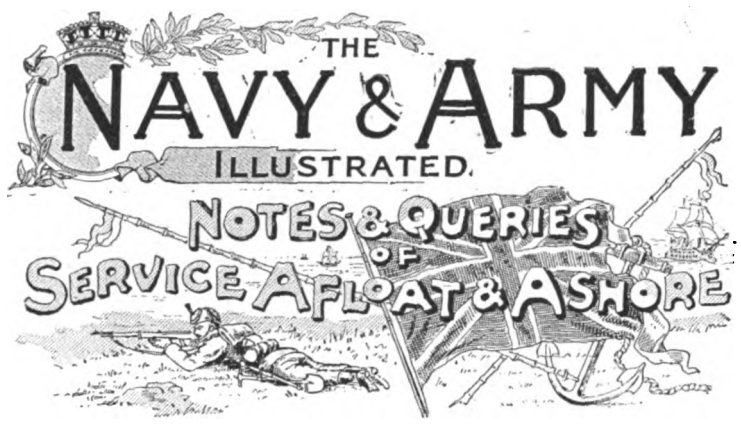
Digitized by Google



THE ARSENAL AND ROADSTEAD AT SALAMIS.

AT the very name of Salamis the pulses of Greeks beat quicker, for every Greek boy has heard his father tell how, in those historic waters, THEMISTOCLES shattered the power of Persia in a victory as decisive as Trafalgar, when LEONIDAS and all his Spartans had not availed to avert the dreaded blow. Well placed, therefore, is the Greek arsenal on the Island of Salamis, at the centre of Hellenic naval life, both in ancient and modern days. It is not a yard where ships are built or any important works are carried on, but the station is supplied with all that is necessary, including great magazines of stores for the fitting and commissioning of vessels. Greece has never built a modern war-ship of much fighting value, and the vessel prominent in the roadstead was bought in this country, having been built at Glasgow in 1877. She is the "Canaris," of 1,100 tons, torpedo school ship, and bears the name of the brilliant seaman who, in the War of Independence, bore down upon the Turkish Fleet off Chios with fire-ships, burning many vessels and scattering the rest. The "Canaris" is seen in company with three torpedo-boats, of which Greece has a small flotilla, built at Poplar and in Germany.

Digitized by Google



THE oldest as well as the most honourable of our English Orders is the Garter, instituted in 1348, by that famous fighting king, Edward III. Every schoolboy knows the pretty but apocryphal story of its institution—how one of the Court beauties dropped the article of dress in question, and how, to cover her confusion, the King most gallantly attached it to his own knee, remarking as he did so, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" However it was instituted, the famous Order has grown to be probably the most coveted in Europe, and, in point of antiquity, it is now very nearly the oldest—the Golden Fleece is, perhaps, older—in existence. It is now won rather in the political arena than on the tented field, and seldom or never falls to a professional soldier or sailor not of royal blood. It is, however, interesting to add that at the present time H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the late Commander-in-Chief, is not only the oldest knight of the Order in point of creation, but the only one who dates back to a former reign.

* * * *

A REGATTA has come to be regarded as such a peculiarly British institution, and elicits so much enthusiasm wherever Britons do mostly congregrate, that it will come as a mild surprise to many to learn that this particular form of sport was almost unknown among us a century or so ago. But that such is the case will be evident from an extract from a publi cation of the year 1775, in which, under date June 25th, we read that "an entertainment called a regatta, borrowed from the Venetians, was exhibited, partly on the Thames and partly at Ranelagh; and as it was quite new in this country, the writer purposes giving a more particular account of it on some future occasion." The word "regatta" has become so thoroughly naturalised in this country that we are apt to forget its Italian origin, as signifying "a contest of boats," such as it was customary to hold at Venice, in the days of its greatest splendour. Curiously enough, this same year, 1775, witnessed another singular contest—a ladies' cricket match, to wit. Thus, in a journal for August of the above year, we are told that "an extraordinary match at cricket was played at Moulsey Hurst, between six married and six unmarried women, and was won by the latter, though one of the married ran seventeen notches. There were great bets depending on the results," adds the writer.

* * * *

CADET wishes to know something of the organisation of a regiment of Infantry. I take it for granted that a *battalion* of Infantry is meant. It is commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel, and is composed of eight companies each under a Captain, assisted by two subaltern officers, either of whom is in charge of a half company. A half company is divided into two sections, a section being commanded by a non-commissioned officer. This arrangement, known as the "section system," is admirable in theory, but at home can seldom, if ever, be carried out in a satisfactory manner. It is laid down that men of the same section should live together, go on guard together, and sleep in the same room, in order that they may become better acquainted with each other and their non-commissioned officers. It often happens, however, that the senior non-commissioned officer of the section, who is *nominally* the commander of it, is actually employed in the orderly-room, grocery-bar, or cook-house. His responsibilities consequently devolve upon his juniors. In like manner the well behaved of the rank and file are freely employed in lucrative billets, and when it is considered that a certain number of men, *nolens volens*, are, in addition, daily detailed for fatigue duty, it is not surprising that seldom, if ever, does a section go on parade or guard complete, under its own section commander. Very often on commanding officer's parade, it is represented by six or seven men instead of twenty or more. To each company is attached a colour-sergeant, who, to all intents and purposes, is a company sergeant-major. He is usually responsible for keeping the company accounts and stores, and is the immediate superior of the other non-commissioned officers.

A SPANISH Officer with whom I was acquainted, once invited me to accompany him round his men's kits at the periodical inspection. The kits, clothing and arms were laid out with extreme neatness; but what struck me as curious was that every man showed a pile of white starched and ironed shirts and about a couple of dozen collars laid criss-cross two-and-two beside the shirts. I was, of course, aware that the Spanish Tommy Atkins wore cuffs and collars, but somehow I had never seriously associated them with a soldier's kit. I asked my friend if his men had no woollen shirts. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders and muttered something about woollen being so unpleasantly hot. I have often wondered, though, whether General Weyler's want of success in Cuba is not in some measure due to the difficulty he no doubt experiences as regards the laundry arrangements for his soldiers. Keeping sixty thousand men supplied with starched shirts, even supposing they made a shirt last for three days, is a difficult feat for any general. The Spanish Infantryman seldom wears boots on the march. He is provided with canvas slippers with twisted twine soles, and very comfortable things they are to march in. This is just as well, for the boots are little better than brown paper. The poor little linesman, however, takes things as they come; which is just as well, too, for nobody would pay any attention to him if he didn't.

* * * *

"How do seamen make the time pass at sea?" asks J.H.M., and this is a question that hardly any sailor escapes being asked, I may almost say continually, by his shore friends; and it affords him infinite amusement, for at sea is a time of work for him and on shore of leisure. The landsman judges from the point of view of a passenger, who often finds the time hang heavy on his hands when on board. At any rate, the organisation and energy of the amusement committee in our large mail steamers point to the fear of *ennui* by the landsman on a voyage. It is difficult to convince anyone who has not tried it that watch-keeping day and night, besides day drills, taking and working sights, etc., is enough to fill up your time; but night watch at sea for nearly all hands in the ship, and the day drills which occur every day except Saturday and Sunday, are quite sufficient to leave little time for reading. An afternoon off duty is not unusually devoted to a "caulk," the nautical term for *siesta marina*. The large number of men that are huddled together in the small space of a ship necessarily entails a vast amount of constant cleaning up after one another to keep things healthy. Anyone who has seen for the first time, in the cleanest ship, the deck swept after the hands have been turned up to fall in for inspection only, will understand something of this.

* * * *

F.G.O. asks, "In how many ways are first commissions in the Army obtained?" Commissions in the Cavalry and Infantry are obtained as follows:—1. Through the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. 2. Through the Militia. 3. By University candidates for the Army. 4. Through the ranks. In the first instance admission to the R.M.C. at Sandhurst is granted to the successful candidates at an open *competitive* examination in *literary* subjects, and to a limited number of "Queen's Cadets," on passing a qualifying examination on the same lines. At the end of the course of instruction (eighteen months) the cadet is required to pass a *qualifying* examination in purely *military* subjects before he is gazetted. In the second case the conditions are practically reversed. Militia subalterns who have served two annual trainings, after passing a *qualifying literary* examination, undergo a competitive *military examination* among themselves, those who are successful eventually receiving their commissions in the Regular forces.

* * * *

UNIVERSITY candidates are obliged to be either graduates of a University within the British Isles or students who have passed certain intermediate examinations of the Universities to which they belong, and who are successful in a competition confined to such candidates—should their number exceed the vacancies under these regulations. Candidates must, unless they already hold commissions in the Militia or Volunteers, be attached as supernumerary officers to one or other of those services for the purpose of learning their drill. Warrant or non-commissioned officers who are recommended for commissions must, when selected, have attained the rank of sergeant, be under twenty-six years of age, unmarried, and possess, in addition to a clear defaulter sheet, a first-class certificate of education under the Army School Regulations, unless they are recommended for distinguished service in the field. Commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers are given to cadets who qualify at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, entrance to which is obtained by open competition, and in the former branch of the service only to a limited number of Militia Artillery officers under somewhat similar regulations to those for cavalry and infantry.

Digitized by Google

FOR the benefit of a correspondent who has put several rather puzzling questions as to military nomenclature, I desire to explain that there is no necessary connection between a field battery and field fortification, the former being a mobile collection of men, horses and guns, while the latter is the science and art of facilitating the transit and temporary defence of troops in the field. If you discovered a field work yesterday, you are pretty sure to find it in the same place to-morrow—not so with a field battery. The latter, a hundred to one, will not be found where you saw it yesterday, but has a knack of turning up at odd and unexpected times and places, and of remaining concealed, or partially so, when its fire plays upon the enemy. That is the great disadvantage under which all conspicuous fortifications labour in the present day. They cannot be hidden, while their opponents can The consequence is that permanent defensive works will now be strengthened by guns placed in advanced positions, where they will be able to avail themselves of cover, and so meet the enemy on more equal terms. To return to our moving field battery, it would often be a decided advantage if it were protected by a field battery in the sense of an earthwork.

* * * *

"QUARTERMASTER" is right:—The principle of the "collision mat" was invented and made use of on board ships of the Royal Navy more than a hundred and sixty years ago. Such is the fact. In a publication of the year 1737 mention is made of "a method of stopping a leak (as used in H.M.S. 'Antelope' twenty years ago viz.: a net stuffed with oakum and fitted with weights to sink it, and then hauled fore and aft outside, till the leak is found, by the suction drawing in the oakum." It is by no means improbable that a further investigation would show this contrivance to have been in use amongst the seamen of antiquity. Did not a wise man remark, more than two thousand years ago, that there is no new thing under the sun?

* * * *

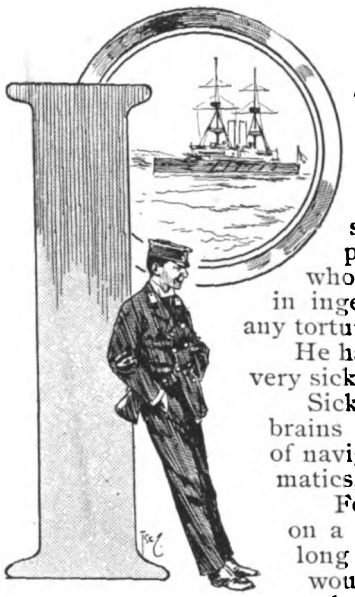
A READABLE book on an interesting subject has been published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. Its title is "Achievements of Cavalry," and its author General Sir Evelyn Wood, Quartermaster-General of the Army. Among Sir Evelyn's qualifications for writing such a work, may be mentioned the fact that he himself was the hero of a brilliant Cavalry achievement about thirty-eight years ago, for which he obtained the coveted honour of the Victoria Cross. About that time he had much Cavalry experience in India, and his recent tenure of the Aldershot Command gave him an opportunity of largely advancing the interests and efficiency of that arm. His military services are fresh in the memory of the public, but it is not so well known that he began life in the Navy, and served in the Crimea as aide-de-camp to Captain Peel of the Naval Brigade. This distinguished and versatile officer has given us, in "Achievements of Cavalry," the matured results of great theoretical and practical knowledge. The "achievements" are various in kind, and range over a wide historical area, the portrait of a very gallant and typical Prussian officer forming the frontispiece to the volume.

* * * *

A GREAT many Englishmen know Sir George Tryon as the Admiral who perished in a great disaster. Only the Naval Service knows him thoroughly as the man who was fitted pre-eminently to be a leader. Never since Nelson inspired his captains has any officer won such confidence, such absolute trust, from his colleagues as Tryon. It is strange to think that that very confidence in his supreme directive powers led to the final disaster of the Victoria." Those who would know Tryon well cannot do better than read Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald's life of him (Blackwood) recently published. His was a personality well worth knowing. If he was not a "great" Admiral—who can be great without the opportunity of war?—he had all the character making for greatness. He was, above all things, a seaman, and the chains of office sat heavily on him. It was his pride and pleasure to wield that great Naval arm which his advocacy contributed immensely to strengthen and perfect. In the conduct of the Sfax affair he showed the ability of a statesman. In the famous manœuvres of 1888, with splendid seamanship, he broke the blockade at Bantry, thus leading to a sound idea of the conditions of modern blockade; and in the next year he was equally successful in showing how observation, rather than blockade, should be conducted, and the enemy brought to action and destroyed. He was always preparing for war, and no sudden outbreak of hostilities would have taken him at a disadvantage. England needs seamen like Tryon, devoted to the Service, strategists and tacticians, statesmen and patriots, men alert and ready at a moment's notice to wield the Naval arm.

THE EDITOR.

OLD CONNOR.



By SOPHIE HART.

IT was a devil of a life that the midshipmen of H.M.S. "Rattler" led Old Connor.

Old Connor was the Naval Instructor, and as such was considered fair game for the sporting proclivities of his impish class, whose talent for practical jokes might, in ingenuity, be said to equal that of any torturer in the days of the Inquisition. He had grown old in the Service, and very sick of it.

Sick of inculcating into indolent brains the keeping of logs, the science of navigation, the mysteries of mathematics, and a smattering of French.

For his pupils roasted him daily on a mental gridiron, and made him long for the time when midshipmen would cease to trouble, and for him, the Navy be no more.

It was a very hot Wednesday. The flies were very obstreperous. So were the midshipmen.

They sat round the table, their arms sprawling over their books, one and all possessed with a determination almost involuntary of being as "cussed" as they could.

Presently the Instructor addressed a boy with prominent eyes and ears, and a diabolical fund of humour hidden beneath his ugly exterior. Opening a well-worn copy of the perennial Ollendorf, he fixed the aforesaid boy, and mildly asked him to put in the French vernacular the following sentence:—

"Have you seen the parrot of my sister?"

"*Wee*," was the answer.

"*Oui?* What do you mean by *oui?*"

"You asked if I had seen my sister's parrot, and I said '*wee*.'"

"Now, Bremner, no nonsense! Translate 'Have you seen the parrot of my sister?'"

"*Wee*," said Bremner, stolidly.

Old Connor laid down his book.

"Are you or are you not going to answer me?" running his fingers through his scanty locks. "Come now, you don't want me to punish you?"

"You asked me———" began again Bremner.

"That's enough! I asked you a plain question. What is 'Have you?'"

"*Avvy-voo.*"

"Yes, '*avez-vous*'—seen?"

"*Voo.*"

"The parrot?"

"*Le cockatoo.*"

"Parrot!" insisted Old Connor.

"*La peroosh.*"

"Of my sister?"

"*De mong sœur. Wee!*"

Hurling this triumphant affirmative at the unoffending visage of Old Connor, Bremner sat down, and pinched his top-mate, who howled like a dog, and pretended to have been seized with cruel and sudden cramp.

Order restored, Old Connor proceeded to pose mild questions appertaining to penknives and chairs and mountains, and after half-an-hour had been passed in extracting from one and another, as a dentist would a tooth, various laboured responses, he sat back in his chair exhausted.

He really could stand it no longer. He would give the little beasts a translation to write, and thus earn for himself a brief quarter-of-an-hour's legitimate repose. For the next five minutes all went well. The cool breeze from the ventilator, beneath which he was exactly sitting, played upon his bald head like rain upon a hot desert, and he felt his eyes closing and a delicious sense of rest creeping through his tired frame.

Presently, from the pages of their work-books, one pair of eyes after another was cautiously lifted and cocked.

Old Connor had actually fallen asleep, and was dreaming, too, apparently.

Suddenly, a middy sitting near the door—a middy with bright blue eyes, fascinating smile, and a "powerful tongue" for bad words—fixed the unconscious Instructor, and stared long and earnestly at him. Then he silently rose and disappeared.

An indrawn breath of satisfaction went round the class, which still made a pretence of scribbling, for they knew that Dimsdale was up to some devilment. Not for worlds would they rouse the unconscious victim.

Ah! they were not wrong. For, after a few minutes had elapsed, they saw descending from the ventilator a piece of

Digitized by Google

string to which was attached a feather. Such a splendid feather! Just the sort of one to tickle a bald scalp to a fine state of irritation. Slowly, slowly, it bobbed and swayed, watched breathlessly by the seven little devils round the table. Finally, with accurate precision, the innocent-looking piece of fluff alighted on Old Connor's devoted head. There it was allowed to rest an instant, and then a stealthy hand slowly trailed it across the smooth, shining surface.

Old Connor sighed, lifted his hand, and then let it drop again.

The feather made another detour. This time Old Connor opened a sleepy eye, slapped the top of his cranium, and was distinctly heard to murmur "damn."

"Rippin' fun, ain't it?" whispered Bremner. "Thinks it's a bumble-bee!"

"Shut up! Don't wake him," entreated Kelly. "Why don't Dimsdale tickle his nose?"

"*Knows* better!" said Bremner, chortling at his villainous pun. Bremner, by the way, prided himself on his puns.

"The old chap looks like a sucking-pig," put in another, "so bald and innocent! Oh! By Jove! that's got his nose. Well done, Dimmy!"

Dimsdale, by dint of careful piloting, had managed to scrape the tip of the sleeper's proboscis, and scraped it so hard, that the victim rubbed that organ with vigorous hand, sat up, and gazed round his class with a look that said:

"Don't any of you *dare* say that I was asleep!"

"The flies are very worrying to-day," he remarked, with a vague wave into space, "must really have a fly-catcher, or something of the sort."

"Wouldn't Bylands' mouth do, sir?" suggested Kelly, pointing to a little fellow who was afflicted with protruding teeth, and lips whose inability to close suggested the profile of a cod.

"Come, come; no nonsense or personal remarks," remonstrated Old Connor. "Have you finished your translation, boys? Well, what do *you* want?" looking at Bylands, who had suddenly risen.

"I thought you'd like to know, sir," lisped this youngster, "that there's a beetle on your collar."

"A beetle! No-o-o!" cried Old Connor, who had for the said vermin an almost hysterical loathing. "Where is it? where is it? Ugh!" he ended, as he suddenly felt the crawling legs on his neck. "Ugh!" and with a wild sweep he knocked off the beast, and sent it spinning down the table on its hard, shining back.

"How on earth did that get there?" enquired Kelly, sympathetically, knowing all the while that he had imported the insect wrapped in a piece of sugar-paper, with the express intention of letting it loose on O'Connor's back. "Ought to get some Keating's, sir. Once those things get a fair run, there's no holding them in. When I was in the 'Snapshot they used to come out on deck at night and dance quadrilles. And they nearly ate the whole of my kit!"

"Look here, we must get this translation done" interrupted Old Connor, with a visible shudder. "Your tongue's the best part of you, Kelly. Suppose you turn a little of your energy to your work-book. Come now, in a quarter-of-an-hour I shall expect that exercise finished. *Allons!*"

"Skittles!" murmured Kelly, *sotto voce*. "I'm blowed if I do the rot," he thought.

By-and-bye, Bremner, in a tone much too sweet to be sincere, innocently asked: "What's the French for goose, sir?"

Scenting mischief, the old Instructor sternly replied, "That'll do. Bring your exercise here."

Bremner rose, and with much pains Old Connor explained to his pupil the vagaries of the French pronunciation.

With some trouble, and considerable dexterity also, Kelly, meanwhile, attached to the unsuspecting old man's chair the end of a ball of twine.

This he passed round the gearing of a torpedo tube conveniently near, and returned to his seat unobserved.

"Such a splendid feather."

Presently Old Connor, as was his wont when interested or excited, slightly rose in his chair and leant across the table to explain a sentence to another middy who had become painfully anxious to master its difficulties.

With a skilful hand, and an unblushing effrontery, Kelly jerked the piece of twine.

"Don't kick my chair," said Old Connor, who if he hated anything more than another it was to have his chair touched.

"Kick your chair, sir!" asked Kelly, "my hoofs were yards away!" Even as he spoke he pulled the string again.

"It must be you then, Bremner," turning testily to that youth, who, with a face like a Hindoo, still stood with his work-book in hand.

"'Pon my word, sir, I never even looked at your chair, much less touched it."

"Well, I know I felt it move. There it is again! Here, Goodwood, I can't lean over this table any longer; bring your book here. You, Bremner, sit down again."

Old Connor had every intention of sitting down, too. This, alas, was frustrated; for, with an unintentionally vigorous tug, the chair was drawn away, and down he crashed.

There was a dead silence, and then a low murmur of consternation.

Old Connor sat on the deck and blinked like an uneasy fowl. Indeed, he remained so long in that position that the boys became alarmed.

"He looks very white about the gills," said Bremner, in a sepulchral aside.

"And why does he keep opening and shutting his eyes?" asked Kelly, in a repentant whisper.

"I say, sir! I do hope you're not much hurt. I really didn't mean it, you know. I wouldn't have been such an infernal pounder as to have done it had I dreamt you'd have been hurt. Shall I help you up, sir?"

Indeed, being gentlemen at heart, and detesting a "low down trick," they one and all felt sorry for the poor old chap, who from his lowly resting-place tried to enforce his just indignation.

But Old Connor would have none of their sympathy. After several ineffectual attempts, he at last succeeded in regaining his feet when, looking pale, and seemingly in great pain, he limped off to interview the Captain.

"Now you've done it!" was chorused at Kelly, after some few minutes of glum staring. "We shall be run in to a man Just as we've got those jolly lot of invitations too!"

"Hang it all, you wormtails, you enjoyed the fun while I was at it. You're all so blooming gay till we're cotched, and then a sick monkey isn't in it."

"But I really *am* concerned about the old moke," said Bremner. "Suppose he gets paralysis, or turned into a gibbering idiot. I once heard of a girl who sat on the floor by accident, instead of her young man's knee, and she——"

"Well—well—what happened?"

"I really forget—I believe she lived!"

"What rot!"

"It's gospel truth—but if Old Connor dies you'll be had up for manslaughter, Kelly."

"Piffles! He isn't broken—only a trifle bent!"

Old Connor did not die; but it was a long time before he was out of the sick list.

It was a considerable time, too, before the midshipmen of H.M.S. "Rattler" saw the shore—a fact that they daily deplored in anguish of spirit, especially when the temperature was at 87° under the awnings, and the mosquitos were particularly vicious.

One good result, however, has emanated from their confinement—Old Connor is allowed to sit in his chair in peace, and they are beginning to talk French quite fluently.

Digitized by Google

Polo in India

By Major H.S. Dalbiac.

A BAD FALL.

POPULAR as Polo has become during the last thirty years in this country, it is in India, the real cradle of the game, that it is chiefly regarded as one of the most important matters of military life. In that country, during a great part of the year, the only event of the day is the evening game of Polo, the conversation in mess-room and in club is all of "stick and ball," and every subaltern keeps his stableful of ponies, whatever else he may have to give up. What a difference, though, there is between the game as it is played there now and that of thirty years ago. Those were the days when the country-bred "tat" was plentiful and cheap, and the game was well within the reach of the poorest subaltern.

It is very different now. High-class galloping ponies only are of any use, more of them are required, and the demand has so increased that Rs. 1,000, though once a quite unheard-of price, is, in these days, an ordinary sum to be paid for a good Polo-pony. I think that "Bill" Beresford was the first to give, or get (I forget which) that price, for one of his, about the time I first went out to India, in 1883, though much more has often been paid since then for a really good one. In fact, I have lately heard from Umballa that, at the Regimental Tournament held there last year, twenty ponies belonging to the 21st Hussars were sold by auction at an average of Rs. 1,300 each.

Progress of the Game.—As has already been stated, the game was introduced into India from the independent State of Manipore, and was first played in British India by the planters of the North-Eastern Provinces, about the year 1854; though, as was the case in England, it owed its development there to the zest with which it was at once adopted by the Army. By 1860 the game had been introduced into the Punjaub and the North-West Provinces, chiefly through the energy of Captain Stewart, of that most famous corps The Guides, and Eustace Hill, of the Lahore Light Horse. From Mian Mir it spread to Umballa, Meerut (where the Rifle Brigade and 19th Hussars took it up warmly), Cawnpore, and Barrackpore, and before 1870 it was fairly established as *the* game, *par excellence*, of the Indian Army.

A few years afterwards, the 10th Hussars, who were the first to introduce Polo into this country, went out to India again, and being followed by the 9th Lancers, these two distinguished regiments did much to improve the game in that land. The Delhi camp of exercise in 1876 saw a great conference of Poloists, at which the game was put on an improved footing, new rules drawn up, and the Annual Regimental Tournament, now quite the most important event of the year in that country, started. Captain St. Quentin, of the 10th Hussars, took a leading part in all these matters, and acted as Honorary Secretary to the first Tournament, which took place at Meerut in 1877, and was won by the 9th Lancers. The following year it was again won by the same regiment, whilst in 1879 and 1880 there was no Tournament, as the soldiers were all away playing another sort of game with the Afghanistan Ghazis.

In 1881 the 10th Hussars were the winners, and from that time forth it has gone on increasing in popularity and importance, until now it is the highest ambition of almost every regiment in India to win the Polo championship, and the first question asked about a newly-joined subaltern is always whether or not he is likely to be an acquisition to the regimental Polo-team.

The native princes, too, have taken to the game with increased zest, several of them maintaining professional players, whilst at Hyderabad the Nizam has given a challenge cup, which is played for every year at Secunderabad.

At this moment there are between forty and fifty Polo clubs in India proper, with many others in Behar, Assam, Burmah, and Ceylon, and important Tournaments are annually held at Lahore, Meerut, Umballa, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Calcutta, Sialkote, and other places, so that it may safely be said that the game was never so flourishing in Her Majesty's Eastern Empire as it is at the present moment.

Advantages of Indian Polo.—It cannot be denied that Polo in India has many advantages over the same game in England. In the first place, it can be played all the year round out there; the grounds, too, are better suited for a fast game, being of course harder, and, as a rule, more level, so that they play truer, the ball travels faster and easier, is not so often missed, whilst there are fewer scrimmages, and the game is altogether faster and better.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if Polo is more general in India than it is here, and has, in fact, become as much the national game of that country as cricket is of this. There are more fairly good players, too, there, though, perhaps, hardly as many in the very first class. In the same way there is more good second-class Polo played there than here, though the average of first-class games is probably about the same in both countries.

Indian Ponies.—Ponies, too, are more plentiful, and up to quite lately much cheaper; they are also easier to train and ride. Those most used are Arabs, country-breds, and in a few cases Australians, of which the last-named are undoubtedly the best, but there are not many of them, and they are very expensive to buy. Most of the best-known performers have been Arabs, which are always the stoutest and boldest. There have been some famous country-breds too, but these are, as a rule, inclined to be soft and bad-tempered, and all the good in them is generally due to Arab blood. There are various breeds of them: the Deccan pony is clever, but small; the Kathianers are quick and smart, but have no bone, and are only up to very light weights; the Cutch are stronger and stouter, but very slow; and the best I have known have mostly come from the North-West Provinces, where they seem to be better bred. At the same time, no country-bred can carry weight, whilst few are fast enough, although there have been some good ones, no doubt, with Arab, or, in some cases, English blood in them.

In buying Polo ponies in India, as well as in England, they should always be ridden first—no pony will ever play well unless he has good shoulders, and can use them; and no one can give any opinion worth having on this important point without first having ridden behind them. Arabs are the best, as I have already said, having more weight, substance, and bone; but the country-breds are improving every day, and some of the best are more than three parts Arabs now. I have known a few English ponies played in India, but the climate hardly ever suits them, though I have seen some very good results obtained by crossing them with country-breds.

Digitized by Google

During the eighties Polo made great strides, its organisation was much improved, individual play was discouraged, and bigger, higher-priced ponies became the fashion.

The number of these required has increased, too, in the same proportion. There was a time when two or three sufficed for the needs of each player; in these days seven or eight is the more usual number used, and a regiment seldom sends less than thirty ponies to Meerut or Umballa for a tournament.

In fact, I am one of those who think that in this respect things have gone far enough; and I have known many a sporting subaltern, not too well off, who was compelled to give up shooting, pig-sticking, and every other sport, that he might be able to join in the regimental struggle to put the greatest number of highest class ponies into the Tournament field.

The Indian Tournaments.—During this period the 7th, 8th, and 10th Hussars, the 5th, 9th, and 17th Lancers, and the Queen's Bays have each in turn been winners of the Tournament. Among the Native Cavalry the 11th and 18th Bengal Lancers and the 3rd Bombay Cavalry were always to the front; and that smart regiment the K.O.B.'s (the King's Own Borderers), of whom poor Leonard Gordon, a real good all-round sportsman, was the leading spirit, always had a strong team, which often carried off the Infantry championship.

In 1880, the 10th Hussars gave a challenge cup to be played for by the Native Cavalry. On the first occasion this was won by the 12th Bengal Cavalry; in 1884, by the 14th Bengal Lancers; in 1887, by the 9th Bengal Lancers; and in 1885, 1886, and 1888, by the 18th Bengal Lancers, who, having won it three times, became its owners. In 1890 a new cup was given, which has to be played for annually, and can never become the property of any particular regiment. This has been won four times by the 9th Bengal Lancers, once by the 14th, and in 1895 and 1896 by the 18th. Ten regiments sent teams to Umballa to compete for the trophy on the last occasion, namely, the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 12th Bengal Cavalry; the 9th, 13th, 17th, 18th, and 19th Bengal Lancers; and the famous Guide Cavalry, perhaps the best light horse in the world, in spite of Lord Wolseley's remarks about our Indian troops. The 18th Bengal Lancers, who were the winners, were represented by Mr. F. A. Maxwell, No. 1; Captain Chesney, No. 2; Captain Grimston, No. 3; and Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, back—one of the strongest teams that the Indian Cavalry have put into the field for years. This regiment was formerly the famous 2nd Mahratta Horse, whose history is associated with so many brilliant exploits during the Mutiny, especially the rescue of the British at Kolapore. It also fought at Ferozeshah in December, 1858, under Sir. R. Napier, and, later on, in Afghanistan, and wherever hard blows were going; whilst, as there is no longer any fighting to be done, it is now keeping its name to the front on the less serious battle-fields of Polo.

The First Trial.

These are a few of the regiments that recur to me as being famous in the Polo world during the few years that I soldiered in the East, though there were many more, of whose brightest and best, alas! too many will never mount pony more; and, indeed, Polo in India has more to answer for in this respect than anyone who has only seen the game played on the soft turf of Hurlingham or Ranelagh might imagine; and a fall on the iron ground of that sun-baked country is not a thing to be indulged in with impunity, so that the number of good men and true who have met their deaths on the Polo grounds of Hindustan makes up a terribly long list of those we could but ill afford to lose.

Getting on to the present period, the Regimental Tournament was played last year at Umballa, and brought out eight good representative teams from the R.H.A., 18th and 21st Hussars, 16th Lancers, and Durham Light Infantry. Of these the last named have, I hear, brought the science and organisation of the game to a pitch of perfection such as never has been seen before; so that when their team rode on to the ground to play the final tie with the 5th Dragoon Guards, who had also won all their previous matches in faultless form, a great game was looked forward to. And so it was, though the Durham team won cleverly in the end, after playing the finest Polo ever seen in India. It was undoubtedly to their perfectly-trained ponies and well-drilled organisation that they owed their success, and they are certainly, at the present moment, the finest exponents of the game in the three Presidencies.

Indian Polo Rules.—Polo in India is played under the direction and control of the Indian Polo Association, whose rules are, in all important principles, the same as those of Hurlingham, except as to height, and such matters as foul riding, riding off, time, and subsidiary goals. With regard to the first of these, the limit is 13 hands 3 inches, instead of 14 hands 2 inches, as it is in this country. Then, again, the game being much more dangerous in the East than it is in this country, the penalties for foul riding are, very properly, more severe, and the umpires are given greater powers than they have under Hurlingham rules. In addition to crossing or dangerous riding being considered a foul, the infringement of any rule whatever is treated as such, and the umpires have the power of warning off the ground any player or pony whom they may consider dangerous. In fact, "dangerous riding" is a far more elastic term in India than it is in England, and is left entirely to the judgment of the umpires, who are also invested with greater powers in the matter of penalties.

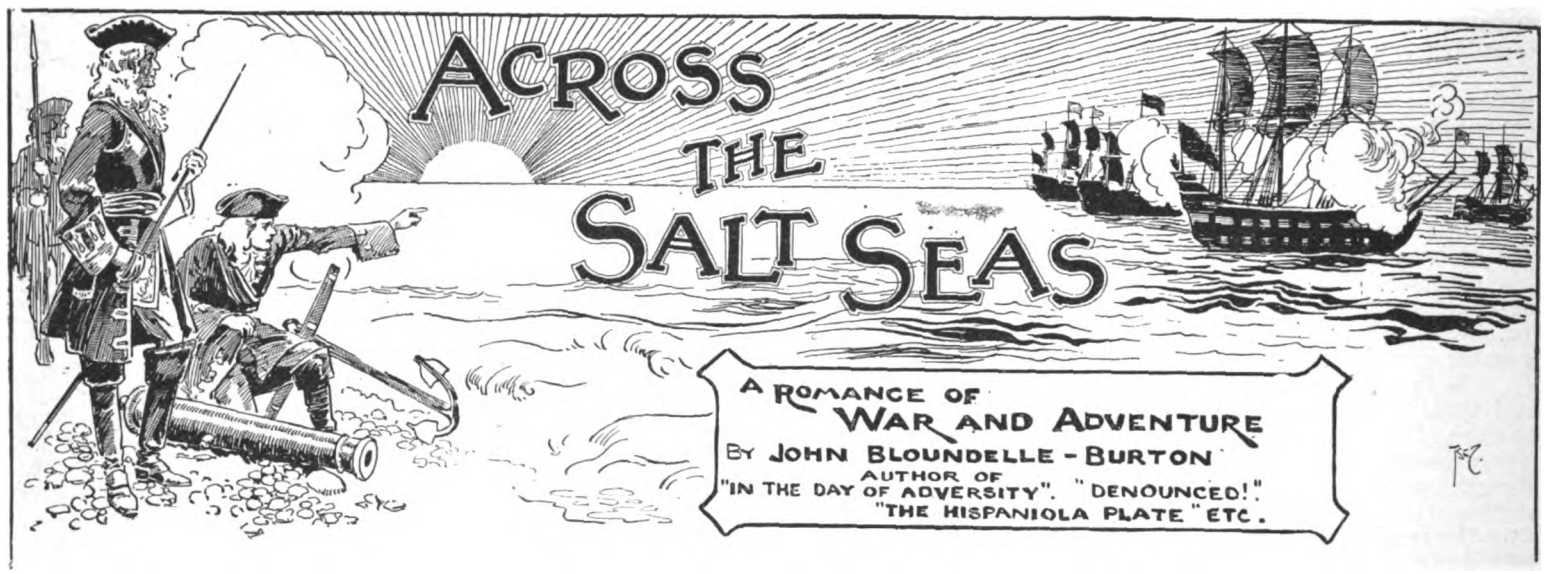
Time.—The rules of the Indian Polo Association vary again from those of Hurlingham in respect to time. In this country a match occupies one hour of actual play; in India it is limited to forty minutes' play. And yet matches under Indian rules generally last much longer than they do in this country. The reason for this is that in England there are no deductions of time, except the unauthorised intervals between the periods of play; whereas in India a certain amount of time is deducted whenever the ball goes out of play, a goal is hit, or when a player wants to change his pony. I have often seen more than half-an-hour wasted in this manner, with the result that matches have been spun out for half an afternoon, and I think that it would be a very good thing if the existing rules on this point were amended. The periods into which the whole time should be divided would depend, of course, on how long it is possible for a pony to play at one time in a fast game, and could always be made to depend on circumstances, or, in a tournament, on the decision of the committee. But if all unnecessary delays were stopped, and no players allowed to change ponies, except at the periods arranged, unless at their own risk, there is no doubt that a match would be far more enjoyable both to players and spectators, especially the latter.

Subsidiary Goals.—I never could see much practical use in these, although, of course, their object is to avoid a tie. But they are very often most confusing, especially as the subsidiary goals, which are on the outside of each goal-post, are only marked by white lines on the ground. No number of subsidiary goals equals a true goal; but in the event of a tie in the actual number of real goals, the side scoring the greatest number of subsidiaries in addition is considered the winner. They are, therefore, useful sometimes in doing away with a tie; but there are other and, I think, better ways of obtaining the same return, and I do not think it would do the game any harm if they were abolished.

It would be quite impossible to do justice to such a subject as Polo in two short articles; and in these few recollections of the game, as I have seen it played at home, and in the East, I have of course omitted many things, including any description of the Native Cavalry Tournament just concluded in India, and won by the Central India Horse.

This much, however, is certain, that were it not for the British Army, Polo would never have been the game that it is; and whoever at any time shall set himself to write its history will find that, in doing so, he is in reality writing that of Polo in the Army.

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, who has taken part in the capture of Vigo, after travelling from Flanders to deliver a message from the Earl of Marlborough to Sir George Rooke, in command of the English Fleet, is now about to endeavour to make his way back by land to where his regiment, the Fourth Horse, is, in the Netherlands. After the battle of Vigo he has discovered on board one of the galleons ("La Sacra Familia") a fascinating young West Indian gentleman, Senor Juan Belmonte, with whom he has struck up a friendship. Belmonte, who is visiting Europe for pleasure and is very well to do, is desirous of accompanying him on this journey (which threatens to be a terribly hazardous one, through countries hostile to England), and at last prevails on the soldier to let him do so. A monk, named Father Jaime, has also been discovered on board the same galleon, but has taken his departure inland at the first opportunity which offered.

CHAPTER XII. *(continued).*

"NOT I. No Papistical doings for me," the blunt old admiral replied, in answer to Sir George's questions about his religion. "The Church my mother had me baptized in, and under whose blessing I have been fighting all my life, is good enough for me to finish in. Still, had I a foolish woman's mind to change, 'twould not be to that man I should go."

"Why!" exclaimed Sir George, "what know you of him? Yet—yet—" and he spoke slowly—"you have visited the Indies, Tom—and the monks are not always what they might be. Did you chance to remember him, since you sent to demand an interview?"

"I thought so," said the inscrutable old sea-dog, quietly, "wherefore, I sent asking him for that meeting. Yet, as our beloved friends, the French, say, the cowl does not always make the monk. Hey? And, if 'tis the man I think, 'twas not always the cowl and gown that adorned his person—rather, instead, the belt and pistols, buff jerkin, scarlet sash, long serviceable rapier handy and—have at you, ha! one, two, and through you. Hey!"

And, as he spoke, he made a feint of lunging at his brother Admiral with a quill that lay to his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

"DANGERS WORSE THAN SHOT OR STEEL—OR DEATH!"

Now I return to the beach at Viana, on which I stood after having quitted the fleet—yet still, ere I go on, I must put you in the way of knowing how it comes about that for companion I have Señor Juan Belmonte, who at this moment is making his way into what proved to be a very filthy town, in search of lodgings for us for the night.

And this is how it happened.

When it was decided finally that I should part from the British squadron on the day they cleared out—they intending to anchor over night outside Vigo Bay, and to send out some frigates scouting ere going on their way to England—I made mention to Belmonte that such was my intention. Also I asked him—I finding of him in his cabin, where he was reading a Spanish book of love verses—what he meant to do with himself, since, if he did not leave the ship when or before I did, he would be forced to accept Sir George's invitation to proceed to England with him.

"Oh, my friend!" he said, with ever the soft gentle smile upon his handsome features, "my friend and conqueror"—for so he had taken to terming me—"I want no terrible journey to England in these great fierce ships of war. Tell me, tell me, *amigo mio*, what you are going to do yourself? Your plans! your plans!"

"My plans," I said, seeing no reason why I should not divulge them to him, since it was impossible he could do me any hurt, even if so inclined, which I thought not very likely, "are simple ones. I go ashore at Viana, find a horse—one will carry me some part of the journey, then I can get another—and so, by God's will, get to the end, to my destination."

"But the destination! The destination! Where is it? Tell me that."

"The destination is Flanders, the seat of the present war. I am a soldier, my place is there."

"Ay, ay," he replied, "I know. You have told me. Your service is not with these ships, nor these soldiers, but with others—a great army, far north."

"That is it," I said.

"And you will travel all that way—mean to travel—alone!"

"I must," I said, "if I mean to go there. There is no other way."

"Take me with you," he exclaimed, suddenly springing impetuously to his feet from the chair in which he sat. "Take me with you. I will be a good companion, amuse you, sing to you, wile away the long hours, stand by your side. If necessary"—yet he said this a little slower and with more hesitation, as I thought—"fight for you."

Now, putting all other objections which rose to my mind away for the moment, this last utterance of his did not recommend him very strongly to me. "Fight for me, indeed!" I thought, "a fine fighter this would be! A youth who had turned pale at seeing a dead man or two floating by in the water after the battle, or at hearing the shriek of a wounded one as we rowed past him on our way to the 'Royal Sovereign.'"

However, aloud I said:

"Señor Belmonte, I fear it cannot be as you desire. The road will be hard and rough, the journey long, there will be little opportunity for singings and jigettings. Moreover, death will always be more or less in the air. If, in Spain or France, I am discovered, nay, even suspected of being what I am, an English soldier, 'twill be short shrift for me. I shall be deemed a spy and shot, or hung to the nearest tree. Take, therefore, my counsel at once, and follow it. Go you to England in this ship, as the Admiral invited you. That way you will be safe and comfortable."

"No! No! No!" he answered, "I will not. I will not. I will go with you. I like you," he said, with a most friendly glance. "If—if you go alone—if we part here we shall never meet again. That shall not be. I am resolved. And—and—only let me go, and I will be so good. I promise. Will not sing a note—will—see there!" and, like a petulant boy as he was, he seized his viol d'amore, which hung on a nail in the cabin, and dashed it to the floor, while, a moment later, he would have stamped his foot into it had I not stopped him. "Yes, I will break it all to pieces. Since it offends you I will never strike another note on it—nor will I ever sing again—not in your hearing, at least. Though I have known some who liked well enough to hear me play—and sing, too."

"Juan!" I said, not knowing in the least why his impassioned grief moved me so much as to address him thus familiarly, which I had never done before, "it offends me not at all; instead, I have often listened to the music of your voice and viol with pleasure. But now—now—on such a journey as I go it would be out of place, even if you were there, which you must not be."

"I must! I must! I must!" he answered. "I will! You called me Juan just now—ah! you are my friend, or you would not speak thus. Oh!" he went on, and now he clutched my arm and gazed fervently into my face, "do not refuse. And see, think, Mervan"—pronouncing my name thus, and in a tone that would have moved a marble heart—"I shall be no trouble to you. I can ride, oh! like a devil when I choose—I have ridden with the Mestizos and natives in the isles—and I can use a pistol or petronel, also a sword.

Digitized by Google

See!" and he whipped his rapier off the bed where it was a-lying, drew it from its sheath impetuously, as he did everything, and began making pass after pass through the open door of the cabin into the gangway. "I know what to do. Also, remember, I can speak Spanish when we are in Spain—pass for a Spaniard, if 'tis necessary—and—and—and" —he broke off "if you will not take me with you, why—then—I will follow you. Track you like a shadow, sleep like a dog outside the inn in which you lie warm and snug. Ay! even though you beat me and drive me away for doing so."

Again and still I resisted, yet 'twas hard to do. For, though I had spoken against his singings and playings, and kept ever before my eyes the stern remembrance of my duty, which was to make my way straight to my goal and crash through all impediments, I could not but reflect that this bright, joyous lad by my side would help to cheer many a lonely hour and many a gloomy mile. Yet still I spoke against the project, putting such thoughts aside. "Child," I said, "you do not know, do not understand. Our—my—path will be beset with dangers. I know what I am doing, what lies before me. Listen, Juan. 'Tis more than like that I shall never reach Flanders, never ride with my old troop again, never more feel comrade's hand clasped in mine. May perish by the wayside, have my throat cut in some lonely inn, be shot in the back, taken as a spy. Yet, 'tis my duty, I am a soldier and a man, you are ——"

"Yes?" with an inward catching of the breath, a flash from the dark eyes.

"A boy—a lad. Also, you say, well enough to do, with a long and happy life before you; no call upon you to fling that life away. Juan, it must not be."

"It shall be!" he said, leaning forward towards me. "It shall! I swear it by my dead mother's memory. Boy! lad! you say. So be it. Yet with the will and determination of a hundred men. To-morrow, Mervan, to-night, to-day—if I can get a boat to the great ship out there, I visit the Admiral and ask him to put me ashore with you. And he will do it. Great as he is, in command over all you English here, I have a power within," and he struck his breast with his hands, "a power over him which will force him to do as I wish. Do you dare me — challenge me?"

"No," I answered, quietly; though, in truth, somewhat amazed at his words, while still remembering the strange deference Sir George had shown all through the piece to the youth. "I dare to say you may prevail—with him."

"Ay—with him!" and now he laughed a little, showing the small pearly-white teeth somewhat. "With him! I understand. But, you mean, not with you also. Yet, with you, too, I shall prevail. I will follow you till you give me leave to keep near by your side. Remember, if I am not Spanish I have lived in Spain's dependencies. I can be very Spanish if I choose," and again he laughed, and again the white teeth glistened beneath the scarlet lips.

Began making passes.

"If," I said, scarce knowing or understanding what power was influencing me, making me a yielding puppet in this youth's hands—yet still, a yielding one!—"the Admiral gives his consent to put you ashore, then I ——"

"Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes, Mervan?" he interposed quickly.

"Then I will not withhold mine. Come with me if you choose—remember, 'tis at your own risk."

In a moment his face was transfigured with joy. Seeing that joy, I deemed myself almost a brute to have ever tried to drive him away from me, although I had endeavoured to do so as much for his safety as my own. He laughed and muttered little pleased expressions in Spanish, which I neither understood very well nor am capable of setting down here; almost, I thought, he would have flung his arms round my neck and embraced me. Indeed, it seemed as though he were about to do so, but, suddenly recollecting himself, desisted—perhaps because he knew that to us English such demonstrations were not palatable.

And now I have to tell how Sir George placed no obstruction in the way of allowing him to go ashore with me; yet, when he heard we were going to travel together, the look upon his face was one of extreme gravity, almost of sternness. Also, he maintained a deep silence for a moment or two after I had told him such was to be the case, and sat with his eyes fixed on me as though he were endeavouring to read my very inmost thoughts. But, at last, he said, quietly, and with even more than that reserve which usually characterized him:

"You have found nothing out about this young man yet, Mr. Crespin, then? Know nothing more about him than you have known from the first. Humph?"

"I know nothing more, sir."

Again he paused awhile, then spoke once more—with the slightest perceptible shrug of his shoulders as he did so.

"Very well. 'Tis your affair, not mine. You are not under my command, but that of the Earl of Marlborough. You must do as seems best to you. Yet, have a care what you are about." Then he leant forward towards me and said: "Mr. Crespin, you have done extremely well, have gained a high place in our esteem. When his lordship reads what the Duke of Ormond and myself have to say about you, you will find your promotion very rapid, I think. Do not—I beseech of you—do not imperil it in any way; do not be led away into jeopardising the bright future, the brilliant career that is before you. Run on no rock avoid every shoal that may avert your successful course."

"Sir," I said, "I am a soldier with many unknown dangers before me—this boy can add nothing to their number. Yet, sir, for your gracious consideration for me I am deeply grateful."

Still he regarded me, saying nothing for a moment or so, then spoke again.

"Dangers," he said, "the dangers every honest soldier or sailor encounters in his calling are nothing—they are our portion, must be avoided if may be; if not, must be accepted. And he who falls in the battle has nought to repine at, at least he falls honourably, leaves a clean memory behind."

"Sir!"

"But there are other dangers that are worse than shot or steel or—death! Many a brave soldier and sailor has gone under from other causes than those. Mr. Crespin, I say no more, have, perhaps, said too much, were it not that you have strangely interested me." Then, abruptly, he added, and as though with the intention of forbidding any more remarks on that subject:

"Captain Hardy shall be instructed to send you both ashore on the morning after we go out. Here are some papers from the Duke and myself to the Earl of Marlborough. Be careful of them—they relate to you alone. I—we—hope they will assist you to go far."

I bowed and murmured my thanks, for which he observed there was no necessity whatever, then gave me his hand and said:

"Farewell, Mr. Crespin. We may not meet again. I wish you all you can desire for yourself. Farewell."

Digitized by Google

But he uttered no further word of warning of any kind, and so let me go away from him wondering blindly what it was he knew of this young man; wondering above all what it was against which he covertly put me on my guard.

Later on—though not for some time to come—I, too, knew and understood.

* * * * * * * * * *

I found Juan—after the sails of the boat from the "Pembroke" had faded into little white specks upon the surface of the water until they looked no bigger than the flash made by a seagull's wing—found him outside the one and only inn of this small town, lolling against the doorpost—made dirty and greasy with the shoulders of countless Algarvian peasants—and amusing himself by trying to make a group of ragged children understand the pure Spanish he was speaking to them.

Then, as he saw me crossing the filthy street, he came over to meet me—never heeding the splashings of mud administered to the handsome long boots which he had now upon his legs, though he was dainty, too, in his ways—and began telling me of what arrangements he had already made for our journey.

"First, *amigo mio*," he said, joyously, "about the horses. Two are already in command. One, a big, bony creature, which is for you, Mervan, because you also are big and stalwart, and require something grand to carry you—while for me there is a jennet, with, oh! such a fiery eye, and a way of biting at everything near it. But, have no fear! Once I am on its back, and, *por dios!* it will do as I want, not as it wants."

I laughed, then asked if these animals were to be our own?

"Oh, yes, our own," he said, "our very own. I have bought them—they are ours. And—if they break down—yours, I think, must surely do so—why, we will turn them loose into the nearest wood and—buy some more."

"At this rate we shall spend some money ere we strike Flanders!" I said.

"Ho! ho! money—who cares for money! I have plenty, enough for you and me, too. We will travel comfortably, *mon ami;* have the best of everything. Plenty of money—and—and—Mervan—do you know, if it was not for one of the most accursed villains who ever trod the face of the earth, I should be so rich that—that—oh! it is impossible to say. Mervan," catching at my arm with that boyish impetuosity of his which ever fascinated me, "you are English, therefore you know all the English, I suppose. In Jamaica and Hispaniola and all the other islands we know everybody. Mervan, who is, or where is, James Eaton?"

"James Eaton!" I exclaimed, with a laugh at his innocent supposition that we were all acquainted with each other in England as they are in the Indies; yet, it is true that he could not know that our Capital city alone had so vast and incredible a population as half-a-million souls!——— "James Eaton! Who and what is he? An officer? If so, I might, perhaps, know, or get to know, something of him."

"An officer! Oh, yes! *por dios!* he *is* an officer!—has been once. But not such as you or those brave ones we have just parted from. An officer! My word! a villain, a *vagamundo*, Mervan—a *flibustier*—what the English call in the islands a 'damned pirate.'"

"Humph!" I said. "A friend of yours? Eh, Juan?"

"A friend of mine? Oh! yes. *Mon Dieu!* He is a friend. Wait—when we are in England you shall see how much I love my friend. Oh, yes! you shall see. When I take him by his beard and thrust this through his black heart;" and he touched the quillon of the sword by his side as he spoke.

"And is he the villain who has stolen your wealth?" I asked as we entered now the door of the inn; I nearly falling backwards from the horrible odours which greeted my nostrils when we did so.

"He is the villain. Oh! 'tis a story. Such a story. You shall hear. But not now—not now. Now we will eat and drink and be gay."

"But," I said, my curiosity much aroused, "if he has stolen your wealth, how comes it you are rich as you say? Have you two fortunes—two sources of wealth?"

"Yes," he replied, with his bright, sweet smile. "Two fortunes—the one he stole, the other———. But no matter for fortunes now. I have enough and plenty for myself—and, Mervan, for you, if you want it. Plenty."

"I, too, have enough for present wants," I said, "quite enough."

"*Bueno! Bueno!*" he replied. "Then all is well. And now to eat, drink, and be gay until to-morrow. Then away—away—away—to Flanders—anywhere, so long as we are together. Joy to-day—work and travel to-morrow. But, Mervan," and once more he placed his hand supplicatingly on my arm, "forgive, forgive me. I—I—have brought the viol d' amore!"

Chapter XIV.

"IT IS WAR TIME. IF IT MUST BE, IT MUST."

We were English gentlemen, furnished with passes to enable us to travel through Spain—which might not be difficult, since there were likely to be as many English troops in that country as there were French; while one-half of the inhabitants wavered in their espousals of either us and Austria, or Louis and Philippe.

That, at least, was what we meant to give out if any one in Portugal—and in Viana specially—should make it their business to ask us any questions; which, however, was not very like to be the case. For, in this miserable hole—and miserable it was beyond all thought!—there were none who could have any possible right to so ask us of our affairs, there being no Consul of any country whatsoever in the place—and, for the rest, we were English. That was enough, we were English! come ashore from that great fleet whose deeds of the last few weeks had spread consternation for leagues around and on either side of Vigo, and whose topmasts were now very plainly visible a mile or so out from the shore. Topsails, too, which would be conspicuous enough to all in Viana for another day or so, until the scouts returned with their news. And before this fleet had disappeared we should be gone—on our road to Spain, to France, to Flanders!

That road was already decided on—we were poring over the chart now, upstairs in the sleeping-room Juan had secured for me, he having another one for himself on the opposite side of the corridor—poring over it by the light of an oil lamp and the flames cast by a bright cork-wood fire which we had caused to be lit, since 'twas already very cold—it being now November.

We had resolved, however, that the great high road to France would not be the very best, perhaps, for our purpose—the road which, passing through Portugal into Spain at Miranda and Tuy, runs through Valladolid and Burgos up to Bayonne and France. For these towns were in the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, and here all were, we learnt, for Philippe and France. But we knew also that with other parts of Spain it was not so; away, on the eastern shores, Catalonia and Valencia had declared for Charles of Austria and the Allies. Nearer to where we were, namely, in Galicia, above Portugal, they wavered. Yet, 'twas said now, that they inclined toward us, perhaps because Vigo is in Galicia, and, therefore, they had had a taste of how we could be either good friend or fateful foe. Certainly we had shown we could well be the latter.

"Yes," I said to Juan, my finger on the chart; "this way will be our road. Across the frontier, where the Minho divides the two countries, then up its banks to Lugo, and so through the Asturias to Biscay and Bayonne. That is our way, and, after all, 'tis not much further than t'other. And safer, too. If Galicia leans to us, so may the Asturians. If not, we shall be no worse off than if we traversed Leon, Castile, and Navarre."

"*Vogue la galére!*" cried the boy, who generally varied his exclamations from Spanish to French, and French to English—whichever came uppermost. "I care nothing. We shall be together, *amigo mio*, that's enough for me."

"Together for a time," I put in; "for a time. Remember, once we reach Flanders, if we ever do, which is more than doubtful, my service claims me. 'Tis war then, hard knocks and buffets for me—for you, the first sloop or vessel of any sort that will run you over to the English coast."

"Oh, la, la!" said Juan, "'tis not come yet. We have a month, at least, together, and, perhaps, even then we will not part. This great soldier, this fierce captain you speak of, this English lord who contends with France, perhaps he will let me fight, too. Give me—what is it you call it?—a pair of colours. Then we could fight side by side, Mervan; could we not?"

I nodded, and muttered "Perhaps," though, in truth, I thought nothing was more unlikely. In some way, I had come to have none too great an opinion of the youth's courage or capacity for fighting, remembering how he had paled, nay, almost shuddered, at the sight of those poor dead ones floating in Vigo harbour—while, for the "pair of colours"—well! there was plenty of interest being made on all sides by those of influence in England to obtain such things for their own kith and kin. There would be mighty little chance for this young stripling to be received into any regiment. Therefore, I went on with our plans, saying, as I still glanced at the chart: "That must be the road. And from Lugo across the mountains to Baos, then to El Campo, and so through Bilboa up to Bayonne. That is the way."

"To Lugo," he repeated, meditatively. "To Lugo. Humph! To Lugo! That is the way they went, you know. Châteaurenauld and his captains—when they fled from you."

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN C. McNEILL, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

THIS distinguished soldier entered the Army in 1850. As A.D.C. to Sir EDWARD LUGARD, he served in the Indian Mutiny. For his services he received a brevet-majority. He was employed in New Zealand in 1861, as A.D.C. to Sir DUNCAN CAMERON. It was when serving in the Antipodes that Sir JOHN received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in saving the life of Private VOSPER, and in addition a brevet lieut.-colonelcy. He was placed in command of the Tipperary Flying Column during the Fenian disturbances in 1866-7. He was employed on the Staff of the Red River Expedition, 1870, and was afterwards made a C.M.G. Sir JOHN was second in command of the Ashanti Expedition, 1873, and was very severely wounded. He was mentioned in despatches and made C.B. During the Egyptian War of 1882, he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, was mentioned in despatches, and made K.C.B. He was last in action during the Soudan Expedition, 1885, and commanded the troops in the Zereba at Tofrek. Sir JOHN is an Equerry to the Queen.

Digitized by Google

AT A REGIMENTAL DEPÔT.

The Raw Material.

THAT we are all proud of our Army goes without saying, but we are at the same time too apt to regard, in a vague and undefined sort of way perhaps, the English soldier as a distinct type of man, to take for granted, as it were, his smartness, his well-set-up athletic figure, his ready obedience to and respect for his superiors, and above all the splendid courage with which he refuses to acknowledge that he is beaten.

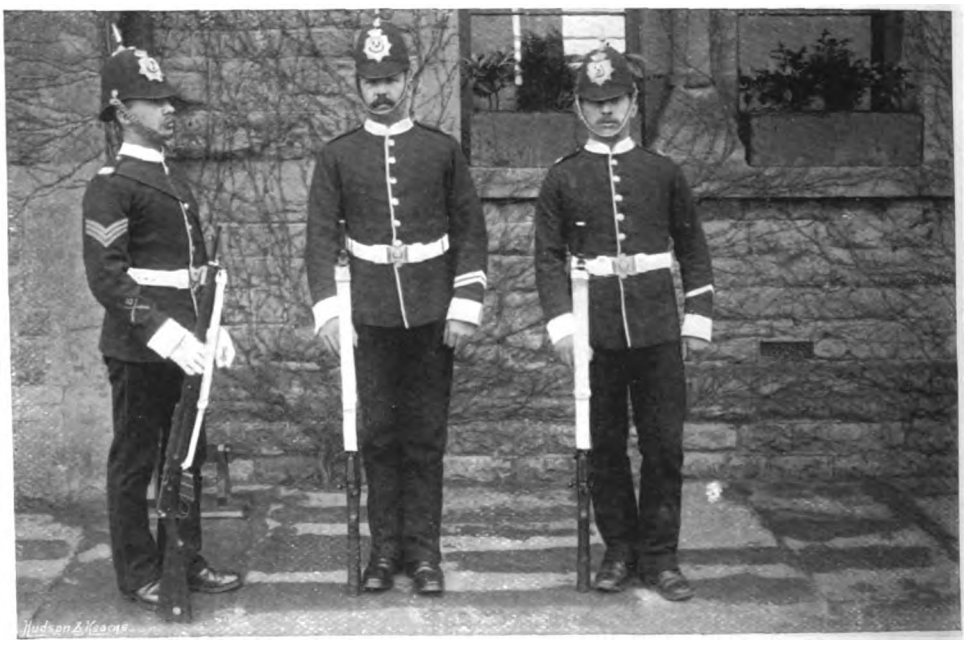
Anyone, therefore, who has been privileged to see at close quarters the method by which the clumsy hobbledehoy is transformed into the smart soldier we are accustomed to, cannot fail to be impressed with the enormous value to the defensive forces of the Empire of the work which is quietly and unostentatiously performed in the various regimental depôts which are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country; and one cannot but feel that the labours of the staff, so steadfastly and dutifully carried out alike by commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, have not received from the public that amount of appreciation to which they are entitled and would undoubtedly be accorded to them were they more widely known.

There is very little of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" about a depôt; the raw material gathered by the recruiting sergeants is sent in, and a glance at the recruits as they stand in a group shows that the Army is composed of no special type of man. There is Hodge from the plough tail, with his heavy boots and his lumbering gait—he rolls from side to side like a lightship in a sea way—but yet with a healthy look in his clear sun-browned skin and bright eye, side by side with 'Arry and Bill from the back street of a large town, their pasty faces and generally unhealthy appearance telling of want of sufficient proper food and of more than sufficient beer, tobacco, and other health-dispelling luxuries beloved of their class. There is Taffy from the pit's mouth or the stone quarry, or Pat from the Connemara cottage hard by the fuel-providing bog, and many others, all differing as widely in personal appearance as in mental calibre. Yet our friend the drill instructor, the manufacturing machinery, has to take them all in hand to be "licked into shape"; he must make the finished article, smart soldiers, of them all, and to give him his bare due, smart soldiers they become, or he will know the reason why.

The drill instructor of to-day is a smart, well-set-up, well-educated *young* man, thoroughly acquainted with, and thoroughly in earnest in his duties.

When we remember that in the near future the country's interests may be confided to the clumsy hobbledehoys who are now being trained, and that in the past it was Hodge, and 'Arry and Bill, Taffy, and Pat, like in all respects to those we here see standing about the recruits' quarters, except that discipline, obedience, self-reliance, and self-respect have been thoroughly instilled into them, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the Soudan and stemmed with steel and lead the murderous charges of the fanatic Fuzzy-Wuzzy; who paraded on the deck of the sinking "Birkenhead" and went coolly to death with colours flying, drums beating, and cheers for their Sovereign on their lips, and who performed the numberless gallant feats of arms which have covered the British soldier with glory, shall we not appreciate at their proper value the labours of the depôt staffs.

One item should not be overlooked: The depôt staffs see very little tangible result for their work; no sooner has the raw recruit become the trained soldier and fit to take his place in the fighting line than he is drafted away to his battalion, and the whole process is commenced *de novo* with a fresh lot of recruits: and thus is our Army supplied with men.



The Finished Article.

The Manufacturing Machinery.

Photos. C. HUSSEY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Digitized by Google

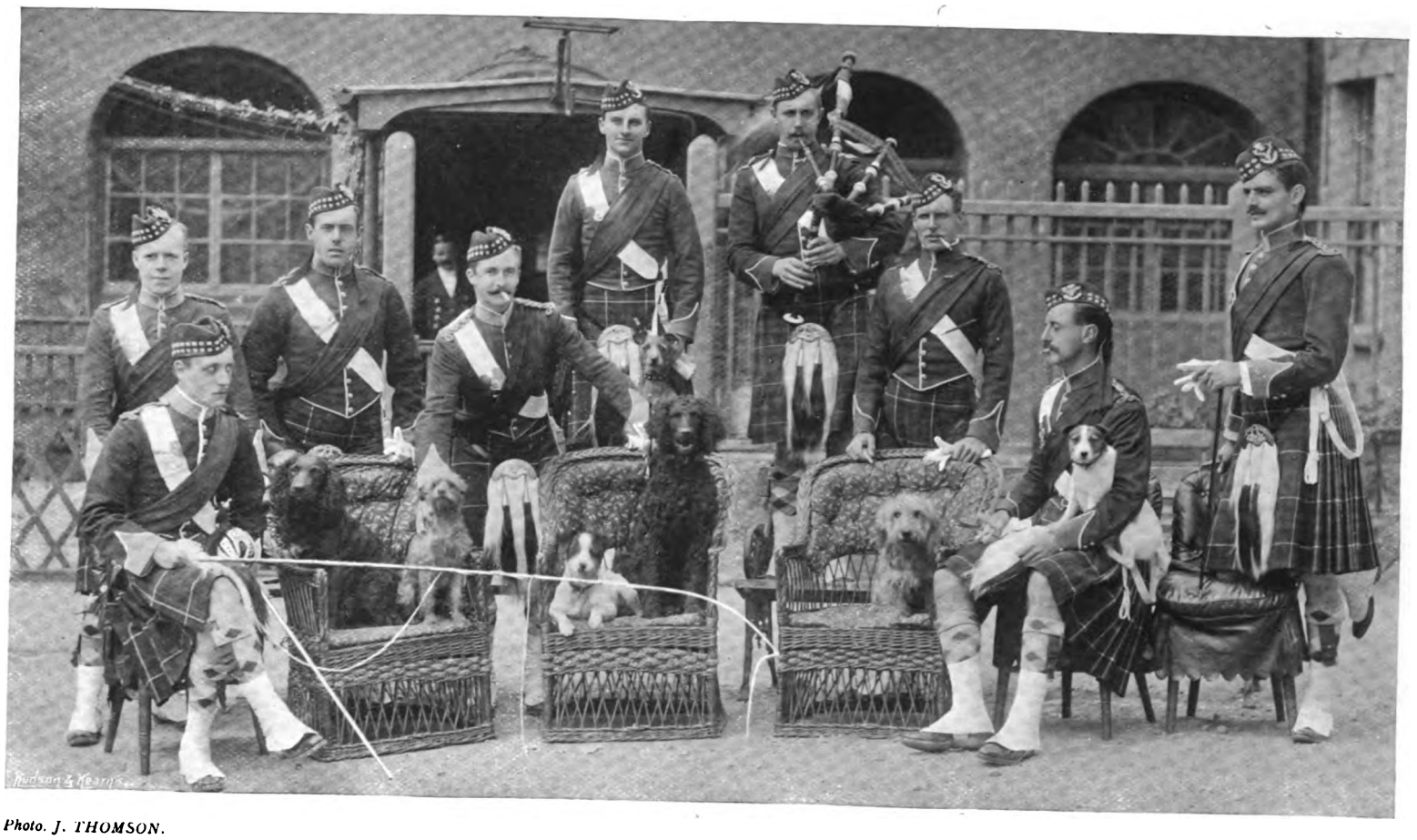


Photo. J. THOMSON.

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Formoy.

Photo. C. HUSSEY.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

PETS OF THE 43rd REGIMENTAL DEPÔT.

OF all the dumb pets in the Army, dogs always have been, and must still continue to be, the most numerous. Many of the officers of almost every regiment own one or two and sometimes more. The lower picture represents a group of officers of the 43rd Regimental Depôt, stationed at Cowley, with three of these intelligent animals. In the top picture is to be seen a number of the officers of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders and a dog for almost every officer—some with rough coats, some with smooth coats, big dogs, little dogs: all appear to have won the affection of their masters. These dogs usually travel with the regiment to which their master belongs, and in this connection may be mentioned the famous Bobbie of the 66th Regiment. This faithful creature went all through the Afghan Campaign, in which he was wounded, and, when that regiment returned home, was decorated with the Afghan medal by Her Majesty at Osborne.

Digitized by Google

THE ARTILLERY CAMP AT OKEHAMPTON.

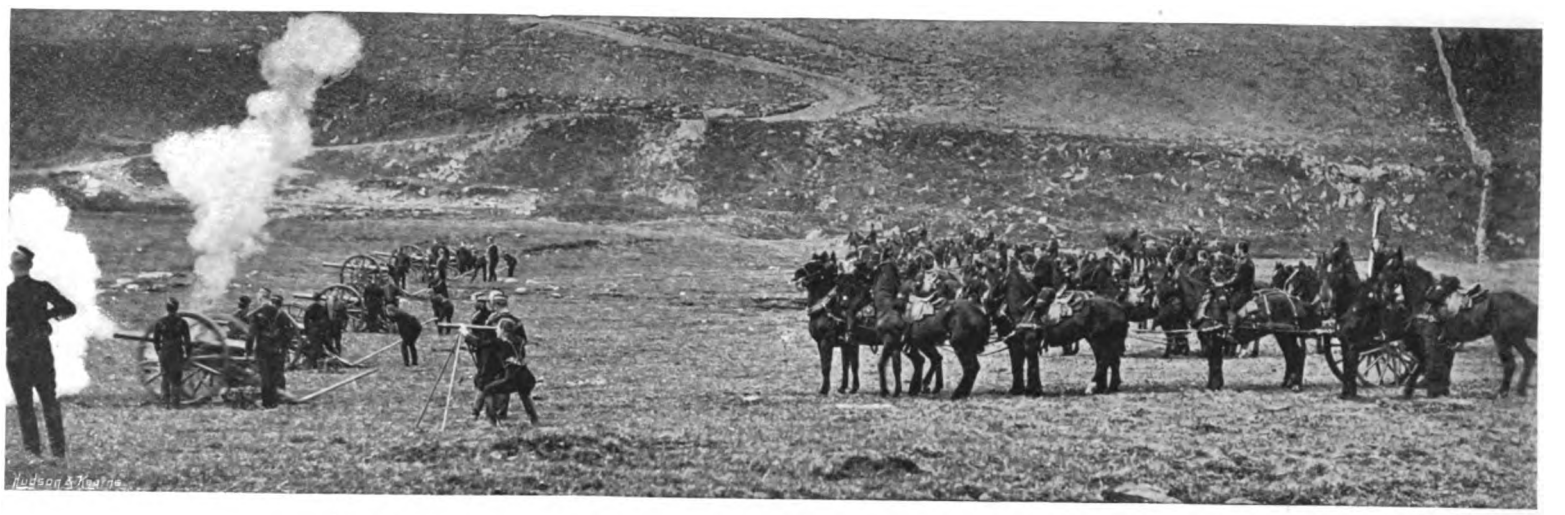
GENERAL MARKHAM INSPECTING A DAMAGED GUN.

EARLY in May each year the northern slopes of Dartmoor begin to wake up from their winter's quiet, and Okehampton Park is dotted with white tents, and the hills re-echo the battle and roar of artillery. Batteries arrive in groups of three, and during a three weeks' stay are daily practised in tactics and shooting. For the last three years the camp has been under the command of Colonel G. H. MARSHALL, who holds the position of Chief Instructor at the School of Gunnery, and is allowed during the winter to put into practical shape any improvements that the summer practice has brought to his notice. Colonel MARSHALL is again in command this year, and is accompanied by the following officers: Captain H. D. WHITE-THOMSON, 7th Field Battery, staff officer; Captain J. E. W. HEADLAM, School of Gunnery, instructor of gunnery; Lieutenant A. D. KIRBY, 37th Field Battery, recording officer; Lieutenant W. P. L. LIVIES, 22nd Field Battery, range officer; Lieutenant J. W. F. LAMONT, 79th Field Battery, experimental officer, and in charge of detachment. The instruction afforded at the camps is so valuable that many officers of cavalry and infantry, who have recently passed the Staff College, will be attached to the camp in order to see the practical working of Artillery As the Okehampton ranges are the only ones where Artillery can manœuvre and shoot, the value to the country is enormous, and it is to be hoped that their utility will be further extended by the acquisition of more ground. The Horse Artillery have been supplied with a new and lighter equipment, and the group in the

Photos. SAUNDERS. Winkleigh

THE ARRIVAL OF A BATTERY BY RAIL.

Digitized by Google



A R.H.A. BATTERY IN ACTION:—Using Gunpowder.

Photos. SAUNDERSs *Winkleigh*

A R.H.A. BATTERY IN ACTION:—Using Cordite.

Photo. W M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *A TRIAL SHOT FOR RANGE.* *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

first illustration shows the Inspector-General of Ordnance (Lieut.-General MARKHAM, C.B.) anxious to personally satisfy himself how the carriages have stood the severe test of travelling over the rough ground. The Horse Artillery now have guns which can keep up with cavalry, and which are not inferior in shell power to that of any foreign nation. A new departure has been made in conveying the Batteries to the camps by rail, which is a relief to the innkeepers on whom the troops were billeted on the march, and has the advantage of keeping the Batteries a shorter time away from their summer drills; and our second illustration shows the busy scene at Okehampon Station during the detraining of a Battery. The period of practice extends from May to September, during which time thirteen field batteries and three of the R.H.A. will proceed to the camp. Siege practice is also carried out at Okehampton, detachments arriving for the purpose from Dover, Devonport, Gosport, and Fareham.

Digitized by Google

THE GREEK ARMY.

The Duke of Sparta,
Crown Prince of Greece.

A Type of the Evzones

Prince Nicholas,
With the Troops at the Front.

GREEK INFANTRY LINESMEN.

THE DUKE OF SPARTA, Crown Prince of Greece, holds the rank of Field-Marshal in the Army, and his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in Thessaly, and his departure for Larissa, aroused the Greeks, among whom he is very popular, to the wildest enthusiasm. He wears the Order of the Golden Fleece and other honours. His young brother, Prince NICHOLAS, commands a battery with the Greek Frontier Army, and his dark blue uniform bears the distinguishing devices of the "Pyrobolikos," or Artillery, of which there are three regiments, with 12-pr. and 9-pr. Krupp field and mountain batteries. The centre picture is of a man of the "Evzones" or Light Infantry, who were among the first to be quartered in the block-houses on the frontier. There are eight battalions of them on the regular establishment. As will be seen, this branch of the Service, except its officers, wears the Greek national costume—the hanging cap, the white pleated kilt and shirt, with embroidered zouave jacket, long felt canvas-coloured leggings, and shoes or sandals ornamented with curious tufts or tassels. A bright blue cloak, with brass buttons, completes the uniform. Below we see two men of the "Pezikos," or regular Infantry, of which there are ten regiments. The uniform jacket is of dark blue.

Digitized by Google

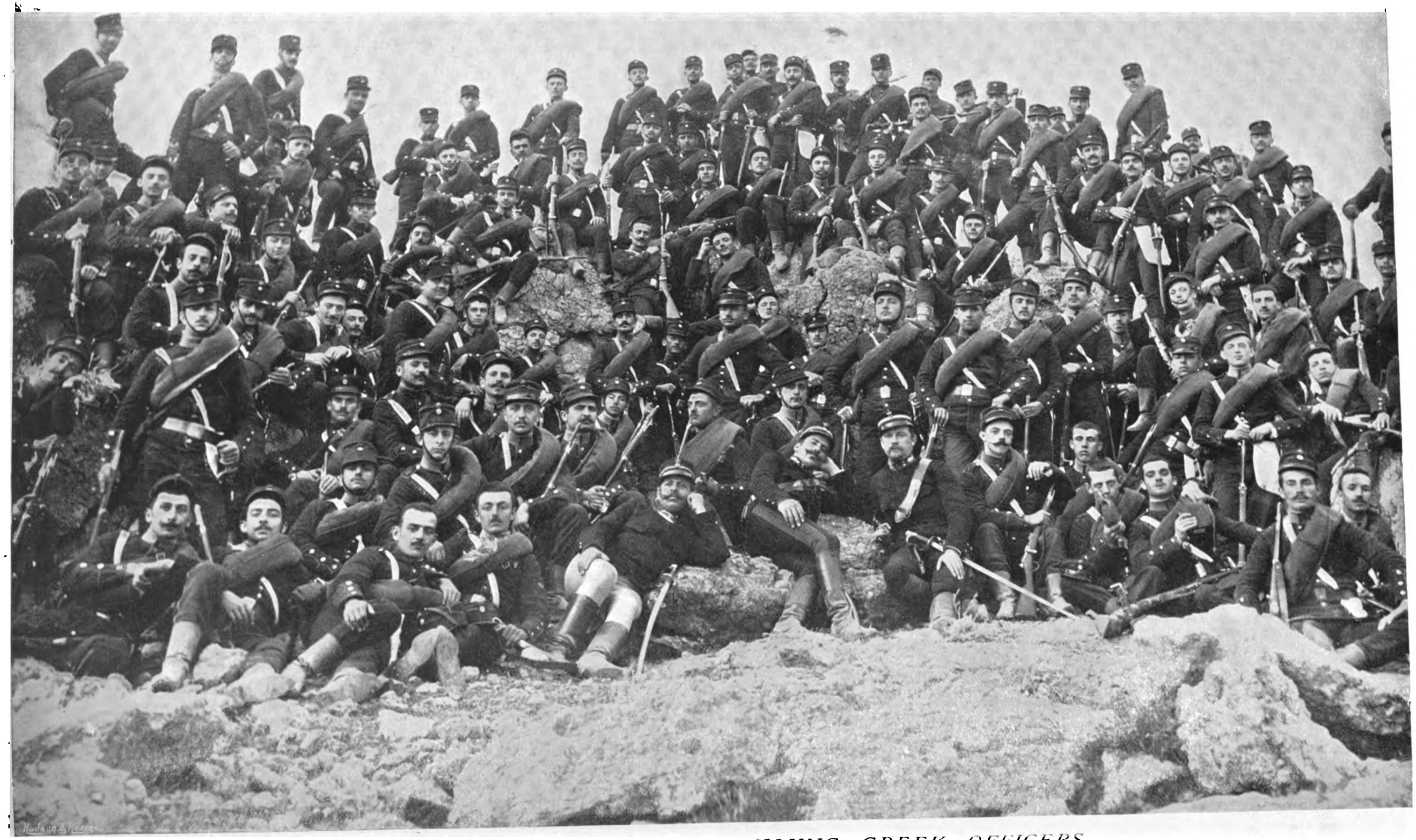
TYPES OF THE LINE REGIMENTS.

An Evzone Light Infantry Man.

A Cretan Insurgent.

with red collar, and the regimental number on the shoulder straps, a dark blue kepi, and light grey trousers, with narrow red stripe. In full dress the kepi has a plume, and there is a corresponding tunic. The Infantry weapon is the Gras rifle, and thirty-eight rounds are carried by regulation in the pouches, and forty-two rounds in the knapsack or havresac. The mounted branch of the Service, the "Hippikos," of which there are but three regiments, has a uniform of olive green with carmine collar. Our other pictures are typical of the "Evzone" and line forces, showing the special features of the uniform and equipment, and something of the general character of the men. There is much good quality in the Greek soldier, who is alert and active, and well fitted for mountain warfare. The Light Infantry, especially, are typical mountaineers, and are the embodiment of the Greek ideal of military gaiety and vigour. The last picture on the page is illustrative of the character of the insurgent allies of the Greeks in Crete. The man appears to be armed with the Snider, and carries a formidable array of cartridges in his bandolier, with knives stuck in his waistband.

Digitized by Google



A GROUP OF EVILPIDES OR YOUNG GREEK OFFICERS.

IT is characteristic of the Greek Army that it has a large proportion of officers. In military life the sons of Greek gentlemen find a congenial outlet for their patriotic energy, and the Army is popular with all ranks. A very efficient system of training exists, and the Greek officer, in scientific and professional attainments, compares not unfavourably with the officers of other Powers. Here we have an excellent group of cadets in their regular uniform, equipped for field training in cadet companies, with several superior officers in the foreground. From the military academy, as a centre of professional life, bearing with them the stamp of their education and training, these young officers are sent to the various regiments, and carry to the rank and file the influence of the ruling ideas at headquarters. Very early in the course of the difficulty with Turkey, many of them were despatched from the training establishment to the regiments at the front. They are filled with a strong spirit of Hellenism, and very many of them are inspired with the hopes and ideas of the Patriotic Society.

Digitized by Google

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 37.] *FRIDAY, MAY 14th, 1897.*

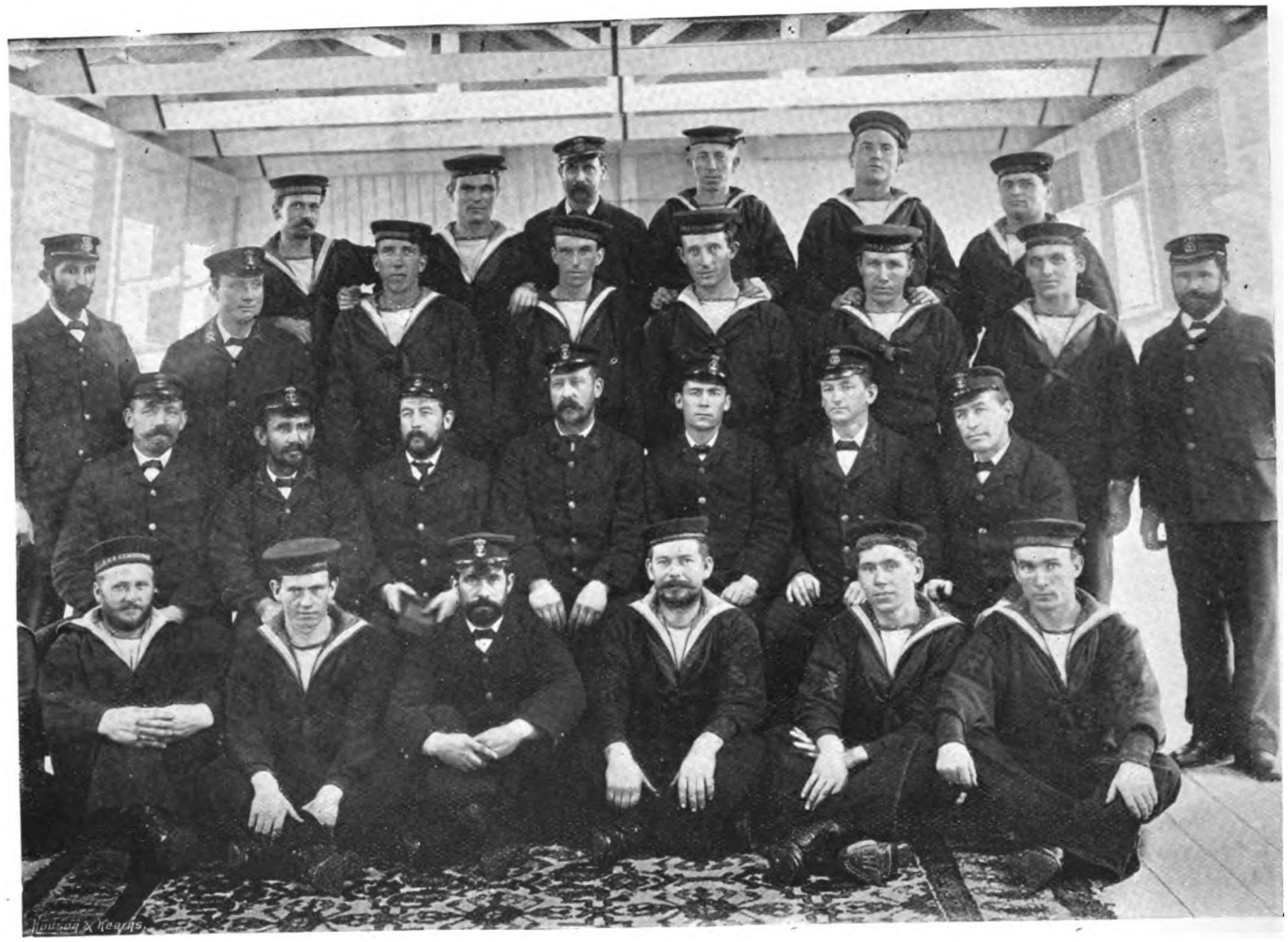
THE GUNNERY SCHOOL SHIP "CAMBRIDGE."

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

The Captain of the "Cambridge":—Captain W. M. LANG, R.N.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM M. LANG, who now commands the "Cambridge," is well known, not only in the Service but also outside of it, as the officer who did so much good work in forming and organising the Chinese Navy. Captain LANG entered the Navy in 1857, and reached the rank of Captain in 1884. After his return from China in 1890, he was appointed Senior Naval Officer on the South-East Coast of America, and as such watched successfully over British interests in Rio Janeiro during the Brazilian Rebellion. Subsequently Captain LANG has been in charge of the Fleet Reserve at Devonport, that is to say, the ships which are kept ready for sea at short notice. It is well known that under his charge these vessels attained a state of efficiency and preparedness for war second to none. Captain LANG was appointed to the command of the "Cambridge" in December last.

Digitized by Google



THE GUNNERY INSTRUCTORS OF THE "CAMBRIDGE."

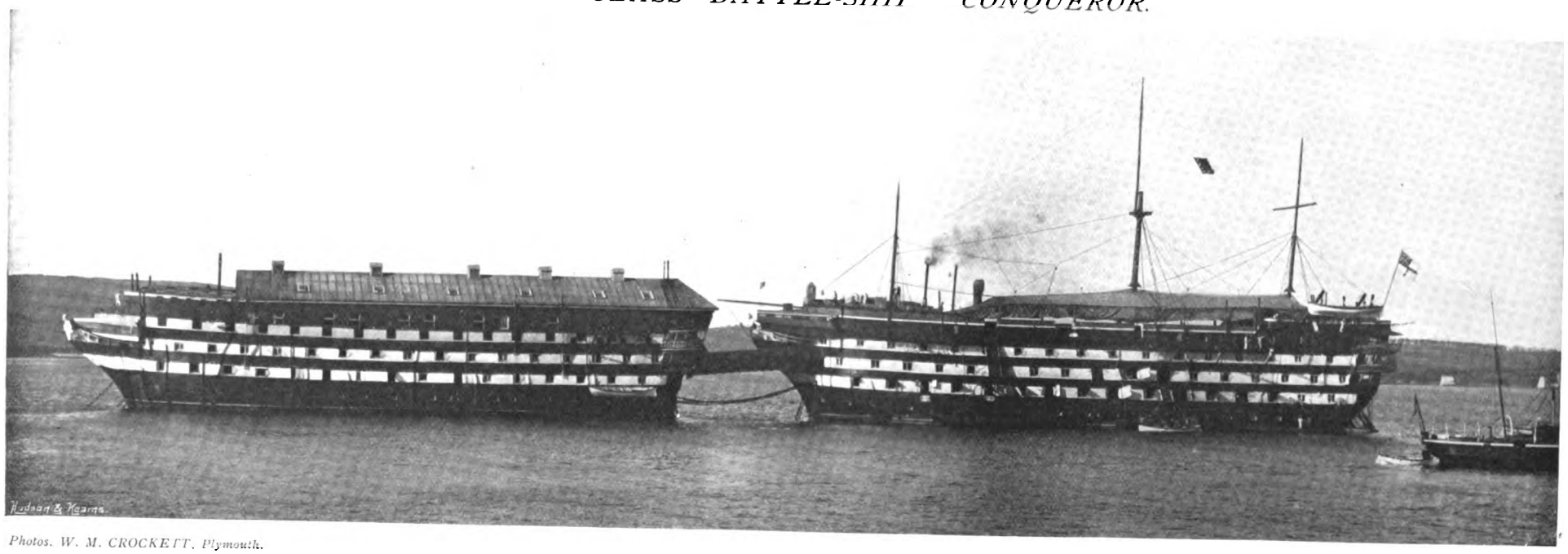
Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE "CAMBRIDGE."

THE above pictures show the Officers and Instructors of the Gunnery School. Among the officers, Admiral HAMOND, who recently gave up the command of the ship on promotion to flag rank, is seen in the centre. On his right is Commander OGLE, who has had a long association with the "Cambridge," having been one of the Staff Lieutenants of the ship for some years. The staff includes five Lieutenants, fourteen Warrant Officers, and thirty-two Petty Officer Instructors; the latter teach and drill the men, the officers supervising the instruction and examining the men as to their knowledge on the completion of their various courses.

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "CONQUEROR."



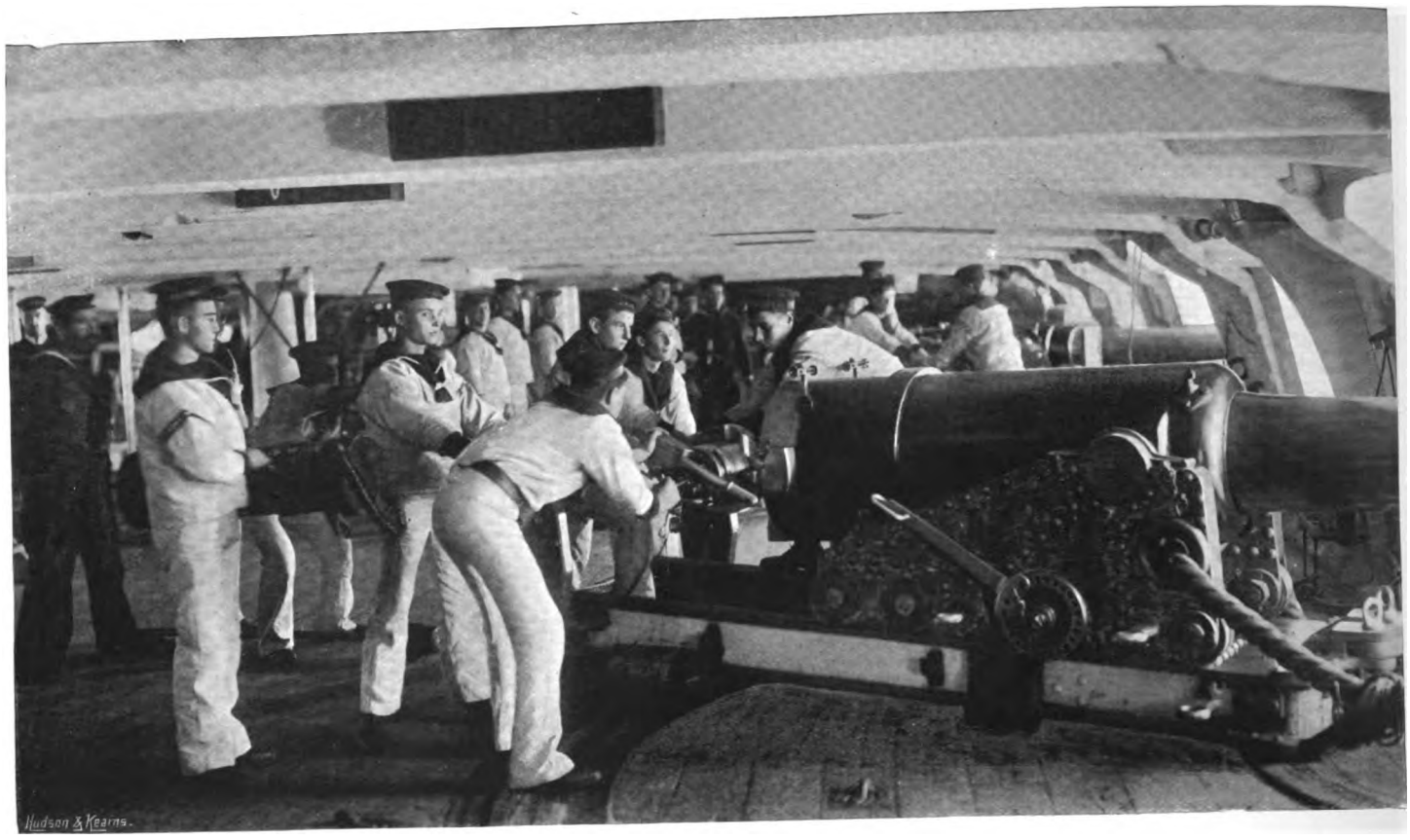
Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

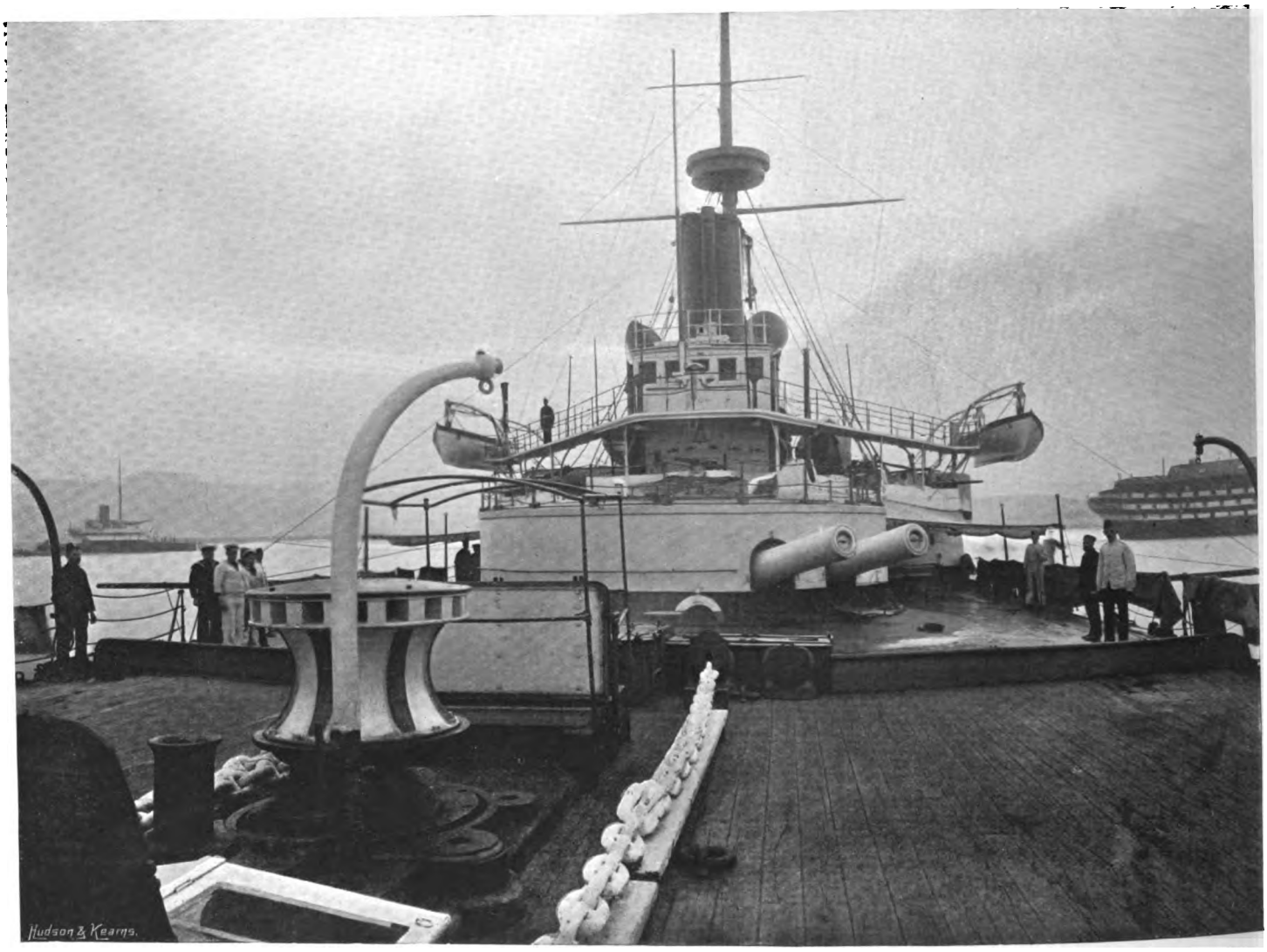
THE GUNNERY SCHOOL SHIP "CAMBRIDGE."

THE upper picture shows the "Conqueror," a third-class battle-ship which is attached to the "Cambridge" for the instruction of men in turret gun drill. The "Conqueror" is of 6,200 tons displacement and was launched in 1881. She and her sister ship, the "Hero," are of a type which has not found much favour, although the ill-fated "Victoria" and her sister, the "Sanspareil," were built on similar lines. The "Conqueror" has one turret in the forepart of the ship, in which are mounted two 45-ton breech-loading guns worked by hydraulic machinery; this constitutes the main armament of the ship, but she has also four 6-in. breech-loading guns, and the usual complement of quick-firers. The Devonport Gunnery School, although officially known as the "Cambridge," really consists of the two ships shown in the lower picture. The ship on the left is the "Cambridge," and that on the right is the "Calcutta," the two being connected by a bridge. The "Cambridge" herself is one of the steam wooden liners which were being built when the great change was made in ship-building from wood to iron. She was originally called the "Windsor Castle"—hence her figure-head, which represents H.M. The Queen. She has never served at sea. She was appropriated to her present use in 1868, and was then re-christened the "Cambridge," taking the place of an older ship of that name. The "Calcutta" was launched at Bombay, in 1831, and was formerly a tender to the Portsmouth Gunnery School, before that establishment was transferred ashore to Whale Island

Digitized by Google



GUN DRILL ON BOARD THE "CAMBRIDGE."



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE FORECASTLE OF THE "CONQUEROR."

IN addition to the seamen constantly passing through the Gunnery School, all boys, before going to sea, go through a short course of gunnery, during which they are taught the rudiments of the art which it will be their chief duty by-and-by to cultivate. There are generally about 300 boys at drill on board the "Cambridge," who come on board daily from the training ships "Lion" and "Impregnable"; they go through a regular course of rifle drill and heavy and light gun drill, including some firing both from rifles and 9-pounder guns. The upper picture shows a class of boys at drill with a 6-in. breech-loading gun on the lower deck of the "Cambridge"; they always come to drill in a white suit put on over their blue clothing to avoid spoiling the latter. The lower illustration is of the forecastle of the "Conqueror," showing the turret with its two 45-ton guns. This part of the ship has, of course, little freeboard, and is rather wet at sea. Despite her age the "Conqueror" would make a valuable harbour defence ship, and she is always kept ready for sea at short notice.

Digitized by Google

THE "Cambridge" is fully equipped for her special purpose with modern guns of every type and pattern. For instance, in the photograph of the broadside firing drill we see a battery of breech-loaders, the guns shown being of various calibres, with the object of instructing the men in the peculiar "points" of each weapon. A broadside is being fired by electricity, as would be done by a captain from his conning tower in action.

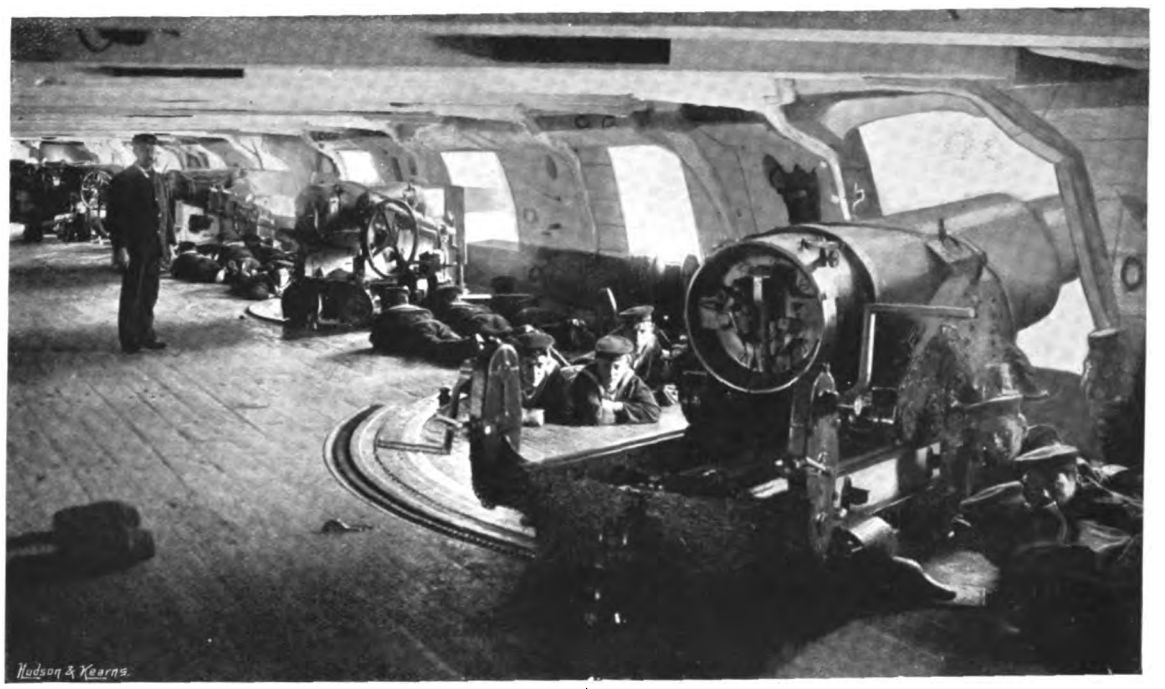
Of course there is no finality in Naval gunnery; new inventions and improvements are always coming to the front, requiring alterations in drill, etc. But it is found that such alterations do not form any serious obstacle in the training of the men. A man who has been thoroughly drilled at one type of gun does not take long to pick up the drill at another type of gun, although the mechanism of the latter may be somewhat different from what he has been used to. Further, all men who have once qualified as seaman-gunners return to the Gunnery Schools every three years, and are thus enabled to keep themselves up-to-date.

Machine guns play an important part in the armament of every man-of-war. Not only are they used on board the ship herself, but ships' boats are fitted to take them; and, although the old cutting-out expeditions have been now superseded by the modern torpedo-boat attack, the safety of a vessel from the latter will often depend on the patrol around her of her boats; hence the necessity for instruction in this arm. Machine guns are also invaluable on shore, especially the Maxim, or the "lead pump," as it is sometimes called—no misnomer when it is considered that this gun can fire some 600 bullets a minute.

A third photograph shows the men of a class learning to become armourers on board ship, a rating that is obtained by qualification at one of the Naval Gunnery Schools after a stiff examination. The armourers' duties are to keep the whole of a ship's armament, heavy guns and quick-firers, in good repair, together with the small arms and rifles of the bluejackets and marines. Every rifle on board a ship, indeed, is taken to pieces, cleaned and examined by the armourers once every six months.

The importance of armourers on board a ship has much increased during recent years, on account of the more elaborate mechanism, etc., of modern guns, many things connected with which require manipulation by a skilled man. For this reason, those armourers who return from foreign service repair to the Gunnery School, that they may keep their knowledge up to date.

MACHINE GUN DRILL.



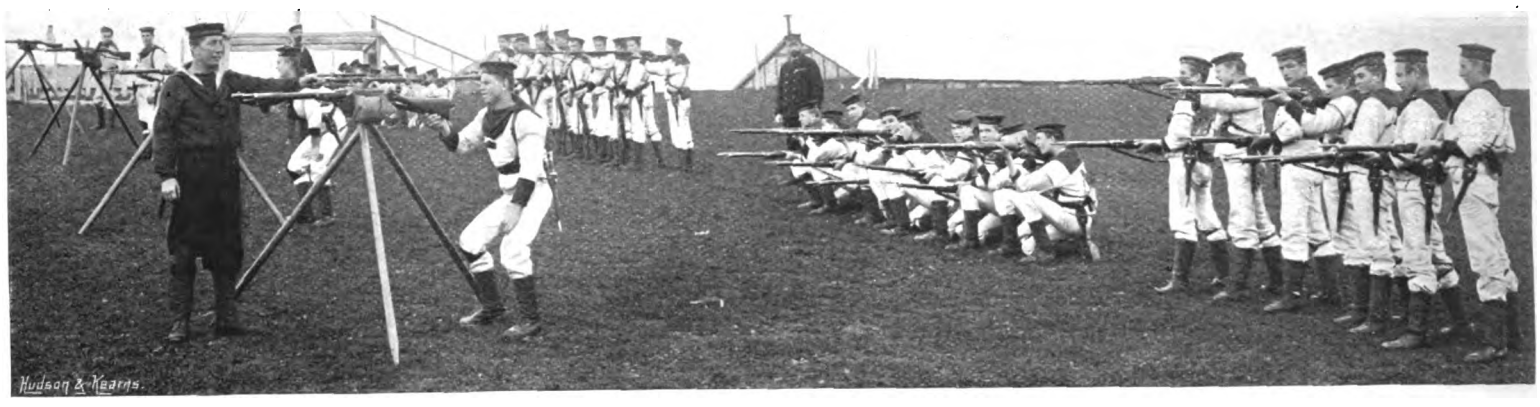
A BROADSIDE of HEAVY GUNS READY to be FIRED by ELECTRICITY.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

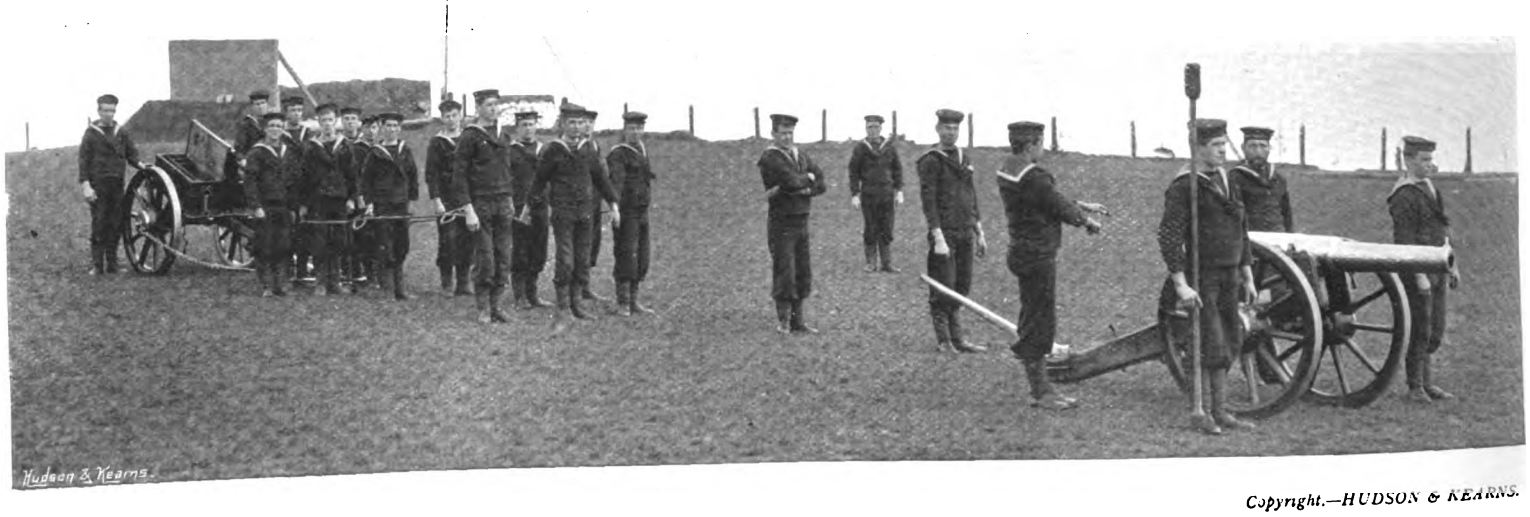
A GROUP OF ARMOURERS.

Digitized by Google

SEAMEN SKIRMISHING.



BOYS AT AIMING PRACTICE.



Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

A 9-pr. FIELD GUN.

AMONG the many branches of gunnery that a seaman has to learn, infantry drill and field gun drill form no inconsiderable part. It frequently happens that bluejackets are required to fight on shore—sometimes as part of an army, as in the Zulu and Egyptian campaigns, and sometimes bush fighting, as in the recent Benin expedition, on the West Coast of Africa. This part of their training, therefore, is an important feature in the work of the Gunnery Schools, and we see above a battalion opened out in skirmishing order, a formation rendered necessary by the increasing precision of modern arms, which makes any close formation impossible. Every ship of size is equipped with one or more field guns, and the method of working these weapons also forms part of the drill each man goes through. The centre picture shows some boys being taught how to aim with the rifle; this is a most important point, and considerable time is devoted to it before anyone is allowed to fire on the rifle range.

Digitized by Google

BATTALION DRAWN UP FOR DRILL.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

A SQUARE PREPARED TO RESIST CAVALRY.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ANOTHER part of the "Cambridge's" establishment is a large drill field, which is conveniently situated near the ship on the Cornish side of the harbour. Here take place all the drills which require more room than can be found on board the ships, such as field exercises, field-gun drill, etc. And here are also the rifle and pistol ranges. There are large sheds for drilling in when the weather is bad, and one of these sheds contains a gymnasium One forenoon a week is devoted to Battalion drill; the upper picture shows the Battalion drawn up in quarter column, and in the lower picture the men are in the formation known as a "rallying square"—a formation used when infantry in the open are confronted with cavalry.

Digitized by Google

DIVERS AT WORK.

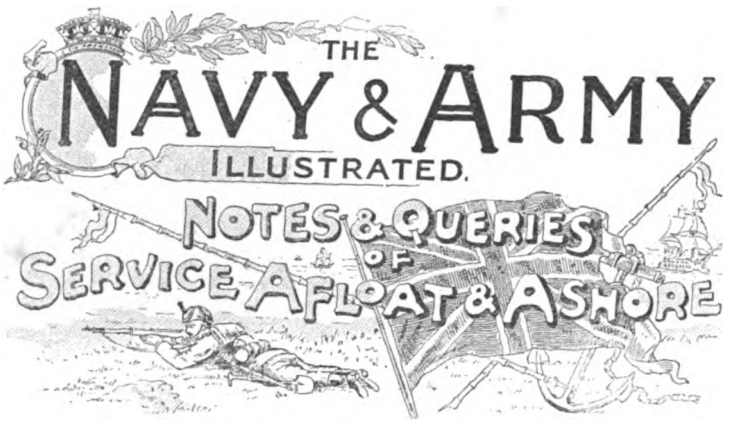
Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

AMMUNITION ROOM.

DIVING is a regular part of the curriculum of a Gunnery School, and it is an occupation which sailors rather like, at any rate there is no difficulty in getting volunteers to go in for it. Diving instruction is carried out daily during the summer months, the men commencing in shallow water, and gradually working up till they can go down in twenty fathoms. They learn how to do work under water—cleaning ships' bottoms, looking for lost articles, etc. The lower picture shows the interior of the Ammunition Room, which contains specimens of every sort of projectile, powder, etc., used in the Sea Service, from the 110-ton gun to the magazine rifle. Every man is taught the uses of all these various engines of war, and how to handle them with safety to himself and destruction to the enemy.

Digitized by Google



THE next issue of this magazine will be made on the 21st inst., and will be a special number containing the histories of the Inniskilling Dragoons and of the ships of Her Majesty's Navy which have borne the name "Undaunted." With this special number we conclude our third volume, which commenced with No. 27, last Christmas Day, and contains eleven ordinary and five special numbers. As a frontispiece to the volume we intend to give away with No. 38 a coloured picture of the Duke of York in his uniform as a Captain in the Royal Navy, and the Index will of course be issued as usual. Once more we have to thank our many friends for much kindly appreciation and assistance. Although in several respects the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has been altered and enlarged, and, we trust, improved, it is most satisfactory to us to find that there is no diminution in the support we have received at the hands of the public. Our readers will find in future issues that we have no lack of new features to place before them, of the appearance of which timely notice will be given. In addition to the historical series a special number was published in connection with the Crisis in the East, and the first of the Volunteer series which is to illustrate our Citizen Army. All these special numbers are still in great demand, and have met with a favourable reception throughout the Empire.

* * * *

A. T. K.—The Queen has stamped her mark indelibly upon her naval and military forces by the creation of the Victoria Cross, than which it is impossible to conceive any memorial more worthy, more simple, or more fitting to the Sovereign who has filled the throne so well for longer than any other in the history of the nation. Nothing else could have commemorated the Victorian era of the Navy and Army half so well as this simple bronze cross does, and now, forty years after its institution, the Services may well congratulate themselves on the happy inspiration which has caused the reward for valour to be connected with Queen Victoria's name. Every day since the 29th of January, 1856, the Victoria Cross has gained in prestige—while it is open to the highest and lowest, it has to be thoroughly deserved—and there is very little doubt that it will carry down the name of the great Sovereign who has instituted it with honour so long as the nation exists.

* * * *

WHAT the figure-head was to a ship the facings are to a regiment. All Royal (*i.e.*, those entitled Guards, Royal, King's, or Queen's) regiments wear blue if clothed in scarlet, or scarlet if in blue. Non-Royal wear, English and Welsh, white; Scotch, yellow; Irish, green. There are, however, exceptions. Scarlet is worn by King's Royal Rifles and 12th Lancers. Buff is retained by the Buffs and Queen's Bays. Yellow is worn by 3rd Dragoon Guards and Inniskilling Dragoons. The 6th Dragoon Guards wear white. Black is confined to the 7th Dragoon Guards and Rifle Brigade. Both Irish and Scottish Rifles wear dark green, as does also the 5th Dragoon Guards. One non-Royal corps, the Somersetshire, Prince Albert's regiment, wears the royal blue. Apart from the Inniskilling Dragoons, all Irish regiments, except the Connaught Rangers, are Royal; the latter are, therefore, the only corps with *Irish* facings. Hussars have no facings, but 3rd and 13th wear scarlet and buff collars respectively.

* * * *

JUST as every nation has a distinguishing uniform and special colour for the soldiers of its army—Great Britain, red; France, blue, and so on—special distinctive modes of painting are in vogue for the ships of the fleets of the various nations. Everybody of course knows our own style—black sides, white upper works, and yellow funnels, masts, and ventilating cowls; but some of the others are not so familiar. The French ships as a rule are painted either all black, or black hulls with grey masts and funnels; or else painted all over a grey drab which is almost invisible at a distance in dull weather. The Germans, as a rule, paint their ships grey all over in ordinary circumstances, with bands on the funnels; but they have adopted also a yellowish-brown colour as their "war paint," considering it to be the least conspicuous for day and night. The Italians give their ships black sides, yellow upper works, and black funnels. The Austrians give theirs black sides, white upper works, and white funnels; and the Russians, black sides, yellow-washed funnels with black boot tops, and white masts. Red funnels are in general the distinguishing mark of a Turkish man-of-war.

* * * *

H. L. B. asks, "Will you describe the *khaki* uniform of the British Army, its colour, weight, and qualities for service? Upon what services is it intended to be worn, and is it to displace the red tunic as the war dress of British troops?" The *khaki* drill clothing is issued to troops for wear abroad, and has been for some years the active service "kit" of our soldiers. When troops are supplied with it, the tunic, except in the case of cavalry, is withdrawn. The general colour is light brown. It is especially suited for hard work, and being light, is preferable in a hot climate to the tunic. The same quality is supplied to all warrant and non-commissioned officers and men. The shape of the frock is somewhat similar to that of the tunic, with the addition of pockets in front. A *khaki* frock weighs 1lb. 9oz., and a pair of trousers 1lb. 4oz. The latter are worn in conjunction with *puttees*, which consist of long narrow strips of cloth wrapped round the leg from knee to ankle in form of a bandage.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes that he recently saw, on St. David's Day, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers on parade with a leek stuck in the head-dress of every officer and man. This regimental custom has been carried out for a great number of years, and is further supplemented by a quaint ceremonial confined to the officers. After dinner, the Drum-Major, accompanied by the regimental goat, enters the mess-room with a dish of leeks. The non-commissioned officer, the terror of all insubordinate band boys, solemnly makes a round of the table, offering the dish to each officer. Another curious survival may also be noted on this occasion. The officers drink, in solemn silence, to the pious memory of Toby Purcell, a veteran who had seen the raising of the regiment, and who met with a soldier's death at the Battle of the Boyne. The regimental goat is another ancient institution, the custom of marching with a goat at the head of the regiment dating back over a hundred years. Hence the regimental nicknames of "The Nanny Goats" and "The Royal Goats," applied to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

* * * *

THE crews of H.M. ships on foreign stations sometimes, as happens with individuals, contract the most ardent, though inexplicable, friendships. This is an agreeable state of things, promoting that subtle power called *esprit de corps*—for this reason it is deserving of encouragement—and leading to a good deal of ship visiting and junketing on shore. The most curious "chumship" of this nature that memory recalls was one that sprung up between the "Gibraltar" and "Orlando," on the Mediterranean station, back in the sixties, when Sir Robert Smart was the Admiral commanding. Taken individually, it would have been difficult to conceive of two ships' crews more strikingly contrasted. One, the "Orlando's," as fine a specimen of a well-disciplined and skilfully-handled ship's company as the British Navy of that day could produce: the other, a splendid body of men physically, but of uncertain temper, and with a large element of rowdiness in it. And yet, on the principle of like and unlike that so often governs individual friendships, these two utterly dissimilar ships' companies contracted for each other a "chumship" which led to some very curious developments, a tradition of which may still linger on the station.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks for information as to the origin of the British square formation in battle, which did such wonders of defensive fighting at Waterloo. All that can be said with certainty on the subject is that something like that fighting formation was first practised in this island by William Wallace, the hero of Scotland, who appears to have borrowed the idea from the Flemings, whose pikemen, standing in what was called *schiltrome*, or oblong "hedgehog," formation, overthrew the chivalry of France at Courtrai. At Bannockburn, Bruce similarly formed up his infantry—of which his army was all but exclusively composed—in four divisions *en schiltrome*, and thus repulsed with great loss the mailed chivalry of England. This battle, among other things, revolutionised the whole science of tactics, as proving that the best cavalry was no match for infantry in square; and the English successfully applied at Crécy the lesson which had been taught them at Bannockburn.

Digitized by Google

"A PUZZLED CIVILIAN" enquires, "What is the difference between 'brevet' and 'substantive' rank?" Substantive rank, until that of lieut.-colonel is reached, is always regimental rank. Brevet rank is rank in the Army. For example—a captain in any corps in the Service may distinguish himself in action and be mentioned in despatches. As a reward, he is gazetted to a brevet majority—that is a majority in the gradation list of the officers of the whole Army in order of seniority by dates of the commissions of their respective ranks. He is then a major in the Army, though still a captain in his regiment. In time, most probably, he will succeed to his regimental majority, but his status as major in the Army is reckoned from the date of his brevet rank.

* * * *

IN many cases captains with the brevet rank of major have received promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy by brevet, and there are instances of officers being full colonels in the Army whose regimental rank is no higher than that of captain. In the event of a captain or major in a regiment holding the brevet rank of colonel—the commanding officer of which is but a substantive lieutenant-colonel—finding his corps brigaded with another whose senior officer is also a lieutenant-colonel, he assumes command of the brigade by virtue of his Army rank, and thus commands his own (regimental) commanding officer. Brevet rank does not extend to the establishment of general officers.

* * * *

MOST engrossing in its interest, perhaps, of all the books of the season, whether to Naval readers or civilians, is Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" (Sampson Low). We all glory in the deeds of the hero of Trafalgar, and a good many know what the country owes to him. This American officer calls him emphatically "the embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain." Captain Mahan has shown, as no man ever did before, what the influence and character of sea power are, and now, as if to complete his work, he tells us with convincing force how Nelson's genius comprehended and expressed all that was meant by that power in his time. Few could have suspected that this officer of the U.S. Navy would prove himself as good a biographer as he had before shown himself an historian. Yet here is one of the most brilliant biographies ever penned. Its style is majestic and pleasing, and its method could not be surpassed. Nelson is made to explain himself. He develops in the reader's mind as he grew from youth to manhood. We know the strength of his character, the tenacity of his purpose, his courage, and fearlessness of responsibility, and his marvellous grasp of all the conditions before him, guided by a genius that acted like an instinct, enabling him instantly to single out the right course to pursue, and then to pursue it to the end. The flaws in his character are shown, too, with masterly effect, making him stand roundly before us as a supreme man, and not an ideal being. No one should fail to read the book. Its two volumes are most charmingly illustrated by very beautiful and abundant portraits, and by good maps.

* * * *

I HAVE just received two little brochures containing respectively the rules and programme for the Army Rifle Association and the Royal Marine Rifle Association. The Army Rifle Association state in their report that the Association has again met with increased support, and the past year has been in every way a prosperous one. The matches for this year comprise the Queen's Cup, an Inter-Company Team Volley Match, the Duke of Connaught's Cup, an Inter-Regimental Revolver Team Match, and three others. The R.M.R.A. has had many difficulties to contend with, as might be expected at the outset of any new undertaking, for this Association only came into existence in April of last year. But much good work has been done in the meantime, and the programme for this year includes an All Ranks' Match, in which a prize of £4 goes to the winning team, and a Young Soldiers' Match, the winners of which take a prize of the same value. Then we have a competition for the Royal Marine Twenty and Royal Marine Eight, a competition the chief winners of which represent the Association in the United Service Matches at Bisley. Both books contain many photographs of last year's winning teams and prizes.

* * * *

MANY photographs of Naval and Military Football Teams have been sent to me, with a request that I will publish them when convenient. Much as I regret it, I have to return them, as the teams are those which played for the different ships and regiments one or two seasons ago. It is necessary that photographs should be sent me as soon as possible after the event which they are designed to commemorate. Otherwise the interest must necessarily lessen, and, for the majority of our readers, soon disappear.

THE EDITOR.

The Sergt.-Major's Stalk.

By SPEX

AMONG the many admirable qualities that distinguish Private Thomas Atkins, there is none more worthy of encouragement, nor more useful, than his strong love of sport in any shape or form. He follows it into many devious byways, patronising every sort of racing, from the Derby to a match between a pair of the greyhounds that he so affects, and (if he happen to be in countries where such things are possible) he will shoot every creature that comes his way, from a leopard to a hoopoe. In this respect alone is India his paradise; and in that country, where his opportunities are so many, the paternal Government, always keenly alive to promoting its own interests on the cheap, actually encourages him to forego the allurements of the bazaar in favour of the pleasures of the jungle, by providing for the use of each troop or company what it has the effrontery to term "two sporting guns." It is hardly necessary to add that these weapons, though perfectly safe to the firer, and more or less destructive to small birds at short range, are not of the type that you could buy in Bond Street; being, in fact, nothing more nor less than old unconverted muzzle-loading Enfield rifles with their barrels shortened by a matter of a foot or so. In many regiments these deadly weapons are in great request, and I distinctly remember on one occasion meeting a soldier in my company returning from his afternoon's walk with "some beautiful birds" (as he described them), his bag consisting of one green parrot, a brace of hoopoes, and half-a-dozen doves that he had shot with one barrel. He was not a good specimen of the sporting soldier, that man, though he afterwards learned what was worth shooting and what to leave. But the unlimited opportunities, and the provision of weapons ready to hand, do a good deal for the soldier in India, and make him a better man than he would be without them. Indeed, so strong is the habit, that it is necessary in India to have special passes prepared for soldiers who go shooting, with sundry admonitions on the back. It was this that so greatly scandalised the brigade-major at Portsmouth some years ago. There had recently joined the command one of the regiments that the Crown took over from John Company, which had landed at the southern seaport to commence its first tour of service in England. The worthy officer was horror-stricken to find on the back of a pass sent in for him to countersign a notice to the effect that the bearer was cautioned "not to interfere with the villagers nor their dogs" (bear in mind this was in Hampshire), "nor to shoot peacocks, monkeys, nor the animal called the *nilgai*." It is recorded that he had never been in India, and that he wrote furiously for explanations, under the impression that someone was trying to take a rise out of his august self.

However, I must get on to the sergeant-major's black-buck; and, as I have not the smallest wish to mislead anybody, I will at once state that the black-buck was a wild one, not a pet. Our sergeant-major only kept goats, and the drummers were everlastingly in trouble for milking them without their owner's knowledge or approval.

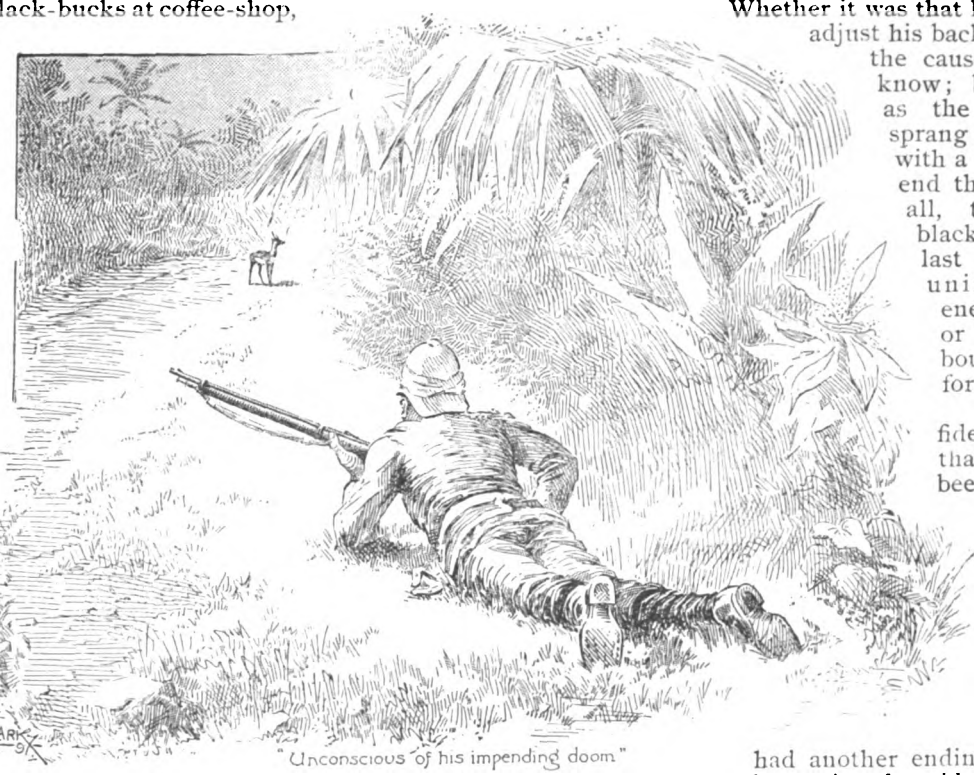
The thing happened in this way. We were marching up country in relief, and on a fine December morning, about eight o'clock, had halted for what the soldiers call coffee-shop, and the natives more appropriately "half-road." On the march this is quite the pleasantest half-hour of the day, for your early start has given you a keen appetite, and when you have had your meal—miscalled a *little* breakfast—you are ready to enjoy the best pipe of the day. The place where the famous stalk occurred was like a hundred others in that country—that is to say, it was part of a long, straight, absolutely level road, the sides of which were flanked by trees, under which there lay scattered for a space of, I daresay, a couple of hundred yards, a matter of 600 men. The baggage had all passed us, the rearguard were drinking their coffee, for the very sufficient reason that they had nothing else to do, and in another minute or so the bugle would have sounded the "fall-in," and we should have been off, when, as unconcerned as if there were not within easy distance of him 600 enemies with their weapons ready to hand, there trotted on to the roadway, at one end of the line, a fine young black-buck.

He was not very black, because he was so young. Indeed, nothing else, save youth and inexperience, could possibly have excused his placing himself thus handy for the fire of so many keen sportsmen. Nay, more, as if in sheer bravado he trotted right down the line between the double

Digitized by Google

ranks of men. It says something for the habit of discipline, that not one soldier "loosed off" his piece. Had only one done so there is no saying what might have been the destruction to man and beast; but, as it was, you could have heard a pin drop as the unconscious intruder trotted down the line as unconcernedly as if he was there to inspect us. Whether deterred by the penalties that are attached to "making away with one round of Government ammunition," or too sportsmanlike to take unfair advantage, the whole 600 sat as still as though they had been statues, until the graceful creature, still unconscious of his danger, turned sharp off to his right, and halted near a sugar *khet* some 350 yards from the road.

Before we had settled it to our own satisfaction that he really had halted, and before anyone had had time to suggest what should be done next, it was seen that our fine old sergeant-major had approached the officers' table with his right hand to the salute. He asked permission to stalk that black-buck, and as the colonel felt that no man had a better right to the shot, the permission was granted as soon as asked; indeed we all felt that it was highly creditable to the sergeant-major that he should have so promptly recovered his presence of mind, especially as there is nothing laid down in the Bengal Army Regulations about black-bucks at coffee-shop, or the proper course to be pursued should such a thing occur. Some regiments are known to have Kashmir goats under proper custody (that of the drum-major, to wit), but even this was no detriment to the promptitude that Sergeant-Major M'Ramrod displayed on this memorable occasion. Almost before we had realised what he was doing he had unbuckled his sword, and having borrowed a rifle and a few rounds of ammunition from the nearest soldier, he commenced his stalk amid a silence that, in our excitement, seemed more intense than even before.



"Unconscious of his impending doom"

Authorities, as I am well aware, differ regarding the precise manner in which game should be stalked; but in the main they agree to some method of progression between the wriggle of a snake and the struggles of an infant just before it learns to walk. Our sergeant-major was supremely indifferent to all such ideas. There was in his mind one way and one way only in which this or any other enemy should be attacked, and that was the then prevailing system for the attack of positions as laid down in the drill-book. If, on the one hand, he was firmly determined to slay that incautious beast, on the other, he meant to utilise such an opportunity for practically demonstrating his theories as does not come twice in the life of a sergeant-major, or indeed of any other man. Before him lay the enemy; behind him were those whom it was his privilege to instruct, and without the waste of a moment he advanced to the attack.

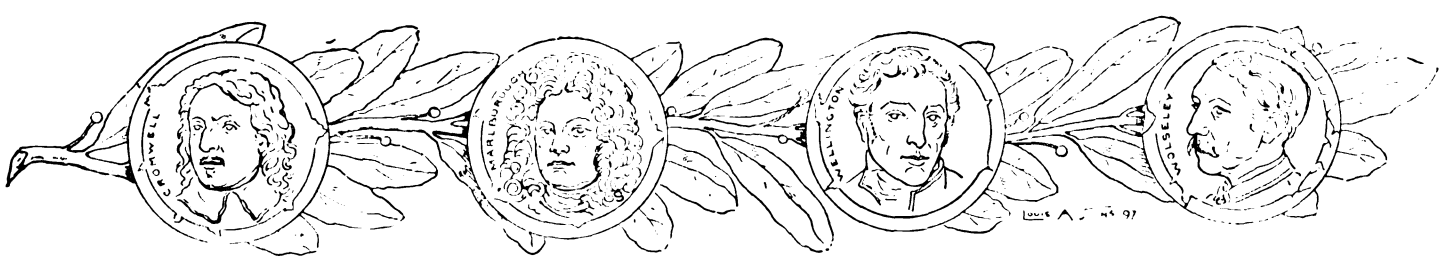
His great mind instantly had grasped the fact that he could not be in three places at once, so he there and then "imagined" his supports and reserves. This is quite the regular thing in all drill and manœuvres, where it is so usual to "imagine" essentials, that I often wonder why they don't "imagine" the whole thing at once. Equally he did not delay over the fruitless effort to extend himself at a given number of paces from his centre; but, with the responsibilities of a whole line of skirmishers on his single pair of shoulders, away he went.

You never saw a thing more beautifully done. Breathlessly we saw him commence his advance in slow time, then break into double time; and, after each of a succession of short rushes, drop (as he halted) on to the knee. And lastly he took to the method prescribed for the final stage of the attack; and at his last rush stopped himself prone on his stomach some hundred yards from the foe. It was really beautifully done, and the marvellous thing about it was that that black-buck was still unconscious of his impending doom. In a state of excitement that beggars description, we saw the sergeant-major most deliberately go through every motion of loading as laid down in the musketry regulations, and then (falling back on that firing exercise that he had so often taught) bring his rifle smartly to the hollow of the right shoulder, close the left eye, take aim along the centre white line of the backsight and the tip of the foresight at the object (the doomed animal, of course), and, keeping his eye upon it and not on the barrel or foresight, press the trigger firmly and without a jerk.

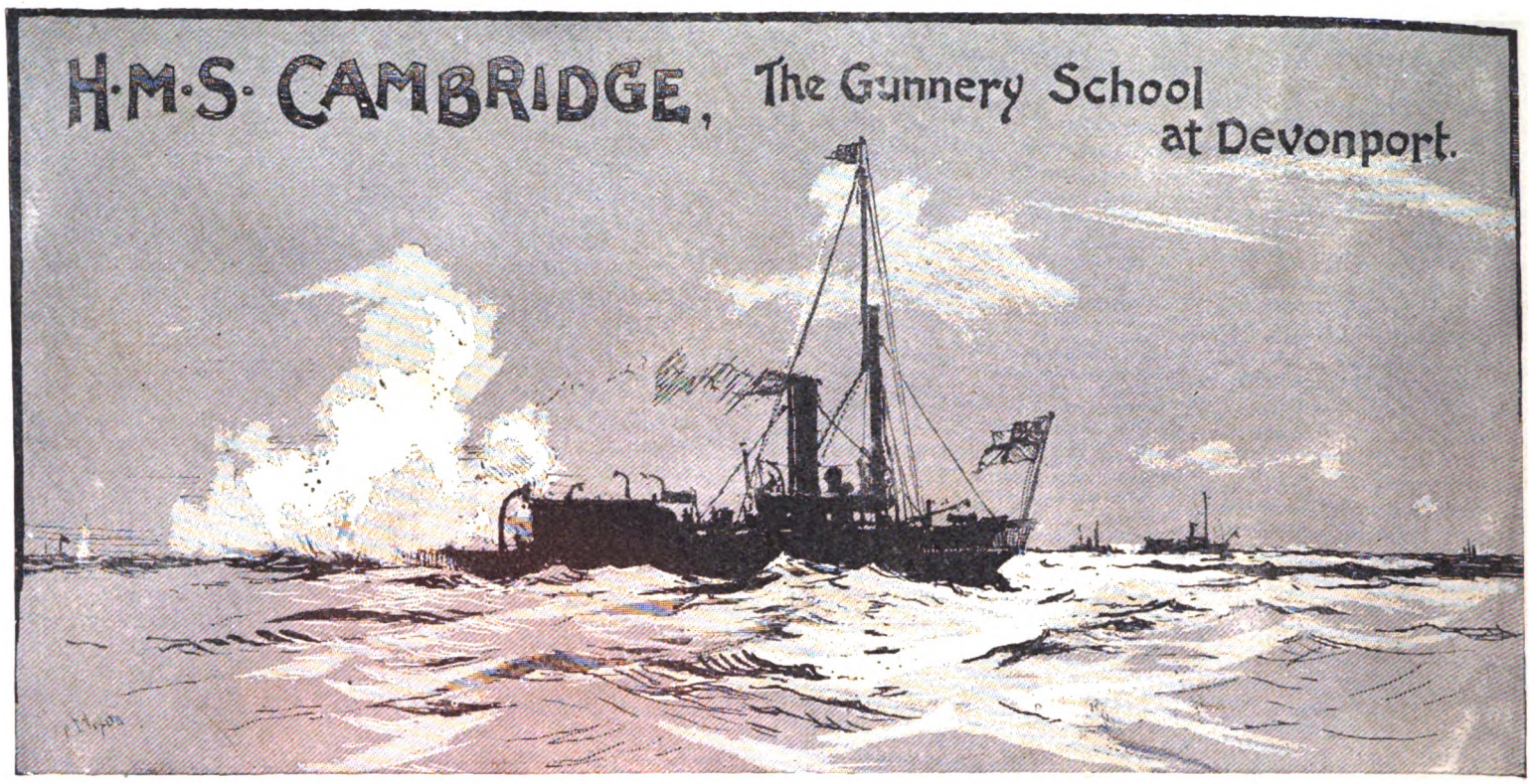
A faint puff of smoke heralded the accompanying report. Whether it was that he had forgotten to adjust his backsight, or what was the cause, we shall never know; but it is a fact, that as the sergeant-major sprang to his feet to finish with a charge that should end the matter once for all, that sadly-startled black-buck, conscious at last of his danger, and uninjured by the enemy's fire, in a dozen or so of his mighty bounds placed himself for ever out of range.

M'Ramrod confided to me afterwards that his action had been a mistake. He explained that could he have got at that black-buck with either a sword or revolver, which are the legitimate weapons of a warrant officer, the tale must have had another ending. It would have been wiser, he said, to have sent someone with more recent experience of the weapon, say the senior colour-sergeant, or the orderly of the day. It was, he confessed, an error of judgment which he would always regret. Presumably the black-buck would have looked at it the other way.

But if Sergeant-Major M'Ramrod was ready to confess that the execution of his plan had been faulty, regarding the correctness of its conception he had no doubt. He came of a soldier family, and had been brought up under the good old rules which so admirably suited the men and the times for which they were drawn. "Fire low, boys, and hit 'em in the legs," had been the cry of a famous former commander of the regiment at Alexandria and at Waterloo, and it had comprised the pith of the musketry training of the time. As for the drill-book being wrong—the Sergeant-Major would have scouted the idea. With its rules and its spirit he was in cordial agreement, above all with that admirable sentence which closed the description of how an enemy should be attacked. "The British soldier" it ran, "*having now routed the enemy*, will halt, order arms, and stand at ease." That sentence showed how, at the time, the possibility of defeat never entered the heads of those who drew up the drill-book. Small wonder then if our soldiers carried all before them.



Digitized by Google



TARGET PRACTICE FROM A GUN-BOAT.

THE "Cambridge" is a younger sister of the "Excellent," having been established in 1856, after the Russian War, when it was found necessary to provide more accommodation for the training of seamen in gunnery. The establishment consists of two vessels, the "Cambridge"—which is the "Windsor Castle" renamed—and the "Calcutta," moored bow and stern and connected by a bridge; a field on shore, with necessary drill-sheds, etc.; and various tenders.

It is commanded by Captain William M. Lang, who has under him Commander Chas. P. Ogle, and Lieutenants F. G. Eyre, C. Keighley-Peach, R. P. Clutton, J. D. Edwards, and V. B. Molteno, with a large staff of gunners and gunnery instructors. The normal number under instruction is eight officers (for short course in gunnery), 500 men, and 300 boys, the latter being sent from the training-ships for a final polishing up in gunnery. These numbers are, however, often largely exceeded; and the amount paid annually in wages alone exceeds £80,000.

The general routine on board the "Cambridge"—hours of instruction, length of courses, and so on—is identical with that at the "Excellent" Gunnery School at Portsmouth, already described in No. 14 of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED; and the function of the ship is, of course, precisely the same—viz., for the training of officers and seamen in the theory and practice of gunnery, and in small arm and cutlass exercises, the handling of muzzle and breech loading guns of every kind in use, the ammunition in use in the Service, rifle, cutlass, and pistol exercise, field and machine gun and infantry battalion drills.

The "Cambridge" is moored rather over to the south side of the harbour, and a steam pinnace soon runs us alongside the gangway, which, as in all old three-deckers, opens on to the middle deck, and here we find ourselves at once in the thick of it, for only a few yards away an instructor is laying down the law to a class at a quick-firing gun, while on the opposite side of the deck another class is under examination by a lieutenant of the staff, who, note-book in hand, promptly bowls out any unlucky individual who makes a slip. "Still! What should No. 3 be doing now?" Alas! No. 3 has already realised what he should have been doing, but it is too late. A few more such errors may involve the loss, for a time, of his extra pay as seaman gunner, until he can present himself better prepared. Every seaman has to go through a preliminary course, which qualifies him as a trained man; if he obtains more than a certain percentage of marks he is permitted to go on for qualification as seaman gunner, a process which occupies five or six months, and he is obliged to requalify at intervals, on his return from a sea-going ship, by going through a short course, lasting about fifteen working days.

The main deck is devoted entirely to the berthing of the men. It would scarcely be adequate for the number usually under training, but that a large majority go on shore after work is over.

On the upper deck, covered in with a canvas awning, we find several machine guns—Nordenfelt and Gardner. One has been taken in pieces for the instruction of a class, and the innumerable fantastic bits of brass and steel are laid out on a piece of canvas. One cannot resist indulging in a little misgiving as to whether they will get them all straight again; it looks somewhat of a watchmaker's job.

Here also, at a 6-inch quick-firing gun, a young embryo seaman gunner is standing out to drill his class-mates, and shapes very well at it, reeling off the detail in a loud and commanding voice. It has to be learned word for word—no "gag" permitted: rather a parrot-like performance to an outsider, perhaps, but necessary to guard against the accidental introduction of minor errors. There was once a very voluble instructor who could not resist occasionally introducing an anecdotal illustration; but he invariably followed up such a temporary indiscretion by an apologetic interpolation, "Though the book don't say so!" If we get on the subject of the amenities between instructors and their pupils, however, we shall be under the necessity of offering a similar apology to our readers; so we will descend now to the lower deck, on which a ship of this class formerly carried a battery of 8-inch shell guns, admirably adapted for knocking big holes in her wooden antagonist. Now, however, we find here some dozen or so of 6-inch breech-loading guns, which, to those who recollect the days of the "wooden walls," present a singularly incongruous appearance under the low wooden beams, as also do their long attenuated muzzles projecting outside. Here several classes are under instruction, the loud-voiced and voluble instructors detailing and questioning, and putting into practice each section of the drill progressively; the men standing, orderly and attentive, in two ranks, or working the gun with characteristic energy and occasionally misplaced zeal, when the cry of "Still!" brings them all up like statues while the error is explained and corrected.

Here, on Friday afternoons, is held the function of "General Quarters," when every gun is supplied with a full crew of men who are proficient in this part of their course, and a mimic engagement is carried on with an imaginary foe, in as realistic a manner as possible; the whole being conducted by a lieutenant of the staff. Every imaginable variation of attack and accident is presented, and occasionally a few men are instructed to consider themselves killed or disabled, the crews working with reduced numbers, while apparently inanimate forms are borne away on stretchers by the ambulance party.

Ascending once more to the middle deck, we pass along on our way to the bridge which connects the two ships, pausing a moment to look at two silver cups, won by representatives of the "Cambridge" at the annual meetings of the National Rifle Association, where teams from the gunnery ship always compete for the Army and Navy Challenge Cup, which has on several occasions been won by a bluejacket, proving that Jack can hold a rifle straight as well as his brother Tommy Atkins. On this deck, also, is the capacious and well-kept galley, and a large drying room, heated by steam pipes.

The bridge takes us on to the upper deck of the "Calcutta," which is housed in with a high wooden roof. Through the glass panels in front of the poop we can see a number of men seated at tables, evidently under the rule of the schoolmaster. These are candidates for the rating of gunnery instructor, and have to go through a forty days'

Digitized by Google

school course in order to acquire a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic, including decimals. Their whole course occupies twelve months or so, and they are picked men to begin with as regards conduct and general ability.

The upper deck is often used for the examination of men in field exercise and cutlass drill; and here we find another detachment of the class under examination, fully accoutred with rifle and bayonet, and performing the various motions of the manual exercise under the eye of a lieutenant.

The main deck is devoted to the messing of the boys, and calls for no special remark; so we pass on to the lower deck, where we find some of the now obsolete muzzle-loaders, which are still retained, however, in some of the old iron-clads, and so the men are instructed in their use, a day or two being devoted to this in the whole course. Here also is the chief petty officers' mess place; a comfortable room, occupying the same position as the gun-room of old. At the other end of the deck is the ammunition room, upon entering which we are confronted by a motley collection of projectiles, from the big 13½-inch shell for the 67-ton gun, to the small and comparatively innocuous 4-inch; and, smaller still, the cartridge for the Lee-Metford rifle, with its little elongated nickel bullet—a bullet which is said to be, on account of its small diameter and high velocity, a little too highly civilised, insomuch that it drills a neat little hole through a man without effectually disabling him. Here also may be seen specimens of the remarkable explosive which has received the suggestive name of "cordite"; but which, perhaps, resembles more nearly a stick of liquorice. A cartridge composed of a bundle of such sticks presents a striking contrast to the old-fashioned serge bag stuffed with black grains of powder, and it is four or five times as powerful. This ammunition room is too small for its purpose, as it is impossible to carry out satisfactorily the instruction of several classes in such close proximity to one another. Something is attempted in the way of isolation by means of canvas screens, but they are quite inadequate for the purpose.

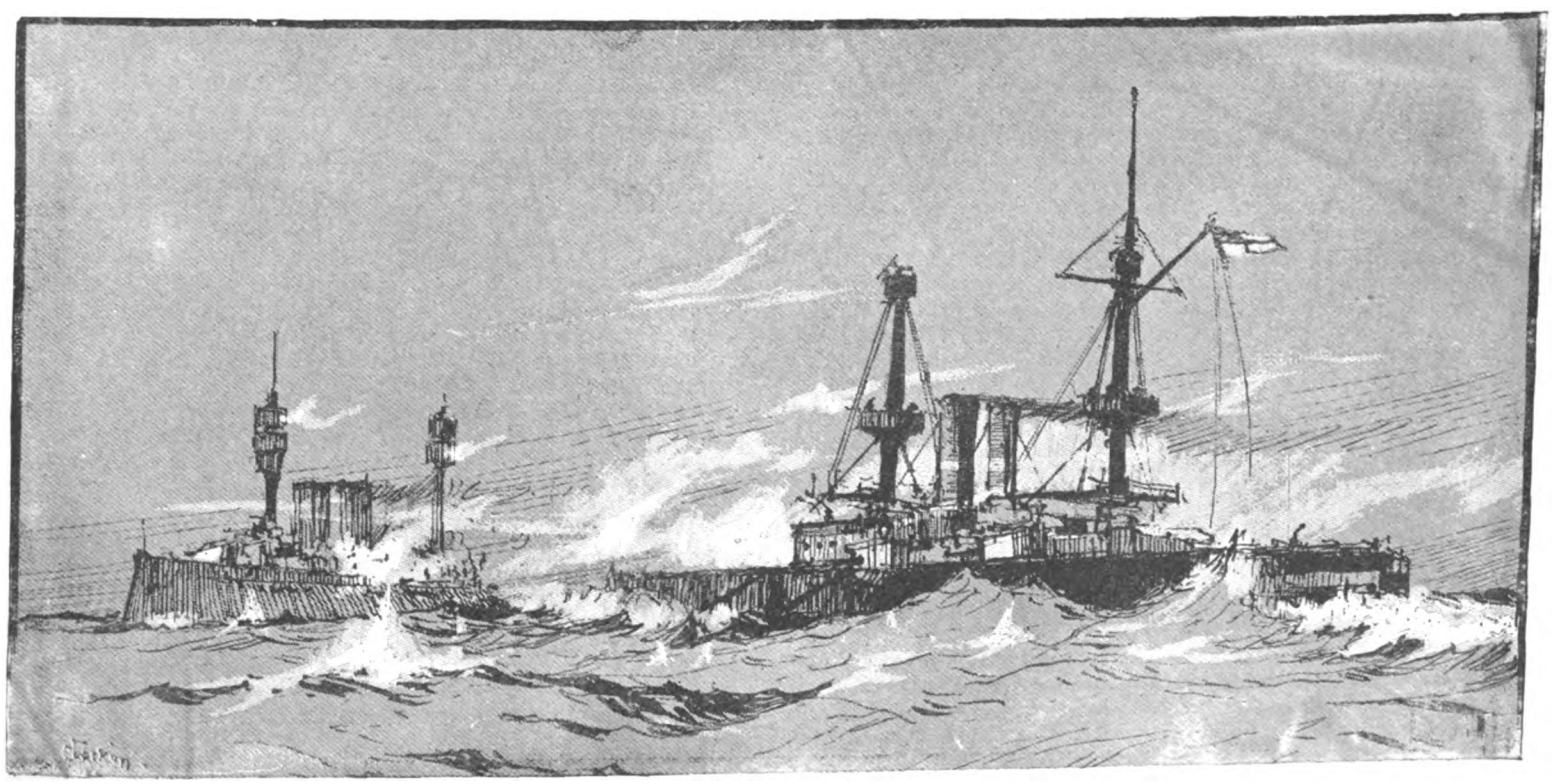
It is time, however, to recall the fact that the "Cambridge" has outlying places of instruction, both afloat and on shore. Her tenders include the battle-ship "Conqueror," the coast defence ship "Hecate," and the gun-boats "Bonetta," "Bulldog," "Cuckoo," "Curlew," and "Snap." In these vessels instruction is imparted in the handling of a variety of guns, the "Conqueror" being fairly up to date with a pair of 12-inch 45-ton guns in her turret, worked by hydraulics after the most approved modern fashion. The gear, both for loading and laying the guns, works very satisfactorily, and has done so for eight or nine years without the necessity for any important repairs. The captain of the turret, perched up aloft like the "sweet little cherub," controls the elevation of the huge guns and the rotation of the turret with great facility. The "Hecate" affords instruction in handling heavy muzzle-loaders under similar conditions, while the gun-boats are variously armed; and all these vessels are, when necessary, taken outside the Sound for the practical test of firing at a target, this being an essential part of the course of training; and a man who can make good practice, as many of them do, on a rough winter day in the Channel, may be fairly regarded as affording satisfactory evidence of the efficiency of the system of instruction.

The shore establishment, known as "The Field," is on the south side of the harbour, and rejoices in a good thick upper stratum of characteristic west-country clay, which renders marching and manœuvring somewhat laborious after a spell of wet weather. Here the classes assemble for instruction in field exercise, and musketry, cutlass, pistol, and field gun drill; they are also taught how to intrench themselves rapidly, in case of need, sets of intrenching tools being supplied for the purpose. A rifle range is provided, with distances up to 1,000 yards, but this is at present unavailable; for, though it was safe enough with Enfield or Martini-Henry rifles, there is no knowing where the swift and penetrating Lee-Metford bullet may find its billet; so rifle firing is in abeyance until some means are devised for obviating the danger.

Every Thursday the battalion, consisting of six companies of men who are proficient in field exercises, is landed and put through a number of evolutions, including both parade movements and the attack of an imaginary enemy's position, ending in capture, or in the illustration of the method of conducting an orderly retreat. Some authorities deprecate the idea of British seamen or soldiers being taught how to retreat; but as even these fire-eaters must acknowledge, presumably, that our men may, on rare occasions, be worsted, it is probably better that they should be able to retire with dignity, instead of helter-skelter.

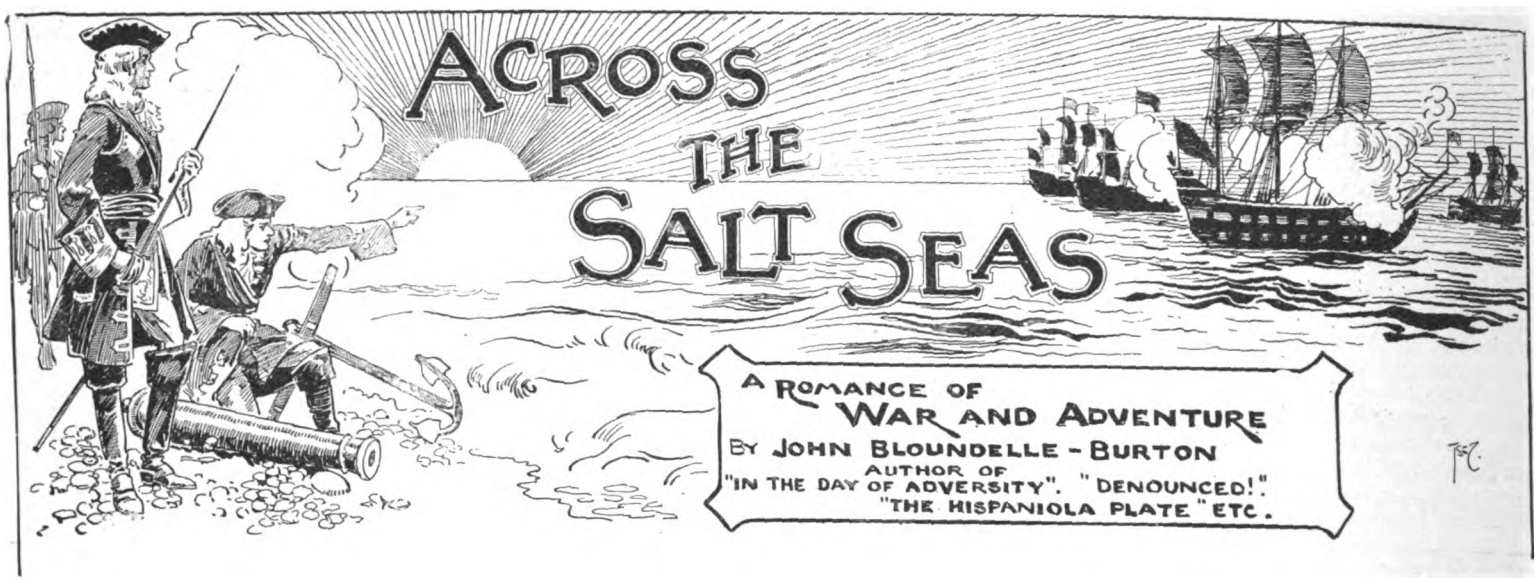
Large sheds are constructed for drilling and messing, as the men dine at the field, to avoid loss of time in going to and fro; they are not, however, capacious enough for the purpose, and on a wet day the several classes clash with one another, to the great detriment of efficient instruction. The use of the life-saving rocket is also taught, a mast being erected near the beach, from which men are "saved" by being dragged along a hawser in the breeches-buoy, after communication has been established by means of the rocket and line.

Such is the establishment known under the name of H.M.S. "Cambridge," a very necessary and important institution, performing good service, and claiming, together with the Gunnery Schools at Portsmouth and Sheerness, a high place in the consideration of the authorities and the nation at large. The officers, in addition to the superintendence of drills and examinations, have charge of the gunnery trials and inspection of armaments of all vessels fitting out at Devonport, besides the carrying out of experiments with new weapons and explosives, etc. It is a mere truism to say that these duties are performed with unvarying zeal and trained intelligence; unhappily, it is almost as much a truism that the staff are, in a certain degree, compelled, like the Israelites of old, to make bricks without straw, for they are heavily handicapped through deficiency of accommodation, and in not being always provided with the most recent patterns of weapons, etc. These drawbacks are in some measure inevitable on account of the employment of an old wooden ship; an adaptable battery on shore, with a solid floor capable of sustaining the heaviest guns, is far preferable, and the sooner the "Cambridge" can be replaced by such an establishment as that at Portsmouth, the better for the future efficiency of the seamen trained in gunnery at our western naval port.



"PUTTING THE INSTRUCTION TO A PRACTICAL TEST."

Digitized by Google


ACROSS THE SALT SEAS
A ROMANCE OF WAR AND ADVENTURE
BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY", "DENOUNCED!" "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE" ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin and Señor Juan Belmonte are now about to start on their endeavour to reach Flanders by land, the former being desirous of rejoining his regiment, which is there under the supreme command of the Earl of Marlborough, and the latter of accompanying him as a friend and comrade. They have met recently during the siege of Vigo, in which Lieutenant Crespin took part, he having been despatched by Lord Marlborough with a message to the Admiral in command of the English Fleet which attacked Cadiz, but retired therefrom. Crespin was charged to convey the information that a rich fleet of galleons which should have put into Cadiz was, in actual fact, about to put into Vigo, and, later on, it was learnt that the French Admiral, Chateaurenauld, with one or two Spanish ships of war, was accompanying and protecting that fleet. Señor Juan Belmonte was discovered as a passenger in one of the galleons—viz., that which Crespin was told off to board and search—and the fact of a great intimacy having sprung up between them accounts for the reason that the former, who is a wealthy young West Indian, decides to accompany the latter. Two subsidiary characters who have previously appeared, one a man named Carstairs and another a Spanish monk, called Father Jaime, have temporarily disappeared from the story.

CHAPTER XIV. *(continued).*

NOW, I started when Juan said this, for I had, indeed, forgotten the slight rumour I had heard to this effect, forgotten it amidst all the excitement of the stirring times that had followed the battle and the taking of the galleons. Yet, when the fact was recalled to my mind, I did not let it alter my determination, and, after a moment's reflection, I said:

"Still, it matters not. They will but have gone that way for the same reason that we shall go it—on their road to France! Châteaurenauld will not stay there, but rather push on to Paris, there to give an account of his defeat—make the best excuses he can to his master. Nor will he come back—an' he does he will find nothing here. His ships are sunk or being carried to England, and 'tis so with the galleons that are not themselves at the bottom of the ocean. 'Tis very well. To-morrow we set out for Lugo. Take the first step on our road."

And on the morrow we did set out—midst, perhaps, as disagreeable circumstances as could well be the case.

For, when we rose early, the snow was falling in thick flakes, also 'twas driven into our faces by a stiff north-easterly wind which brought it down from the Cantabrian Mountains, and soon our breasts were covered with a layer of it which we had much ado to prevent from freezing on them, and could only accomplish by frequent buffets. Still, we were not cold, neither, since our horses were still able to trot beneath it—for as yet it laid not on the roads—and we were thus enabled to keep ourselves warm.

Yet, withal, we made some ten leagues that day—the animals beneath us proving far better than might with reason have been expected, judging by their lean and sorry appearance—and arrived ere nightfall at a small village—yet walled and fortified because it lies close on to the Spanish frontier—called Valença. And here we rested for the night, finding, however, at first, great difficulty in being permitted to get into it, and next, an equal trouble in obtaining lodgings in the one inn in the place.

Also we learnt that it behoved us to be very careful when we set out next day, or we might find it impossible to get into Spain, which now lay close at hand and separated only by the Minho from this place, or, being in, might find it hard to go forward.

"For," said the host, a filthy, unkempt creature, who looked as though he were more accustomed to attending to cattle in their sheds than to human beings, but who by great and good fortune was able to speak broken French, "at Tuy, where you must pass into Spain, they are rigorous now as to papers, letting none enter who are not properly provided. *Basto!* 'tis not a week ago that one went forward who was passed through with difficulty. And a Spaniard, too, though from the Indies."

"From the Indies!" exclaimed Juan with impetuosity, "from the Indies! Why, so am I and—and this señor," looking at me. "Both from the Indies. Therefore we can pass also, I should suppose."

"Oh, for that," answered the man, "I know not. Yet this old man went through easily enough. He had come up from the South—from Cadiz, as I think, or Cartagena, or the Sierras—in a great coach and four, travelled as a prince, had good provisions with him, and, ah!—he gave me to taste of it!—some strong waters that made me feel like a prince, too. Though the good God knows I am none!" and he cast his eyes round the filthy room into which we had been shown. "Also he had his papers all regular; also"—and here he gave a glance at us of unspeakable cunning—"he was generous and open-handed. That spared him much trouble."

"Perhaps 'twill spare us, too," again exclaimed Juan. "We can also be generous and open-handed."

"It will do much. Yet the papers! The papers! Have you the papers?"

Now we had no papers whatsoever that would stand us in such stead—therefore, when we were alone together in the room which was to be ours, and in which there were two miserable, dirty-looking beds side by side, covered with sheepskins for coverlids—and perhaps for blankets, too—we fell to discussing what must be done. For it was at once plain and easy to see that at Tuy we should never get through. I had no papers nor passport at all, while Juan bore about him only those which proved that he was a subject of England. "Yet," said he, "they knew not that on board 'La Sacra Familia,' and, because I could speak Spanish as well as they, deemed me one. I wonder if I could get through that way."

"*You* might possibly," I replied. "I am sure I never should. My Spanish is not good enough for that."

"'Tis true," he said, reflectively, "true enough. Yet—you have the French. See, Mervan, here is an idea. I am a Spaniard and you a Frenchman for the moment—both countries are sworn friends now as regards their government if not their people—why should not we be travelling together as natives of those lands?"

"An' we were," I answered, "we should not be without passports. Remember, we come to them from Portugal; therefore to have gotten into Portugal as either Spaniard or Frenchman we should have wanted papers. And we have none. Consequently the first question asked us will be, 'how got we into Portugal?' Then what reply shall we make? That we come from the English fleet which has just destroyed their galleons! That will scarce do, Juan, for our purpose, I think."

Acknowledging such to be the case, Juan sat himself down on the dirty bed and began to ponder.

"At least we will not be whipped," he muttered, "and at the outset, too. Mervan, we must find another road somehow, or, better still—there must be some part of the frontier which runs the northern length of this miserable land and which is unguarded. Can we not get across without any road? Up one side of a mountain and down another, and so into Spain!"

"'Tis that I have thought of. Yet there are the horses—also a river to cross. And, as luck will have it, the mountains hereabouts are none too high nor dense with woods, nor do they run from east to west, but rather north and south. Such as these are, which you can observe from this window," and I pointed in the swift oncoming darkness of the November evening to where they could be seen across the river, their summits low, and over them a rusty rime-blurred moon rising.

Then I went on:

"Juan, we must tempt the landlord with some of that largesse which the old man who came in the coach seems to

Digitized by Google

have distributed so lavishly—only, he bestowed it on the Spanish side!—ours must be given here. Come, let us go and see what can be done with him."

"But what to do next?" the boy asked. And, as he spoke, he looked at me with his starry eyes full of intelligence, and, perhaps, anxiety.

"This. There must be some way of traversing the river where there is no town on either side—if the worst comes to the worst, we could swim it on our horses at night ——"

"On such a night as this!" Juan exclaimed, shuddering, and glancing out through the uncurtained window at the flakes of snow which still fell. "It would be death!" he whispered, shuddering again.

"You are easily appalled," I said, speaking coldly to him for the first time since our acquaintance. "Yet, remember, I warned you of what you might expect in such an expedition as this. You would have done better to accept the Admiral's offer. A cabin in the 'Pembroke' would have been a lady's withdrawing room in contrast to what we may have to encounter."

"Forgive me, forgive," he hastened to say, pleadingly. "Indeed, indeed, Mervan, I am bold and no coward—but, remember, I am of the tropic south, and 'tis the cold of the river that appals me—not fear for my life. Like many of our clime, I can sooner face death than discomfort."

"There will be enough facing of both ere we have done—that is, if we ever get farther than here," I said, almost contemptuously.

"So be it!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and evidently bitterly hurt by my tone. Indeed, 'twas very evident he was, since the tears stood in his eyes. "So be it. We face it! Now," and he rapped the table between us as though to emphasise his words, "continue your plans, make your suggestions—bid me swim rivers, cross mountains, plunge into icy streams or burning houses, and see if I flinch or draw back again! Only—only," and his voice sunk to its usual soft tones, "do not be angry with me."

That it was impossible to be angry with him long I felt, nor, for some unexplained reason, to despise him for his evident objection to discomfort—the discomfort which would arise from so trifling a thing, to me, a cuirassier-as swimming one's horse across a river on a winter night. And as my contempt—such as it was—vanished at once at his plea to me not to be angry with him, I exclaimed:

"At worst it shall be made as light for you as may be, since you are only a boy after all! And if that worst comes," I continued, in a good-natured, bantering way that caused the tears to disappear and the smiles to return—which brought back to my mind a song my good old father used to sing about sunshine after rain—"if that worst comes, why—I will swim the river with you on my back, and your jennet shall swim by my horse's side. Now, for the landlord!"

We found that unclean personage a-sitting over a fair good fire, which roared cheerfully up a vast open chimney from the stone floor on which the logs were, with, by his side, a woman who was blind, as we saw very quickly when she turned her eyes on us, which were nought but white balls with no pupils to them. And, because we at once perceived that there was no power of sight in those dreadful orbs, I made no more to do, but, slipping my finger into my waistcoat pocket, pulled out two great gold doubloons—each worth more than one of our guineas—and held them up before him. Then I said in French and speaking low, because I knew not whether that stricken one might understand or not:

"Two great gold doubloons."

"See, these will pay our reckoning and more. Now, listen. You may equally as well have them as the *guardas fronteras* at Tuy. Will you?"

He nodded, grasping the pieces—I noticed that he kept them from chinking against each other, perhaps because he wanted not his wife to know that he had gotten them—then put each into a different pocket, and said, "She understands not the French. Speak."

"We have no papers—listen—we are English. We must cross into Spain. Tell us some other road. Put us in the way and, see, to-morrow morning these are for you also."

And I took forth two more of the golden coins.

He looked at us a moment, then said, "You—hate—Spain?"

Again I nodded.

"So do all of us here at Valenca," he went on. "A fierce, cruel neighbour! Would trample on us because we are weak. Will seize us yet, an' England helps not. Curses on them—and on France—the world's plague! Listen."

Then, as we bent our heads, he went on:

"From here there is a by-road leads to the river bank; it crosses by a wooden bridge into Spain, a league this side of Melagasso. I will put you in the way in the morning. Once over that bridge there is a road cut from the rock that mounts two hundred paces. There at the summit are the *guardas fronteras*. Two men are there, an old and a young one. Kill them and you are through, leaving no trace behind. Afterwards, there is no sign of life for three leagues."

"Kill them!" I exclaimed, "must that be done?"

"Ay—or silence them. But—killing is best. And—and—the cliff is high, the river runs deep beneath. Cast them in and you are safe."

"They may see us passing the bridge—kill *us* ere we can mount the road."

"Do it in the night," the fellow whispered. "In the night, when all is dark. And 'twill be almost nightfall ere you are there. Do it then."

"There is no other way, no other entrance to Spain?"

"None — without papers."

"Good! It is wartime! If it must be, it must."

CHAPTER XV.

"DRAW SWORDS!"

Another night had come—'twas already dark—and Juan and I sat our horses within a cork wood at the end of which we could hear the Minho swirling along beneath the ramshackle bridge that joined Portugal to Spain. And, as good fortune would have it, there were on this, the Portuguese side, no *guardas fronteras* whatever. Perhaps that poor impoverished land thought there was nought to guard from ingress, also that nothing would be brought from Spain to them. The traffic set all the other way!

Because there was no need for us to be too soon where we were now; indeed, because 'twas not well that we should be here ere nightfall, the landlord had not awakened me until nine in the morning. And then, on his doing so, I perceived that the other sheepskin-clad bed by my side had not been occupied at all. Wherefore I started up in some considerable fright, calling out to him through the door to know where was my friend, the young señor, whom I had left warming himself at the great fire below overnight, and saying that he would follow me to bed ere long.

"Oh! he is below," he replied. "Has passed the night in front of the fire, wrapped in his cloak, saying that 'twas there alone he could keep himself from death by the cold. He bids me tell you all is well for your journey, the horses fresh; also there is a good meal awaiting you." Whereon I performed my ablutions, hurried on my

Digitized by Google

garments, and rapidly made my way to the public room below.

"Juan," I said, "you should have warned me of your intention of remaining below. This is not good campaigning, nor comradeship. Had I awakened in the night and found you missing I should have descended to seek for you, fearing that danger had come. Besides, 'tis not well for travellers to be aroused unnecessarily from their beds on winter nights. Also, we should keep always together. Soldiers—and you have to be one now!—on dangerous service should not separate."

"Forgive," he said, as it seemed he was always saying to me, and uttering the words in his accustomed soft, pleading voice, "forgive. But—oh, Mervan"—pausing a moment as though seeking for some excuse for having deserted me for the night—"oh, Mervan, that bed was so—so filthy and untempting. And the room so cold, and the fire out. And it was so warm here. I could not force myself to leave this room."

Remembering what he had said about those who came from the tropics dreading cold and discomfort even more than death, I thought I understood how he should have preferred sleeping here to doing so above. Therefore, I merely said:

"There might be worse beds than that you would not use—may be worse for us ere long. Still, no matter. You kept warm here, as I did upstairs. Yet 'tis well I did not waken. Now let us see for breakfast and our departure," and giving a glance at the landlord, who was bringing in a sort of thick soup in which I saw many dried raisins floating, also some eggs and coarse black bread, as well as some chocolate which smelt mighty good and diffused a pleasing aroma through the room, I tapped my waistcoat pocket to remind him of the other doubloons that were in it. And he nodded understandingly.

The journey to where we now stood this evening was as uneventful as though we had been travelling in safety in my own England. The road into which the man had put us in the morning, led first of all through countless villages—I have since heard that in all Europe there is no land so thickly sown with villages as this poor one of Portugal—then trailed off into a dense chestnut-fringed track that was no longer a road at all.

And, now, we knew that we were close unto the spot where our first adventure on the journey that, we hoped, might at last bring us to Flanders must of necessity take place. We were but half-an-hour's ride from the crazy bridge the man had spoken of as connecting his country with Spain—that bridge on the other side of which was the rocky path with, at the top of it, the hut in which we should find two Spanish *guardas fronteras*, armed to the teeth and prepared to bar the way to all who could not show their right to pass.

Yet we were resolved to pass—or leave our bodies there.

"There is," the landlord had said, "a holy stone at the spot where the path leading to the bridge enters the cork wood. You cannot mistake it. Upon that stone is graven The Figure, beneath it an arrow pointing the way to Melagasso. Your way lies to the left and thus to the bridge. God keep you!"

We left that stone as he had directed, with one swift glance upwards at those blessed features—I noticed Juan crossed himself devoutly!—slowly over fallen leaves that lay sodden on the earth beneath their mantle of hard snow, and over dried branches blown to the ground, our horses trod. And so for a quarter of an hour we pursued our way, while still the night came on swifter and swifter, until at last we could scarce see each other's forms beneath the thick boughs above our heads.

Yet we heard now that swirling, rushing river—heard its murmur as it swept past its banks, and its deep swish as it rolled over what was doubtless some great boulder stone out in the stream; heard, too, its hum as it glided by the supports of the bridge that we knew was before us. Also we saw above our heads a light gleaming—a light that we understood must come from the frontier men's house.

And we had to steal up to where that light twinkled brightly in what was now the clear frosty air, since the snow had ceased—indeed, had not fallen all day—to where all was clear overhead. To steal up and then, if might be, make one hasty rush past on our horses' backs, or stay to cross steel and exchange ball with those who barred our way.

"Forward to the bridge!" I whispered to Juan, fearing that, even from where we were, my voice might be borne on the clear night air up to that height. "Loosen also your blade in its sheath! And your pistols, too—are they well primed?"

"Yes," he whispered back, his voice soft and low as a woman's when she murmurs acknowledgment of love. "Yes."

"You do not fear?"

"I fear nothing. We are together!" and as he spoke I felt the long, slim, gloved hand touch mine.

A moment later we had left the shadow of the wood; we stood above the sloping banks of the river rushing by—another moment and our horses' feet would be upon the wooden bridge—its creaking quite apparent now to our ears as the stream swept under it.

"'Tis God's mercy," I whispered again to him, "that the river is so brawling, otherwise the horses' hoofs upon these boards would be heard as plain as musket's roar. Ha! I had forgotten."

"Forgotten what, Mervan?" the gentle voice of Juan whispered back. "Forgotten what?"

"If they should neigh! If there should be any of their kind up there," and as I spoke, as the thought came to me, I felt as though I myself feared.

"Pray God they do not. Yet, if they do it must be borne." And now I noticed his voice was as firm as though he had experienced a hundred such risks as this we were running. Then he added, "The Indians muffle theirs with their serapés when they draw near a foe. Shall we do that?"

"No," I answered, "'tis too late. Let's on. Yet, remember, at the slowest pace. Thus their hoofs will fall lighter." And again I exclaimed, "Thank God, the river drowns their clatter."

But a moment later and I had cause for further rejoicing. From above, where that light twinkled, there came a sound of singing—a rich, full voice a-trolling of a song, with another voice joining in.

Or was there more than one voice thus assisting? If so, we might have more than the old man and the young one of whom the landlord had spoken to encounter. Almost directly Juan confirmed my dread.

"There are half-a-dozen there," he said, very calmly. "I know enough of music to recognise that. What to do now?"

"To go on," I answered. "See, we are across the bridge—there is the road; another moment we shall be ascending the path—praise Heaven, we can ride abreast."

And in that other moment we *were* riding abreast slowly up that path, the snow that lay on it deadening now the sound of the horses' hoofs, while the voices from the hut helped also to silence them.

"I know the song," Juan whispered—and I marvelled at his calmness—his! the youth's who had been so nervous when there was nought to fear, yet who now, when danger was close upon him, seemed to fear nothing. "Have sung it myself. 'Tis 'The Cid's Wedding.'"

"'Twill not be songs about weddings that they will be engaged on," I said, "if any come out of that hut during the next ten minutes, but rather screeches of death—from us or them. Have your sword ready, Juan, also your pistols."

"They are ready," he said. "Yet, what to do? Suppose any come forth ere we are past the door, over the frontier. Am I to ride straight through them—are we to do so?"

"Ay. Sit well down in your saddle, give your nag his head, and—if any man impedes your way, stand up in your stirrups, cut down straight at him, or, if yours is not a cutting sword, thrust straight at breast of——— Ha!"

My exclamation—still under my breath, since my caution did not desert me—was caused by what now met our eyes, namely, the opening of some door giving on to the road before where the frontier-cabin stood—the gleaming forth into that road of a stream of light, and then the coming out from the hut and the mingling together of some four or five figures of men in the glare.

Now, when this happened we had progressed up the hill-side road two-thirds of the way, so that we were not more than seventy paces, if as much, from where those people were—yet, as I calculated, even at this nearness to them we might still, if all went well, escape discovery. For we were under the shelter of the shelving rock which reared itself to our left hands, and not out in the middle of the road, which was here somewhat broad; and, therefore, to the darkness of the night was added the still deeper darkness of the rock's obscurity. And, I reflected, 'twas scarce likely any would be coming our way from this party, which was evidently breaking up, since the Portuguese and Spaniards did not, I thought, fraternise very much. 'Twas not very probable any would be returning our way. Consequently, I deemed that we were safe, or almost so. That, soon, some of those in the road would take themselves off, and would leave behind in the hut none but the old and the young man of whom the landlord had spoken. Nay, more, a glance down the road in the direction of where we were would, in the darkness of the night, reveal nothing of our whereabouts. And I conveyed as much to Juan by a pressure of my hand, yet leaning forward, too, over to his side and whispering, "All the same, be ready. It may come to a rush. If one of our horses neighs or shakes itself—so much as paws the earth—if a bridle jangles, we are discovered." And a glance from those bright eyes—I protest I saw them glisten in the darkness of the starlight night!—told me that he heard and understood; told me also that he was ready. After that—after those whispered words of mine, that responsive glance of his—we sat as still as statues on our steeds, hardly allowing our breath to issue from our lungs, watching—watching those figures.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WILSON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

SIR CHARLES, who now holds the appointment of Director-General of Military Education, was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, September, 1855, and promoted captain some nine years later. When a lieut.-colonel, he took part in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882 as a special service officer, and was promoted colonel the following year. During the Nile Campaign, 1885, he was chief of the Intelligence Department, and was present at Abu Klea and El Gubat. He subsequently commanded the Desert Column during its advance to the Nile, and at Metammeh, but his name is most familiar in connection with the advance up the river, having for its object the rescue of General GORDON from Khartoum, and with the actions at Omdurman and Wad Habashi. During the campaign, Sir CHARLES was twice mentioned in despatches, and was made a K.C.B. as a recognition of his services, 25th August, 1885. He was made a K.C.M.G. 24th May, 1881, and is one of the Colonels Commandant Royal Engineers, being appointed thereto in 189[illegible]

Digitized by Google

THE PIONEER AND HIS STORY.

Photo. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Pioneers Rendell and Walters of the 1st Grenadier Guards.

THE institution of a special detachment of men as an auxiliary body for the purpose of carrying out what may be called the skilled handicraft work of a regiment, is as old as military organisation itself. Ever since there have been armies a species of regimental organisation has existed specially designed to look after the duties nowadays comprehended in the Pioneer's department.

The Pioneer dates, as an integral part of our Army, practically from the institution of the modern British Army, from the time when a standing force of soldiery was first instituted in England in the middle of the seventeenth century. The origin, both of the name "Pioneer" and of the Pioneer's place in the English Army, is of interest in two particulars. "The word 'Pioneer,'" says the late Col. Clifford Walton, in his "History of the British Standing Army," "is borrowed from the French 'pionnier,' which itself appears to be derived from 'pion,' a chess-pawn, a destitute person, or a person of no account, and this etymology is confirmed by the fact that Pioneers used to be regarded as the lowest persons in the camp. At the same time the word may be derived from the Spanish 'Peon,' a labourer or peasant, for when Pioneers were required for works in the field it was customary to demand of each of the neighbouring towns and districts a quota of peasants, and on a set day the men selected presented themselves at the camp for work."

Here we have a reference, of course, to only one section of the Pioneer's work. In the field the Pioneers were, as a rule, employed separately from the regiments to which they belonged, being on such occasions combined in one body and worked by themselves. When on the march, for instance, the Pioneers were always attached at the head of the advanced guard, with whom they were employed to clear the way, to open fences, to cut down trees and chop away brushwood, so as to give room for the columns following them to march easily and unimpeded. For this special work the Pioneers of the time were equipped with axes, picks, and spades, besides carrying their arms and accoutrements as well for fighting work when required.

We find the Pioneers in quite the earlier part of the last century parading when their regiments turned out at inspections and special reviews, always posted on the extreme right of the line, drawn up on the right of the Grenadier company, which itself, as the "crack" company in each regiment, held the post of honour on the right flank of the other companies. The Pioneers wore aprons in full dress and cloth caps, the colour of the regimental facings, and carried firelocks.

In the present day the establishment of Pioneers allowed to each battalion of infantry in the British service comprises one Pioneer sergeant and ten Pioneers. They are officially regarded as a small corps of regimental artificers, competent in ordinary times to repair barracks, or perform any work required by their battalion either at home or abroad, and they also have to be capable of imparting instruction to the recruits and men of the battalion desirous of learning a trade, for which purpose the regimental workshops, which are directly in charge of the Pioneers of each battalion, are available. Special regulations are laid down for the appointment of suitable men as Pioneers, and certain trades are prescribed from among the members of which, as far as possible, the Pioneers are selected. The following is the authorised distribution of trades for Army Pioneers: One sergeant—a carpenter by trade if possible—three carpenters, two bricklayers (one able to plaster and the other to slate), one smith (able to shoe horses), one mason (able to cut stones), one painter and glazier, two plumbers and gasfitters. To obtain men of these particular callings the commanding officers of battalions—in whose hands practically the special selection of the Pioneers rests—are, by the authorities, authorised to effect transfers from other regiments, or, in certain cases, make special enlistments. The men are selected primarily on account of proficiency in their specified trades, the tests of proficiency among the men coming forward being usually left in the hands of the Royal Engineers, who are responsible for the passing of men for appointment as Pioneers. To ensure further the proficiency of the selected men in their special duties, courses of instruction are undergone by Pioneer recruits, in certain cases at Woolwich Arsenal, from time to time. Another important point that is insisted on by the authorities in admitting men as Pioneers is good character and habits of general industry. For the post of Pioneer-sergeant special certificates of qualification have to be obtained from the School of Military Engineering, at Chatham, or from one of the three Presidency Engineering Schools in India, the successful candidates for the promotion being, in addition, employed in the grade on probation under the supervision of the Royal Engineers at the station where their regiments are quartered. Our illustration shows five Pioneers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and also Pioneer-Sergeant Stoton, of the same battalion. The two men in the upper

Photo. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Pioneers Wood, Cook, and Booker of the 1st Grenadier Guards.

Digitized by Google

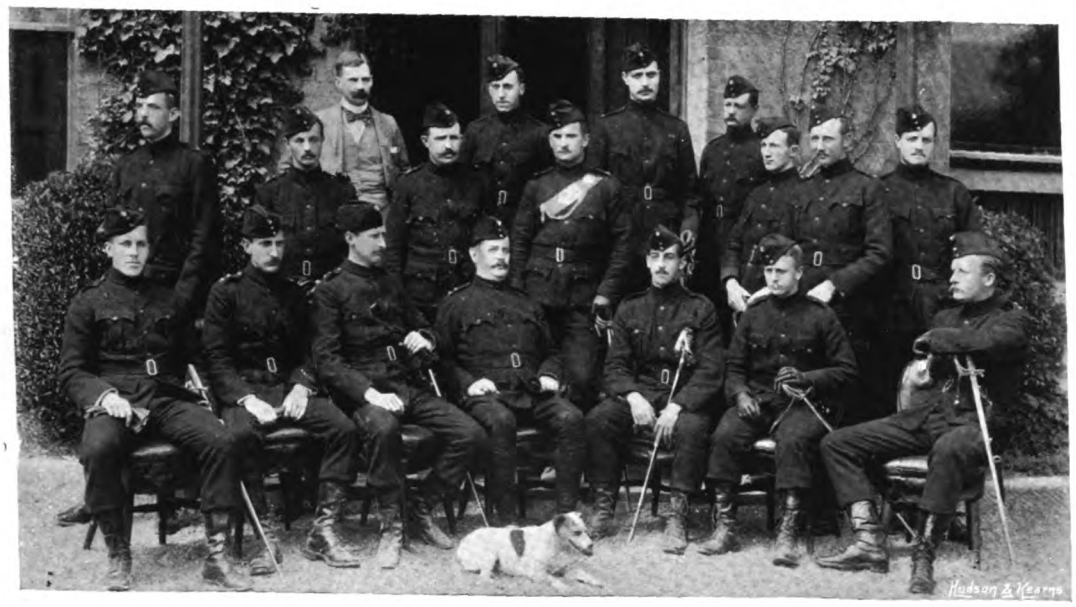
Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

PIONEER-SERGEANT STOTON OF THE 1st GRENADIER GUARDS.

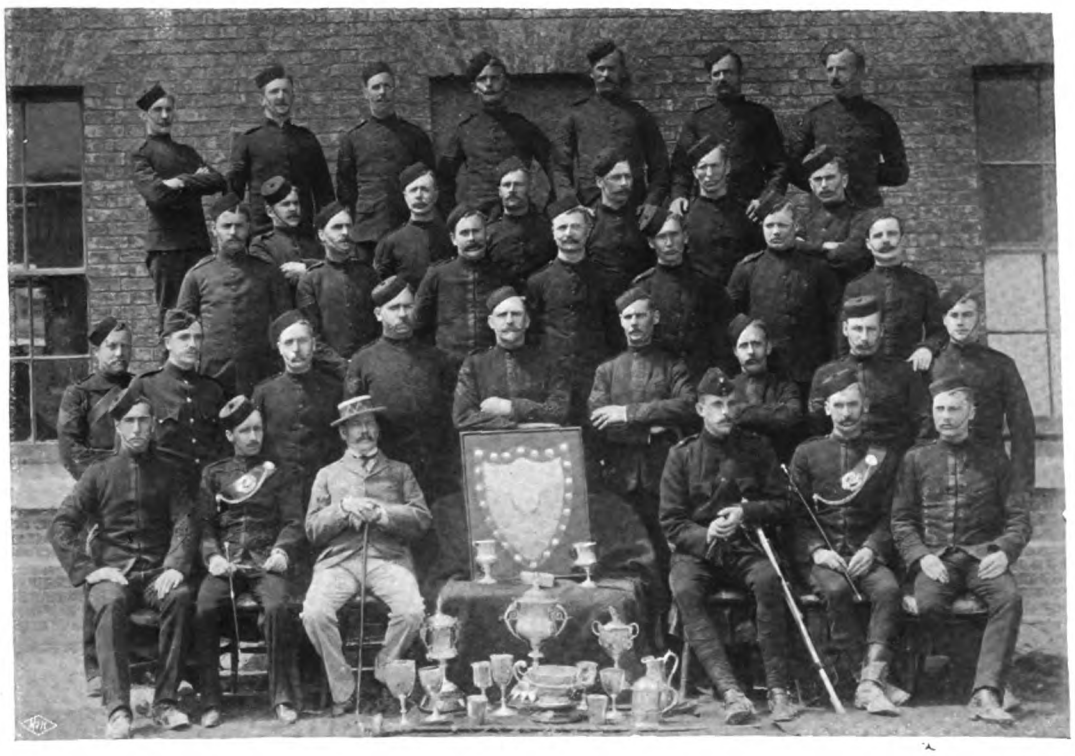
photograph, Pioneers A. Rendell and F. Walters, are shown fully equipped with light shovels and picks, the first-named man, in addition, carrying a light hand axe worn in a frog on his belt. The three men in the lower photograph are Pioneers D. Wood, J. Cook, and J. Booker, who are shown—Wood carrying a felling helved axe and a light shovel, Cook with a felling axe and a hand axe worn on his belt, Booker with a helved shovel and punching bar. The men also carry between them hammer-claws, augers, sockets, chisels, files, gun-spicks, and bill-hooks, which will give an idea of the variety of the work they may be called on to perform. In conclusion, it has been the custom, from a very long time back, for Pioneers in the Army to wear beards, if they are able to grow them, and at the present time, in fact, they are directed to do so by the Queen's Regulations.

Digitized by Google

1st BATTALION ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.



Colonel Knox and Officers, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles.



Colonel Knox and Non-Commissioned Officers, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles.

FROM the very earliest ages the children of Erin have proved themselves beyond doubt an essentially warlike nation, nor have centuries of civilisation, although changing materially their mode of warfare, rendered the Irish one whit less daring. There are in our Army many distinguished regiments from the sister isle, and these are not only Irish in name, but are principally, if not wholly, composed of men whose homes are in the regimental district. The beneficial result thus obtained is evident, for, next to national spirit, nothing is so valuable as a moral factor in time of war as local sentiment. We have only to study the records of Her Majesty's glorious reign, we have only to read the accounts of battles in every part of the world, to realise that our Irish regiments have justly won the proud position which they now hold.

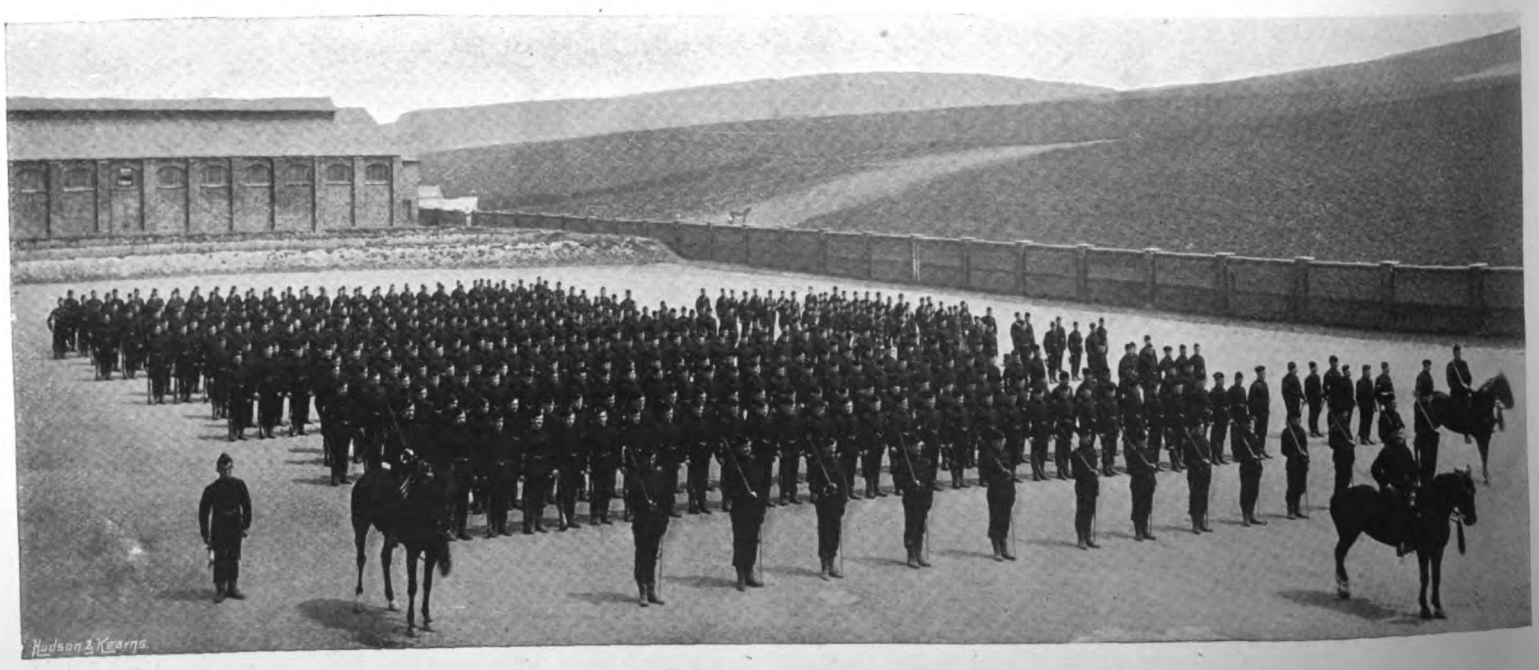
The 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles was raised at Dublin by Major FITCH in 1793, and was known as the 83rd Regiment, or more familiarly as "Fitch's Grenadiers." The latter title was given mockingly, owing to the average height of the men being very short, but, Grenadiers or not, the 83rd was to testify ere long to the truth of the aphorism, "Good parcels are made up in small bulk."

Under Sir DAVID BAIRD, it assisted at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1806.

It formed part of Cameron's Brigade in 1809, and was present at the attack on Oporto.

At Talavera it suffered greatly, both in officers and men. Subsequently it joined Picton's Brigade, and fought at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, and El Bodon, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, and Vittoria.

In 1817 the 83rd sailed for Ceylon and took part in the war in Kandy. In 1857 the regiment served with distinction as part of the Rajpootana Field Force, and was present at the capture of Kotah, and in 1859 won great credit by a series of forced marches made in order to surprise the rebels. In the same year it became the County of Dublin Regiment, which title it retained till 1881, when it received its present title. The regiment was engaged at Sukkur, 1878, and served in Natal in 1881.



Photos. J. THOMSON *Fermoy.*

REGIMENT ON PARADE.

Digitized by Google

AN INDIAN FIELD DAY.

Selecting Ground for Guns.

"Ready, aye, Ready."

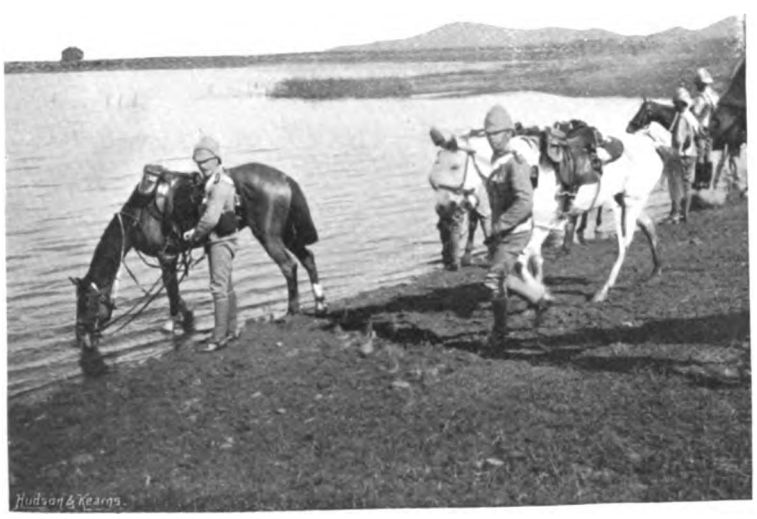
A Handsome Team.

Off to Reconnoitre.

THE "Shiny" is above all others the land where "soldiering" is practically carried out—a land of manœuvres and field days. Its superiority in this respect over our native soil, consists in the absence of "hedges, ditches, slaps and styles," which marks of civilisation in England are usually associated with one "Farmer Hodge," who evinces a strong objection to the invasion of his fields by armed bands, whether mounted or otherwise. To Tommy Atkins the beginning of a field day is an unsolved problem, little to be understood, and the end a wild "hurrah"—a befitting introduction to the march home to camp or barracks and an evening to be passed in the canteen. If he belong to that branch of the Service contemptuously known as "gravel crushers" by his comrades who ride either on horses or guns, his opening *rôle* is an easy one. He is destined to stand at ease while the guns rumble past him to "open the ball" or to commence the "artillery duel," as it is called by more scientific warriors. Of course the choosing of an artillery position is a subject for reflection, and demands some forethought and consideration on the part of officers concerned. The cavalry, too, have an important part to play at the commencement, for they are both the "eyes and ears" of the Army. The second picture shows a regiment of native cavalry ready to come into action, and the third a few mounted men on the way out to gain information of the enemy. There are always numbers of spectators, among others officers' friends, sometimes conveyed to the scene in a coach drawn by four camels. When the infantry begins to move to the front all is bustle and excitement, and one may witness, as in the fifth photograph, orderlies and aides-de-camp galloping to and fro; but the battle comes at last to an end, and the troops are permitted to fall out for the refreshment of man and beast. "Evening brings all home," and we thus find in the last picture that Tommy, assisted by native camp followers, is pitching his tent to protect him from the tropical sun while he rests from his labours.

An Interval for Refreshment.

Carrying Orders.



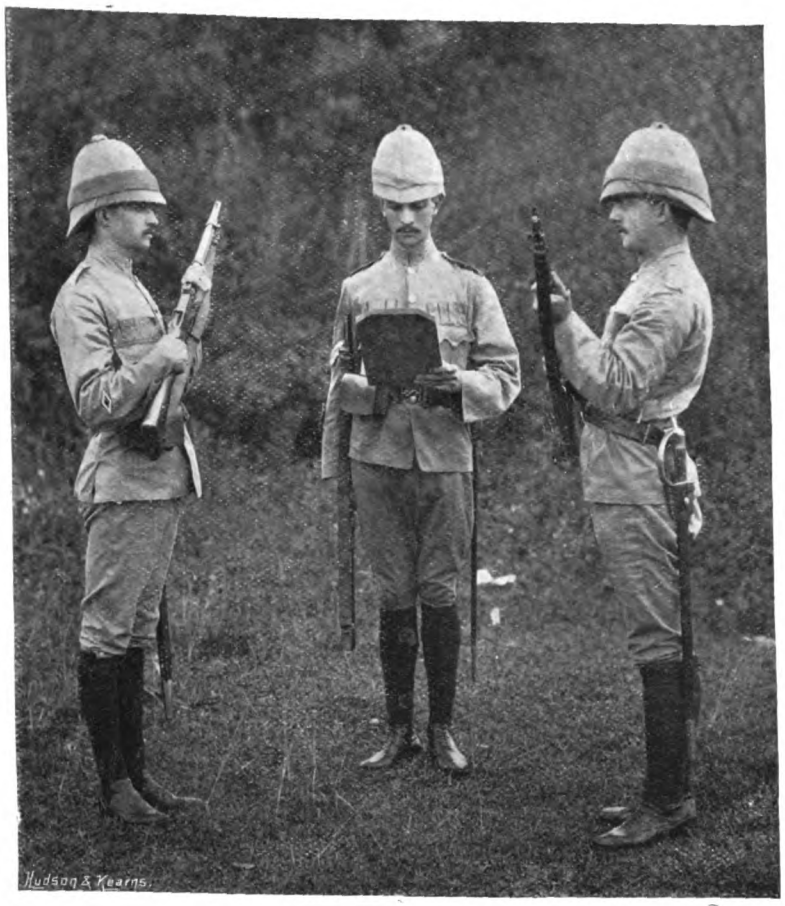
Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS

Watering Horses.

Pitching Tents.

Digitized by Google

HONG KONG AND ITS VOLUNTEERS.



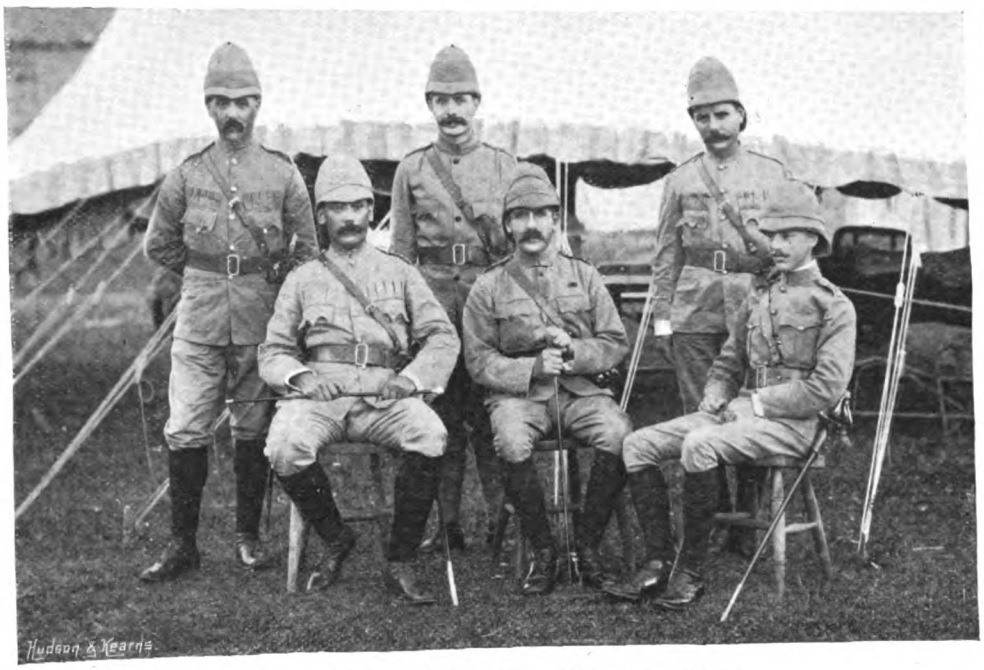
Reading Orders to a Relieving Sentry.

HONG KONG has now been a British possession for fifty-five years, ever since it was ceded to England by the treaty of Nankin, at the conclusion of the first Chinese War; and as seems to be the case all the world over, wherever an Englishman has managed to obtain a footing, there a Volunteer corps has sprung up to defend the place against foes. The Hong Kong Volunteer Corps was founded in 1862 for this purpose. It is an extremely smart and efficient body of men, well drilled in the use of all arms, and possessing a field battery of six 7-pr. guns, R.M.L., with a machine gun battery of four Maxims. It is commanded at all times by a military officer from the garrison. At present Major A. R. PEMBERTON, of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, is in command, and Captain L. A. C. GORDON, R.A., is adjutant.

Although first established as a battery of artillery, in 1863 a rifle company was added, and this formation of the corps was maintained for three years, the rifle company being disbanded in 1866. From that date till 1893 the body was styled the Hong Kong Volunteer Artillery, in which year its title was changed to the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps, and a machine gun company added; this is the name which it still retains.

A very good idea of the smartness and soldierlike qualities of the corps will be gathered from the illustrations. The first of the three on this page represents a sentry being relieved by his comrade, while an officer reads out the orders to the new man. All three soldiers look remarkably smart and neat in their clean, cool khaki uniforms. There is no need to describe here the process of changing guard. Many of our readers are well acquainted with it, and most likely have done sentry duty themselves.

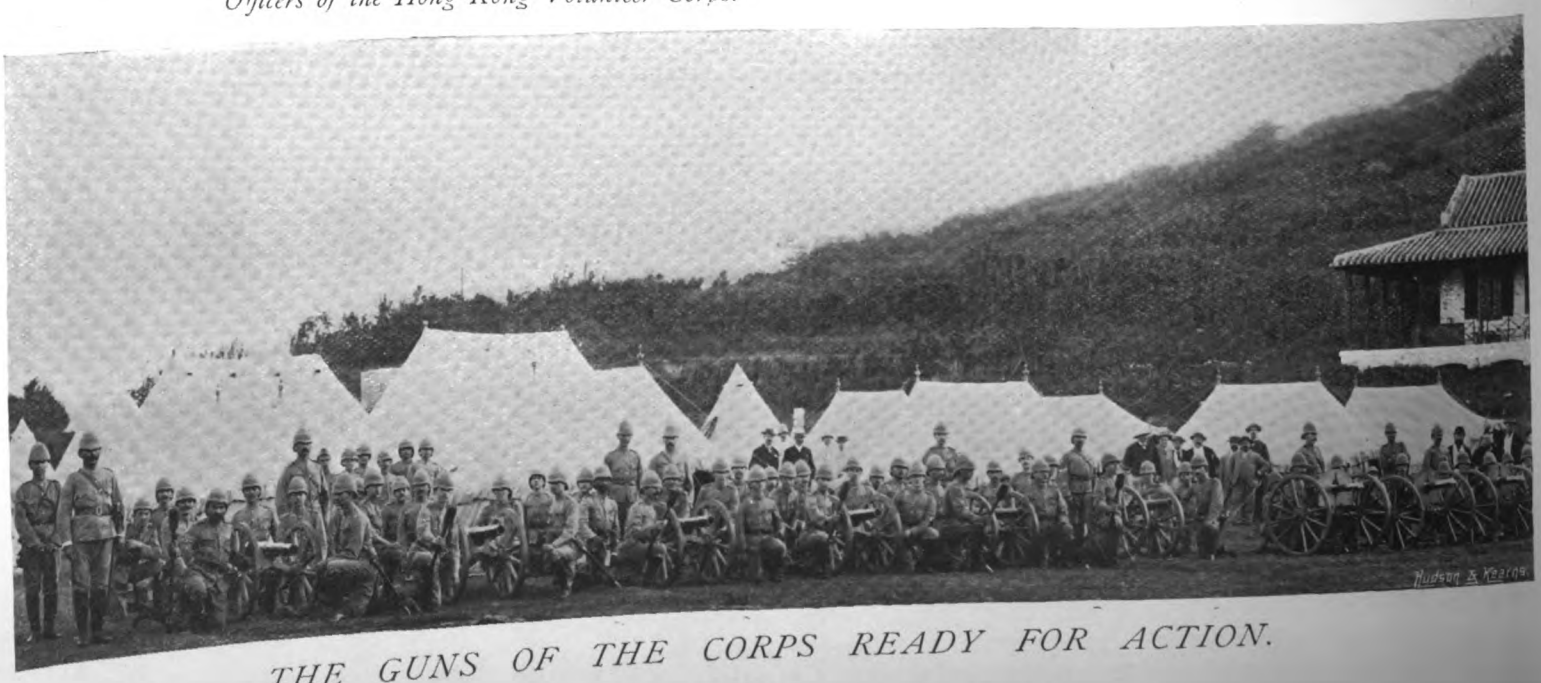
The second picture represents a group of the officers of the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps, seated in front of their comfortable mess tent. In the centre we have Major PEMBERTON, in command of the corps, with, on his right, Lieutenant CHAPMAN, and, on his left, Captain GORDON, R.A., the corps adjutant. Standing behind them are three other officers of the corps. In the centre Lieutenant MAITLAND, of the Maxim Gun Company, with Lieutenant MACHELL on his right, and Lieutenant MACDONALD on his left side.



Officers of the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps.

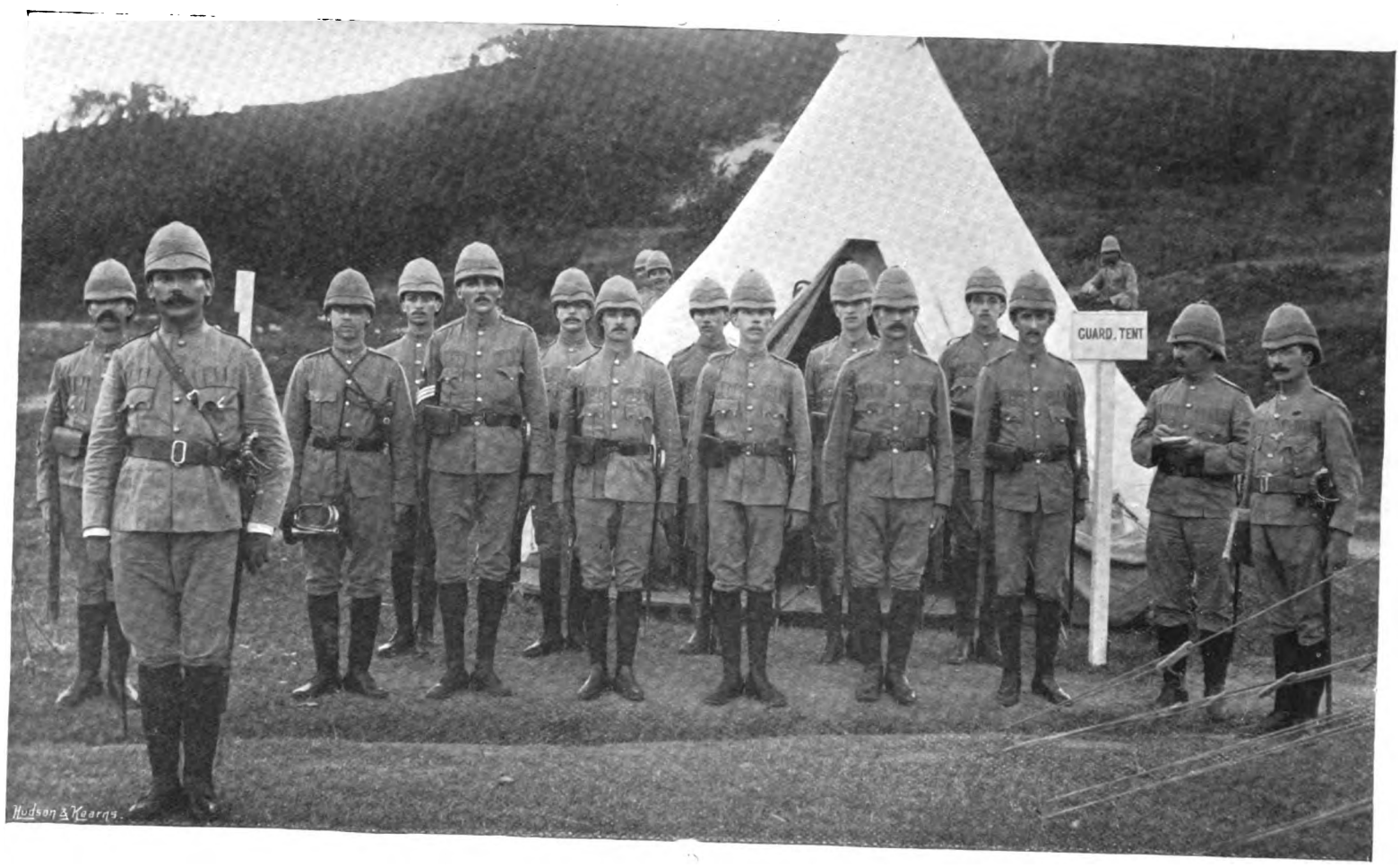
The third picture on this page shows the field battery and machine gun company ready for action, the gunners waiting for the order to fire. As will be seen, the corps possesses an excellent equipment, which is at all times in good working order and fit for use. The men are thoroughly instructed in the working of the guns, and may be trusted to carry out their self-imposed duties, should such necessity ever arise.

The fourth illustration, on the top of the next page, shows the men in camp, the main guard having just turned out in front of their quarters, while the last picture shows the non-commissioned officers of the corps, in front of a typical Hong Kong residence. Hong Kong is a Crown colony, and its government is administered by a Governor, aided by an



THE GUNS OF THE CORPS READY FOR ACTION.

Digitized by Google



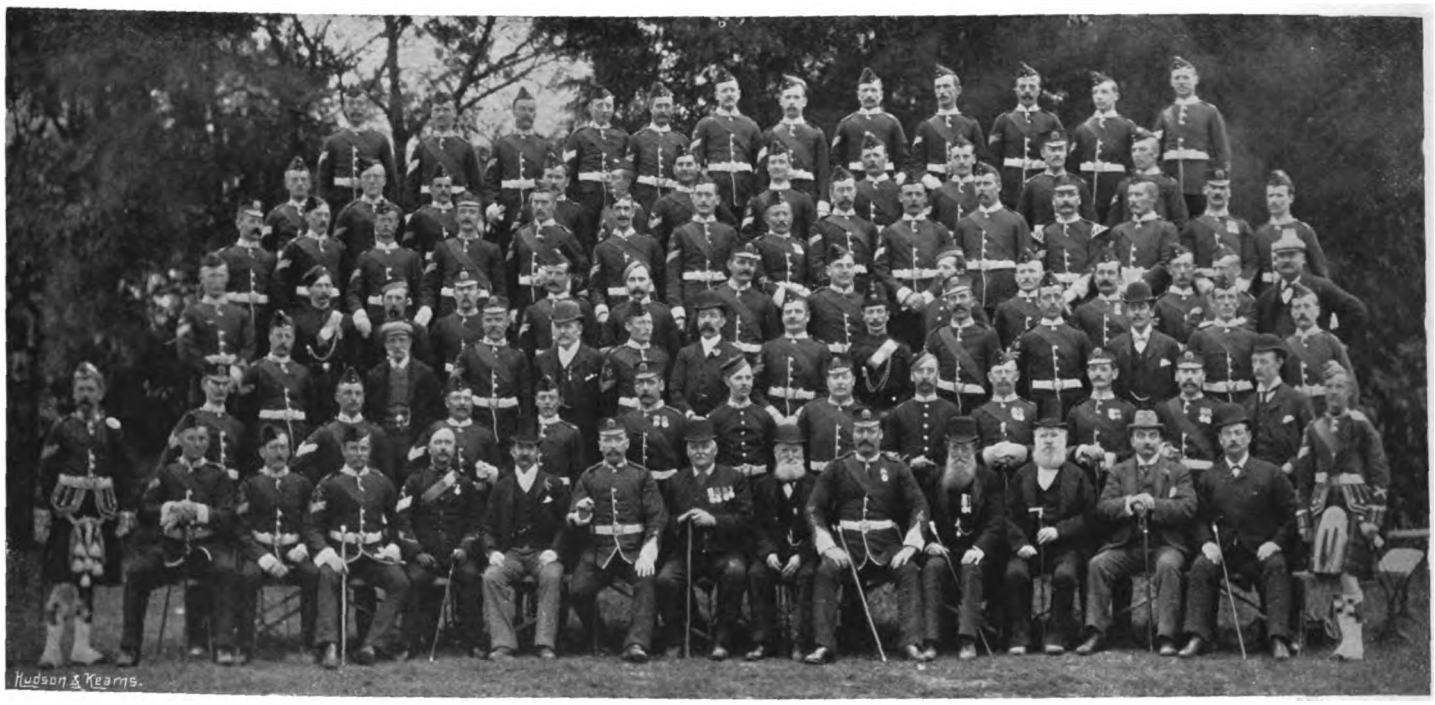
THE MAIN GUARD TURNED OUT.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

executive council of six members, together with a legislative council of eleven members, including himself. The place came into our possession as the result of one of our "little" wars. In 1840 we became embroiled in hostilities with China, and, as usual, came out of the fighting victorious. Throughout this war and the subsequent fighting in 1860, the Chinese soldiers made a feeble resistance to the British, but this was said to be due more to bad leadership and want of discipline than to lack of bravery, for the same men told a different tale when commanded by the late General GORDON. The result of this war was that the Chinese Government had to pay an indemnity of twenty-one million dollars and cede the Island of Hong Kong to England. In case the island should be threatened, either with internal or external foes, there is no doubt that the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps would make good use of their strict military training and the excellent equipment which they possess.

Digitized by Google

WITH PENINSULA RECORDS.



NORTH CAMP PHOTO. CO., Aldershot.

THE SERGEANTS' MESS OF THE "DIE HARDS"—Past and Present.

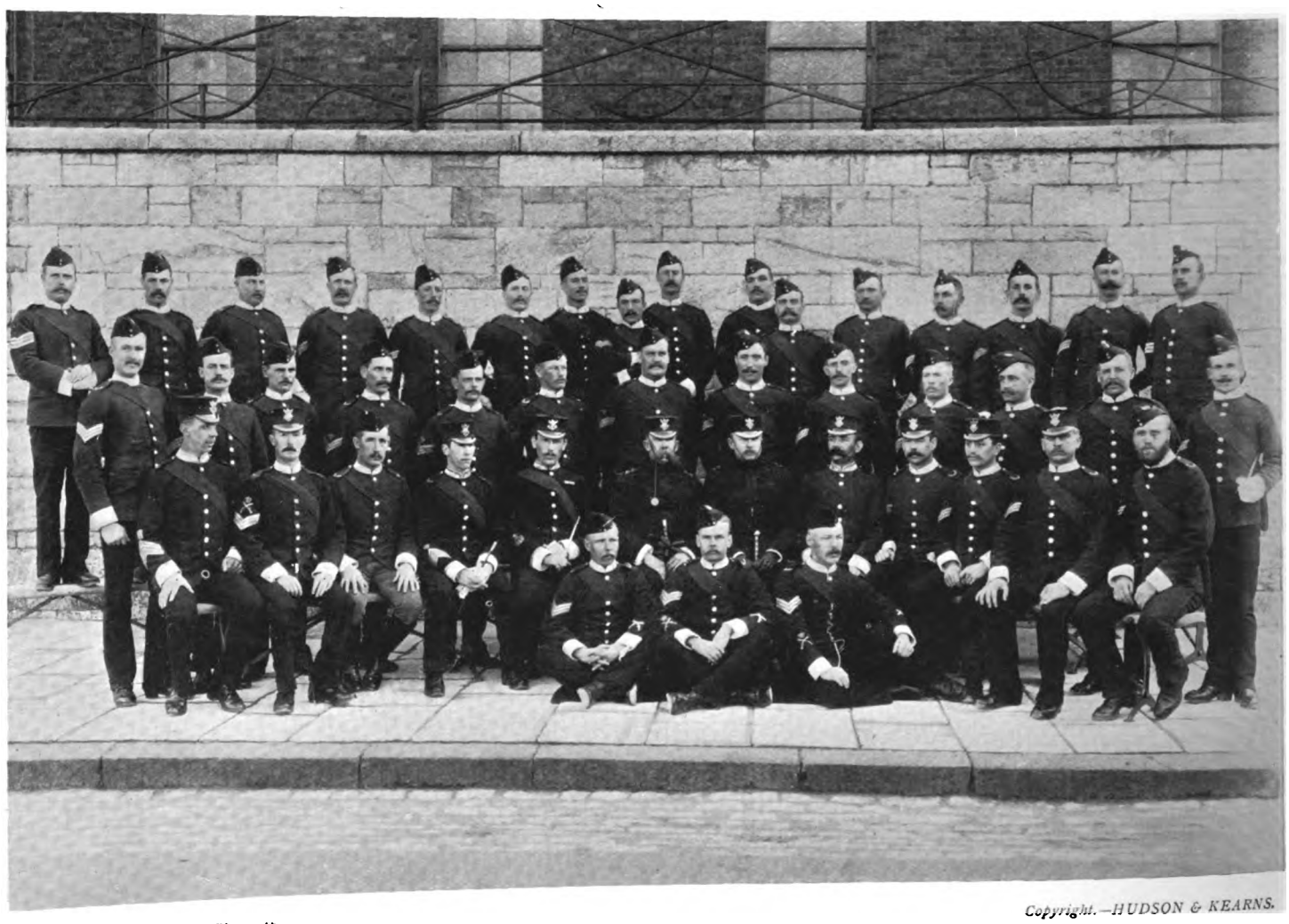


Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE SERGEANTS' MESS OF THE 2nd GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

OUR first portrait group shows the present members of the Sergeants' Mess of the "Die Hards" and a number of past members of the Mess. Hardly another regiment in the Queen's service bears a sobriquet better known to the world than the famous "Die Hards"—the old 57th Foot of Albuera, now officially designated the 1st Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment the Duke of Cambridge's Own. There cannot surely be many Englishmen who do not know how the name "Die Hards" came to be given, on the 16th May, 1811, when BERESFORD, with only 7,000 British soldiers, for his Spaniards and Portuguese did little in determining the fortunes of the day, faced and beat off Marshal SOULT's Army Corps of 23,000, the pick of the Grand Army. "Die hard, men—Die hard!" said their gallant chief, Lieut.-Colonel INGLIS, as he fell severely wounded, remaining where he had fallen, at his own desire, in front of the colours urging his men to "die hard." They did so, closing on their torn and broken colours, and remaining firm and unflinching on the crest of the hill until the fight was won. Their dead were to be seen next day "lying as they had fought in ranks, and with every wound in front." In our second portrait group we see the members of the present Sergeants' Mess of the modern successors of the 61st, another of Wellington's hardest fighting Peninsular War battalions—at Salamanca, out of twenty-seven officers and 420 men who went into action, twenty-four officers and 342 men were killed or wounded—the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the old 61st Foot, since 1881 known as the 2nd Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment.

Digitized by Google

THE story of how we came by our first "Undaunted" is one that every Englishman should know. It is a tale of two-fold interest, with a *finale* all its own. As a fine fighting story of the triumphant facing of desperate odds, it is, on the one hand, hardly to be surpassed even in the annals of our own service; on the other, for the special and unusual circumstances in which the name "Undaunted" was first bestowed on a British man-of-war, it may be said to be without parallel. No Admiralty Lord of high degree, in the comfortable surroundings of a sanctum at Whitehall, made choice of or originated it; no lady fair, with customary libation of foaming wine on dockyard gala day, wished "God speed" to our first "Undaunted." Quite otherwise. Amid the clash of angry steel, in the thick of a hard-fought fight, contested hand-to-hand with cutlass and bayonet and boarding pike, came the first idea of the name; on the quarter-deck of a British flagship, as the last echoes of battle were dying away, was the name "Undaunted" first appointed and formally bestowed as a memorial of splendid heroism, with a ceremonial and circumstance unique in the annals of our own navy or of any other.

It is in commemoration of the brilliant exploit of one of the finest and most dashing officers who ever served afloat under the British flag, Commander Robert Faulknor, at the attack on Fort Royal, Martinique, by Sir John Jervis's Squadron (conjointly with a military expedition) in March, 1794, that the "Undaunted" received her name. Commander Faulknor first of all, with the boats of the British squadron, led the preliminary attack on the French shore batteries which barred the approaches to Fort St. Louis—the enemy's main stronghold at Fort Royal—going straight at the batteries under a hot fire, forcing a landing in the face of desperate resistance, carrying the French entrenchments along the shore by storm, and forcing the French soldiery manning them to beat a retreat to Fort Louis itself. Then, inspired by the success of Faulknor's brilliant opening, the storming of Fort Royal was decided on. Faulknor was now told off to carry out the boat attack with the landing parties, who were to attempt the assault of the sea front of Fort Louis, at the same time that the French defences on the land side were attacked by soldiers of the expeditionary force. A seventy-four gun ship of the squadron, the "Asia;" it was planned in the naval scheme of attack, was first to stand up Fort Royal harbour, until close to the French waterside batteries, to cover the approach of the landing parties of seamen as the boats pushed for the shore. The plan at the outset, however, partially fell through. Owing to bad pilotage—our only available pilot for Fort Royal being a French ex-naval officer, a refugee royalist, who, in a fit of fright at what might happen to himself if the French on shore caught him, lost his nerve, the "Asia" unexpectedly ceased to lead the boat flotilla, and going about, stood back out of the harbour, leaving the brunt of leading the attack to fall on Faulknor's little sloop, the "Zebra." The "Zebra" had been intended to move down on the batteries astern of the "Asia," covered by her, and a little in advance of the boats with the landing parties. After assisting these in effecting their landing, the "Zebra's" men were to join the boat parties and back them up in the general assault. The failure of the "Asia" to cover the boats gravely imperilled the chances of the attack, but in spite of that, the "Zebra," in forlorn hope fashion, pushed on, regardless of the cannonade from forts and batteries that greeted her approach. Then suddenly it flashed on Faulknor to attempt a *coup de main* by himself. The risk no doubt was terrible, for exposed as his little vessel already was, a single shot at any moment might send her to the bottom. Suddenly the "Zebra" cast off the boats she had in tow, hoisted every stitch of canvas her little masts could carry, and by herself dashed ahead. With scaling ladders lashed to the shrouds, Faulknor's little ship shot forward and ran in single handed right under the walls of Fort Louis, until within less than five yards of the embrasures, through which the gun muzzles of several heavy thirty-six pounders were storming forth round shot and grape and canister. As the "Zebra" ran alongside the walls the scaling ladders flew from the rigging, her own boats were shoved across to make a bridge, and Captain Faulknor headed his men to scale the parapet and enter the place. A French regiment—the 35th of the line—faced them, drawn up between the inner and outer gates right across the path of the sailors, from whose muskets burst a hailstorm of small shot as Faulknor's men came on. But no bullets could check the rush of our Jacks. "Steady, men; forward! charge!" called the British leader, and rushing straight on the Frenchmen, cutlass in hand, Faulknor and his heroic band, reinforced at the critical moment by a fresh landing party, forced the enemy to fling down their arms and cry for quarter. The iron inner gates of the citadel next barred the way, but these were burst in, and then rushing forward in spite of fierce resistance, the seamen triumphantly made their way to the topmost platform of the citadel, where the French flag was, hauled it down, and hoisted the British instead—"amid shouts of triumph from the armed boats now arrived under the walls, from the squadron beyond, and from the soldiers of the army who thus announced their arrival outside." It only remained to secure Fort Louis, and then Faulknor, having meanwhile had a French frigate, the "Bien Venu," that lay moored in the roadstead near by, taken possession of, returned to the "Zebra" and made sail to rejoin the squadron. His reception is a story by itself.

As the little "Zebra" stood under the stern of the "Boyne," Sir John Jervis's flagship, to regain her berth, the "Boyne" manned rigging and yards and greeted her with vociferous cheers, the flagship's band at the same time playing "See the conquering hero comes." That, though, was not all. The next minute a signal to the "Zebra" flew at the flagship's masthead for Commander Faulknor to come on board the "Boyne." While the order was being obeyed, as soon as the "Zebra's" boat was seen approaching, Sir John Jervis directed all hands on board the flagship to be turned-up, and ordered the officers to assemble on the quarter-deck. Then, placing himself at their head, on Commander Faulknor's first step on the "Boyne's" quarter deck, the Admiral came forward to greet him with unusual warmth, handing Faulknor

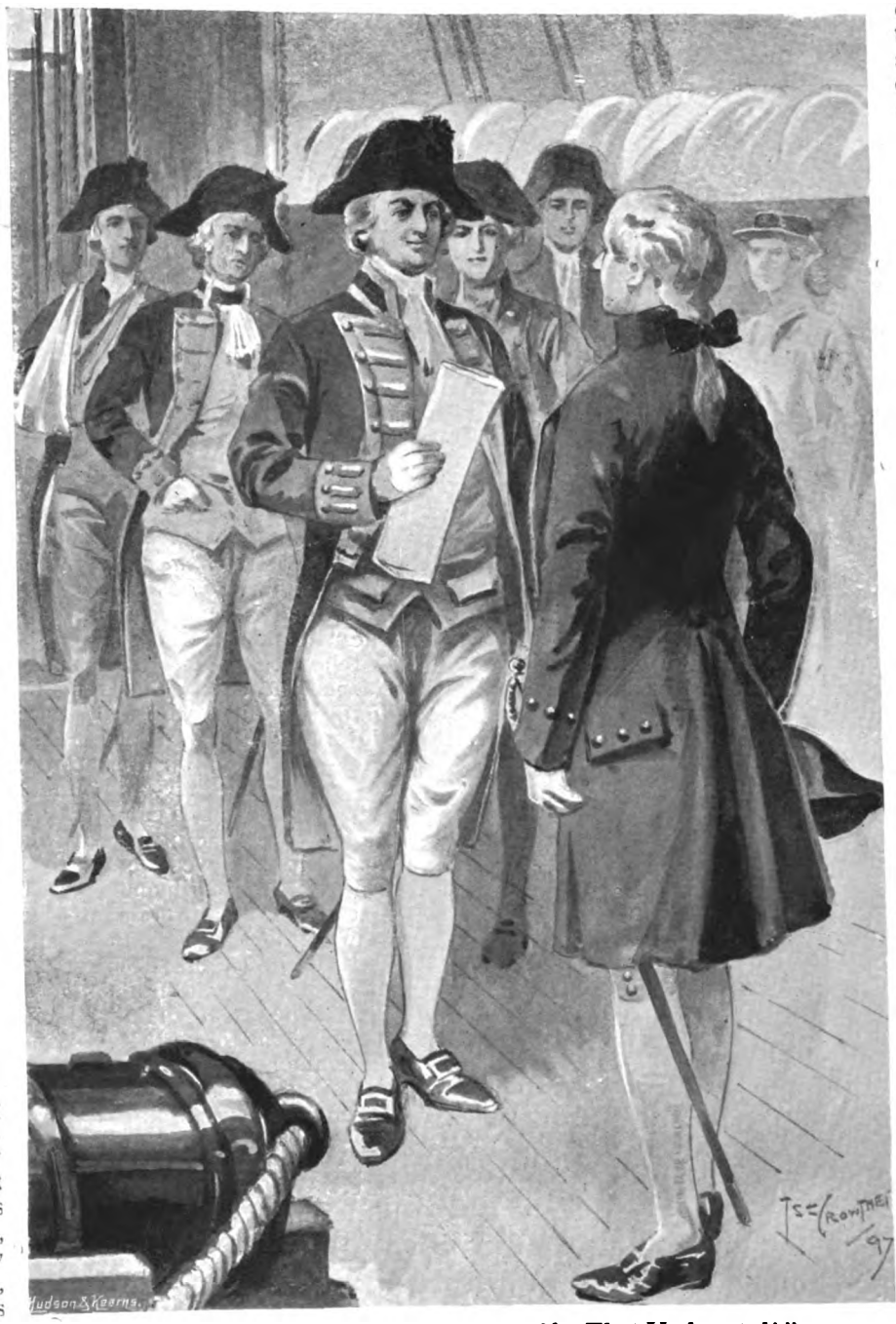
Digitized by Google

as he did so a commission promoting him to Captain on the spot. "Captain Faulknor," said Jervis, "by your daring courage this day a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service, and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her, Sir, after yourself—'The Undaunted.'"

In such exceptionally heroic circumstance was the name "Undaunted" first introduced on the roll of the British fleet. A more happily-chosen name in such a case there surely could be none; better name for British fighting ship there surely could not be.

"No language of mine," wrote Sir John Jervis, in his despatch to the Admiralty that very afternoon, "can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon this occasion; but as every officer and man in the army and squadron bears testimony, this incomparable action cannot fail of being recorded in the page of history."

One fulfilment of the Admiral's hope is the presence of the name "Undaunted" in our Navy List to-day.



"I have named her, sir, after yourself—The 'Undaunted.'"

"The Idol of the Squadron," "the Admiration of the whole Army," as Sir John Jervis also spoke of Captain Faulknor, however, only held the command of the "Undaunted" for three days, after which he moved into the "Blanche" frigate, in which a little later he was to fall by a hero's death in the historic frigate fight of the "Blanche" and "Pique."

Captain John Carpenter—another officer by a coincidence promoted for gallantry with a landing party at Fort Royal—succeeded Captain Faulknor in the "Undaunted," and saw her through her baptism of fire as a British man-of-war in the attacks on St. Lucia and Guadaloupe, which were immediately undertaken after the fall of Martinique. At Guadaloupe the "Undaunted's" men had hand-to-hand fighting to do on shore, taking part with the landing parties in the general assault on the French forts round Point à Pitre. Fort Marcot was specially allotted on the occasion to the seamen, who attacked as a Naval Brigade some four hundred strong, made up of men of various ships, including the "Undaunted," the brigade being led by the heroic Faulknor. In the most daring manner the sailors charged right up to the embrasures along the walls of the fort, into which they recklessly clambered and jumped, many of our brave fellows meeting their death as they did so. The struggle that ensued with the enemy's soldiers on the ramparts was terrific and attended with heavy loss of life, the ground being disputed by the enemy inch by inch. So stubbornly indeed did the French garrison hold their ground that it was only the final coming up of a British reserve column that decided the event, making the French break and fly in confusion, many of the enemy in their flight breaking their necks by leaping down from the walls on the land side of the fort.

In the following autumn the "Undaunted" was brought home to England for the Admiralty Court to pass judgment on her—with the result that the ex-"Bien Venu" was ordered to pass on her name to a newer ship, she herself going to the auctioneer.

A forty-gun frigate, "L' Arethuse," one of the finest of Lord Hood's prizes taken by the Mediterranean fleet at Toulon ten months previously, was in November, 1795, formally re-named "Undaunted" in the ex-"Bien Venu's" stead, and thus our second "Undaunted" came into being. Her career was, however, sadly unfortunate. After serving with the squadron under Sir Hugh Christian, Jervis's successor, in the West Indies, despatched to make counter attacks among the West India islands against a French expedition sent out to attempt the recovery of the lost French possessions, and taking a principal part in acquiring for England the Dutch settlements of Demerara, Esequibo, and Berbice in Guiana, in regard to the land frontiers of which our modern Venezuela difficulty has arisen, the "Undaunted," on the 30th of August, 1795, by misadventure, was wrecked on Morant Keys, an outlying shoal some miles off the coast of Jamaica. Bad weather on the previous day caused the master of the ship to mistake a distant headland in the south-east of the island for another part of the coast, with the result that the "Undaunted," at three in the morning of the 30th August, suddenly ran herself hard and fast on Morant Keys.

Every effort was made to lighten the ship, but it was found that the ship had bilged, and the captain and ship's company had to abandon her and leave her to break up, a ship in company taking them off safely. So after a short career of a little more than nine months our second "Undaunted" came to her end, in the same waters where we acquired our first.

We get but a passing glimpse of our third "Undaunted." She was but a tiny vessel, a small Dutch schuyt, to which—it is a curious point—the name was given on her capture, just as in the case of our first "Undaunted," in honour of the conduct of the officer who took the prize. It was in August, 1799, off the coast of Holland, where a light squadron of British ships was assisting in the blockade of what men-of-war the battle of Camperdown had left to Holland. The British squadron in question, consisting of the sloops "Pylades" and "Espiègle," and the cutter "Courier," spied one day, anchored close in shore under a coast battery, a small Dutch armed vessel, at which forthwith the boats of the squadron were sent under the charge of Lieutenant Salusbury Pryce Humphreys. The affair was carried out in fine style, and the little ship on being brought off was named in honour of her captor, the 'Undaunted.' As in the case of the first "Undaunted," also, the command of the prize was given to her captor. This was on the 2nd August, 1799. Ten days later, when the little "Undaunted" did her first piece of work under the British colours, she showed herself well worthy of her name. It was in an attack on a small Dutch flotilla of twelve schuyts, a large armed boat, and a Dutch armed schooner, the "Vengeance," mounting six 12-pounders, which were moored under a battery on the island of Schiermonikoog. The boats of the "Pylades" and "Espiègle" were told off to make the venture, led in by the "Courier" and the "Crash," both cutters, and the "Undaunted." Mishaps to the "Courier" and the "Crash," however, who both grounded before the attacking boats had got half way, threw the brunt of the direction of the attack on the "Undaunted," who took the lead and headed the boats in fine style—until in turn, when within half pistol-shot of the schooner and the battery, she herself grounded under a very heavy fire from the enemy. The attack, it should be said, was made in broad daylight. With her two 12-pounder carronades the little "Undaunted" replied vigorously, and was assisted by the musketry of her own men and of the boats, until the Dutchmen in the schooner and on shore abandoned the battery and

Digitized by Google

The "Undaunted" suddenly ran herself hard and fast aground on Morant Keys.

let the schooner drive on the sands, setting her on fire as she took the ground. The "Undaunted" floated again, however, in a few minutes, and then, as the boats rowed in to spike the guns of the battery and seize the schuyts of the Dutch flotilla, Lieutenant Humphreys pushed his little ship forward right alongside the Dutch schooner, in order to try and bring the vessel off as a prize. The tide, however, ran so swiftly that the "Undaunted" could not grip, at the same time the round sides of the two vessels prevented anyone from the "Undaunted" from springing on board the Dutchman. Lieutenant Humphreys, however, made an effort single-handed. Seizing a rope he leapt with it into the sea and attempted to swim to the schooner for the purpose of fastening the rope to her, but the tide proved too strong for him to make head against it, and after a venturesome effort to get on board, the gallant commander of the "Undaunted" was hauled back again safely. It was indeed a fortunate escape for Lieutenant Humphreys, for, scarcely had he obtained a footing on his own deck again, than an explosion took place on board the "Vengeance" which blew the schooner to atoms. Until after the final unconditional surrender of the Dutch fleet in a body a few months later, the little "Undaunted" continued to patrol the stretch of Dutch coast allotted to her, but without further incident to record, and then we hear no more of our third "Undaunted."

No British man-of-war had a more brilliant fighting career during the closing years of the Great War with France than our fourth "Undaunted"—the first British-built man-of-war of the name—a 38-gun frigate laid down in Woolwich dockyard in the year before Trafalgar, and launched on the 14th of October, 1807. Beginning her career in the same waters where our first "Undaunted" acquired that name and our second "Undaunted" met her fate, the new "Undaunted," after an intermediate spell of service under Collingwood's flag off Cadiz, made her first bid for fame towards the end of the year 1810, on Captain Richard Thomas—a former Lieutenant of Collingwood's in the "Excellent," and Collingwood's Flag-Captain during the five years between Trafalgar and the Admiral's death at sea—hoisting his pennant on board. The choice of this particular officer to command the "Undaunted" was in another way a happy one, for as a midshipman Captain Thomas had commanded one of the boats in the brilliant attack on Fort Royal, Martinique, in March, 1785, and, as one of the landing party that stormed Fort Louis with Captain Faulknor, had shared in the dashing exploit, in memory of which the name "Undaunted" was placed on the Navy List. He had not long to wait for an opportunity of showing the stuff he was made of, the "Undaunted" being told off to serve with a squadron cruising on the coast of Catalonia to aid the Spanish patriot forces on shore in their efforts to make head against the French invaders. It was just the kind of duty to afford a dashing officer opportunities for making his mark, and the captain of the "Undaunted" and his gallant fellows took advantage of their chances to the full. Now they would be cutting out or chasing off the coast some French vessel trying to run the blockade with stores for the French army; now attacking French signal posts and exchanging shots with look-out towers and shore batteries; now raiding in landing parties to break up roads and block French columns inland; now again landing in parties of bluejackets and marines to do a little guerilla warfare and assist one or other of the Spanish patriot bands in holding some of the passes near the coast that offered points of strategical importance. For more than twelve months the gallant "Undaunteds" repeatedly distinguished themselves in conflict with the enemy along the Catalan coast, and then, early in the year 1812, they were ordered north to join the main fleet blockading the seaports of southern France.

"Seizing a rope, he leapt with it into the sea."

Here, after temporarily taking charge of the blockade of Marseilles, the "Undaunted" was posted as senior officer's ship to the in-shore squadron watching Toulon, during a temporary absence of the main body of the British Mediterranean fleet under Sir Edward Pellew. The French fleet in Toulon, however, although as strong in numbers as Pellew's whole force, made no effort to drive off the "Undaunted" and her squadron, in spite of various attempts that

Digitized by Google

Captain Thomas made to induce some of them to try. By day the "Undaunted" and her three frigate consorts would, in tantalising fashion, cruise on and off just outside the range of the batteries between Capes Sicie and Sepet, as if to tempt the enemy to come out and catch them, at the same time watching every move that ships of the French in the outer roads of Toulon made By night they would stand in close enough to the harbour mouth to hear the "*Qui vives*" of the French sentries on shore, their boats rowing guard at times within a stone's throw of the ramparts.

When the main fleet returned to resume the blockade in force, the "Undaunted" and her squadron, as a reward for the way they had done their work, were detached on special service in the Gulf of Lyons, to watch the enemy in that quarter and operate against the French lines of communication between Marseilles and the French army in Catalonia. It was about as exciting work as was to be done anywhere afloat at that time, and as important as any, for the French in Catalonia were mainly dependent for supplies on their blockade runners—on what store ships and transports could work along the coast from the north of the Rhone and Marseilles. The duty of intercepting these was the task set the "Undaunted" and her consorts; no light one, for it meant alertness at all hours and in all weathers. Every coaster sighted had to be run down and overhauled, the chase often terminating when the coaster—as often happened—sought shelter under one or other of the numerous heavy gun batteries that bristled up and down the coast, in a cutting-out affair involving a venturesome dash in under fire, with the not infrequent sequel of the carrying by storm, cutlass in hand, of the protecting battery as well. The coast operations in the Gulf of Lyons, practically cut off from their base the French armies in the north-east of Spain and compelled them at the most critical part of the war to stand fast on the defensive, unable to join in opposing the British elsewhere. If a minor instance of how sea power can influence land operations, what the "Undaunted" and her consorts did in 1812 in the Gulf of Lyons had yet a direct bearing on the issue of the year's campaign of Wellington's army, and is a matter of historical significance.

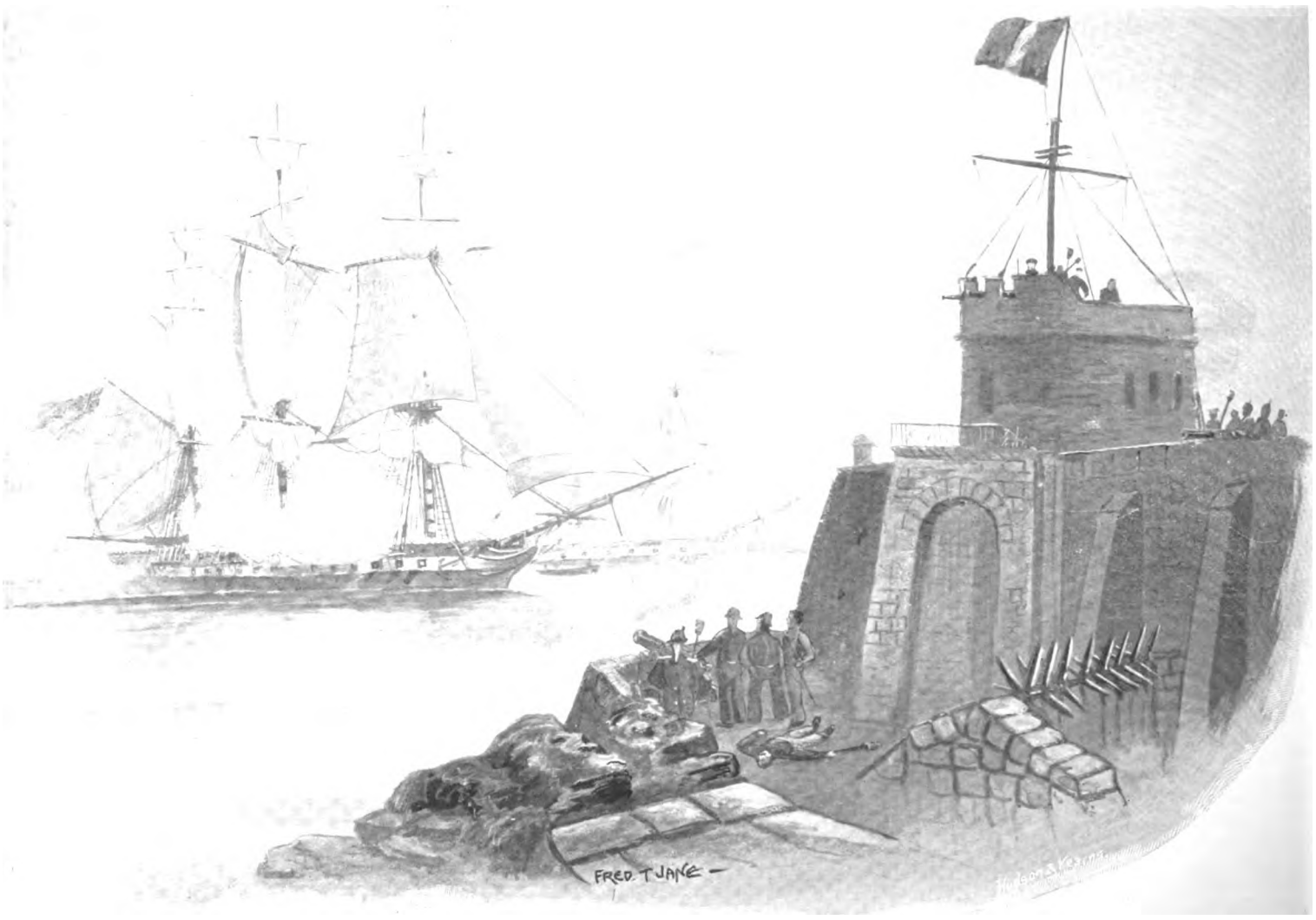
The excessive work and hardships of the cruises of the "Undaunted" off the Catalan coast, and in the storm-tossed Gulf of Lyons, now began, however, to have unfortunate effects on Captain Thomas's health, and then, in February, 1813, he had to resign his command and return home to England.

He handed the "Undaunted" over, though, to the right man to command her—to an officer who was to make her name even more distinguished than before, Captain Thomas Ussher, a dashing Irishman already famous in the Navy for repeated acts of intrepidity and daring.

The new commission of the "Undaunted" began within a few weeks of Captain Ussher hoisting his pennant on board with a dashing cutting-out affair at Carri, near Marseilles, where the "Undaunted's" boats were sent in to capture a French coaster laden with valuable stores which was lying close in shore under a formidable battery. The coaster was quickly boarded and made prize of, but the boat parties were not content. Under the leadership of the "Undaunted's" first lieutenant, Aaron Tozer, they dashed in for the shore and attacked the battery. It mounted four long 24-pounders, one 6-pounder, and a 13-inch mortar, and was protected from close attack by a palisaded entrenchment manned by a detachment of French infantry. But the gallant "Undaunteds" made light of the guns, palisades, and soldiers. The place was stormed at the first rush and carried at the cutlass point, the "Undaunted's" men, bluejackets and marines, forcing an entry and coming hand-to-hand with the enemy, whom they quickly put to flight with severe loss. This was on the 18th of March, 1813.

A week later the "Undaunted," assisted by the "Volontaire," cut out and captured a large convoy with military stores on board moored within pistol-shot of the guns of a heavy battery near Cape Croisset; the "Undaunted" herself with her broadsides silencing the guns of the battery, while her boats made a clean sweep of the convoy. Four days after that, on the 30th April, the "Undaunted," with the "Volontaire" and the little sloop "Redwing," attacked and stormed two coast batteries near by, and carried off a convoy of fourteen store-ships that had run there for safety.

On the next day, the 1st of May, the "Undaunted," single-handed, chased a French brig right up Marseilles harbour and took her there, carrying off the prize in the face of a fierce cannonade from the town batteries. The "Undaunted" answered the fire of the batteries by her own broadsides until the brig had been boarded by a boat's crew from the ship under the command of Lieutenant William Oldrey, when suddenly, to the surprise of Captain Ussher and his officers, the batteries ceased fire, and Captain Ussher was allowed to carry his prize off without further molestation. The Governor of Marseilles, a year later, when the "Undaunted" visited Marseilles after Napoleon's abdication, himself told Captain Ussher why the batteries had suddenly ceased fire. "You had dared," said the Governor, "to carry off a vessel lying under the muzzles of our guns, and I and my officers considered your exploit deserving of a better



When suddenly the batteries ceased to fire, and the "Undaunted" carried off her prize.

Digitized by Google

Captain Ussher leading the storming party at the attack in Cassis Bay.

reward than being blown out of the water. That was why we allowed you to depart quietly with your trophy."

The very next day the "Undaunted" and her gallant crew were at work fighting the French batteries at Morjean, on the outskirts of Marseilles, to carry off a number of vessels moored close in-shore, in which Captain Ussher himself had his gig sunk under him, and she followed that up three days later by surprising a French convoy at sea, driving the best part of the ships ashore and making them wreck themselves. Before May had run its course—on the 26th of the month—the "Undaunted" was again showing the enemy her mettle by chasing in-shore, off the mouth of the Rhone, a large French merchantman laden with military stores. The French ship grounded under the guns of a French battery manned by a strong force of French regulars, but in spite of the battery the "Undaunted's" men pushed in, floated the ship, and towed her off as a prize.

During the next two months the "Undaunted" served with the fleet blockading Toulon, returning towards the end of July to resume her old post near Marseilles. She signalled her return to the station by, on the 1st of August, cutting out in the Bay of Marseilles a large French ship moored beneath the batteries on the island of Ratonneau, running in to do so within grape shot range of the batteries on the island of Chateau d' If, and within musket shot of the island of Pomègue.

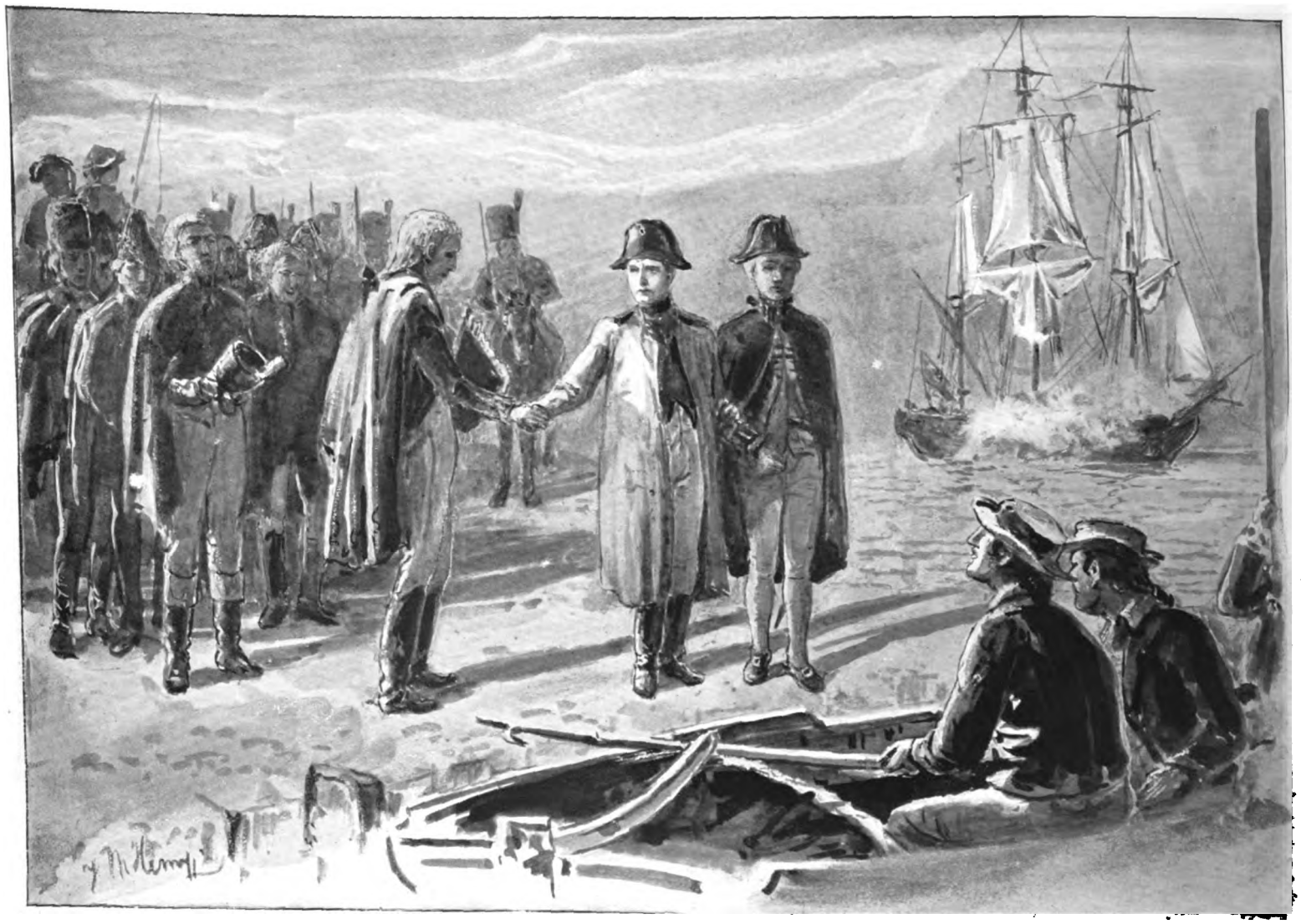
On the 4th August a yet bigger affair came off, in which the "Undaunted," as usual, took a distinguished part. It was an attack on five strong batteries protecting the anchorage (much used by small French vessels) in Cassis Bay, half way along the coast between Toulon and Marseilles. Just at this time a large number of French transports, coasters and privateers had taken shelter. For the business, a body of Marines, some two hundred in number, from the main fleet off Toulon, were specially sent to assist the "Undaunted's" squadron. Captain Ussher himself was in chief command of the enterprise, and with his own men stormed and took one of the French batteries. The other four were dealt with by the landing parties from the other ships of the squadron, the affair being carried through in the most complete manner, all the French works being silenced and stormed, the entrenchments destroyed, the guns spiked and flung into the sea, the troops manning the batteries cleared out and driven off, while every ship and boat in the anchorage was made prize of. As humane and generous a foe as he was brave, Captain Ussher in this attack on Cassis distinguished himself no less by the special care that he took that harm should not befall non-combatants. Before the boats with the attacking parties set out, the Captain of the "Undaunted" issued a general order that no man was to enter any house at Cassis without special instructions, under pain of being instantly shot, an order that was gratefully acknowledged by a bearer of a flag of truce from the local authorities of Cassis next day. "It would have been impossible" said the messenger "for a stranger to have known that an enemy had been in the town at all; much less that it had been occupied in force during the whole of one night."

The batteries of Cassis, however, despite the severe maltreatment that they received from the "Undaunted's" squadron, were speedily re-established and re-fortified—the anchorage being too useful to the French to be left open—fresh guns being brought for the purpose from Toulon, with the result that a second visit had to be paid to them by the "Undaunted" and her squadron a little later. This was on the 18th August, when the "Undaunted," with the "Redwing" brig and "Kite" sloop, had again to clear the anchorage of Cassis by main force. Once more, with the aid of extra bluejackets and Marines from the fleet off Toulon, the batteries were silenced and stormed, three gunboats, together with twenty-four coasters laden with munitions of war being this time captured and carried off.

Two months of comparative rest, attached to the main fleet watching Toulon followed, and then once again we meet Captain Ussher and his merry men on the old scene of their triumphs. On the 9th November the "Undaunted," with the aid of two other frigates, attacked and cut out seven French vessels anchored under the strong batteries of Port Nouvelle. They made assurance doubly sure by, in addition, storming the batteries and carrying by escalade a tower thirty feet high which commanded the French position and was the key of the works. Of the affair, a letter from an officer present gives some interesting particulars. "The 'Undaunted's' boats," he says, "being always provided with scaling ladders, the height of the tower was no security to it; but, owing to the eagerness of the gallant fellows employed on this service, so many men got on the first ladder at once that it broke under their weight, only two men being able to obtain a footing on the wall. These (a boatswain's mate of the "Undaunted" and a Marine) were furiously attacked by some forty French soldiers. The sailor was overpowered and the enemy was dragging him to the oven used for heating shot which was then alight, when the brave Marine flew to the assistance of his companion, bayoneted two of the Frenchmen and succeeded in releasing the tar. Notwithstanding their apparently desperate situation, the two Britons now became the assailants, and, incredible as it may appear, their forty opponents not only had to cry for quarter, but were actually placed in confinement before a single man from the party outside mounted the ladder!

After the brilliant affair at Port Nouvelle came another return of the "Undaunted" off Toulon, to serve there throughout the succeeding winter during one of the temporary withdrawals of the main fleet as senior officer's ship in charge of the in-shore squadron. It proved as hard and trying a task as any that had befallen the "Undaunted's" men, for that winter of 1813 was one of the wildest and stormiest ever known in the Western Mediterranean. But Captain Ussher did his work in a way that called forth expressions of the heartiest satisfaction from his distinguished Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Pellew, the famous Lord Exmouth of naval

Digitized by Google



Then taking the arm of Captain Ussher, Napoleon bid farewell to his friends.

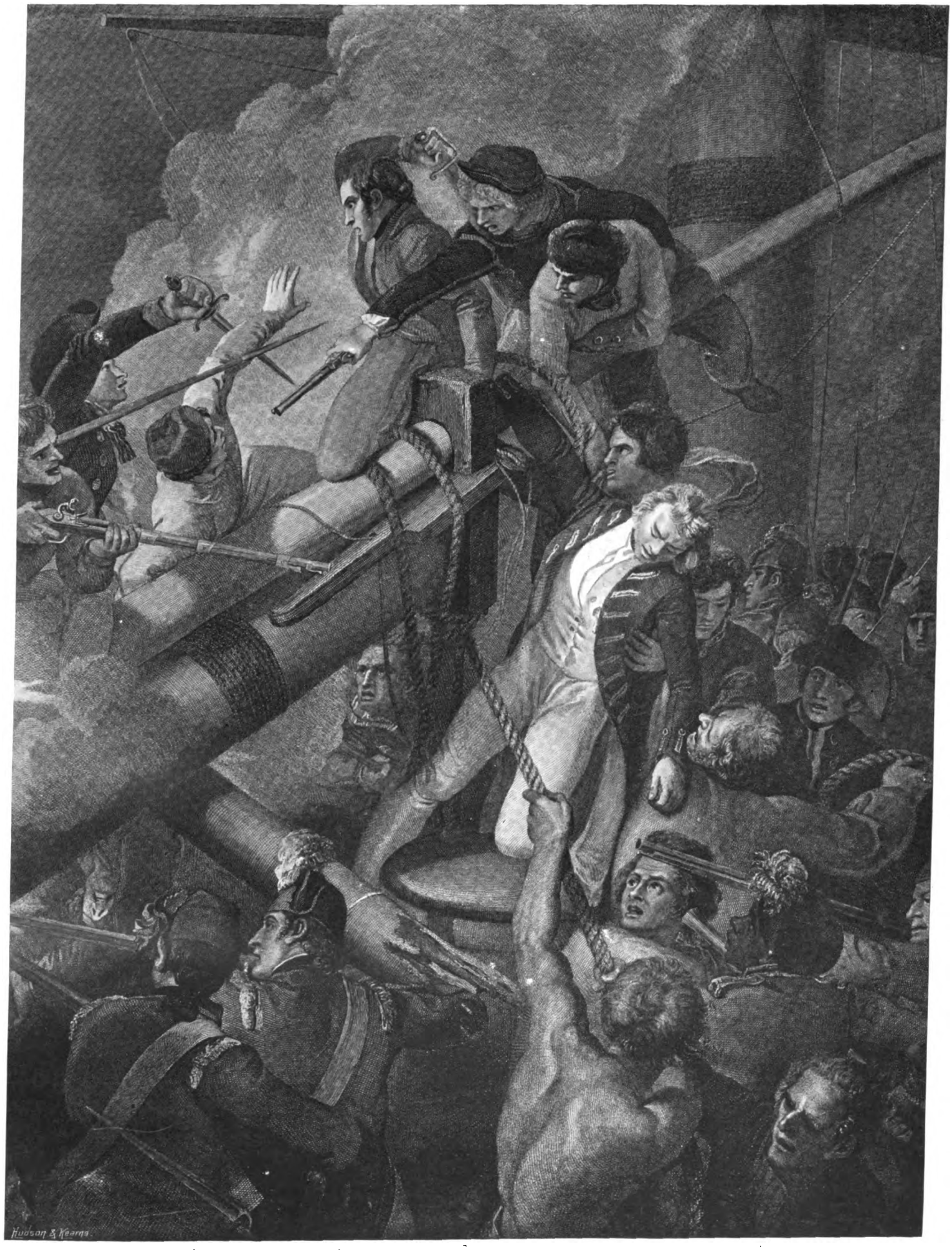
history. We now come to the celebrated event in the war story of the "Undaunted" which closes the tale of her career afloat under the pennant of Captain Ussher.

During the night of the 21st April, 1814, while cruising a few leagues to the southwards of Marseilles, together with the frigate "Euryalus," the look-out on board the "Undaunted" announced that a strange light was to be seen in the sky in the direction of the city. Having been informed some days before that a great political change was expected in France before long, and supposing from the brilliancy of the light that the inhabitants of Marseilles were celebrating some event in connection therewith, Captain Ussher immediately put the ship's head for the land and stood in under all sail. He found himself at daylight next morning close in with the islands of Pomègue and If. There the semaphores, hitherto so active on the approach of his frigate, were all quiet and apparently deserted, while at the same time the batteries had no colours flying. Hoisting a flag of truce at the foretop-gallant mast-head of the "Undaunted" and the French Bourbon standard at the main, Captain Ussher approached the batteries. At the same time, so as not to be taken at a disadvantage, he called his men to quarters and cleared for action, the "Euryalus" at the same time being kept a little in the offing, similarly ready for any emergency. The "Undaunted" stood on unchallenged, until within musket range, when suddenly a shot was fired from the nearest French battery which, however, though it struck the ship did no harm to anybody. Thinking that he might have made a mistake in his surmise as to the reason of the previous night's illuminations, Captain Ussher now wore round and hauled down the flag of truce and the Bourbon standard. He was in the act of making sail to join the "Euryalus" when a second gun was fired at him. This was firing on a flag of truce, and Captain Ussher considered himself justified in chastising it on the spot. Bringing the "Undaunted's" broadside to bear on the offending battery he at once opened fire, and in a very short time made the French gunners run from the ramparts. Captain Ussher then moved towards the next battery, training his guns on that as he approached. He was about to give the order to open fire here also, when he observed a flag of truce coming out of the harbour in a shore boat. An answering flag of truce was promptly run up on board the "Undaunted" and the boat came alongside. In it were the Mayor and civil authorities of Marseilles who, as they themselves said, were come out to inform the Captain of the British frigate that Napoleon had abdicated, and that a Provisional Government, friendly to the Bourbons, had been formed. The Mayor expressed great indignation at the conduct of the battery in firing on a flag of truce and offered apologies, but the Captain of the "Undaunted" assured him that apologies were unnecessary. Although, he said, nothing could justify an outrage so contrary to the law of nations, he considered that the crime had been fully met by the punishment inflicted. Captain Ussher then congratulated the deputation on the political change that had taken place, and announced that as a proof of his confidence in the loyalty of the inhabitants of Marseilles he would bring his ships in, and berth them under the walls of the city. The "Euryalus" was now signalled to join the "Undaunted," and both frigates in a short time were riding with anchors down within the entrance of the harbour.

Captains Ussher and Charles Napier of the "Euryalus" (the future Sir Charles Napier of 1854), forthwith landed. They were received in the most friendly and most enthusiastic manner by the populace, the two Captains and the officers accompanying them being almost mobbed by the excited crowds in the streets, who fell on their necks and hugged and kissed them in the most excited French fashion, while from one end of the city to the other, all Marseilles resounded with shouts and cheers of "*Vive les Anglais*"—an outburst that so provoked Marshal Massèna, Commander-in-Chief at Toulon, when the news reached him, that he instantly sent the Governor of Marseilles an angry reprimand, directing him to order the two English frigates away, and threatening to march five thousand men into Marseilles if the inhabitants again evinced such a "spirit of insubordination." But events were marching too quickly for Marshal Massèna.

A few days later came an order for Captain Ussher and the "Undaunted" to proceed round from Marseilles to Frèjus Bay, where it had been arranged that Napoleon was to embark for Elba, the place of his intended exile. Leaving the "Euryalus" at Marseilles, Captain Ussher proceeded to Frèjus, and on the 23rd April, landed, and was introduced to Napoleon. A French brig of war was already at anchor in the bay, it being apparently expected that the Emperor would take his passage in her under escort of the "Undaunted." But Napoleon demurred. He had been led to expect, he said, that a French man-of-war larger than a brig would be placed at his disposal, and in an apparent fit of pique he said he would go in the English ship. As a fact, a French frigate was ready to receive the fallen Emperor, but by some misunderstanding she was waiting for him elsewhere. Napoleon then asked and obtained leave to embark on the "Undaunted" as a guest of her captain. The 28th April was fixed on for the day of going on board, at seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour on the appointed day Napoleon quitted the

Digitized by Google



From an Engraving. *After T. STOTHARD*

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FAULKNOR, JANUARY 4th, 1795.

Digitized by Google

"THE SAILOR WAS OVERPOWERED—WHEN THE MARINE FLEW TO HIS ASSISTANCE."

Digitized by Google

house in which he had been quartered on shore, accompanied by Captain Ussher, Count Bertrand, and Baron Koeler. Two Russian and Prussian envoys, and Colonel Campbell, the British officer told off to see to the embarkation of the Emperor, followed in carriages. It was a bright moonlight night, and the scene at the embarkation was grand and impressive in the extreme. A regiment of cavalry, drawn up on the beach to receive the party, paid full military honours as the carriages stopped, the bugles sounding and the hussars saluting with drawn swords. At the same time, the "Undaunted" fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Napoleon stepped out of the leading carriage, bowed to the small crowd of local notabilities watching the scene, took a farewell of his friends, and then taking the arm of Captain Ussher, entered the "Undaunted's" barge, which quickly bore her captain's distinguished guest to where the frigate lay, close in-shore, with topsails hoisted.

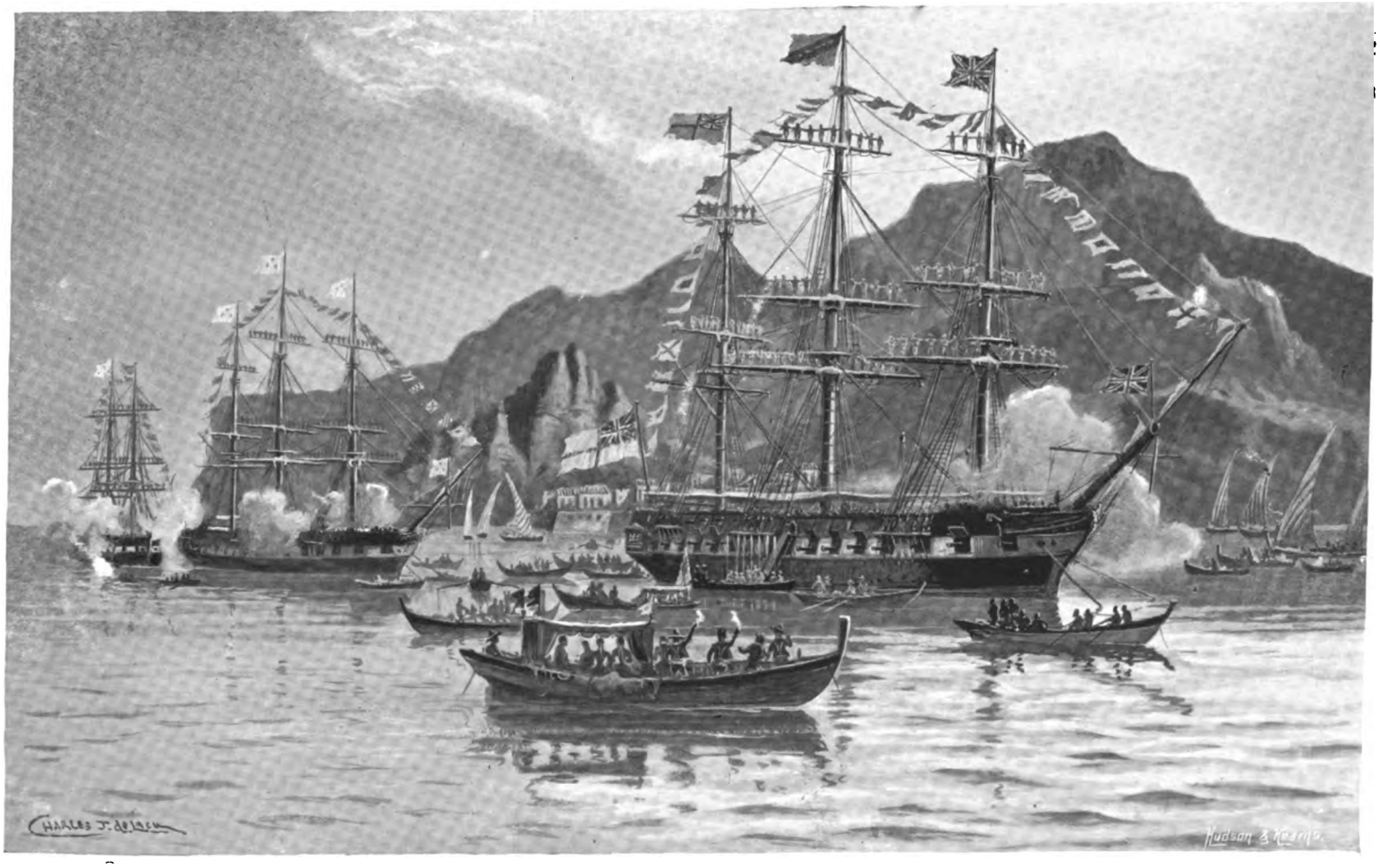
On arriving alongside, Captain Ussher preceded the party up the side to the quarterdeck of the "Undaunted," where he took post at the head of his officers to receive Napoleon. The Emperor on reaching the gangway took his hat off and bowed to all on deck, and then, after a few minutes conversation, he moved towards the forecastle to speak to some of the seamen standing there, with whom Captain Ussher a few minutes later found him conversing, through one or two who could speak a little French. "Having made all sail and fired a Royal salute," relates Captain Ussher in his *Narrative of Napoleon's Deportation to Elba*, "I accompanied him to my cabin and showed him my cot which I had ordered to be prepared for him. He smiled when I said I had no better accommodation for him, and said that everything was very comfortable, and he was sure that he would sleep soundly. We now made all sail and shaped our course for Elba. At four, his usual hour, he was up and had a cup of strong coffee (his constant custom), and at seven came on deck, and seemed not in the least affected by the motion of the ship."

During the voyage, Captain Ussher tells us, Napoleon spent the greater part of the time on deck, telescope in hand, scanning the coast of Corsica and every island and point of land that they passed: betweenwhiles paying great attention to the details of man-of-war duty on board and asking innumerable questions. So the time passed until Elba appeared in sight.

Nearing the land, Colonel Campbell and the foreign envoys, together with Lieutenant Hastings of the "Undaunted," left the ship and went on shore as Commissioners to take formal possession of the island and make preliminary arrangements for the landing of the future sovereign of Elba. In the evening of the same day, the 30th April, about eight o'clock, the "Undaunted" anchored off the harbour mouth. Next morning she ran into the harbour and ran in abreast of the town of Porto Ferrajo to be off the Mole Head. This was at half-past six, after which, while the baggage was being got on shore, Napoleon, with Captain Ussher, Colonel Campbell, and Comte Bertrand, went for a walk on shore, returning on board for breakfast. After breakfast, Napoleon asked Captain Ussher about the making of a flag for Elba. "He had a book with all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany," relates Captain Ussher, "and asked my opinion of that he had chosen. It was a white flag with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band (the bees were in his arms as the Emperor of France). He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two flags; one to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock. At two p.m. the barge was manned; he begged me to show him the way down the side of the vessel, which I did, and was soon followed by the Emperor, Baron Koeler, Comte Bertrand, and Comte Clam. The yards being manned, we fired a royal salute, as did two French corvettes which were lying in the harbour at the time. The ship was surrounded by boats with the principal inhabitants and bands of music on board, and the air resounded with shouts of 'Vive l' Empereur! Vive Napoleon!' On landing he was received by the prefect, the clergy, and all the authorities, and the keys were presented to him, upon which he made a complimentary speech to the prefect, the people welcoming him with loud acclamations."

The "Undaunted" remained at Porto Ferrajo while arrangements were being made for Napoleon's residence in the island, until on the 27th May, everything being completed, Captain Ussher had an audience to take leave. The Emperor expressed himself much grieved at the thought of losing the Captain of the "Undaunted," and then, finding that it was impossible for Captain Ussher to remain longer at Elba, he took farewell of him, expressing himself in the most flattering manner in regard to the obligations he was under to Captain Ussher, "the first Englishman I have been acquainted with." They parted, Napoleon embracing the Captain in French style and giving him a hearty hand shake with the words "Adieu, mon Capitaine, comptez sur moi. Adieu!"

From Porto Ferrajo the "Undaunted" sailed for Genoa, where Captain Ussher found awaiting him an appointment to a ship of the line, the "Duncan," of seventy-four guns. Before leaving the "Undaunted," however, Captain Ussher publicly expressed his thanks to his officers and men "for their very gallant conduct while under his command, congratulating them warmly on having during their eighteen months service under his orders, among other things, cut out upwards of seventy of the enemy's vessels." The "Undaunted" remained in the Mediterranean for another fifteen months after that, and, commanded by Captain Charles Thurlow Smith, saw service in the summer of 1815, during the "Hundred Days," off Naples, at the time of Murat's



The "Undaunted" manning yards and saluting on Napoleon landing at Elba

Digitized by Google

unfortunate outbreak which ended so disastrously for the principal personage concerned, under the muskets of an execution party on the beach at Pizzo in Calabria. After that, on peace being finally assured by the surrender of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon," she returned to England to pay off and lay up.

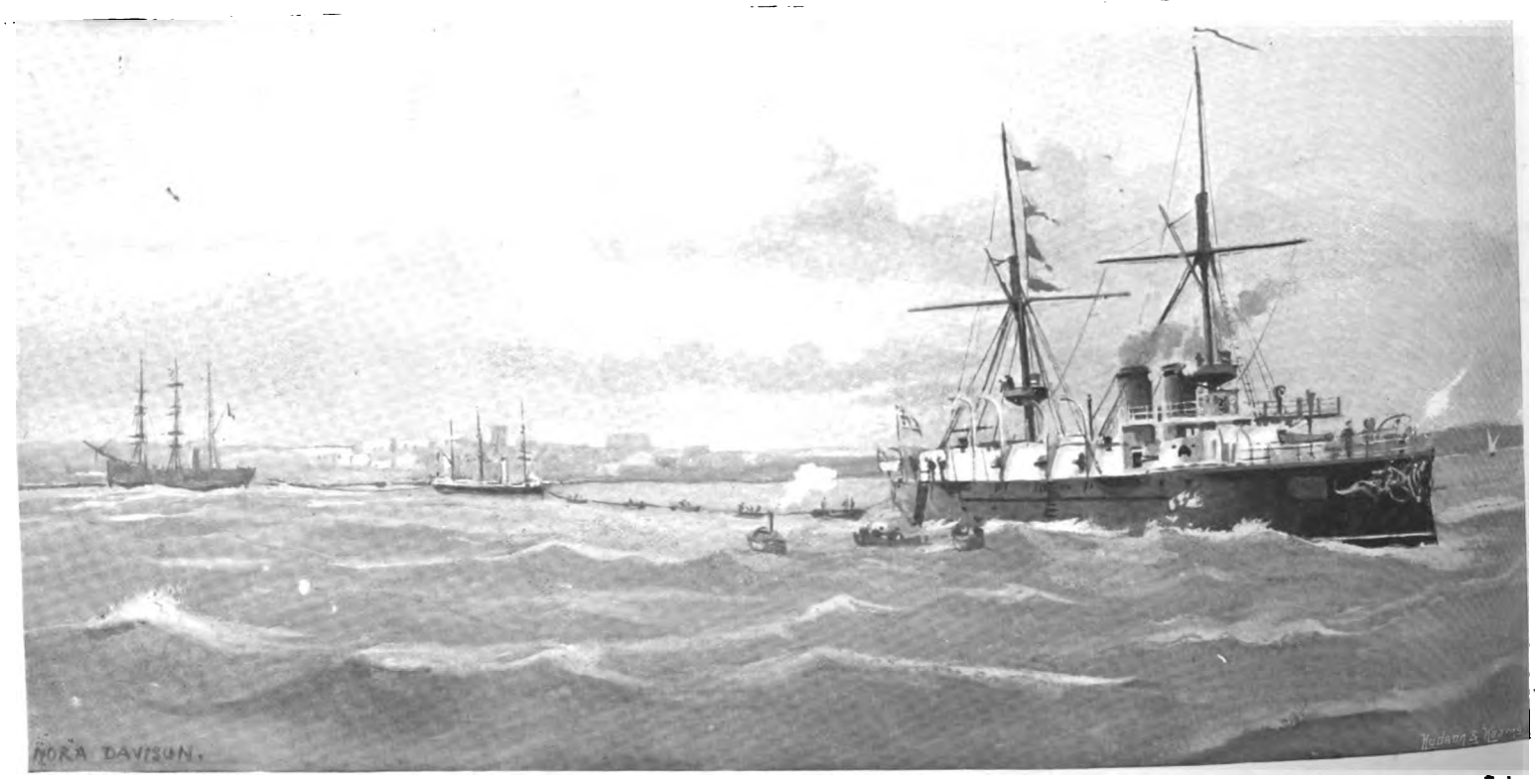
During the forty years that followed the deportation of the arch-enemy to St. Helena, the "Undaunted" hoisted the pennant twice, once for special service, and once to serve a commission on a distant station. Commanded by Captain Sir Augustus Clifford, in 1827, she had the honour, as flagship to the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William the Fourth), during his visit of inspection round the out-ports, of being the last man-of-war to fly the flag of a Lord High Admiral. Following on that, while still under the command of Sir Augustus Clifford, the "Undaunted" was specially appointed to take Lord William Bentinck to India on that nobleman's appointment as Governor-General of Bengal. Returning home, the "Undaunted" was re-commissioned by Captain Edward Harvey (youngest son of the heroic Captain John Harvey, mortally wounded in the "Brunswick" while fighting the "Vengeur" on the "Glorious First of June,"), with whom the "Undaunted" served on the African and East Indies station until, in 1834, she hauled the pennant down for the last time. Her name continued to be borne on the Navy List for a quarter of a century more, and only finally disappeared in 1860. Another "Undaunted" at that time was on the stocks at Chatham Dockyard, a fifty-one gun screw frigate. This was the "Undaunted" that between 1875, as flagship on the East India station, had the honour of acting as senior officer's ship escorting the Prince of Wales at sea during the Prince's visit to India. She finally paid off at Sheerness in 1878, and was sold out of the Service in 1883.

Our present "Undaunted," one of the seven belted cruisers laid down as part of the "Northbrook Programme" of 1885, was launched at Palmer's yard, in 1887. On the 18th February, 1890, she hoisted the pennant of Lord Charles Beresford for service on the Mediterranean station, where she served for just three years, returning to England in the early summer of 1893 with a fine record for smartness and general efficiency.

The "Undaunted" was at Alexandria, being got ready for a ball, to which 300 guests had been invited, when the telegram with the news that the "Seignelay" was ashore 270 miles away started her off to the rescue. Lord Charles and his officers found that the French ship, a vessel of 1,900 tons, had parted her cable in a gale of wind, and had gone hard and fast ashore. She lay driven high up and embedded in a sandy beach, in so bad a position, apparently, that the French Captain had telegraphed home that his ship was hopelessly lost, and received a reply that a squadron was on the way to save the ship's stores and bring away the company safely. The captain of the "Undaunted," however, was not the man to give up anything for lost, and he offered to save the ship. His offer was accepted, though the French officers declared that to get the "Seignelay" off was a "physical impossibility." Promptly a big working party of 130 of the "Undaunted's" men under the First Lieutenant, were sent on board the French ship to lighten her of coal, shot and shell, and small guns,

The "Undaunted" escorting the "Serapis," 1875.

stores and cables—450 tons weight in all—after which arrangements were made to haul the "Seignelay" off bodily. Owing to the shoal-water off shore the "Undaunted" could not get within 850 yards of the French ship. But there were also present the little "Melita" sloop of war, and a small Turkish war-ship, who, although they were able to effect little by themselves, yet, under the orders of the "Undaunted," proved of considerable use. After working hard for three days and nights continuously, the "Undaunted" got her own chain cables, floated on hired lighters and native craft, right across to the "Seignelay," and then, setting the "Melita" and the Turkish ship to pull with herself, Lord Charles at last succeeded (the "Undaunted's" engine going full speed) by sheer force in drawing the French vessel into deep water. Says an officer on board the "Undaunted," in a letter describing how the ship's company worked from the outset:—"All our picked men were sent to the 'Seignelay,' and I worked those remaining almost continuously, yet I never heard a grumble, nor had I to punish a single man. Never in my life have I seen men work so hard and so cheerily; again and again it made me sing with thankfulness to have such fellows under me."



The "Undaunted" hauling the French cruiser "Seignelay" off the shore.

Digitized by Google

The Glories & Traditions of the British Army

THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS

By John Leyland.

McCarmick exhorting the townsmen to resist.

THE lurid light of civil war played round the birthtime of the fighting Inniskilling men. They were raised, as one may say, in the imminent breach, amid race-hatred, national broil, and religious passion, to resist a dreaded foe already clamouring at the gate. The plantation of Ulster, carried out, as it was, with savage persecution and the overthrow of native customs and rights, had sown the seed, in distrust, disaffection, and dread, of a century of bloodshed and tyranny to come. In the rancorous recitals of conflicting partisans no balance can be struck in that strange story of cruelty and wrong. Englishmen swore loud oaths of vengeance at the tale of murdered families and farmsteads given to the flames; Irishmen shuddered at the recollection of the ordered march of burning and massacre, with which the foe had passed through the land where they had raised their banners to be free. It was a struggle between Saxon and Celt, between the dominant power and the subject race, between differing faiths and mutually detested tongues. On one side were enlisted Dutchmen, Danes, and French refugees; on the other came the picked forces of France, allied with gallant Irishmen, in the discredited cause of James. In Ulster the Englishmen stood banded together at bay, and the maddened men of Tyrconnel battered the defences of Derry, which 7,000 desperate men defended through a veritable agony, until, on July 28th, 1689, the "Dartmouth" frigate, bringing help, broke the boom in the Foyle, and the besiegers sullenly withdrew.

It was the hour for the Inniskilling men, lying at the head of Lough Erne, in their town which we call Enniskillen, on the flank of the retreating soldiery of James. Patriotic fervour and almost satanic passion had stirred them alike. Wild portents had been seen in the sky; the story ran of witches casting spells on man and beast; and it is strange to read how they were moved at the story, revealed in a cryptographic letter, of the terrible things that should happen if only an army were sent by the Pope. Andrew Hamilton, upon whom most historians depend for the transactions of these times, recounts, in his "True Relation of the Men of Enniskillen," that the very day had been fixed for their massacre, and crowds had fled to the town at the news. A demand had been made that two companies of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment of James's army should be quartered in the town, and this had been peremptorily refused. If the little-known story of one Captain William McCarmick be true, it was he who, in the midst of general trepidation, had prevailed upon the townsmen thus to resist. It had been as a declaration of

Digitized by Google

war. They were resolved, he says, that their throats should not be cut, and had set their smiths to make "skeens"—a "sharp kind of baggonets" — and pike heads, while the watch was set, locks were put to the bridges, and stores of provisions were laid in.

The governor of Inniskilling was Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, not to be confused, as has often been done, with a namesake who was created Viscount Boyne. To him is largely due the original raising and first organising of the six Inniskilling regiments—one of horse, commanded by Colonel William Wolseley (who went over to Inniskilling to discipline the levies) and disbanded in 1697; two of dragoons, one Wynne's, now represented by the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, the other, Sir Albert Conyngham's, now the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons; and three infantry regiments, now incorporated as the 27th (Inniskilling) Foot. Conyngham's Dragoons—troops trained to fight both as horse and foot soldiers—were raised chiefly in Donegal, and regimented in June, 1689, their colonel receiving his commission from Major General Kirke, but they took rank from January in the same year. Like the other Inniskilling men, they were irregulars, carrying such arms as they could procure, but the times quickly moulded them into soldiers of splendid quality, and they soon showed the stuff of which they were made. Valiant General MacCarthy (Viscount Mountcashel) was besieging the castle of Crom, with the menace—so ill were James's troops provided—of a couple of dummy cannon made of thin iron, canvas and rope, and Sarsfield with a great force lay near Ballyshannon. If these should unite, destruction could scarcely be averted from Inniskilling. Accordingly, Wolseley resolved to attack MacCarthy's forces, a portion of which suffered a serious reverse at Lisnakea, and fell back on Newtown Butler. The Irish commander, after a defective manœuvre, took ground a mile beyond the town, where he commanded a bog with greatly superior forces. But the Inniskillingers knew the ground, and the foot and dismounted dragoons, crossing the swamp, attacked the gunners furiously and captured their pieces; and, when the horse thundered across a causeway through the bog, panic seized the Irish, great numbers of whom fled to shelter in a wood. There they threw down their arms, but were ruthlessly slaughtered by men who gave no quarter, while 500 more, rather than face their ferocious foes, fled to their death in the waters of upper Lough Erne. Brave MacCarthy, resolved to sell his life dearly, charged desperately with half-a-dozen other gentlemen, and was shot, but was saved from death by an officer who stayed the hand of a man who had clubbed his musket to deal the fatal blow.

Schomberg landed with his forces on August 13th, and the Inniskilling men marched to his camp. Story, author of the "Wars in Ireland," saw them arrive—"three regiments of volunteer irregulars, some on big horses, some on small, some furnished out with a very fair imitation of a regular trooper's equipments, others with nothing military but their arms; some had holsters, whilst others carried their pistols stuck into their belts; and the majority of the privates had their servants behind them on small country ponies called 'garrons.'" Irregulars, indeed, they were, for they were presently found to declare that "they should never thrive so long as they were under orders." They burned for the bold, independent fighting which sorted so well with their fiery zeal. Schomberg appreciated their special merits, for he said, when Berwick, retreating on Drogheda, gave Newry to the flames, "If these men had been permitted to go on in their old forward way, it is probable they would have saved the town from being burned." The old soldier knew their worth, for, when Colonel Lloyd fell upon the Irish under Colonel O'Kelly (September 25th, 1689) near Boyle—some of Conyngham's Dragoons leading the attack—and inflicted upon them a crushing defeat, capturing many prisoners and more than 8,000 head of cattle, he was so delighted that all the Inniskilling troops were paraded in camp, and he rode bareheaded along the line, complimenting them on the victory of their comrades.

The Inniskilling men saw more of fighting in these wars than can be recounted here. They were in the camp of misery at Dundalk in the winter of 1689-90, when rain, cold, dearth of provisions and forage, scarcity of clothing, want of shelter, and finally disease, wrought such havoc that almost every second man died. Demoralisation kept pace with the misery. It has been said that our soldiers learned to swear horribly in Flanders, but Schomberg, in an order at Dundalk, deplored that men were there "heard more frequently to invoke God to damn than to save them." So callous did they become to the sight of death that the bodies of the deceased remained unburied, to be used as mattresses and seats round the camp fires of the living. These were terrible scenes in the early history of the Inniskilling troops.

William landed at Carrickfergus on June 14th, 1690, and took command, having five troops of Conyngham's Inniskilling Dragoons (358 men) among his forces, which numbered some 37,000 in all. The history of the Battle of the Boyne must not be written here. New levies of men, and men whose teeth were black with the biting of cartridges, showed equal prowess that day. When the younger Schomberg made his attack on the Irish on William's right at Slane Bridge, James's centre was weakened by the despatch of his French allies to help at that point. Then came old Schomberg's opportunity in the centre. Down went his seasoned campaigners to the ford of Old Bridge as the cannon were silenced and the drums ceased to beat, and soon the opposing forces were closed in a terrible struggle. The gallant Irish horse made desperate charges, and Cambon and Caillemotte were driven into the river; but Schomberg, who fell as he advanced to lead them, inspired them afresh, and the steady

Schomberg complimenting the Inniskilling men on the victory of their comrades.

Digitized by Google

"Gentlemen," cried the King, "I have heard much of your exploits, and now I shall witness them."

Dutchmen, advancing from hedge to hedge, broke the Irish strength, and the defenders were driven out of the village beyond. Meanwhile, William, though wounded in the shoulder, had galloped to lead the horse on the left. Placing himself at the head of the Inniskilling Dragoons, he told them they "should be his guards that day." "Gentlemen," he cried out, "I have heard much of your exploits, and now I shall witness them." They galloped down to a bright green meadow that appeared to flank the river, but it proved to be a morass, and soon the horses were floundering in a heavy bog. A man of the Inniskillingers hastened to William's aid, while the Irish beyond cried derisively, "Pass if you can; we give you leave to pass; pass if you can!" He would not go back. "No, no, gentlemen; I will see you over." At length a passage was found, and the Inniskilling horse forming beyond the river, charged with such fury that the enemy were driven back. Then came the Irish Guards, but these, taken in flank by the cavalry, fled precipitately, despite brave Tyrconnell's exhortations, with the panic cry of "The horse! the horse! the Inniskillingers!" The Irish Cavalry then charged again and again with intrepid gallantry, and it was not until a hot struggle had long been waged with them that the battle at last was won.

The sun did not shine upon the English arms after the battle, but the Inniskilling Dragoons found employment in the attempt upon Athlone and the covering operations at Limerick, when Sarsfield successfully attacked the battery train. In 1691 they fought most gallantly at Aughrim, where they fell with furious onslaught on the enemy's right, and were carried too far by eagerness. Overwhelmed then, and forced back, they were charged by the Irish Horse, but advancing again with impetuous rush through a sheet of flame, drove all before them in rout and confusion. Before the close of the war they lost their brave Colonel, Sir Albert Conyngham, in a sad affair. After serving some time in Galway, they fought at Colooney, near Sligo, where a detachment was surprised by an overwhelming force on the foggy morning of September 11th, 1691, about 20 of the Inniskillingers being killed, and their Colonel captured. He was carried to the Irish camp, where a brutal sergeant, crying, "H'Albert is thy name, and by an halbert shalt thou die," and, so saying, ran his halbert into the veteran's breast. Conynham was succeeded by Robert Echlin, Lieut-Colonel of the regiment, who commanded it for 25 years. Nothing precise can be said concerning the uniform of the Inniskilling dragoons in the Irish wars, but it was irregular to begin with, and probably grey. Conyngham, asking for clothing lying at Belfast, says, "for I think none else will desire them, being the livery of my regiment." In 1691 they asked for "good broad cutting swords, with three-barred hilts."

Wynne's Inniskillingers, afterwards known as the Royal Irish Dragoons, went over to Flanders, but Echlin's regiment, which has ever since remained the Inniskilling Dragoons, continued in Ireland many years. But, at the strange battle of Sheriffmuir, in November 1715, in which Macdonald's Highlanders defeated the English left, while Argyle, with the horse, on the right, defeated the Highlanders of Mar, they charged decisively with the other horse regiments, and drove the Scotsmen before them.

The Inniskilling troopers—of whom seven, with twelve horses, were killed on the occasion—are spoken of as the "Black Dragoons" in some accounts of the battle, whence it is surmised that they may have ridden black horses. They remained in Scotland to overawe the disaffected clansmen until the close of the rising, and appear to have afterwards spent several years in the country, their establishment being fixed at six troops, each with three officers, a quartermaster, and forty-five non-commissioned officers and men. The Inniskillingers did not go abroad until 1742, but, inasmuch as I am here to record their deeds of derring-do, it will be unnecessary to dwell upon their service in the United Kingdom meanwhile. Their presence from time to time in Scotland, and, in times of civil discontent further south, doubtless did much to prevent the outcome of disaffection; and they were employed in detachments on the coast to break the strength of smuggling in those uncertain times. The Earl of Stair, in whose operations in Flanders the regiment was to share, had succeeded Echlin as its colonel, and he again was replaced in 1734 by Charles, Lord Cadogan, from the 4th Foot.

The Inniskilling Dragoons were now seasoned troopers, and the fame of their deeds was not forgotten in the Low Countries, where it had been carried by Dutchmen who had seen them fighting fifty years before. A share in the great victories of Marlborough was denied them, and they were launched upon a series of operations which reflected little credit on English generalship, but showed foreigners what English soldiers were. The regiment landed at Ostend in 1742 with the forces of the Earl of Stair. The great struggle for ultimate dominion, which arose out of the claims of the Austrian succession, was to be waged with sounding blows on the battlefields of the Rhineland and Flanders, but with greater effect in the fighting on distant seas. Temporarily, at least, Maria Theresa had bought the friendship of Frederick at the price of Silesia, and, after wrangling, hesitation and delay, 30,000 Englishmen, despairing of their Dutch allies, marched by Aix-la-Chapelle, Ems, Cassel and Frankfort to Hanau, whence they hastened on to Aschaffenberg, intending to reach the great magazines the Austrians had established at Mittelberg, twenty miles further on, or to unite their forces with those of the Prince of Lorraine. De Noailles, the French general, was before them. Throwing his superior forces across the Rhine at Worms and Spires, he occupied Mittelberg, and, with 58,000 men, confronted the Allies, who mustered about 38,000, at Aschaffenberg. It was only hard fighting that now averted catastrophe. There was sickness and want in the camp; divided counsels existed among the commanders, and a retirement upon Hanau, where 12,000 Hanoverians lay unable to advance, became at once imperative. To move in the face of an overwhelming force was dangerous; but the Maine lay between, and the order was given to march without beat of drum before daybreak on June 27th, 1743.

Again De Noailles moved too quickly for the Allies. Rapidly throwing bridges across the river, he interposed his

Digitized by Google

forces at Dettingen between the Allies and their object, and a sanguinary battle was fought. After a furious cannonade the French guards, with fatal impetuosity, advanced. The English welcomed them, for the pitiless artillery fire to which they had been exposed had ceased, and, where man met man, the dogged fellows had no fear. Hurling their force upon the French lines, the Inniskilling troopers broke the enemy's strength. To and fro the battle raged, charge succeeding charge, but at length the French were overborne, and fled in headlong pursuit towards their overcrowded bridges, hotly pursued. The Royals and Greys captured each a standard, and it was long before the French Guards heard the last of their attempt to swim the Maine. King George, who had taken command in person, was as brave as any man on the field, and the fame of his deeds awoke new enthusiasm for his person at home. Thus sung a satirical and doggerel ballad writer of the time:

"From ten to four this fight did last,
Ere conquest was obtained, Sir;
The Frenchmen ran away at last,
And quickly pass'd the Main, Sir.
In corners now they sneak and cry,
'Beggar Jack English makes us die;
Me vish me never had come nigh
De glorious George of England,'"

The French had been badly beaten, and the victory had a surprising effect, for De Noailles thereupon re-crossed the Rhine, and left the Allies freedom to retreat, which they forthwith did, to engage next year in operations, which, so to speak, were neither here nor there. In 1745 the Duke of Cumberland, captain-general—last to be so named—of the British forces, and commander-in-chief of the Allies—a man, says Carlyle truly, "*sans peur*, at any rate, and pretty much *sans avis*"—made his attack on Mashal Saxe at Fontenoy. That defeat, which, for its glorious record of fine soldiery, we have learned to regard almost as a victory, I have already been privileged to describe in this series of regimental histories, and it has been described by another writer. Into that gap in the line of fortified villages and redoubts, the dogged Englishmen thrust themselves, despite a withering fire, when the French guns opened, just as our men rushed forward to win them, and they fell back in a slow and orderly retreat, their column torn in pieces by the fiery hail. Of the Inniskilling Dragoons let it suffice here to say that, with the other cavalry, they charged brilliantly in support of the infantry attack, and rendered invaluable services in covering the retreat. It is interesting to note that a writer who endeavoured to gauge the character of the action, in the year in which it was fought, writing upon "The Conduct of our Officers in the late Battle near Tournay," says: "We were beaten by stratagem, and let us do both our enemies and ourselves the justice to confess, the best and perfectest, the subtlest-laid and best-conducted of any military scene of stratagem since the creation of the world."

It were vain to deny that we were thoroughly worsted. The fall of Tournay and Ghent followed, and the French, over-running Flanders, took Bruges, Oudenarde and Dendermonde, and forced the surrender of Ostend. Meanwhile, Prince Charles Edward had landed in Scotland, and was marching southward at the head of a powerful force. With surprising energy he had mustered the clansmen, and presented so impressible a front as he marched on Derby, supported by many valiant men, but deceived by traitors to his cause and poltroons, that the Government was seized with well-justified alarm. Rarely had England been in such a plight. All her attempts against the French had lamentably failed, and serious internal danger threatened her. There was not a day to be lost, and all the infantry regiments were withdrawn from the continent. The Inniskilling Dragoons, too, were actually embarked at Wilhelmstadt, but the transports could not sail through stress of winter weather, and the troops were landed again, for news had arrived that the immediate danger had been averted.

The operations of succeeding years were unfortunate. On October 1st, 1746, Saxe, with overwhelming force, attacked the allies at Roucoux, near Liège, and, after carrying several villages, debouched into the open plain. The opportunity for the cavalry had come, and the Inniskillingers, with the Scots Greys and the Queen's Own Dragoons (now 7th Hussars), thundered down upon the advancing columns, scattered them, and pursued the fugitives from hedge to hedge, slaughtering the men as they ran. But the day was hopeless. The French advanced again, and the Allies were compelled to fall back to Maestricht.

"Hurling their force upon the French lines the Inniskillings broke the enemy's strength."

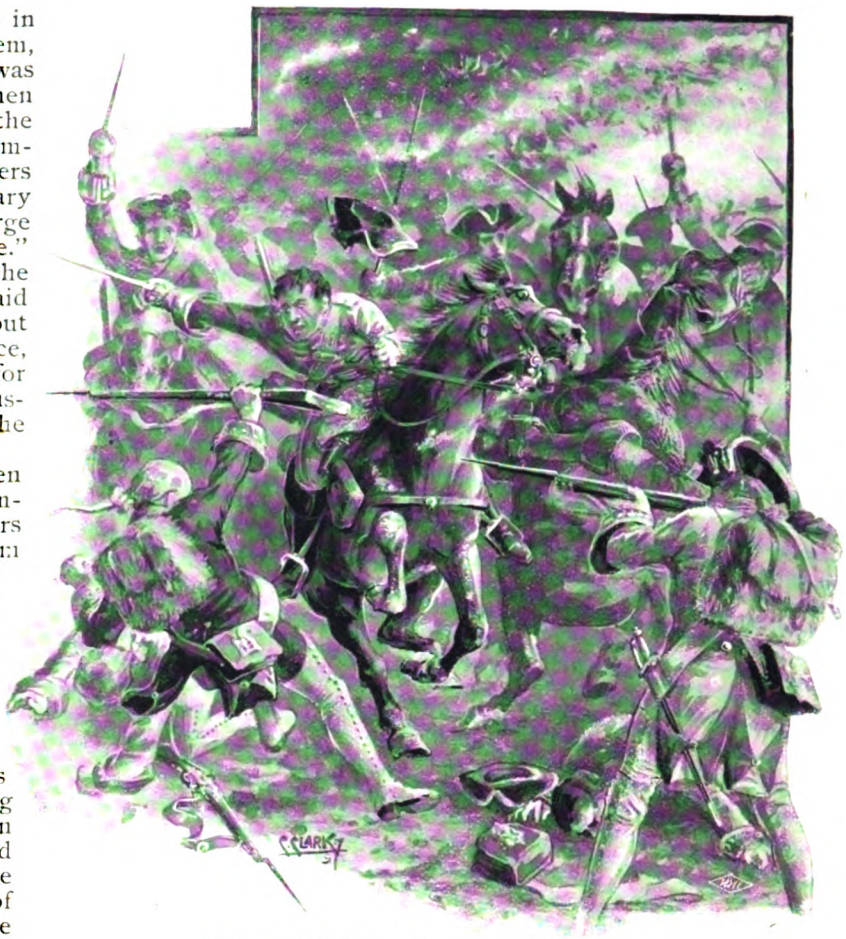
Before that town, in the campaign of the next year, was fought the sanguinary action of Val (or Lawfeldt), when Louis attacked the Duke of Cumberland with almost hopeless superiority. The British, Hanoverians and Hessians were in the centre of the allied line on that tremendous day, the Dutch on the left, and the Austrians on the right. So furious was the French onslaught on the allied positions that the line was almost cut in two, and terrific disaster must have ensued if Sir John Ligonier had not led the cavalry to a brilliant and successful charge, in which five standards were taken from the enemy and the gallant leader captured It seemed for a moment as if victory might be snatched out of defeat.

Digitized by Google

The Inniskilling troopers vied with the Scots Greys in this valiant charge. Horse and foot went down before them, and in a terrible hand-to-hand fight many a saddle was emptied. Undeterred by tremendous odds, the gallant horsemen dashed on, cutting down the fugitives right and left; but the carnage was too great, and with thinned ranks they were summoned to withdraw. The Inniskillings alone had 118 officers and men and 120 horses killed and wounded on that sanguinary field. As an artillery officer who had witnessed the charge said, they had dealt the French cavalry "a prodigious stroke." "This day's action is looked upon as most glorious by the Allies who were engaged." "It was the British troops," said Louis, when he received Ligonier, who "not only paid, but fought for all." The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle brought peace, and it brought honour also, to all but those responsible for the conduct of the campaigns. These had been a new illustration to Englishmen of the weakness of alliances and the untrustworthiness of subsidised soldiery.

While the Inniskillings—who were by that time given seniority as the 6th Dragoons—were engaged in this campaigning, a warrant was issued, in 1743, to regulate the colours and standards of the army, but this did not bring about uniform practice, and, after their return from the Low Countries, they were at Ipswich in 1750, still "waiting for a pattern from H.R.H. the Duke." In the next year the general warrant enforced the matter, and the Inniskillingers had their first guidon crimson, fringed with silver and blue, the conjoined rose and thistle, the crown, and the royal motto in the centre, the white horse in a compartment in the first and fourth corners and the rank of the regiment in the others. The second and third guidons—for each regiment of dragoons had three—were full yellow, fringed like the first, and bearing the regimental device of the Castle of Inniskilling. The men wore scarlet coats, double-breasted and without lappels, lined with their distinctive full yellow; the button-holes were worked with narrow white lace, and the buttons were of white metal set on two and two; and they wore white knots or aiguillettes on the right shoulder. Their hats were bound with silver lace, with white metal loops and black cockades, and their boots of jacked leather reached to the knee. The cloaks were of scarlet cloth, with yellow collars and lining, and buttons in couples on white frogs, with a blue stripe down the middle. The officers wore silver lace and crimson silk sashes. The horse-furniture was of full yellow, with the the regimental device and roses and thistles at the corners of the housing, and the king's crown and cipher, with the seniority "VI. D." on the holster caps.

The next active service that fell to the brave fellows whom we can thus picture to ourselves, was in descents upon the coast of Britanny in 1756, for the Seven Years' War had begun. Light companies, sometimes called hussars, had been added to certain regiments at the threat of invasion, and nine of these, including that of the Inniskillingers, landed under the command of Brigadier-General Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield, the famous defender of Gibraltar, in Cancale Bay, in June of that year. St. Malo was reconnoitred, and, in the night of June 6th, Elliot, with 200 cavalrymen, carrying as many infantry *en croupe*, made for the harbour of St. Servan. A 50-gun ship, 2 frigates, upwards of 20 privateers, and 70 or 80 merchant ships were lying there. The Englishmen set to work with a will, and sheets of flame were soon leaping from ship to ship, until the whole were destroyed in a stupendous



The Inniskilling charge at Wetter—1758.

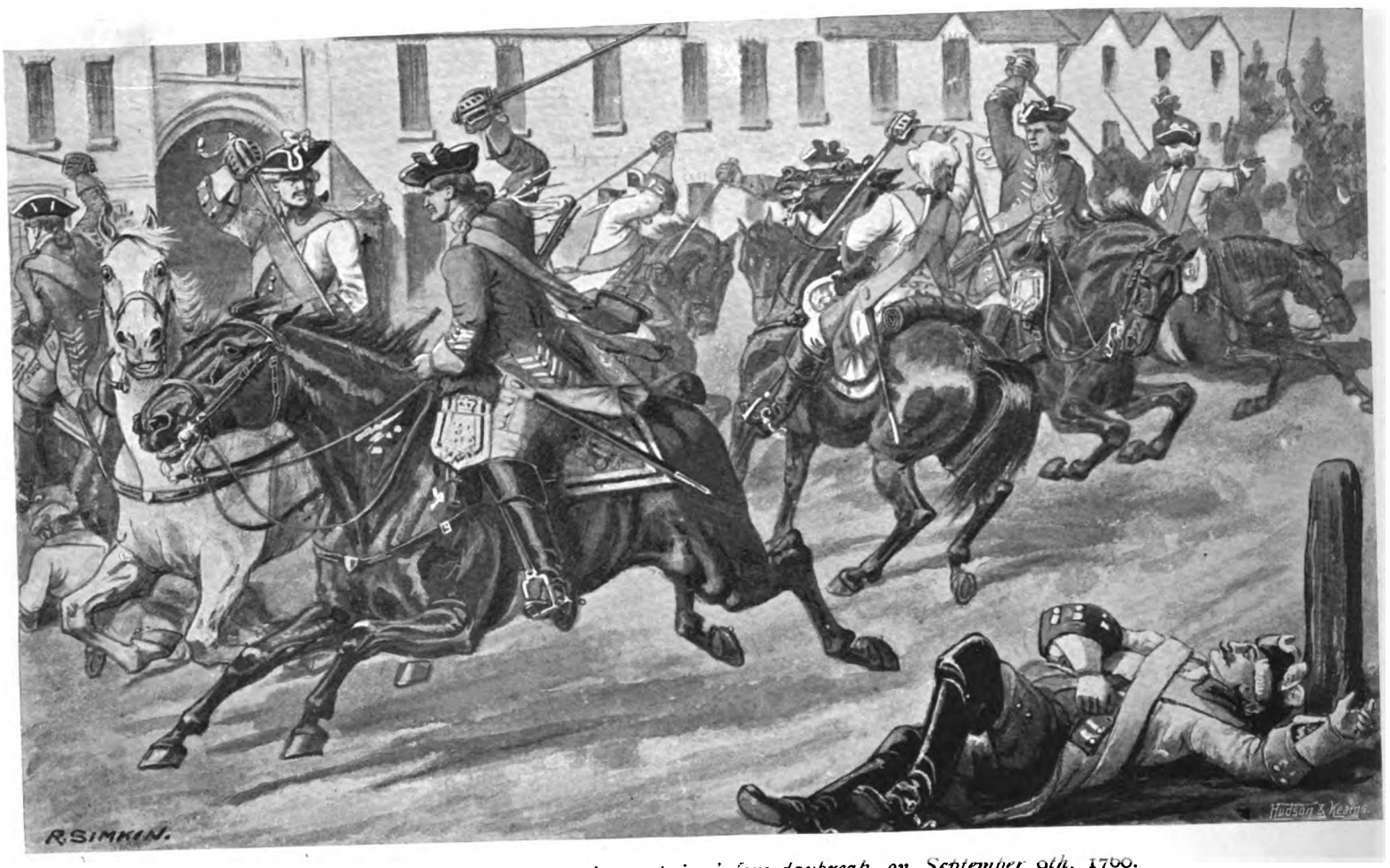
conflagration. The intrepid but audacious attempt had succeeded, and panic had seized the hearts of the French, for the garrison of St. Malo witnessed, without an attempt to interfere, a most astonishing blow dealt at the shipping collected there to smite us. The same troops afterwards took part in a not less surprising and successful descent upon Cherbourg, where the forts, magazines and basins were destroyed.

It was a famous period of our history, filled with glory of the triumphs of Boscawen and Hawke, of the taking of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal, of the victories of Plassey and Wandiwash, and the sweeping of French dominion from India. The Inniskilling Dragoons, on their part, did deeds that brought them still higher renown in Germany, and particularly in the defence of Hanover. Brigaded with the Blues and the 1st Dragoon Guards, in Germany, in 1758, they were, indeed, deprived, like all the cavalry, through the incomprehensible mismanagement of Lord George Sackville, of any share in the famous victory of Minden. In the next year, however, commanded by their gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, Edward Harvey, a hero of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Roucoux and Val, they marched on the night of August 27th, with Colonel Beckwith, to surprise some 2000 of the enemy who were known to be at Wetter, under command of one Colonel Frischer, an officer of high renown. Harvey, with his dragoons, and Beckwith, with his grenadiers, fell upon the unexpectant Frenchmen with a sudden swoop, driving all before them. Sixty were killed on the spot, great numbers wounded, and 400 captured, while the rest fled in panic, leaving camp equipage, baggage and many horses behind.

General Elliot directing the burning of the ships at St. Servan

In June, 1760, Harvey's Dragoons were with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick's forces, which attacked the French under De Broglie and Soubise in gallant style at Warburg, routed their cavalry, and put their infantry into confusion, finally driving them across the river Dymel. In the words of the Marquis of Granby, "nothing could exceed their good behaviour." The purpose of the French of cutting off the communications of the Allies with Westphalia was defeated, and they were hotly pursued. Their rear-guard was attacked, and

Digitized by Google



The Inniskillings take Zierenberg by surprise before daybreak, on September 9th, 1760.

a little later the Inniskillings and Greys were with the forces which attacked Zierenberg by surprise on September 9th, 1760. They entered the town before daybreak, slaughtered many in heavy fighting in the streets and churchyard, and some 3000 prisoners were taken. They marched with Prince Ferdinand in the successful campaign of 1761, and were engaged in hard fighting near Wesel, and they fought in the two days' action of Kirch-Denkern. In 1762 they shared in the important victory of Wilhelmstahl, and the pursuit of the French towards Cassel, and were engaged in other actions which forced the surrender of that place. Parliament thanked the Inniskillingers for their long service in the cause of Hanover. They came back from the battlefields of the Seven Years' War as veterans of hard campaigning, who had shown the toughness, enterprise and headlong gallantry which are the heritage of the British soldier; and they had added new lustre to the old fame of the Inniskilling men.

At the close of the war the light troop was disbanded, and the establishment reduced to 7 troops of 28 men. The epaulette replaced the shoulder knot, the jack-boot gave place to one not so heavy, and the men thereafter rode long-tailed horses. They lost for a time that gallant officer, Edward Harvey, who was promoted colonel of the 12th Dragoons, now Lancers; but they proudly received him back, their intrepid leader on battlefields of the late war, then a major-general, as their own colonel in 1775.

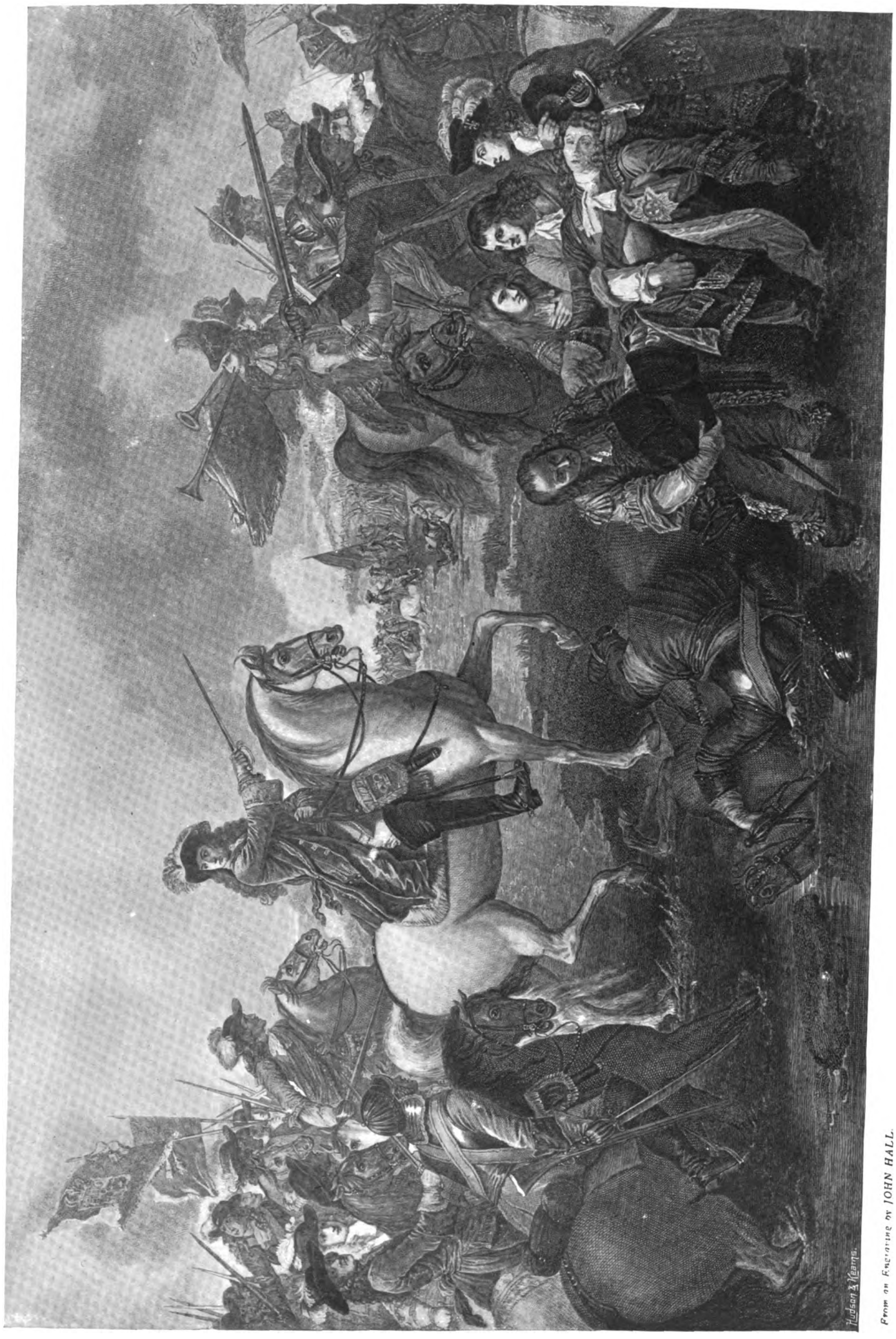
They saw no other active service until the War of the French Revolution called them abroad in 1793, increased to a strength of ten troops, to take part in the unfortunate operations of the Duke of York. They joined him before Valenciennes a few days before its fall, and they were with the covering forces during the unsuccessful seige of Dunkirk, fighting much and often, and suffering a good deal in the sickness of that time. The Allies, however, resolved to march on Paris next year, and make an end of the business; but they counted without their host, for the French were mustering a vast army, and Pichegru, Jourdan, and Moreau were preparing to strike a decisive blow. The Inniskillings were there to thwart them, in part, nevertheless. They joined the Duke in the operations against Landrecies, supporting the columns which so splendidly carried the lines of Vaux, and took part in the brilliant cavalry action of Le Cateau, in which the attacking columns were scattered.

Landrecies fell, but it was an empty success, for Pichegru was operating from Lille in the rear, and a forced night march to secure communications with the coast and protect Tournay became immediately necessary. The rain fell in torrents, brilliant flashes of lightning alone illuminating the way, leaving the men blinded by their intensity, to stumble into the ditches which flanked the long and muddy road, churned into a veritable slough of despond by horsemen who had gone before. Arrived at length before Tournay, Pichegru determined on an attack, and advanced with 30,000 men. But the Austrians of Kaunitz repulsed his first onslaught, and the British cavalry, with whom were the Inniskillings, charged the advancing columns with such decisive force that they broke and fled, leaving 13 guns and many dead on the field.

The action was followed by many more, but it was with no small difficulty and loss that the British escaped from the toils. Our Austrian alliance had worked us woe, and at length—for the French were now carrying all before them—the retrogade movement began. The terrible story of the winter march on Bremen must not be told here. It was a lamentable substitute for a victorious advance on Paris, but it taught many a valuable lesson, and showed once more the endurance and hardihood of Englishmen. There is now little to relate until we reach the memorable day of Waterloo. The Inniskillings returned to Ireland in 1809, after an absence of more than a century. How different were these smart and well-drilled troopers from their predecessors, the stern and hard-hitting irregular horsemen who had ridden from Enniskillen, awaking the wonder of many, into the camp of Schomberg just a hundred and twenty years before! Yet the same spirit animated both, the same soldier-like earnestness, the same unflinching fortitude, the same power of smiting the enemy with a downright will. The names of Dundalk, the camp of misery in that ancient winter, of Belturbet, and of other places associated with their earliest active service, appear among the stations of the Inniskillings in Ireland between 1809 and 1814. While they were there a change of uniform was made. The cocked hats and feathers gave place to helmets of brass, and trousers of blue cloth were substituted for breeches and high-topped boots.

The Inniskillings were led, at Waterloo, by Lieut.-Colonel J. Muter (afterwards known as Sir Joseph Straton), to whom fell the command of the famous Union Brigade, when Ponsonby, its chief, was killed. There fought with it on that memorable 18th of June two regiments of equal renown, the Royals and Scots Greys, with which it has ridden to great achievements on many another field. A long hard march on the stifling Friday of Quatre Bras, through roads encumbered with troops, all eagerly pressing on to where the roll of guns betokened the struggle, had brought them, by Enghien, Braine-le Comte and Nivelles, amid the loud shouts of men urging on their jaded beasts, amid prodigious trampling and dust, and the groans of the wounded by the way, to the field whence their comrades had already hurled back the foe. They had withdrawn on the next day with the rear of the centre column to the position of Waterloo, having some hot skirmishing at Genappe with French lancers who attempted to harass the retirement. "The Royals, Inniskillings and Greys manœuvred beautifully," wrote Lord Anglesey, later, and skirmished in the very best style." Heavy, drenching rain was falling, and when at night they took their position on the left of the road from Brussels to Charleroi, in support of Picton's division, it continued a perfect deluge until the roads turned to watercourses, and the men were soaked to the skin.

Digitized by Google



After BENJAMIN WEST.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

From an Engraving by JOHN HALL.

Digitized by Google

THE CHARGE OF THE INNISKILLINGS AT LE CATEAU.

Digitized by Google

The Charge of the Inniskillings at Waterloo, June, 1815.

The story of Waterloo cannot be recounted here. With Trafalgar it will rank to the end of time as the crowning event of the long European struggle with the dangerous forces of France, inspired with an insatiable lust of power. From its sanguinary field, nations trained in the harness of war shook their shoulders free with rejoicing, and the peoples turned with the gladness of a new era, after a long nightmare of pillage and bloodshed, to develop the arts of peace. How, on the far right, the tempest rolled on that tremendous day round Hougoumont, where the Guards won immortal glory, does not fall to the telling of this history. I related something of the heroic struggle in writing of the Grenadiers. It was when D'Erlon delivered his mighty attack at about half-past one o'clock in the day on the left centre of the allied line, that the opportunity came for the Union Brigade.

Lord Uxbridge saw dense masses of the enemy, both cavalry and infantry, supported by a tremendous gun-fire from the whole line, moving on the allied left, and, galloping to Ponsonby, instructed him to wheel into line when the other brigade did, and himself returned to put the Household Cavalry in motion. Nearly 24,000 men were advancing in dark solid columns, with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and the rolling of a hundred drums. The Dutch-Belgians in front fled as they came, and the weight of the columns of Alix and Marcognet fell upon Picton's sturdy men. The collision was fierce, but short, for volley after volley strewed the ground with dead and wounded Frenchmen, and the columns wavered, though numbers struggled up over the sunken road which crossed the front of the position. Brave Picton had fallen in the furious onslaught, but the cavalry avenged him. Passing through the intervals and round the flanks of the infantry, the three regiments of the Union Brigade in line, the Inniskillings in the middle, thundered upon the wavering foe. The ground trembled as they came, and the French columns broke into confused masses, and our men maddened with success—for within a surprisingly short time some 3,000 prisoners and two eagles were captured and thirty or forty guns disabled—dashed at the enemy's guns, sabring the gunners as they stood, and striking panic into the flying foe. But they had gone too far in their furious onslaught. Neither voice nor gesture of officers, nor sounding of the rally, could stop their headlong career. Fresh French lancers came like a whirlwind and charged the broken line, and a furious but unequal struggle was waged hand to hand. Angry cries, shrieks, and groans were raised, and many a gallant Inniskillinger fell by the guns. Intrepid Ponsonby, too, was killed. Back they rode then, with thinned ranks, but with hearts bursting at the thought of the brave success they had made. It was the Inniskillings who brought up the captured French, and they claimed, too, by the hand of a man named Penrose, to have taken an eagle in the charge.

Lord Uxbridge met Wellington, "surrounded by all the *corps diplomatique militaire*," who had witnessed the whole affair. "The plain appeared to be swept clean, and I never saw so joyous a group as this *troupe dorée*," he wrote; "They thought the battle was over." It was far from being so, as all the world can tell. The great attack of the cuirassieurs and dragoons had yet to be developed, La Haye Sainte was to be captured, the Imperial Guard had yet to hurl its force against the line. So grievously had the Heavy Brigade suffered that, later in the day, scarce fifty mounted men could answer to the call. Its survivors were removed to the right of the Brussels road, where they supported the infantry, making movements forward as the Frenchmen dashed at the squares. Towards evening they were united with the remains of Somerset's Household Brigade, and together these could form but a single squadron! Bravely they stood the ground, drawn up in single file to make a show of force, and declining to move from an exposed position lest the Dutch-Belgian cavalry, who were in support, should incontinently take to its heels.

The immortal day drew to its glorious close, and at length the general advance begun. The squadron of heavy cavalry shared in the movement which turned defeat into rout. The flower of Napoleon's army had been crushed; seasoned veterans and young recruits who had gone forth in the certainty of victory, lay dead or groaning on the field, or were flying in tempestuous panic. Pell-mell they rushed in angry torrents down the soddened roads, *ventre à terre* where they could, more often labouring through the mire; the trampling of horses, the cries of desperate men urging on their worn-out beasts, the creaking of wheels, the shrieks and groans of the wounded, the shocking thud when death stilled agony and some stricken wretch fell lifeless in the ditch; the heavy tramp of frightened men casting away arms, equipment and clothing, that they might speed the faster; and he, the author of it all, hustled along in the midst, the broken gambler who had lost in his last clutch at greater imperial power—these were the sights and sounds of the *sauve qui peut*, for Blücher, the completer of victory, with incredible fury and lust of slaughter, was turning rout into irretrievable disaster. Sanguinary, indeed, had been the day, for the Inniskillings alone had lost one officer, eighty-five men, and 164 horses killed; sixteen officers, 101 men, and twenty-seven horses wounded.

They marched to the neighbourhood of Paris, and came home in January, 1816, welcomed as the heroes they were. The numbers were completed on a reduced establishment, and the regiment, maintained in a high state of efficiency, was stationed in subsequent years in many parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland. No other active service was given it until the Russian War of 1854-55, when it formed part of Scarlett's famous Heavy Brigade, which included its old companions, the Royals and Scots Greys and the 4th

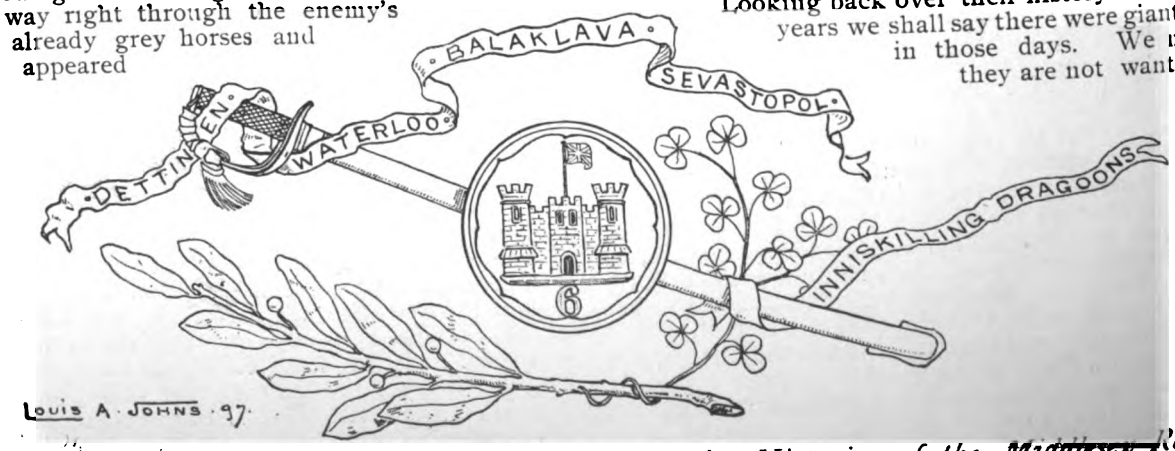
Digitized by Google

"The impact was terrible, and it seemed as if the gallant fellows must be swallowed up in that flashing of steel."

and 5th Dragoon Guards, linked with the devoted Light Brigade, in the divisional command of Lord Lucan. The story ran that Lord Raglan had declared he would keep his cavalry in a band-box. It was not a *rôle* that suited the mood of the Inniskilling Dragoons. They longed for action, and groaned at the excessive caution which had deprived them of opportunities after the Alma and during the flank march. But the day of Balaclava came, and they showed their courage and quality as of yore. Looking down from the edge of the Crimean upland towards Balaclava the whole scene of the action was laid out like a map beneath, the morning vapours still hanging round the mountain tops, and mingling with columns of smoke from below, while the sea glittered in the early sun. Six compact bodies of Russian infantry, preceded by guns and enormous masses of cavalry, gay troops of the *élite*, had debouched from the hills on the left, to make an attempt on Balaclava. One by one they drove the Turks from a line of earthen redoubts upon a ridge, over which the Woronzoff road climbs to the upland, and great bodies of cavalry made a dash at Colin Campbell's Highlanders, who, disdaining to change formation, received them in that famous "thin red streak topped with a line of steel." Volley after volley smote their ranks and they recoiled, but soon a crowd of riders in blue coats with silver lace, followed by a forest of lances and grey-coated dragoons, came trotting over the hill. Then it was that Scarlett gathered his strength for the spring, Inniskillings and Greys leading the way. The impact was terrible, and it seemed as if the gallant fellows must be swallowed up in that flashing of steel. But in a moment they emerged, and with unabated fury crashed into the second line. "It was a fight of heroes," wrote the famous correspondent of the *Times*. "The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Inniskillinger and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as if it were pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength." No wonder cheers broke from the gallant fellows who had done a deed comparable with any in their history. In the twin valley, beyond the low hill of the redoubts, other gallant men of the devoted Light Brigade, were charging too, even "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." How they died there, and how few came back, all men know, and the deed is not to be recounted here.

The Inniskillings suffered as the other troops in the hardship of that terrible winter, though not as those who were encamped on the bare upland. It is painful to read how want of forage brought starvation to their horses. Even before the end of November the sound of the feeding trumpet in the better provided artillery camps caused the frenzied beasts to break loose from their pickets, and gallop in to seize the hay and barley from the very muzzles of the sleeker animals devouring them. Neither cuffs nor blows of sticks could drive them back, but often dumb exhaustion followed, and they sank in the mire to die.

Those are now distant times, of painful but glorious memory. Like the events in Holland in 1794, they taught a salutary lesson for the comfort of the army. Since that time the old Inniskillings have maintained their efficiency, and have done arduous work in South Africa, unostentatiously but well, and have won, by their discipline and smartness, the admiration of all who have been associated with them. Theirs has been a famous history, and they have proudly maintained the lustre of the British name both in triumph and adversity. Looking back over their history of more than 200 years we shall say there were giants of prowess in those days. We may be sure they are not wanting in these.



The next Special Number of this Series will contain the Histories of the Middlesex Regiment and the "St. George."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 04889 0449

1/10/2000

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google